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Teachers magazine (New York,
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Teachers magazine

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TEACHERS MAGAZINE

Published Monthly, September to June inclusive, by the

UNITED EDUCATIONAL CO.

Successors to

E. L. KELLOGG & Co. Founded 1874

E. O. VAILE Founded 1880

61 EAST NINTH STREET, : : NEW YORK

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OSSIAN LANG, Editor.

Discontinuances Any subscriber wishing to stop his paper must notify the publishers, otherwise he is responsible for payment as long as the paper is sent. Subscribers should not depend upon their Postmaster or anyone else to order their paper stopped for them.

Change of Address Subscribers must notify us of any change in their address giving both the former and present address. Postmasters no longer forward papers unless prepaid.

Missing Numbers Should any subscriber fail to receive his copy by the tenth day of any month, notification should be sent us and another copy will be mailed.

Advertising Rates will be furnished upon application.

Publishers' Talks.

With this issue of TEACHERS MAGAZINE we gather together into one enlarged circle of readers those who have been familiar with the appearance, characteristics, and policy of several different periodicals. To give to these combined constituents equal satisfaction, helpfulness, and pleasure is no easy proposition, as we fully appreciate, and yet we assume the effort with a considerable measure of confidence because we are actuated by a somewhat exalted conception of what such a periodical as this can and should be made.

A Coveted Relationship.

To all of our readers we offer a most cordial salutation. We desire to have a relationship existing between us that is closer and more sympathetic than merely that of publishers and subscribers. We covet a more intimate knowledge of your problems and your aspirations, we desire to harmonize with your ideals and your obligations, and we aspire to minister to your success, welfare, and happiness in your chosen profession. The closer becomes this bond of intimacy, the more certainly will we be able to make this magazine a medium of supplying your needs; and the more truly and completely we fulfil this purpose, the more surely will we deserve and receive your loyal co-operation. It will be readily understood that the more fully we have your allegiance as subscribers, the more we will be able to expend in giving you both what you admire and desire.

An Exalted Standard.

An educational journal possesses the power of exerting a tremendous influence upon education for weal or woe. If its standard of usefulness and its motive of existence be faulty or false it will inspire an indifferent, careless, and perhaps mercenary demeanor on the part of educators. Nothing could be more demoralizing or injurious to education. There is vastly more in the profession of teaching than the mere earning of a living, and unless an educational periodical can constantly reveal the secret of a teacher's power, inspire him to the nobility of his calling, and invigorate him with a clarified and perfect atmosphere it lamentably fails in its true function.

The Influence of an Attractive Appearance.

It is difficult to accomplish this result by a cheap and impecunious appearance. An educational periodical must not be deficient in external evidences of prosperity and worth. A magazine of this nature should be beautiful in construction, employing excellent paper, superior illustrations, and embracing and portraying the thoughts and words of those who have something worth saying, who know how to say it, and who demand attention and justify consideration because they have accomplished things

that entitle them to speak with authority, conviction, and profit. This conception of an educational periodical we shall endeavor to fulfil, and we woefully misinterpret the disposition of the teachers of this country if we fail to realize a verdict and a response that shall reflect a sincere and generous approval.

A General Educational Magazine.

In combining into one publication those periodicals that have been distinctive in dealing with different branches of school work, it is not our intention to curtail in the slightest the material that is especially significant and helpful to any teacher. We shall give in this magazine just as much reading matter for the primary and higher grade teachers as can be found in any other periodical, and this we are able to do because of its much enlarged size. There is, to us, no sound or logical reason why material for both grades of class-room work should not appear in one periodical. To do otherwise frequently doubles the expenditure of the teacher without conserving any real purpose. To a large percentage of the teachers of our country both classes of material is imperative because of the general nature of their work, and it seems unnecessary that they should be compelled to subscribe for two periodicals in order to satisfy their needs. If it is necessary to double the number of pages of this magazine in order to adequately meet the situation it will be done, for we purpose to give just as much material of a special character as may be found elsewhere, and always to maintain a very high standard as to quality.

Subscription Price.

This confession of our aims naturally suggests the question of our subscription price, and it seems appropriate that we should devote a little space to the consideration of this problem. *The price of this magazine will be one dollar.* It is impossible for us to charge less and produce a magazine that will really satisfy our subscribers or be a credit to us. Furthermore there is no necessity for charging less, for if we present the magazine that measures somewhere nearly up to our ideal, teachers will not hesitate to pay the price.

Merit Counts.

We refuse to insult the intelligence and judgment of teachers by accepting either the idea that they will take the magazine that is the cheapest or that they fail to discern which periodical really possesses the most superior worth. Other things being consistent merit will always count, and merit will receive its price if not unreasonable and exorbitant. There is, however, another side to this problem, which is worth presenting.

The Proper Motive.

There are two distinct motives which can dominate an educational periodical, the commercial and the educational. We prefer the latter, tho we by no means ignore the former. If we were actuated wholly by the commercial motive we should realize that the largest element of profit is derived from advertising, and in order to swell advertising we must obtain the largest possible circulation, and to obtain the biggest circulation we would possibly deem it advisable to quote ridiculous subscription rates. Unfortunately, however, general advertisers for some unaccountable reason, which we believe to be unsound and illogical, have heretofore hesitated to support educational periodicals, and therefore to obtain financial returns that are not produced by a proper subscription price other advertisements must be sought that in our judgment do not always contribute to the dignity, appearance, or worth of the magazine. We have no particular fault to find with such a manifestation of the commercial motive, but for ourselves we fear that followed out to its natural conclusion such a motive will come into direct antagonism with the educational motive to the detriment of the latter. In following out our educational ideal we shall make our advertising columns just as clean, responsible, and valuable as our reading pages, but to do this we must obtain a reasonable subscription price. We want our motives to be dictated by some loftier spirit than "commercialism," and we seek your support in the evolution and development of a result that shall be a satisfaction to our idealism, and a delight to your estheticism.

Our Business Policy.

In order that there may be relations of cordiality between subscribers and publishers there must be a tactful, conciliatory, and courteous business policy. A dissatisfied clientele is always a disastrous condition. Of course, now and then uncalled-for offense will be taken at some fancied grievance or some magnified fault, and human nature is such that these results cannot be entirely eradicated. If the business management, however, is proper, these occurrences will be quite the exception, as we are determined they shall be. We shall make a persistent effort to never allow a request to be ignored, or a suggestion to go unwelcomed, or an order to be mishandled, or any other detail of a large and prosperous business to pass without the greatest consideration and care. We do not exist because you must have us, but because you want us, and we appreciate that we shall not be the recipients of your favor very long if we fail to be considerate of your feelings and prompt and courteous in our dealings.

A Timely Suggestion

How excellent we shall be able to make this periodical depends upon two closely interwoven conditions, the number of our subscribers and the amount of our advertising. Every dollar of increased advertising patronage we receive will permit us to improve the appearance and worth of this magazine for your benefit. We shall strenuously strive to allow nothing to appear in our advertising columns that is not worthy of your purchase, and if you wish to help us to produce a steadily-improving periodical from which you will derive direct benefits, we suggest that you freely write to our advertisers for those things that appeal to your wants, and especially purchase those necessities of life which you see presented in our columns.

Extension of Subscriptions.

Where any subscriber to any one of the amalgamated periodicals has paid a larger annual subscription price than is the rate for this magazine a proportionate advance

in the maturity date of his subscription has been made to equalize the difference in price. Where any person has been a subscriber to more than one of the consolidated periodicals, the unexpired time of each subscription has been added together and the maturity date of his subscription for this magazine thus ascertained. The date of the label upon the September wrapper will indicate how these conditions have been met.

Agents Wanted.

It is quite possible that some of our subscribers might like to represent us as an agent at some teachers' institute or institutes. Applications should be made promptly, and if assignments have not already been made, arrangements will be promptly concluded. We have this year an unusually attractive proposition, including exceptionally liberal cash prizes, the nature of which will be disclosed upon request.

A Weekly Journal of Current Events.

The Week's Current has been united with the monthly *Our Times*, and we offer under the latter name a neat, attractive, and helpful weekly periodical, devoted to the description of notable world events and the geography of important occurrences. We purpose making this publication a veritable "text-book" for use in schools and by teachers in connection with the study of current events, which each year is becoming a more and more important part of the school-room work. If you have not seen this periodical we strongly advise you to ask for it at your institute or send to us for a sample copy.

A Beautiful Premium.

Notwithstanding our confident belief that this periodical will receive a most generous reception and support from teachers upon its own merits, yet we shall offer this year a very attractive and popular premium in the form of three Hiawatha pictures reproduced in colors from original paintings made expressly for us by the celebrated Indian artist, Mr. E. W. Deming. A fuller description of these pictures and the artist will be found in the body of the magazine.

Tell Us Your Views.

As this periodical in appearance, breadth of contents, cover design, character of paper, liberality of illustrations, and quality of reading represents much of a departure from and an advancement over the periodicals it succeeds, we shall be very glad to receive from our subscribers some indication of their sentiments and views. It is our one aim to give to our readers not necessarily so much what they should have as what they want, and the only way in which we can do this is to keep in such close touch with the professional pulse, as to promptly and effectively respond to the symptoms with which we are thus familiar. We want to make this periodical steadily better, and if our readers will only let us know wherein we fail and wherein we succeed in ministering to their requirements, tastes, desires, and pleasure, we shall be better able to supply the wants of the educational profession.

Our Apology.

For whatever delay may arise in mailing this periodical to its subscribers with this initial number, we can only crave the indulgence, patience, and generous pardon of readers. There have been so many details to perfect, a so much larger edition to print, and so much labor to perform in adjusting the mailing lists of the amalgamated periodicals that it has seemed impossible to overcome delay in the execution of all our plans. We shall very shortly have everything in such smooth running order that we shall be able to adopt and faithfully follow a fixed and definite date of publication.

An Investment Opportunity.

We respectfully call the notice of subscribers to the opportunity for the purchase of stock in this company as presented elsewhere in the advertising columns. There is no necessity for the submission of this investment to the public, because every dollar of the desired capital has been guaranteed, but we have felt that the opportunity for safe, conservative, and profitable investment of surplus funds upon the part of teachers, in enterprises with which they are familiar, is so limited, that we ought not to deny them the privilege of accepting such an offer upon easy terms of payment when the chance so desirably exists.

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FOR A VERY LONG TIME many of our subscribers have been faithful to the Educational Work which has been accomplished by the predecessors of this company.

Teachers have come and teachers have gone, but our publications have steadily and consistently fulfilled their functions, guiding, directing, stimulating, and helping those who have been engaged in the trying and responsible duties of scholastic work.

We are proud of this record, and we appreciate the heritage to which we succeed.

Our Family of Readers engirdles the world, and our one aim is to **do things** in such a way, with such a purpose, and with such efficiency as to make an indelible impress upon Education for its uplifting and enriching benefit.

We are not satisfied to move along in the same old way. The law of life is progression. We want to expand, to steadily advance, to attain greater and greater development.

Whatever we shall accomplish will be through the co-operation and support of our subscribers. What more natural than that we should want our subscribers to share in our material prosperity?

AN ENLARGED OPPORTUNITY FOR PROFITS

By the consolidation into one company of the interests of our predecessors—interests that have existed commercially for twenty-five and thirty years—we are permitted to realize a very much increased patronage, which enables us to perfect the various branches of our business in such a manner as to gratify our present circle of friends and to materially increase the number of our subscribers.

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which teachers are familiar, and in which they are interested. We do not submit it as a bonanza that offers marvelous returns, but as a safe, conservative, substantial investment that promises to produce regular and attractive dividends.

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SUCCESSORS TO

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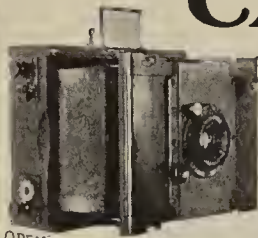
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Child World :—The Three Misses Cottontail

Told by Ossian Lang; illustrated by Margaret Ely Webb

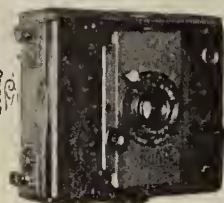
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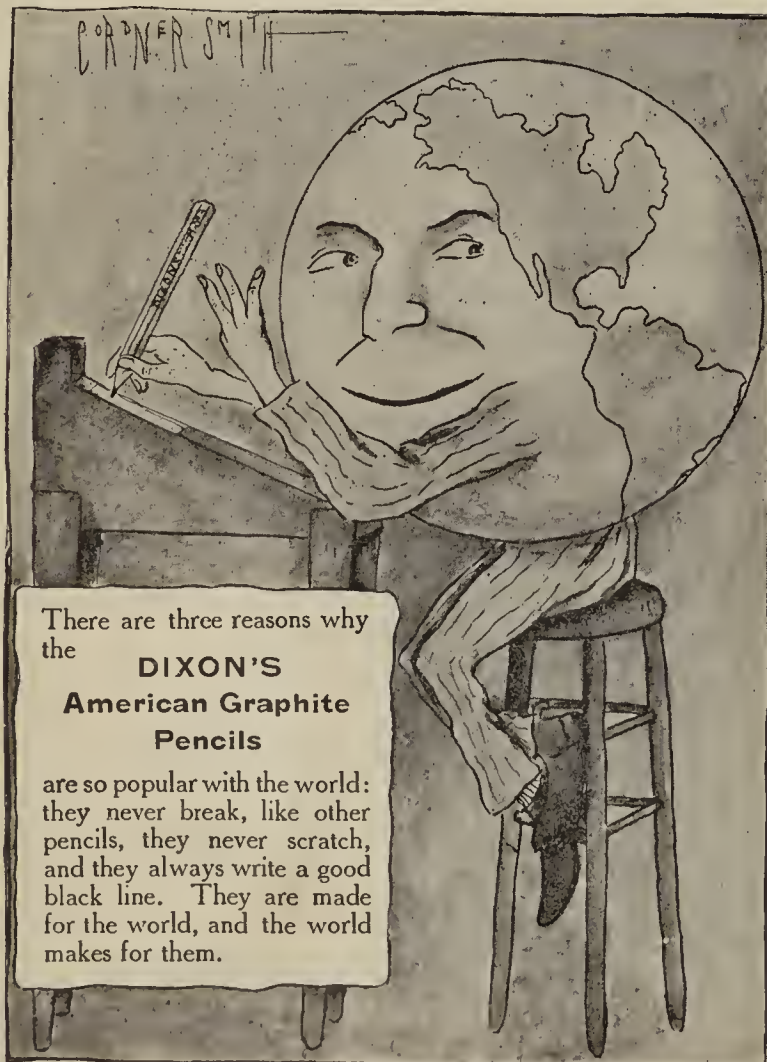


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Rest that Re-Creates

In six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and on the seventh He rested, and was refreshed



HUS in the quaint language of the King James version the greatest lawgiver of all ages pictured to his people the divine conception of rest after work. The sabbath of rest has become a universal institution. Industrial tyrants would have abolished it long before this if Israel had not persuaded the world that failure to observe it is a sin against God like murder and theft.

Rest after work is necessary to human life. Holidays are a wise economy. Whatever promotes health is holy. Work consumes energy, rest replenishes the exhausted store. Brain work and nerve tension are a greater tax upon health than are mechanical pursuits. Nothing wears out a human being more quickly than teaching. The constant giving of self to others in personal contact is a draft upon one's very life blood. The stirring and holding of the interest of an audience is accomplished at the expense of the vital resources of the speaker. No reasonable people begrudge the teacher his holidays. They might as well begrudge the grass the dew of heaven or the bees their winter rest.

The teacher must get away from his work for awhile if he wants to regain freshness of life. The weariness of Friday afternoons, when relaxation makes him conscious of the strain of the week's work, is nature's call to the need of rest. If he does not heed this call, his efficiency will decline. A jaded teacher cannot arouse interest, and without interest instruction is devoid of value. Dull teaching is a fraud upon humanity.

Rest which refreshes—that is what the teacher needs. That is what his vacation time is meant for. There is a rest which dulls. Its symbol is the stagnant pool. Freshness results from self-renewal. Teaching is a constant giving out. The teacher's self-renewal, then, must be largely of the nature of a taking in.

Nothing can take the place of out-door life as a renewer of exhausted nerves. Exercise is of less consequence than the breath of nature. On the mountains, by the river, in the fields, under the trees, near the sea, wherever the air is rich in God's own oxygen there is the place to be. Communion with the world's great thinkers is good, communion with nature is better. The wise teacher finds time for both. Take Emer-

son with you out-of-doors, or Shakespeare, or George Eliot. Or if you have not read Henderson's John Percyfield, include that in your list.

The National Educational Association, or an educational meeting nearer to your home, or a few weeks at a summer school is an excellent tonic. It is a mistake to conclude that teachers must avoid teachers in vacation time. These are just the days when the being with other teachers will yield most good. I know of no more delightful companions than teachers on a summer outing, bent on enjoying themselves.

Whatever you may do in the approaching vacation days, look well to your health. Rest, and give heart and lungs a chance in the chemical laboratory of nature to enrich the blood and irrigate the exhausted brain with streams of vital force. Laughter is the great ozonizer of the human system. Smiles are a balm to weary nerves, laughter makes health contagious. Would you have your recreation period do its perfect work upon you, rest much, smile often, laugh once in a while.

Smiles and laughter are born of companionship. The sun smiles on the lake, and the lake transmits the smile to the birds of the air, and all nature is atune with joy. Loneliness can only mimic the form of a smile. Be with others, be with those who can best sympathize with you, don't shun your fellow teachers. Walk with your friends, rest with them, smile and laugh with them. You will find the fountain of youth.

Your friends on the bookshelves, who have revealed you to yourself, who have given you courage and power and vitalized your work, they, too, should have your companionship. Rest, air, smiles, laughter, and a comradely exchange of experiences and hopes become more truly vivacious when they nurture the growth of the mind and of the heart. The teacher needs growth almost as much as rest. The atmosphere of the school-room and the constant dealing with untrained intellects will shrivel the soul unless it renews its vigor and buoyancy by bathing in the rivers of life.

Rest the tired nerves by throwing off the burden of responsibility and care, refresh body and mind by congenial companionship, and attend to the growth of your soul by an interest in the abiding things of humanity. Health first, joy next, then growth.

The Child or You?

By Edward F. Bigelow, Stamford, Conn.

IN all this talk about nature study and its educational value, there are some puzzling aspects. Chief among these is the fact that frequently the nature study chosen for the child is a misfit—a something adapted to someone else and forced upon the reluctant victim, or the denial of what the child desires, with nothing supplied as its substitute. It is in such cases either a second hand, ill-fitting garment or else the poverty of forced nakedness.

To illustrate: Not long ago I had, as a most enthusiastic member of one of my classes, a boy about ten years of age. He manifested an eager, sympathetic interest in the various natural objects which I brought to the attention of the class. But I could easily see that it was only sympathetic. He could appreciate my enthusiasm for my favorite pursuits, because he had a love for his. He balanced my enthusiasm by his. And this was just what I desired. I did not expect him to be interested in everything that pleased me. On the contrary, I constantly urged specialization, even among these youngsters. You work with your choice, be it your pony, goat, dog, pigeons, rabbits, fancy mice; in fact, with whatever you desire to keep, and of which you make a specialty. Enter lovingly into the care of it and learn all that you can in regard to it, was my advice. Then I urged each one to tell the others what he had observed.

"May I keep just what I wish to?" was the inquiry, in substance, from several of the bright-eyed boys.

"Yes," I said, "it is your interest not mine that I am consulting."

The next week upon visiting this school, I was met at the door by several boys. "I've got something; I want to show it to you." I ascertained that several had been out in the woods and fields on a "still hunt" for "specimens." There were salamanders, frogs, and turtles innumerable. One had obtained a pair of screech owls, another a flying squirrel, and others still more unusual objects.

"Say, I want to speak to you away from the other boys," said one of the pupils as he pulled at my coat. I followed him to the end of the hall. There he whispered, "I went to S——'s zoological store and I've got something up in my room that I want to show you. They won't let me have it around here. I had to hide it. Boys and some of the masters said they would kill it. It's a beauty. I want to surprise you. I know you will like it."

So I went up to my room (it was a boarding school), and in a few minutes there was a scurry of tip-toeing steps down the hall and an eager tapping at the door.

"Let me in quick."

I opened the door and in he came. "I had to look out for the other boys." He sat down on the edge of my bed, thrust his hand into his vest and began to pull.

"I tell you he's a beauty, all curled up here

except what's around my arm. There's the other end of him."

So saying he took his hand out of his vest and pointed to the end of his left coat-sleeve. Then he resumed the pulling.

To my surprise, and I must confess, somewhat to my distaste (for I had never been a very enthusiastic herpetologist), and not a little to my amusement at the little fellow's affectionate tuggings, he pulled out a king snake more than four feet in length, longer, indeed, than he was, and landed it admiringly and triumphantly on my bed.

"There," he exclaimed, as he passed his hand lovingly down the snake's body, and gave a slight tug at the tail as the head was wriggling under my pillow, "ain't he a beauty?" and he went on eagerly to say, "I'm so glad you said that we could get anything we wish, for I just love snakes. I paid a dollar for it. Got it cheap. Don't you think so? The other boys bought covies, and a pair of white rabbits, and one has a pair of white mice, and—but my snake beats them all. S——said it is harmless, 'just as gentle as a kitten,' he said. Look at the markings. Ain't they beauts? Seen his head? Let me show you. Say, ain't he nice? See here. Now I'll show you how I do it. . . . I can wind him four times around my neck. And look, quick, here's another thing I have taught him to do"

It was a first-class exhibition of snake loving. It is not necessary to go into details and describe all the things the boy and the snake did, nor to tell of my rather reluctant efforts to handle the pet, and to share in the boy's enthusiasm. His interest was genuine. It roused him as nothing else could have done. I let him play with the snake on my bed to his heart's content, while I sat admiring his interest and his fearlessness.

"You see I don't have many chances to show what I can do with him—just to a few fellows that like snakes, up in my room—and mother won't let me keep him at home—I like to show what I can do with him. Ain't he great? Ain't he a beaut?"

It was the joy of telling, of expressing, of sharing his joy with another person. It was one of the most delightful evenings that I ever spent at the school, and I don't care much for snakes, either, but I do like boys.

His joy was short lived.

The next week he came to me with tears in his eyes, and grasping my hand, he said, "I carried him home, and when I was at school they told the coachman to kill him."

He could say no more. His love had been genuine, so was his grief. I saw that he had loved that snake even more than I had imagined. And as I had genuinely shared in the happiness that his pet had given him, I could do no less than to share in his sorrow. I comforted him to the best of my ability, and longed to thrash the coachman. Perhaps you say that the

coachman was not to blame. He obeyed orders. Yes, I said that later on, but there are times when one goes toward most conspicuous causes by the most direct route, and doesn't linger for subtle analysis or abstruse philosophy.

Two or three weeks afterward I met his mother. She said, "I wish you wouldn't encourage Arthur to keep snakes. I don't like snakes, so I told the coachman to kill the horrible creature that he brought home."

What did I do? Nothing. There are occasions when one is like the man in the courtroom of whom I have heard. The judge had imposed a fine of five dollars for contempt of court. The man meekly replied, "Your Honor, I beg leave to submit that there is some mistake about this. I have expressed no contempt for this court; on the contrary, I have tried to conceal my sentiments."

So the situation demanded that I meekly say, "I beg pardon, but I had supposed that I was trying to assist in the *development of the boy*, not of you . . . Excuse me, but I have something to say to those boys over there."

It requires no stretch of the imagination to hear some teacher who reads this, say, "I think she did right. I don't like snakes either and I should not want my boy to have snakes about the house. I, too, would have told the coachman to kill it. The teacher ought to have interested him in something else that is better."

And I say to you, O reader, be you teacher or parent, who cares what you like or do not like to have about? You are trying to put into the boy's mind mental furniture of the same material and pattern that ornaments yours. You are insisting in having him develop along exactly the same course by which you have been developed, to think the same thoughts, and to be an exact counterpart of you. It is possible that he may be an improved and corrected edition of you. He may be a trifle superior even to you. Have I good authority for saying I don't care what you think, nor how you were developed, nor what you like, nor what you are? Mother Nature ignores you. She says, "Never in all the ages did I produce another physical or mental individuality like yours and never in all the eternity of creation will I ever duplicate it." She is evidently "sick of her job," yet you insist in being superior to nature and in holding yourself up as the perfect model, and you shout, "I don't like," as if anyone cares what you like or dislike. You are adult and are beginning to go down hill. The child is a later and revised edition. Nature is progressing toward perfection, and the child even now is superior to you. When you come to love your "snakes," to bury your likes and dislikes, not because you dislike snakes less but because you love the child more, you will understand what is really meant by the expression, "Nature Study from the standpoint of the child."

Before a large audience at the Connecticut Chautauqua I told this story of the boy and his pet, and of the assassins that destroyed his snake, and retarded his mental development. At the close of the lecture a tall young man

came up in the crowd, gave my hand a cordial grasp, and said:

"You struck it right that time. My teacher thought she was a great nature study teacher; she posed as such, at least. She was always picking flowers and pulling them to pieces, and talking about stamens and stigma, and corolla, and such things. One day I carried to school my box of spiders. I never was much interested in anything else, but she shuddered and grew pale, and said, 'Ough! I don't like spiders. Do take them away. I can't bear to look at them.' I carried them away. I guess we are even. I never can get over the impression which I received from that woman's dislike of my pets. To this day I almost shudder when I hear anyone talk of pulling a flower to pieces—I guess it's the association. 'Love me, love my dog,' you know."

He gave my hand another grasp and went on. I didn't have even an opportunity to reply, but I understood.

I had planned to end this article with the foregoing, altho other exasperating and pitiful examples of the adult forced on the child, crowd upon my mind. I had said to myself I will not record more of these outrages, so had laid aside my



This delightful picture of Mr. Edward F. Bigelow and his daughter, Pearl Agnes, is an eminently typical one. Mr. Bigelow is most at home in the midst of field or forest—and with children. It is because he has brought so much of forest and field into the "Nature and Science Department" of *St. Nicholas* that so many eager boys and girls turn to those pages the minute a new number of the dear old magazine is received. And it is for a like reason that boys and girls of a larger growth listen so eagerly to the nature talks Mr. Bigelow is giving so generally at the teachers' institutes and associations from Connecticut to the Pacific coast. Mr. Bigelow gets his nature studies first-hand—he speaks the language of bird, beast, flower, and tree, and that is why he can give such valuable hints to teachers as are to be found in "The Child or You?"

manuscript. But I am compelled to mention two more experiences of the kind.

The door bell had just rung. I listened to learn who had called. The maid came to the top of the stairs, and said:

"A lady and a little boy to see you, sir."

I found in the hall awaiting me a fair-faced, well-dressed lady, carrying a covered basket, and holding her little son by the hand. His face bore a sorrowful expression.

The mother said, "I know you have many pets, but I thought you might like another. I have a white rabbit in my basket, given to my son by a friend who is interested in 'such things' (sic) and I don't want him."

I turned to the boy and said, "Do you want to give away your pet rabbit?"

"No, sir," tearfully, "but mother says we have no place to keep it and doesn't want—"

"All right, if that is all, I can fix it. I have an unoccupied hutch. I will send it right over. You can keep a rabbit out-of-doors in the winter, you know, if you have a good hutch. It is not at all necessary to have a room in the house. I'll tell you all about—"

"But, sir," interrupted the mother, "I don't want the rabbit. I don't see why Uncle William gave it to him. He knows I don't like to feed such things and have them around."

It was a queer kind of conversation, a triangular kind. The mother talked to me and I addressed all of my remarks to the boy. His face had brightened, as if with a ray of hope.

"I judge that you are fond of rabbits."

"Yes, sir, very. I like them better than anything else, but mother doesn't want me to have one. I spend all the time over at Uncle William's and he—"

"I think I must be going. Sorry you can't take it, sir. We must dispose of it somewhere else."

I suppose she went home that Saturday evening, and taught the Sunday school lesson to her boy, and told him that all good boys go to

heaven, and all bad boys keep rabbits. One thing, however, puzzles me. I wish she would enlighten me as to the final and eternal fate of such mothers.

Again I laid the manuscript aside, and again I have taken it up. Yesterday I went to New York, and one more example so impressed me that I must record it. It is strange that when a topic is uppermost in mind, everything seems to point toward it and illuminate it.

On the train was a tall, strong, angular woman with a florid face. She carried a basket and tried to lead three children, ages, I should judge, from about four to eight. The youngest, a pretty little girl, was pushed into the seat by the crowd in the aisle. Her mother reached back, took the child by the arm, and literally dragged her thru the crowd.

"Come on here, you imp, you are so slow, Annie. What a bother you are. Why don't you keep up with us?"

Then the mother set the basket down on the platform, seized the weeping child, shook her violently, jerked her hat forward, and with her apron mopped little Annie's streaming face.

"You must learn not to be so slow—I could have got off that car twice to your once. Couldn't you see that all the people wanted to get out?"

"Yes, you old virago," I said to myself, "perhaps I could have got off three or four times to your once. I can walk faster, and I am somewhat stronger than you. I should have liked to get off at least twice. Once as I did, a little ahead of you, when I saw your disgraceful performance. Then I should have liked to go back, to grab you by a wrist, and make you skyrocket for that door. Come on here, you old hag, I set the pace, not you; don't you see this is the pace at which we get off, mine, not yours. There you are, landed in a heap, and serves you right. That's something like. Now you understand it is my pace that governs."

But I must stop, for my indignation is stimulating my pace at too active a speed.



Summer squashes raised by children in the far-famed school gardens at Hyannis, Mass.

A Visit to the Circus

By Mattie Griffith Satterlee

IS there anything that thrills the childish heart with such rapture as the promise of a visit to the circus? Never mind the proviso "if you are good." No matter how impossible the condition may be to comply with, upon ordinary occasions, with the blissful anticipation of *that* visit in perspective the impossible ceases to exist.

This has been the experience of all classes of children since the advent of the circus on our planet. The children of my school, however, come not from the *classes*, they emanate entirely from the *masses*, and seething masses they are, too.

When those benevolent gentlemen who are known to the public under the appellation of "Barnum and Bailey" sent me word to the effect that fifty-seven of my pupils would be allowed to visit the circus on the afternoon of April eleventh, the wild enthusiasm that prevailed would have made an optimist of a misanthrope. I feel assured the most bored or *blasé* being would have been made healthily happy, just to have seen the bright faces of those children, the brilliant glow on their olive cheeks, the sparkle in the beautiful Italian eyes.

The day arrived, and at twelve o'clock the forces were assembled for departure, first having been regaled with bread and molasses. Being duly sustained with this delicacy I looked critically over my expectant column. The great question had been to get hats or some sort of head covering for the girls—the Italian girls, big or little, never wear hats. All the morning of that eventful day, I had been using my ingenuity to the utmost, to secure a sufficient number of hats.

Just at the moment of departure a little girl rushed in, with a "creation" on her head, awesome to behold. It was a band of straw, a *very* narrow one, and this band was decorated with an enormous white muslin bow, as large as the child's entire head. The appearance of this remarkable hat was like that of a huge sign.

Netta, the child, was in a state of delighted vanity. She asked me in breathless eagerness how much money she at that moment possessed in the school savings bank. I told her she was creditor to the amount of eight cents. She clapped her hands and said, "The lady who sold me dis hat, said I might give just what I had in de bank if it was more than five cents, even if it is so stylish."

The effect of the little dark face under this immense white sign was ludicrous in the extreme, if it had not been so pathetic. The teachers, struggling with these two feelings, kept preternaturally grave faces. Not so the boys, who see only the comic side. They made a few exceedingly frank remarks. Netta was greatly demoralized by this adverse criticism and turned to me to scold the culprits. They were quelled, and peace restored.

However, as the line filed by, Netta complained

again. "Tony," right behind her, "was saying tings."

I turned to Tony and said in grave displeasure, "Are you saying anything unkind, Tony? I am sure I hope not, as I wish you *all* to be so happy."

"No, ma'am," said Tony, his black eyes sparkling with mischief, "I only said, 'Gee.'"

The next morning I anticipated much pleasure and amusement, as I hurried to school laughing in advance as I thought of the droll remarks the children would make upon their festivities of the day previous. I was met by a delegation of children a block from the school. To my eager inquiry, "Well, were you delighted, were you all happy?" Which means in our school, "Were you good?" As I insist, no child can be anything but good, who is happy.

A curly-haired, black-eyed little fellow looked up at me and said most seriously, "Yes, ma'am, we were very polite."

"But," I replied, "what did you *do*?"

Tony, with a gravity equal to the first boy, made the laconic statement, "We rubbered."

After the opening of school, I said, "Who can tell me something about the circus, something pretty, I mean."

At this, Josephina sprang to her feet and said, "O the elephants were *sweet*, the music played 'Sleep, baby sleep,' and the elephants went to sleep jus like de little babies."

Guido, who has been a little citizen of this land of the free only seven months, imparted the startling intelligence, that *he* saw, and liked, "Guster Ground," broken English for "Buster Brown."

Pasquale said "of de bunch *he* liked de horses, first; and de funny men (meaning the clowns) next."

Luigi raised his matchless eyes and looked at me dreamily, then asked slowly, "Were dose lovely ladies in pink and white and blues, were dey *fair* ladies?"

Knowing he used the word "fair" for "real," I said, "Yes; what kind of ladies did you think they were, if they were not real, or as you say, fair?"

"I tought," he said, gazing solemnly at me, "perhaps dey wasn't ladies, dey was angels."

The glamor of that visit has lasted for the past month. The other day I was explaining to the children the fact that time seems to pass rapidly as one grows older. Luigi asked, without any relevancy, whether the children would be invited to the circus again next year. I said I thought they probably would have that great kindness shown them next year also. "Den," said Luigi, "it won't be so long till *next* April cause I'll be a year older, den de time will be shorter."

Every blessing rest upon the heads of the managers of the Barnum and Bailey circus, for giving this glimpse of Fairyland to the poor little children of the street.

A Summer Vacation Experiment

By Jeannette Winter Hall, author of "The New Century Health Primer"

THE period between the last of June and the first of September has presented to many teachers problems difficult of solution. It is too long a time for idleness and too much needed for recreation to permit of its being used in school work; while the financial aspect of the question forbids a large expenditure of money for mere pleasure.

Having spent several summers at resorts and rural boarding houses, one pedagog felt that he could no longer expend so much time and money in simple recreation which afforded no opportunity for productive activity. He resolved to find some way to combine recreation and education for his three growing children, and rest and change for the adults.

Thinking this could best be done in simulating pioneer life and producing a home from a wilderness, he went in quest of a piece of land of no special value as farming land, situated near enough to the city to make the expense of reaching it a nominal one, and where the ad-



The Cottage.

vantages of woods and water might be combined.

After a few pilgrimages to out-of-the-way places, a sixty-five acre tract of woodland was procured, bordering upon a small spring lake whose water makes its way eventually to one of our great lakes. The land being uncleared woodland was low-priced, and yet for the purpose intended doubly valuable. The lake and the river into which it flowed provided fine bathing, rowing, and sailing, and a waterway to three good-sized towns.

During the winter following the purchase, a cottage was planned and replanned by way of recreation from the cares of professional and domestic life. By springtime it was agreed that the restful anticipation and the exhilaration of planning had already justified the initial outlay.

Early in June the family took up its residence in rooms with a neighboring farmer in order to be near the building operations. All took part in choosing a site. A small clearing near the lake, commanding a distant view of the river and the bluffs of the Great Lake was decided

upon, as it lay near a good bathing beach and harbor, and afforded facility for garden, vineyard, and orchard, while there were large oak and beech trees to shade the grounds.

The mother and children marked the corners of the proposed foundation, the father drove the corner stakes, and the home was begun. A carpenter came the next day and he, with the help of the pedagog, erected the cottage.

While the father was occupied in this way the mother did the light housekeeping for the family. She spent the spare time near the building where the children were busy playing in the sand and water or picking up and straightening nails, laying aside shavings, chips, and kindlings for future use, or pulling and burning mullen stalks and sand-burs.

During the following spring a flying trip was made to the new home, where, with some help from a neighbor, seeds were planted for the summer supply of vegetables.

In July the family, augmented by the addition of a sister and a nephew of thirteen, took up its residence in the cottage. This was made comfortable with home-made furniture supplemented by some important additions from town. The plan of living was co-operative. There was to be no hired help on the place. All members of the household, guests included, were asked to share the work. Masculine guests lent their aid in the various building projects and the beautifying of the grounds. The boys and the feminine members of the household shared the housework. To make the plan more effective and to prevent its being irksome, arrangements were made to have the laundry work and the bread-making done away from the premises by someone in the neighborhood. A horse and vehicle were hired when needed, and milk was brought from an adjoining farm.

Each person was expected to keep his own room in order, even to the periodical sweeping and cleaning. The general work was divided among the different members of the family. The mother assumed the cooking, the care of the children, and the general management. The work following the meals was apportioned among the sister, the daughter, and the guests, as was also the tidying of the dining and living rooms and the preparation of the vegetables which the father brought from the garden. The boys brought in wood and water and carried out ashes. In this way, with simple living, altho the family sometimes numbered a baker's dozen, no one was overworked and all had time for reading, rest, and recreation.

Soon after his arrival at the farm the pedagog and the carpenter began the building of a launch. Each member of the family made some contribution toward the building of this boat. The children caulked and rubbed it down, the nephew painted and oiled it, and the "sisters, cousins, and aunts" made the cushions and assisted in the festivity of launching.

The woods were full of wild berries which were gathered by those who liked to go berrying, and by those who did not like "berrying" but who liked berry tarts. In this way the table was abundantly supplied with fruit and the excess was conserved for winter use in town. By September the nephew had learned to swim and all the children could row. They had done some clearing of underbrush with the help of a neighbor boy, had nearly rid the place of sand-burs and mullen, had helped to build a boat and seen



The children kept the table supplied with fresh fish.

it launched, and had gained some very practical knowledge of domestic science.

The games of this summer consisted of making and launching miniature boats, in making docks and harbors, and in sand manipulations.

Thoreau's "Walden" was read aloud and was enjoyed even by the little children, because it described a life so similar to their own and an environment which seemed to be embodied before them.

During the early part of the second season there was an urgent demand from the small people for a drum, to the cost of which they offered to contribute from their savings. A drum which had seen service in the Cuban war was procured, and the grandfather, who was a veteran of the Civil war, gave the children drill in military movements. This became a regular feature of early evening diversion both to the home children and to the neighboring children. The nephew presented to the drum corps a cannon which he had designed and made. The effect of a salute at sundown and the floating of a flag on all festive occasions lent a decidedly military tone to the games of this summer, while the reading of Cooper's "Pathfinder" made the following of Indian trails and obscure landmarks a favorite pastime.

All fuel for the house was supplied by the little people, who gathered loose wood, pine knots, dry branches and chips from the woods. A rustic arbor was made by the nephew, who cut and trimmed the saplings for its construction and put them together according to his own de-

sign. The two older children, now eight and nine years of age, and the nephew could troll and cast with a fair measure of success and they kept the table supplied with all the fresh fish used during the season.

Any two of the children could be trusted to take the boat and go a mile across the lake to get and deliver mail. The nephew and the older boy were fearless in the water and were able to swim and float. The six-year-old boy, who has a special love for life in all its forms, became familiar with various kinds of plants and animals, and the nine-year-old daughter counted among her accomplishments the ability to prepare an evening meal, for which she made biscuits and shortcake, and she could also take entire care of her person and her room.

Before the fourth pilgrimage was made the nephew's father had built a cottage upon an adjoining piece of land and the children had the advantage of seeing this home develop. The nephew himself painted the cottage and assisted his father in clearing out underbrush, trimming trees, and disposing of debris.

Up to this time all nature work had been incidental, but it was now thought time to do something definite and the bookshelves were stocked with reference books on biological subjects. The aunt undertook to introduce the children to their bird neighbors and the insect life of the woods. This introduction was seemingly incidental and was given whenever occasion offered. Twenty of the birds came to be known by name and song, deserted eggs and nests were collected, the habits and peculiarities of insects were noted, and specimens of insects and cocoons were added to the collection.

The mother guided the study of plant life. The children already knew in a general way most of the trees and flowers native to the grounds, but now they learned the distinguishing features of six or seven plant families, noted the conditions under which the different plants grew, how they were protected and disseminated, and learned something of galls and the plants to which they were peculiar.



Daily drill of the drum corps.

What delighted the children most was to take trips with their father and uncle to learn the mysteries of water lore and woodcraft. They blazed paths, felled trees, and made roads. They even took some part in surveying the boundaries of the farm. These tramps thru the woods led to many discoveries regarding animals and plants. A toad was captured and



kept for a time in a box of wet moss arranged to simulate the environment in which he was found. Here he was studied and tended with care, and was declared to be a wonderful animal. A bumble bee's nest was observed by four pairs of eager eyes until the children thought they understood the bees and their methods of building. A mole was captured but was speedily released. Ant hills and moles' burrows, however, were an abiding source of interest.

The most important event of the year was the construction of a sailboat. The boat itself was built from homemade plans by a carpenter on an adjoining farm, but the spars were cut in the woods by the men of the family, assisted by the children, who later trimmed, peeled, rubbed, and oiled them with their uncle's help, while the women made the sails.

The social side of country life was secured by inviting the neighbors to help celebrate the launching and christening of the boat, and by lending a hand to assist a near neighbor in his threshing. The children were old enough this year to sit up a little longer in the evening so that more time was given to reading. Cooper's "Prairie," Thompson's "Green Mountain Boys," and Fox's "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" were enjoyed by the entire family. The effect of these books was again seen in the games. The boys played scout, they went to the woods to eat their meals, they made rafts and took journeys upon them. The nephew this year learned to pilot the launch, the ten-year-boy took

some lessons in piloting, and both boys understand the mechanism of the engine. They can paddle a canoe and sail the boat in fair weather. The two older boys can wield an ax to fell good-sized trees, which they know how to trim and bring to the house and cut into stove wood.

The daughter has had practice in canning and preserving fruit, in cooking plain vegetables, and preparing simple meals.

In anticipation of a camp which the boys hope to occupy for a part of the next summer they have done some clearing in a remote piece of woods and have laid out camp grounds.

Looking back on the four years' experiment, it seems to be a success both as a means of education and of recreation. The effect of the life is noticeable in the children's increased ability to adapt themselves to different conditions, to find materials at hand for games, to repair their toys and tools skilfully, and in their knowledge of the labor value of things.

As to the outlay. If the cost of the launch and the sailboat, neither of which is essential to the experiment, be excluded and the cost of the land and the buildings be spread over a period of ten years, the property will at that time have been increased in value by improvements so as to represent all the money spent upon it during that time, plus all of the living expenses for the two months of each year. In other words the vacations will have cost nothing, as all the outlay may be considered as an investment represented by the property.



A thousand children at play on the school lawn at Webster City, Iowa. What more pleasing sight can there be to a lover of children! Photographs of the many pleasant features of school life are always welcome. Will you not contribute yourself? TEACHERS MAGAZINE is indebted to Supt. L. H. Ford, of Webster City for this delightful picture.

Visits to Teachers' Workshops

What They Are Doing at Hyannis.

AT Hyannis the home is the central subject in everything, not the home of "me and my wife, my son John and his wife, we four and no more," but Hyannis, the Cape, Massachusetts, the United States. Hyannis is first. What will make Hyannis a better place to live in, what will add to her prosperity, what is her relation to the rest of the world, how does she serve mankind—these are the questions around which instruction turns. The school garden, with its mind-stirring, body-strengthening, spirit-nourishing activities is the starting point and correlating center. From this basis instruction starts out and to this it returns whenever it can do so without resort to pedagogic artifice. Here is the distinguishing feature of the Hyannis school. Practical activities—and what more healthful, useful, and educative activities can there be than gardening—practical activities are the correlating forces.

My observations have convinced me that this interesting experiment marks an important departure in education. Principal Baldwin has made productively constructive work the center of teaching in the elementary school. Here we have an objective, handleable something to start from. The children are on home-ground and are kept busy from the very beginning. The thought that they are enrolled in the list of

producers is before them from the first day in school. The work they are doing impels thought of the future, of the product, of the relation of their tasks to the world to be.

New England thrift was born on the Cape. The nature of the soil will probably never let it die. So Hyannis is in tune with its environment. Principal Baldwin was asked one day to supply an exhibit of sewing and knitting work of the little ones. He conferred with Miss Kimball to see what could be done about it. The supervisor of industrial work had to confess that the children were wearing the results of their labors—the stockings they had darned, the handkerchiefs they had hemmed, the aprons they had made—and so the exhibit could not conveniently be furnished without sending the children along with it. This is loyalty to the school's platform. I cannot cite a better example to explain the Hyannis idea.

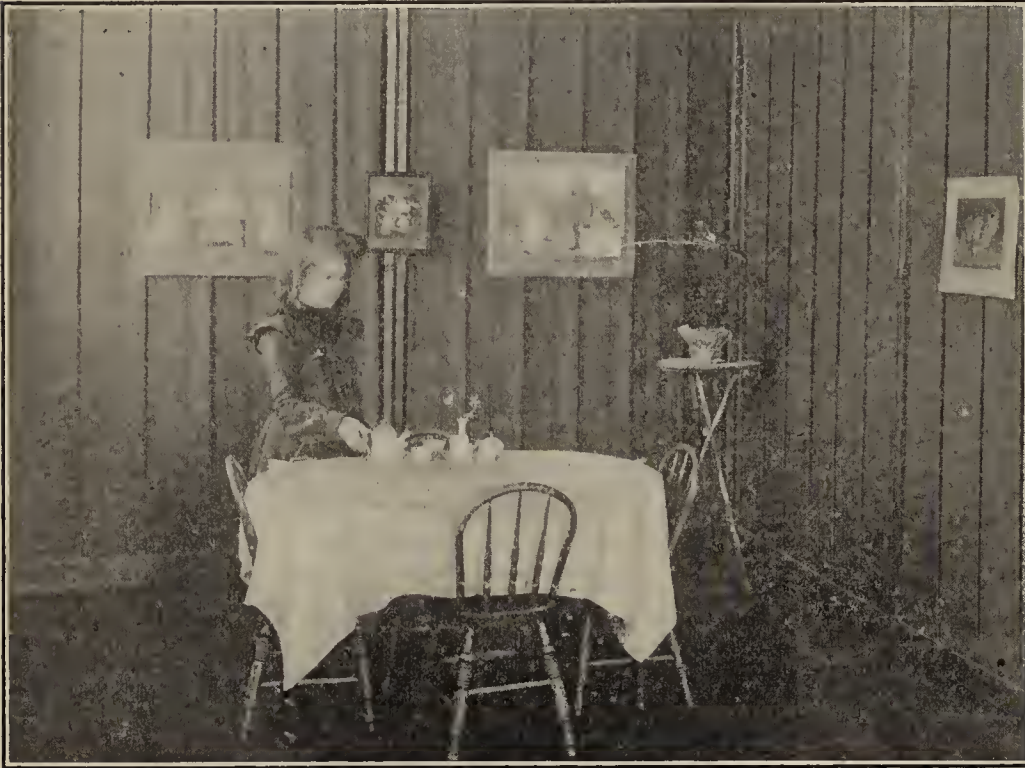
The doubting Thomases and Betsies who talk about "expense" whenever constructive work or the household arts and industries are mentioned as entitled to a place in the school program, will not get much comfort from Principal Baldwin. The whole "expense" of installing a complete cooking school was \$40—say, forty dollars—that's all! Remember the school is on Cape Cod. Moreover, the head of the school is a Yankee. That is why the apparatus of the chemistry room was by a few inexpensive addi-



Buildings of the State Normal School at Hyannis, Mass. The central building is the normal school proper with recitation rooms, laboratories, and offices of the principal. On the right stands the dormitory; on the left, the training school. The large sweep of lawn and gardens in front is something that materially enhances the beauty of the whole scene.

A Series of Practical With Class Compositions

The illustrations here given show a most interesting and useful series of activities taught in the first years at Hyannis. A corner of the school-room is by a plain screen transformed into a bare room. The children use their best efforts to furnish and decorate this room to make it look cozy. Here it is doing service as dining-room. Some other day it will be the parlor or the bed-room. Under the guidance of the teacher the children go thru the various activities of the home, incidentally learning social manners and acquiring tact and taste. In the composition period



PREPARING FOR TEA.

How do you do? I am Corinne.

We are playing house to-day.

This is our dining-room.

Is it not a pretty room?

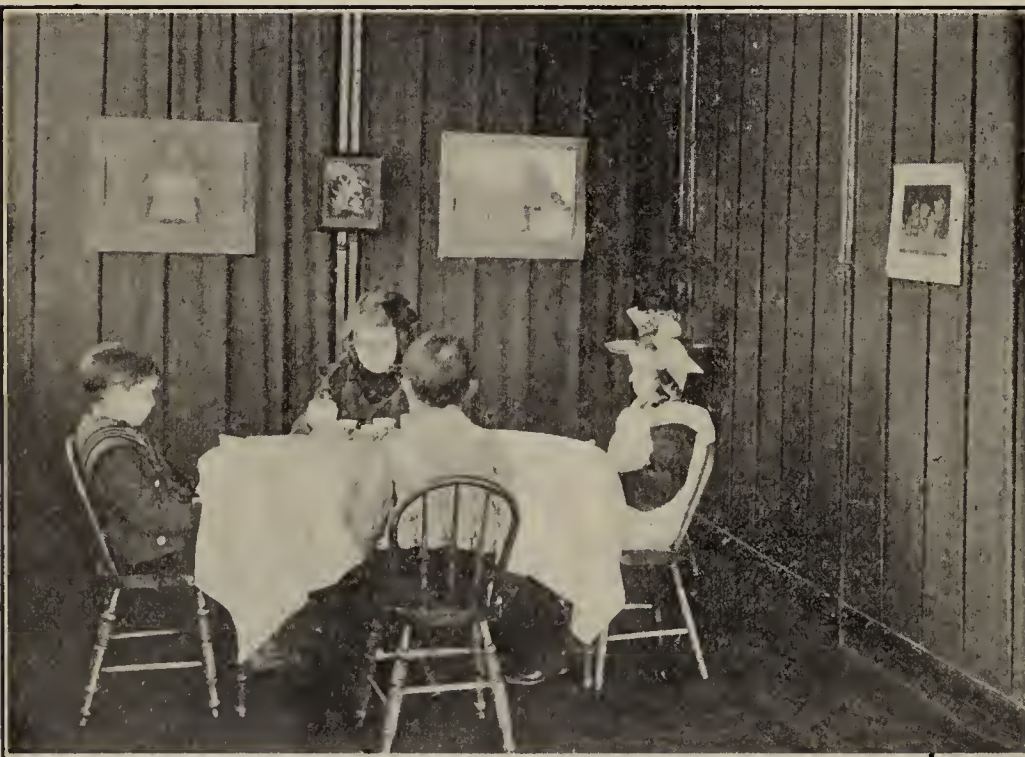
We think it is.

I am laying the table now.

Henry and Marion are at school.

They are coming home soon.

Soon we will have tea.



TEA.

Now we are having tea.

Stuart plays he is the father.

He will serve the meat.

I will pour the tea.

Do you see Marion?

She is my little girl.

Henry is my little boy.

Will you have some tea, Stuart?



tions to the burners made to do service for genuine cooking, the most practical kind of chemistry there is to be found.

In one room the desks are neatly covered with oilcloth with a hole cut out for the ink well. The desks are new, and teacher and children feel that they should be taken care of, hence the oilcloth. Do you see the point?

One who believes in the work can usually get the money that may be needed. Look at Watertown and see what Frank R. Page has accomplished. TEACHERS MAGAZINE will have an article about it. But we are talking of

Hyannis now. What this school has done may be done by a system of schools. That is the point.

The activities of the children furnish an abundance of topics for conversations, for compositions, for illustrations, for arithmetic, for geography, for every branch in the ordinary elementary school curriculum. If the orders these children will some day write to the grocer and butcher and baker are not correctly spelled, it will not be the fault of the school. The eighth-year class is keeping careful accounts of the expenditures and incomes of the school gardens. Every item is charged. The sale of

Lessons in Housekeeping

Written in the Primary School

these activities are described. The children construct the sentences and the teacher writes them on the board. After all corrections and refinements are made which the children consider necessary or desirable, the result stands as a class composition. By the kindness of Miss Finley TEACHERS MAGAZINE is enabled to let its readers see a series of these compositions with the scenes described in them, exactly as the children worked them out.

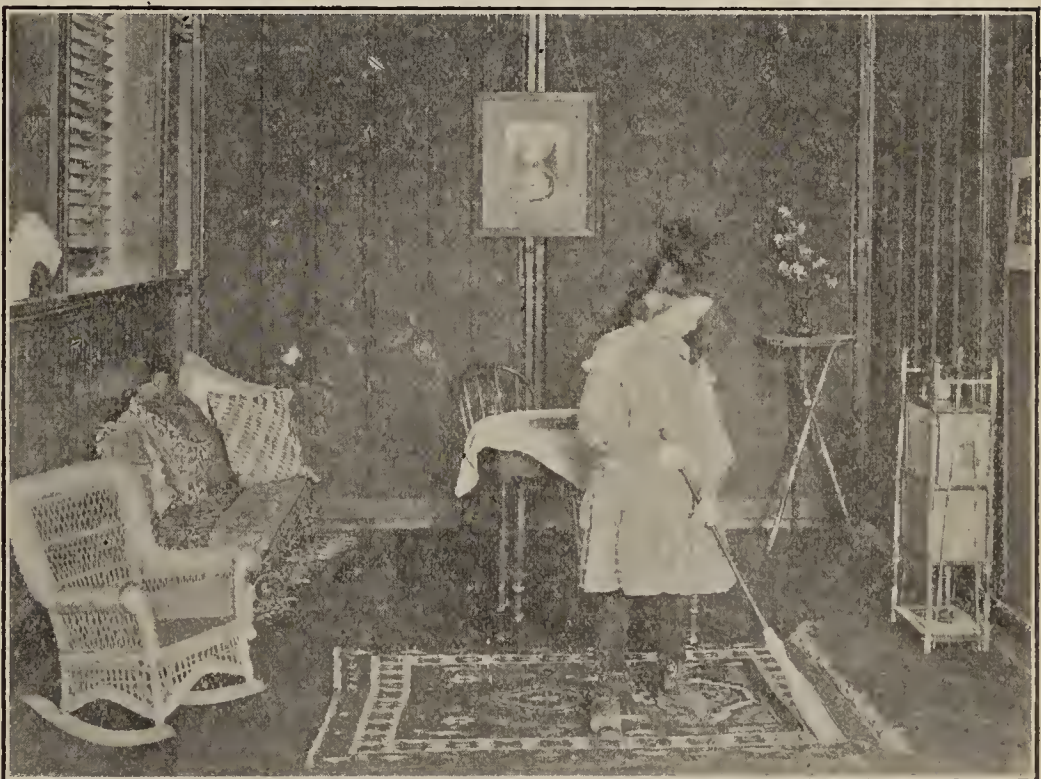
AFTER TEA.

Marion is helping Mamma.
She wipes the dishes for her.
Mamma washes the dishes.
I am reading my book.
I am a little boy. My name
is Henry. I go to school.
Papa reads the paper.
Stuart is playing he is papa.
I will read my book to him.
I read it to my father every
night.



TIDYING THE ROOM.

Corinne is sweeping now.
Marion is helping her.
They are sweeping the dining-
room. They will dust it, too.
Marion says, "I like to help
you, Mamma. What can I do
now?"
Mamma says, "You may help
me dust the room."



the vegetables and flowers takes care of the cost of the work and the materials needed.

The location of Hyannis is ideal for the development of such work. It is ideal because the teachers think it is ideal and have made it look ideal. The bleak New England shore is a reality on the Cape. The lover of the sea rejoices in it. The soil is not naturally very productive, except for cranberries. The lover of garden work has the satisfaction that his harvest has been honestly earned by the sweat of his brow, and so he thinks the conditions ideal. What better reward can man look for than the

joy, or call it pride if you will, of having conquered a difficult task! That makes for character.

On the walls of Principal Baldwin's office are pictures of Jesus and Froebel, and there is also a statuette of Pestalozzi. Social service in the spirit of Jesus, living with the children in a garden as Froebel would have school life, enabling the young to grow by self-activity, into useful manhood and womanhood as Pestalozzi would have the teacher do—these are the inspirations. Hyannis is pointing to an aim that is ideal and real, intensely real.

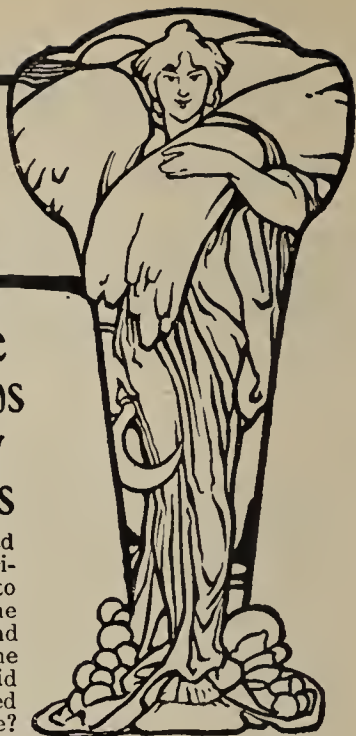


Hints and Helps

Plans,
Methods,
Devices, and
Suggestions

from the
Workshops
of many
Teachers

This feature, originally planned for *Institute and Primary School*, has proved so popular with teachers that it has been copied by nearly every educational periodical in the country. TEACHERS MAGAZINE will continue to publish the best to be had for this department. The Editor would like nothing better than that he might be able to visit the school-rooms of every one of the the hundred thousand teachers who will read this magazine. What an abundance of good things he would find! But that cannot be. The next best plan is to have the teachers aid each other by writing out the devices and plans and thoughts that have proved most helpful to them. Will you not contribute from the store of your experience? A good book will be sent for every contribution accepted for this department.



Hiawatha Bird Books.

I was surprised to find when the birds, the harbingers of summer, began to come back to us again that, altho the children knew from the chirping that they were again about us, few knew any of them by name, or the order of their coming.

One little boy when asked what was the first bird to come to us in the spring answered, "The whip-poor-will."

This was a bad state of affairs, but I knew that no amount of drill would accomplish my purpose, so I led the children into making their own efforts.

They had been reading of Hiawatha and how

The little Hiawatha learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them, 'Hiawatha's Chickens,'

and each child when the idea was suggested, was delighted to play the part of Hiawatha himself.

We made little booklets, by cutting white unruled paper in pieces 7x5 inches and covering them with pink cardboard. These we tied together with pink ribbon so that they would open easily. On the back was written the title "Bird Book," and the quotation from Longfellow, and each child was given a picture of a bird which was pasted on the cover. We used the smallest Perry pictures for this.

Inside the children were to record the birds they saw each day with a full description of each species.

The ability of the pupils increased until towards the end of the season they illustrated their books with some drawings of birds' bills, feet, and bodies, and with pictures of birds cut from magazines.

By the time the birds of the last wave were here, such as the humming bird, oriole and whip-poor-will, our little Hiawthas had "learned their names and all their secrets," and I believe each child spent a happier summer because they knew something about our bird neighbors.

Virginia.

RUTH O. DYER.

Mounts for Pictures.

If there are some teachers who have not the ways and means to procure regular mounting paper for the numerous pictures which help so much to make a school-room attractive, this suggestion may be practicable.

I bought a roll of ingrain wall paper, which comes in dark red or green, at about twenty-five cents a roll, and cut it up into sheets of a size suitable for pictures. I have found this inexpensive, and unless the mount is carefully examined, the real material would not be guessed.

I cut the same kind of paper into sheets about 7 by 12, fasten them together in the center and thus make a nice booklet of about 8 pages. The name of each child is written on a slip of paper and pasted on one of the booklets. As fast as a child learns a word I have him cut it from a newspaper or magazine, and paste it into his book. Often small pictures are pasted in the book to make it more attractive.

This booklet is a source of delight to the children, while it teaches neatness and gives the little folks an idea of making articles for themselves. The book is carried home when it is filled.

Maine.

A. M. E.



Fancy Booklets.

Have you tried making booklets the shapes of birds, leaves, flowers, hearts, etc? When we have a story on birds we wish to preserve, I have the children draw a bird with rather a wide body to give plenty of space for writing, and have them cut enough papers of the same size to form a booklet. Then we tie them with a bit of colored raffia or ribbon. For a leaf story we take a pressed autumn leaf and trace around it. We cut several sheets on the same pattern, and put the subject on the cover. Sometimes we tint the covers in water colors.

For a flower booklet a wild rose or pansy will be found suitable.

Our heart booklets are cut from red paper and in them we write such quotations as

"Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,

Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits."

"Hearts like doors can ope with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that they are these,
'I thank you, sir,' and 'If you please.'"

Illinois.

GERTRUDE MIKOLEIT.



Visiting Card Messages.

I had a hundred visiting cards printed, with my name, at a cost of twenty-five cents. Whenever a pupil has two or more perfect lessons in a day I write the fact on the back of one of these cards for him to take home.

It is surprising how hard they try for the cards, especially since I explained that people use visiting cards to send messages that they are unable to carry themselves, and so I send my card to tell the parents when I am pleased.

Try the plan and see how well it works.

I should like a good method of presenting short division to a class of foreign children.

California.

JUDITH M. FURLONG.



A Home-Made Recitation Book.

Having quite a collection of select reading, poetry, etc., cut from old journals, papers, and magazines, I decided we could best preserve them for future use in a scrap book.

I obtained an old law book—this was selected because it was large, well bound, and put together with strong thread—and carefully removed every other leaf, sometimes two or three in a place, to allow for the paper to be put in.

It was then divided into sections, one for Christmas selections; others for humorous, patriotic, pathetic selections.

The recitations were then neatly pasted into the book each in its proper place. After it is all filled we are going to arrange an index.

The pupils take interest in finding something "good enough" for the book, for of course only the best selections are put into it, and those bits suitable for pupils as recitations Friday evenings or for special entertainment programs.

ALICE BAKER.



A First Story.

I have been a reader of PRIMARY SCHOOL for a number of years. I could not teach without it and I wish it came every week instead of once a month, I find in it so many helpful things.

I enclose a little copy, the first attempt at writing on paper without a copy. We have only twenty-nine weeks a year and I get rather discouraged sometimes. Our schools are graded, three grades in one room, which keeps a teacher pretty busy.

The little boy who wrote this story is only seven years old and in the third grade. This is just as he wrote it without any correction or suggestion by me. There are mistakes—which he corrected in the next story.

I am always so much interested in what teachers have to say of their work with first, second, and third grades.

Maine.

ELLA M. GREENLEAF.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

I like Christmas. I like to read Christmas books. I went up to the hall to the Christmas tree. Christmas is good I got a watch and a pretty ball that shined and to books and a pair of pance and a little to cent book.



To Secure Good Attendance.

In January I gave a plan for securing good attendance. Those who used this plan may find it helpful to know how the cards were changed so as to give better results.

I purchased cardboard, 8x4 inches, and had a ladder with twenty rounds printed on them. At the top of the ladder was printed a verse of that helpful poem by J. G. Holland, called "Graduation."

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
For we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

Instead of using the gold and blue stars, as on the others, we had four different kinds. The gold stars represented a perfect day in attendance and deportment, a silver star represented absence, a blue star tardy, and a red star a correction in deportment.

These cards not only made a change for the children, but I found they were an improvement on the skies because they aided in securing better deportment, and each day's record was distinct and separate, as there were twenty rounds and twenty school days in a month.

If a pupil were tardy and had imperfect deportment on the same day, both stars could be placed on that day's round.

For the benefit of those who cannot readily purchase cardboard, I will say the stars (all colors) can be obtained from The Dennison Manufacturing company, 1007 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, and the cardboard from R. P. Andrews, 627 Louisiana ave., Washington, D. C.

Virginia.

RUTH O. DYER.



A Hot Afternoon.

It was a hot afternoon in September. The glowing sun sent its scorching rays on the roof and sides of the little white rural school-house which was unprotected by even a tree. In the school-room it seemed too hot to breathe. The thermometer on the north side of the room registered eighty-eight degrees and the nineteen restless pupils, varying in age from five to sixteen, were lounging in their seats. As I tapped the bell for afternoon recess and as the children filed listlessly past me, I realized that the language lessons on coal which I had planned for the last hour would be an utter failure.

Written language required too much exertion for a day like that.

Some interesting work *must* be given the chil-

dren, something that would cause them to forget the heat, but when the children had taken their seats my heart sank with despair, for I was myself too tired to originate any instructive occupation.

Suddenly I had an inspiration. One class was studying map drawing by scale. Giving to the three little folks some colored shoe pegs for work in stick laying, I sent the rest of the pupils to the board with their rulers. Who ever saw a child who did not like to draw on a board? I had each child measure off a two foot space and we called it a meadow. I then asked each to draw a picture of a tree, and we would see if any one could tell what tree was represented. How hard they thought! As I watched the trees grow on the board, some looking as if a west wind had broken them and others as if they had been struck by lightning I realized that these country children surely had "eyes that see not." Two

I bought a small cane and to it tied one yard of baby ribbon for each pupil, putting each one's name on a calling card and slipping it to the top of the ribbon. Every time a child has a perfect lesson I slip upon his ribbon a piece of cardboard, one inch square, such as is obtained at printing offices, with "Perfect spelling" written on it.

Of my class of twelve, nine have had perfect lessons every day this week. Every fifth cardboard put on I color, which adds enthusiasm, as every child is anxious for a colored one.

Pennsylvania.

ANNE HENWOOD.



Geography Incentives.

I wonder if there are other teachers who, like myself, have felt that the asking of questions on the map was so much time that could be better used? I find that by allowing a pupil who is capable of reading the questions and determining if the answers given are correct, a new interest is created and that seeming waste of words on my part means a showing of great self-confidence on the pupils' part. They glory in asking one another questions that may puzzle.

My boys and girls have become rather critical map drawers by having their maps of the week put on exhibition every Friday afternoon. Each map is numbered, and they vote by numbers as to whose drawing is truest to the map given in the book.

My decision is always asked for afterwards, but I seldom find it necessary to dispute their decision.

The best maps are cut out and decorate the top of our blackboard.

Pennsylvania.

E. MAIE SEYFERT.



Educational Exhibit at a County Fair.

Township Superintendent A. B. Graham, of Springfield, Ohio, has for several years arranged an educational exhibit in connection with the Putnam, Ohio, county fair. This fair is held at Ottawa, the county seat, and the educational exhibit has proved to be one of its most interesting features.

In 1903 an educational hall was erected, at a cost of \$3,000. The building is 100 feet long by 40 wide.

The exhibits are arranged about the walls, the work being mounted on cardboards and tacked up. Work not mounted is made into books and suspended from racks and railings in front of the wall exhibits, as shown in the illustration.



Educational Hall on the Fair Ground in Clark County, Ohio. This hall was erected in 1903 at a cost of \$3,000.

of the drawings, one of a maple and one of a pine, were so good that I allowed them to remain on the board until the drawing teacher had made her visit. As I asked them to prepare for dismissal one large girl involuntarily exclaimed, "It isn't time to go home?"

They had been working hard and yet had forgotten the heat because of interested attention.

As we rode home in the large school wagon the children discussed the shapes of various trees comparing them with those which had been drawn, and as I listened to their comparisons I felt that surely the afternoon had not been wasted.

M. E. STEVENS.

New Hampshire.



Spelling for Second Grade.

In looking over the number of the magazine which came yesterday I see that a teacher has asked for suggestions for spelling for second grade. I find this plan very satisfactory.



Interior of the Educational Hall, showing the side allotted to the city of Springfield. Notice mountings on wall, hinged partitions, railings in front of wall exhibits, and racks and cases.

No premiums are paid for superior work. Each township making an exhibit of all its schools, receives ten dollars' worth of books; villages and special districts are awarded five dollars' worth; and the city of Springfield one hundred dollars' worth of books. This plan assists in building up small township and village libraries.

This idea of an educational exhibit at county fairs is certainly worthy of widespread imitation.



Taking Notes.

What teacher whose class is of an age to take rapid notes has not been troubled by the bad habits pupils speedily acquire thru taking notes, especially if their books are not inspected and corrected by the teacher? And of course the careful correction of notes in a class of ordinary size involves a vast amount of time and labor that had better be expended in some other way. Yet bad spelling, careless grammar, illegible penmanship, improper capitalization, and incorrect punctuation are only a few of the evil results that often come from note taking, until in many cases, the notes are more than valueless.

One teacher of my acquaintance had studied this question in his own class, and feeling that some corrective measures should be taken, resolved to try an experiment. Accordingly, he announced one morning that the first few minutes

of each day would be given to a "First Draft Exercise," that he would rapidly dictate a short exercise which the pupils were to take, and that he would collect the papers and correct each until he had reached the tenth mistake, but that any paper containing more than ten mistakes would be considered too poor to merit the expenditure of more time on it. Careless or illegible writing and untidiness were to be considered and marked just as other mistakes. This simple little plan succeeded beyond all expectation. The pupils were eager to have their papers "pass muster" and exerted themselves to do their best. Finding that legible work could be more quickly and easily done with good tools, the pupils began to come with several well-sharpened pencils ready for use, that not an instant need be lost. The number of papers containing more than ten mistakes decreased from day to day and the pupils began to feel a pardonable pride in the fine appearance of their notes. In the meantime, not a word had been said about notes in other classes, but the teacher noticed the marked improvement in the notebooks with much satisfaction, and when the professor of sciences brought him a set of notebooks, and called his attention to their remarkable neatness, saying he believed it was largely due to the drill obtained in the "First Draft Exercise," he felt that his effort had been abundantly rewarded.

New York.

J. GERTRUDE HUTTON.



Interior of Educational Hall, showing space occupied by the village and districts. Shows mountings and markings. The hinged wings may be swung either way. Fastening at railing.

Morals and Manners

In a New York Park.

By ALICE MAY DOUGLAS, Maine.

"Let's go and play in the park," said Althea, as she and her cousin looked from the window of the large New York hotel where they were boarding, while their fathers were attending to some important business in the metropolis.

"All right," said Norman, "and do you know that I like the New York parks better than I do those at home."

"I like both alike," said Althea, tying on her dainty hat. "Mamma said that I could go, so we might as well run right along."

"And I a-chasing after," laughed Norman. "So here we go!"

The cousins were soon in a park which was near their hotel, and were admiring its beautiful flowers and trees. They played tag for a while, then jackstones, then they seated themselves under a large tree to rest and to guess riddles.

"Now I'll give you an original puzzle," said Althea, "but—" she stopped suddenly and turned around.

"But what?" asked Norman.

"But there they are."

"Who?"

"Belinda and Conrad."

"What of it?" asked Norman, indifferently.

"O nothing. Only I was wondering if they'd speak to us."

"Why shouldn't they, I should like to know?"

"O don't you know that their father is rich—why, well, perhaps one-half as rich as Croesus and perhaps one-third as rich, and he has lived in New York five years—ever since he left Boston?"

"Don't rich people's children know how to speak?" asked Norman sarcastically.

"O well," faltered Althea, "you know that Belinda and Conrad always speak to me when they are alone but when they are with anyone who boards at their hotel, they don't."

"Then they're not worth noticing," said Norman, independently. "I'd consider it a greater honor to have a parrot or a talking doll say 'howdy-do' to me than anyone like that. Just as if money made a person good or bad!"

"But it makes me feel kind of bad when they don't speak to me."

"Yes, I suppose it does, to know that you live in a world in which there are people who have no more sense than that." The lad's cheeks flushed and his eyes snapped and he said, "Althea, is it possible that you can waste a single thought over such people—why if you do, I should think that you had less sense than they have."

"Now don't give me a scolding," pleaded the

girl, holding up her hands in mock horror, "but listen, they are calling to us."

Belinda and Conrad advanced like two little figures that had just stepped out of the latest fashion book; they waved their hands prettily and bowed daintily and Conrad called out, "Won't you come and play hide and seek with us?"

Neither Althea nor Norman answered.

"Wouldn't you like to play hide and seek with us?" called Belinda.

"What shall we say?" asked Althea.

"Just tell me again, will you, how they've been treating you," said Norman, nervously.

"O I've met them perhaps ten times when they did speak and perhaps ten times when they did not speak."

"But did they see you?" demanded Norman, looking his cousin squarely in the face as if he were a lawyer and she a witness in the court room.

"Of course they did and twice they turned their heads as if making an excuse for not speaking—they were with their aunt then."

"But did *you* speak to them?"

"Yes I did," replied the little girl, nodding her head with great emphasis, "and I spoke so loud that they couldn't help hearing me unless they were deaf, and they are not."

"Wouldn't you like to play hide and seek with us?" called out a piping little voice in the distance.

"We'll see," Norman shouted back.

"It would be lots of fun for us to play with them," said Althea. "Of course you and I like to play with each other best, but it would be nice to have someone else to play with once in a while."

"That is so," assented Norman, "and shall we say we'll play with them?" He seemed to be putting his cousin to the test.

"I don't know," said Althea.

"But we must answer them," said Norman. "Because we have not as much money as they have, they look down upon us, altho we behave in as proper a manner as they do. They will play with us when they are alone, but when the wealthy boys and girls are with them they do not. If we let them treat us in this way we shall lose our self-respect and mother says that one had better lose one's right arm than one's self-respect."

"I don't know what to do," answered Althea, "I don't feel hard towards them, for that would be wrong, but what shall we do?"

What did they do? How I should like to know. If you don't think this is a nice story please give it a nice ending for "All's well that ends well," and send a letter to the EDITOR, telling what the children did.

Play and Self-Activity in Early Education

By Sarah C. Brooks, Principal Teachers' Training School, Baltimore, Maryland

EDUCATIONAL plays, in the sense of their use in primary schools, are of three kinds: games for the further development of the senses, and the accumulation of thought stuff, dramatic games, and games for physical development; and any one class of games may partake of the nature of the other two.

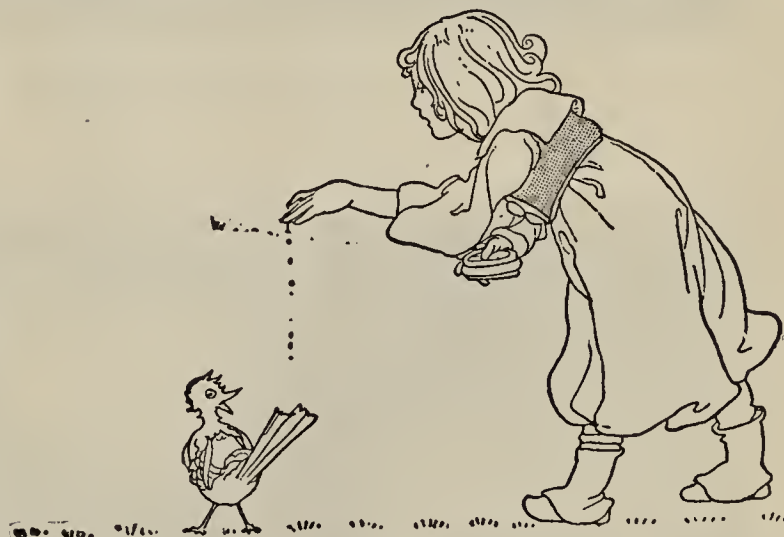
Following the lead of the child in his natural way of acquiring knowledge, and realizing the importance of further and more systematic development of the senses in order that thought and judgment may have a firm basis in the future, the teacher plans for series of lessons or plays thru which the child may be a joyous, active agent in his own development. All senses are thus harmoniously developed, and brain areas exercised as nearly as possible at a time when they are in the best condition to receive and retain impressions. The various kindergarten books of songs and suggestive stories are in the hands of primary teachers, as guides in the planning and execution of these games; and the best teachers are students of Froebel's Mother Plays, which have in them the essence of all that is worth while in the early training of the intellect and the emotions.

When a child faces a new situation, or hears a story that touches his fancy, he says, "Let's play that," and the meaning of his entreaty perhaps lies too deep for our complete interpretation. That by this dramatic effort he hopes to play himself into a clearer comprehension of the incident, or the story, seems to me to be certain; and, perhaps, I have borrowed this interpretation from some one else. That by becoming more familiar with it by putting himself into it, he grows in sympathy, as well as in comprehension, is also certain. The constructive imagination, that highest human effort, is exercised in projecting situations, conversations, and the like. For this reason the burden of suggesting the dramatic situations should be thrown upon the child as much as possible. To the suggestion, "Let's play that," the teacher should respond, "How shall we play it?" In the time of the Greek dramatists, and in the time of Shakespeare, stages did not, as they do to-day, picture the whole story, and leave nothing for the imagination to project. Even the dialog was not an essential feature of the Greek play, but much was to be inferred by the audience from pantomimic action, the story of the play being presented by the chorus before the action began. In the old Globe theater, in London, a board was displayed upon the stage, bearing the words, "This is the forest of Arden," and the audience supplied the herbage. We are not to infer from the foregoing that the birth of genius is wholly dependent upon a more vigorous exercise of the constructive imagination, but we must be convinced that every successful effort strengthens the brain power now in possession of the actor.

Primary schools select poems, fables, fairy sto-

ries, legends, and historical stories that are worth representing dramatically and otherwise, and encourage the dramatic instinct of our children by having them actively participate in their reproduction. This requires considerable courage in the initiative, as many kindergartners and primary teachers can testify; but I have never heard of one who once beheld the joy of the participants, and their facility in suggesting situations, willing to do away with the practice.

Physical games for the correlation of the muscular self, and of brain and muscle, are no less important than the two classes previously mentioned; but as they are of the character which children naturally select upon the playground, and because it has seemed difficult to tone the boisterous element sufficiently to admit of house play, without emasculating the plays, these games have been much neglected. Now the primary teacher has such help from various directions of practice in different parts of the country, from books published at prices within the reach of all, and by encouragement from our



best educators in making these plays as well as the others the basis of work in language and reading, that the game time is often made delightful by such games as tag, going to Jerusalem, climb the ladder, tug of war, and cat and mouse.

WHERE SHALL WE GET THE TIME?

Now, how is all this apparently extraneous material related to the child's actual acquirement in reading, spelling, writing, number, and language, and when does the child find time to "learn his books," as the commoner expression goes? If by its addition the pupil suffers a loss in acquiring power, or in amount of material which the child under other conditions acquires and stores in memory for future reference, parents have reason to find fault with unfamiliar methods of dealing with old subjects, or with the new subjects, popularly known as "fads," introduced into the course of instruction.

Instead of introducing children to the difficult process of reading by selecting the first lessons from some reader made in some region re-



Home Garden of a pupil of the Downing Street School.



Part of Exhibit of Downing Street School, of Worcester, Mass., at the New England Agricultural Fair.
Mr. Homer P. Lewis is superintendent of the city's schools.

mote from their own town and local interests, the early lessons in reading are based upon objects of observation and experiment, upon plays, stories, and poems familiar to the learners. Interest, the first requisite of retention, is thus enlisted, and a general vocabulary is obtained, which, with a few modifications, will fit the regular reader in good time.

These first lessons are presented upon the board, written, so that pupils early become acquainted with and imitate the written form. Instead of spending weary weeks upon single letters, when interest is at white heat our whole words and sentences, words and phrases, are mastered, and spelling begins. At the same time, by using the written form, the teacher is enabled to vary the exercises in reading, as she could not do if confined to the printed page. Thus the charm of novelty is added to the other pleasures of the day, and danger of learning by rote and by place is obviated. Parents sometimes proudly say, or said formerly, "If I show my child the picture he can read the whole page." What does this show? The child has learned to associate spoken words and sentences with a given place and illustration, when perhaps not a word of the lesson is familiar to the eye.

A close accompaniment of reading is language. Children are encouraged to tell how games are played. They are asked to give directions for a play. Thus, exactness and continuity of spoken English are encouraged, for unless definite directions are given players are in doubt, and confusion ensues.

Poems adapted to the child's stage of development, and to the season, are committed to memory, thus adding to the beauty and the power of his later expression by literary form most beautiful and most easily retained.

Stories of like fitness to stage of development are presented with the skill and forcefulness that come from study, practice, and love of literature. These stories are reproduced in many ways, and while being reproduced are pondered over until whatever ethical element they may possess is unconsciously absorbed by the child. Scenes illustrating certain portions, or favorite characters of the story, are cut from paper with scissors, are painted, outlined with pegs or lentils, and sometimes molded in clay. It is re-told to the teacher and to the other children by one or more members of the class, and, according to age and acquirement, the class reproduce certain portions of it in writing, that most difficult form of expression.

By means of the general development due to systematic training of the senses, and thru comparison of objects definitely selected and presented, form, weight, size, and number are developed, and work in arithmetic begins. Thus presented, mental poise and mental power are gained before facility of manipulation, and growth follows the natural order.

While in the business world automatism and mechanical facility are the first

essentials in all who aspire to the keeping of books and accounts, to the growing child, all-round mental development is of the first importance. Given this power at the proper time, and by following natural methods, facility and exactness can be easily acquired later.

So, in the primary school of the present day, if the child at the close of the first year lacks in memoriter work and mechanical accuracy, which is by no means an essential, but sometimes a characteristic, he gains sufficient power and self-helpfulness to more than make up for the deficiency during his second year. His habit of self-activity in the educational effort is strengthened by one more year of exercise, and he comes to his second year of grade work with confidence in himself and strength to meet the new conditions.

HEALTH TO BE CONSIDERED.

From the physiological psychologists the primary teacher learns two or three facts which guide in the preparation and use of a daily schedule or program. In the first place, the child's powers of attention are limited, consequently the recitation period is brief, seldom covering more than fifteen minutes.

In the second place, nerve tire is obviated by change of occupation, consequently the exercises are varied to meet the emergency. Number follows reading, and a marching exercise, or a game, occupying but four or five minutes, changes the thought and the muscular activity. The general exercises of the day, such as music, drawing, and language, alternate with reading, writing, and arithmetic.

In the third place, the periods of greatest vigor during the day, which are two in number, are devoted to that kind of work which by experience proves to be most taxing upon physical and mental energy. This point is of less importance in the first grade than elsewhere, but is worthy of consideration by the primary teacher, whatever her grade.

A HIGH IDEAL.

It will thus be seen that the teacher of little children must be a student as well as a woman of affairs. If all the virtues and all the graces and all the mental endowments of which any woman is capable could be united in one person, that person might be considered for a primary teacher.



Traveling thru a Tunnel. — A Nursery-Made Geography Play.

How to Reach the Heart of the Boy

By Louisa McDermott, Minnesota

LITERATURE is a powerful factor in the spread of ideas. We are so familiar with the educative value of literature that it often happens we forget it has limitations. There is a dynamic quality in personal contact that even the most effective writer has never fully captured and transferred to his page. All books are dead, but some books are deader than others. I mention this with a feeling of genuine regret, for it is born of a realization that many of the good things in educational literature have not given me a proportional stimulus.

This particular dynamic force of personal contact came to me by that small, pale green sheet of water called St. Mary's Lake which lies embosomed in the heart of the Mission Mountains of Flathead Reservation in northwestern Montana. There I went for an outing in July with a party of scientists from the state university and several summer tourists from the East, and there I learned something of birds, a little of fishes, renewed my acquaintance with many old-time friends in the vegetable kingdom, and was introduced to several of their western cousins. All this I learned and some other things besides, but the greatest value for me was the stimulus of personal contact with the people and the surroundings; and I regret that it is not possible for me to transmit in any great measure the "motif," as the Germans call it, of it all.

This renewed enthusiasm in the occupations and amusements of boys had its preparation in some years of work in Indian boarding schools where the teacher lives in the same building with her pupils, and when one lives so very close to childhood she is apt to absorb some knowledge of child life. Still I might have managed, even thus situated, to escape much enlightenment had

it not been for a certain combination of circumstances that, fortunately for myself and the children who have been under my charge, thrust the information upon me and gave a new insight and a new enthusiasm to school-room work.

About four years ago an investigation in child study took me off the rostrum and set me down among my children, to live with them, to observe them, and to learn how to teach them. My fellow teacher at that time was a college-bred woman. She had full confidence in the old-time methods and unlimited invective for fads and faddists which comprised most of the new aids, devices, and methods of modern education, and all who advocated the use of them. She declared openly for the use of methods that I believe are systematically vicious, and yet she was in some respects the best teacher I have ever known.

She lived with her children and knew them as only a woman can know the children she loves and cares for and who finds her interest in what interests them. More than any teacher I have ever known she was able to possess herself of the inner life of a school and be a determining factor therein.

She was a large comfortable-looking woman with the pulse of perpetual youth in her veins, a maternal fondness for every manner of boy, and an arm strong enough to intimidate the outlaws and crush incipient rebellion. It was not altogether strange that such a woman would feel contempt for the worn and jaded teacher who went out with pencil and note-book to make observations on the plays of children.

It may have been scientific interest in the child mind, or perhaps the personal influence of such a teacher, or better still both forces acting together that helped me renew my youth and

brought me in spirit back to the days of childhood when myself and brother with our collection of miscellaneous-looking dogs lived a free poaching life, and roamed the hills together.

A fuller acquaintance with the occupations, interests, and amusements of the boys grew into a warm interest, and interest deepened into affection and I learned what many people had known before, that the small boy is a most interesting animal. Especially is this true when there are very many of him and he has not been over-indulged.

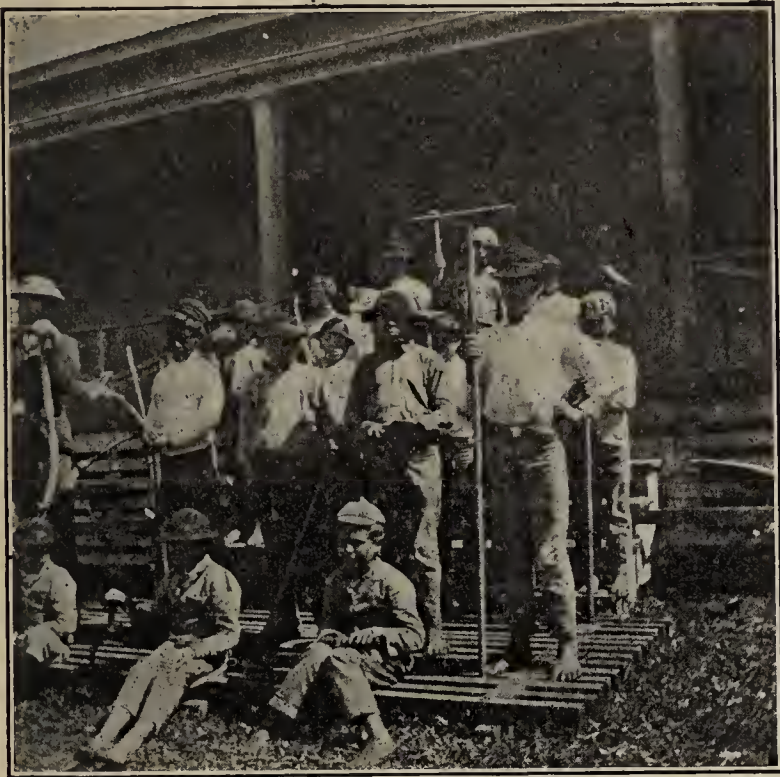
When the blizzards of Minnesota shut thirty or forty of him in the play-room and left him to his own resources, he developed an astonishing amount of noise in a short time.



Weaving Indian Blankets in the Hiawatha Class. (Indian Village and Wigwam in the Corner.)

An interesting picture from one of Superintendent Page's schools at Watertown, Mass.

A small boy is very fond of noise, but just plain empty noise palls upon him after a time and he would do something better if the means



A picture from far-away Hawaii, our beautiful island territory in the Pacific ocean.—This shows the boys in the grammar grade of Krupakulua school, ready for work in the school garden. Mr. S. R. Dowdle, of Maui, is the teacher. He has done a great work for his school. Two years ago he was awarded first prize in the competition for the best-tried plans for beautifying school grounds.

were at hand. He is a destructive animal and finds fun in smashing things, but he is also constructive as well and dearly loves to make new things. I know because we've worked together.

Boys at an Indian boarding school are well clothed, sheltered, and fed, but they do not have a great deal of the trimmings and trinkets that so delight the boyish heart. There is considerable raw material and with skill and ingenuity one could evolve many things.

While camping at St. Mary's lake I happened to see a book which was just the help I had needed when working with my boys at Pipestone Indian school. And while I devoured the pages and made mental applications of the many interesting things therein described, I had a dreary feeling of lost opportunity.

I remembered Emery McIntosh, the Scotch Sioux, who went to Hampton, Va., to learn the trade of ship carpenter and pictured in my mind the avidity with which he would seize upon certain portions of the book and show forth his skill and ingenuity. Then there was Wabass Smith, the Irish Chippewa, red hair and freckled face, a child of disasters, catastrophes, and fights innumerable.

When the spring began to throb in his veins, and the freckles

surged upon the surface of his square face, trouble was in store for poor Wabass who could not control the impulses from within. Once Mr. McKay, the farmer, sent Wabass on an errand that brought him in the vicinity of the lake and went a few hours afterward to find Wabass at the edge of the water with two ground squirrels hitched to a mud turtle, trying to make the queer combination swim out on the lake. The stern Scotchman laughed heartily and Wabass escaped serious punishment that time.

Wabass I remembered when I read the chapter on Kites, and it seemed to me I would walk miles and spend many hours just to see the springs of sheer delight that would lift him off his feet. There were such splendid kites, the construction described so fully and such simple inexpensive materials; and we never got beyond the pleasures of plain, simple kite flying.

The possibilities of so many simple pastimes were developed in the book in ways I had vaguely dreamed of, but had never been able to fully grasp! Soap bubbles, aquariums, the training of dogs, the care of birds, fishing, balloons, and many other things, all of which would furnish the teacher a good lever with which to raise the interest of her boys.

I did not write this to advertise Dan Beard's "American Boys' Handy Book," but because there are very many boys and several teachers who are needing the book.

With the fullest possible knowledge of a boy's nature, his interests, his ambitions and his ideals we may often fail to reach him. But where mutual ignorance is established misunderstandings are sure to abound. If there is little in common between ourselves and our boys we can not hope to be a determining factor in the evolution of their characters, and that is just what it is our business to be.



Macdonald School Garden at Middleton, N. S.

Nowhere on the American continent is more careful attention devoted to instruction in gardening and agriculture than in Canada. The people there are heartily in favor of them and give them generous support. The illustration here presented shows what is being done in a Nova Scotia school.

★ National Holidays and Patriotic Exercises

A Flag Birthday Party.

By NELLIE L. HARTY, Vermont.

WHEN the children of the First Primary school returned to their room on the afternoon of June 14, they found the walls and pictures hung with flags of various sizes. They came tip-toeing into the room, smiling and nodding, and gathered in little groups to wonder what it was "all about." They seemingly felt very sure that something was "going to happen."

When the bell ceased ringing the teacher stepped to the board and wrote the words, "Flag Day," in a conspicuous place. The children nodded and smiled again as much as to say, "I told you so," and listened with delight when the teacher told them that as this was the birthday of the flag we were going to give it a birthday party.

At this point they all laughed with glee, but sobered to business at once, when asked for suggestions as to how the party should be conducted. "Sing about it," "Say verses," "Talk about it," "Read about it." There was no hesitation as to ways and means. "Yes," the teacher said,

Betsy Ross House, Philadelphia.

"we will do all those things." So they started off with America, repeated the memory gems and "pieces" they had learned for Washington's birthday and Memorial day that bore reference to the flag. They reviewed the knowledge gained of George Washington, Betsy Ross, and the Flag; how Betsy Ross made the first one at Washington's suggestion, substituting five-pointed stars for six-pointed ones. Then they gained the new fact that the flag was "born" or adopted by Congress June 14, 1777, and that it was 127 years old to-day.

This brought forth the questions from one young idea as to whether the flag had grown any larger, not larger as boys and girls do every year, but as to number of stars, and in the love and reverence of the country for which it stands.

These exercises took the first half hour of the

afternoon. For written language the second grade wrote a little story about the flag, beginning and ending with a favorite and appropriate memory gem. The first grade reviewed the primer stories of George Washington and the flag, supplementing them by sight reading from new primers on the same subject.

The afternoon and birthday party came to a close by singing "Salute the Flag," to the tune of "Maryland, my Maryland," and giving the flag pledge learned for Memorial day.

The children pronounced it a very nice party, and went home very happy, and I think very patriotic, young Americans.



The Flag Salute.

The Flag Salute in most general use in the United States is accompanied by the following:

We give our heads and our hearts to God and our country. One country, one language, one flag.

After words and movements have been mastered by the pupils the salute should be given with but one signal. Several months of drill will be required however, before a class of children will have attained this result. Meanwhile the drill should be given once each day, to a series of signals, thus:

The flag, held by a standard bearer, should be in front of the school.

1st Signal.—At a tap of the bell each child takes hold of the back of his seat, preparatory to rising.

2nd Signal.—All rise quickly, and each stands alert and erect.

3rd Signal.—Extend right arm, pointing at the flag; arm raised slightly above horizontal.

4th Signal.—Bend forearm so as to touch the forehead lightly with the tip of the fingers of the right hand. As the fingers touch the forehead all say, "We give our heads." emphasizing the word "heads."

5th Signal.—The right arm is carried to the left side and the hand is placed, with fingers open, over the heart, as the words are said, "and our hearts."

6th Signal.—The right hand is dropped to the side. The pupils then continue, "to God and our country."

7th Signal.—Standing erect, but without moving, all say, "One country, one language."

8th Signal.—At the words "one flag," each speaker bends the body slightly forward, and extends the right arm to its full length.

9th Signal.—The right arm is dropped to the side, and all take straight standing position once more. All seated.

A Playtime Medley: A Closing Day Exercise.

As given at public school No. 77, New York city.

By Roberta C. Claus and Florence G. Strouse.

This exercise is arranged for fifteen little girls as follows:

- Three children carrying hoops and sticks decorated with bells and ribbons.
- Three children with jacks and balls.
- Three children on roller skates.
- Three children on tricycles.
- Three children rolling doll-carriages in which are baby dolls.

In the above order the little ones make their entrance, humming the chorus of the "Playtime" song. Those in the first row roll their hoops up the aisle, the "jack girls" come in skipping, the third set skate, the girls on tricycles follow one after the other, while the doll-carriage girls bring up the rear.

Each group gets into position at the front of the room before the following group advances.

First Position.—Children form in two lines (smallest girls leading) facing each other, seven in the right line, eight in the left. Tricycles and doll-carriages are pushed behind the lines. The children hum and sway in their places on the line till all are in position.

PLAYTIME SONG.

(The melody is given on this page.)

- When ting-ling goes the bell, (1)
And school's done for the day, (2)
We march home then rush (3) out pell-mell
Into the street to play.
Oh well, (4).
Why shouldn't we be gay? (5)
Bring out your hoops and skates, (6)
Bring out your dollies (6) too,
Start every game, tho rough or tame,
That ever childhood knew.

- Chorus*—(7) Playtime, gaytime,
Winter, Fall, or Maytime,
(8) Ho! Vacation's coming,
Don't you wish 'twould stay alway?
Playtime, gaytime,
Winter, Fall, or Maytime,
(9) Don't you wish you'd naught to do,
But play away all day?

1. Hoop girls raise and shake their hoops so that the bells tinkle.
2. Right line faces front, left line faces the rear. Children march one or two steps as they sing.
3. Quickly face in opposite direction and run back to first position.
4. Emphasize, by nodding the head from side to side.
5. Each child turns and questions the one standing next to her.
6. The children point to the articles named.
7. Children join hands and dance with swaying motion.
8. Right hands flung up.
9. Lines face about toward the school, those in the drill pointing to the school-children at the word "you."

1st Doll Carriage Girl.—There are so many things to play. What shall we have first?

- All {
Hoops!
Jacks!
Tricycles!
Skating!
House!

1st Hoop Girl.—No, we're going to roll our hoops first. Come on, girls!

The hoop girls go down the aisle made by the two lines. (*Second position.*)

HOOP SONG.

(Tune, "Goodnight Ladies," to be found in any book of College Songs.

- Hoop Girls.*—Where's your hoople? (1)
Where's your stick?
Now get ready
And start off—quick. (2)
All.—Merrily we roll along,
Roll along,
Roll along—

Playtime Song (The Melody).

To be sung quickly.

When ting - ling goes the bell, And
school's done for the day, We march home, then rush
out pell - mell In - to the street to
play. Oh, well! why shouldn't we be
gay? Bring out your hoops and skates, Bring
out your dol - lies, too, Start ev' - ry game, though
rough or tame, That ev - er child-hood knew.

CHORUS.

{ Play time, gay - time, Win - ter, Fall or
Play - time, gay - time, Win - ter, Fall or
May - time! Ho! Va - ea - tion's eom-ing, Don't you
May - time! Don't you wish you'd nought to do But
wish 'twould stay al - way?
play a - way all (Omit.....) day?

Merrily we roll along
Till our hoops fall down.

Hoop Girls.—Bells a tinkling, (3)
Ribbons fly, (4)
Hoops look pretty
As they go rolling by.

All.—Merrily we roll along, etc. (5)

1. Children question each other.
2. Hoop girls roll their hoops up thru the aisle.
3. Hoops are held up and shaken.
4. Hoop sticks are raised.
5. During the second chorus, the hoop girls resume their places.

1st Hoop Girl.—(To the first jack girl).—Now you can play, Alice.

1st Jack Girl.—(To the others)—Have you got your jacks and balls?

2nd Jack Girl.—Yes, here they are.

The jack girls take second position.

1st girl.—One I have, (suiting the action to words.)

Two I have,
Three I lose them all.

2nd Girl.—One I take up in my hand
And two I drop the ball.

3rd Girl.—One I take,
Two I make,
Three I do the same,

All.—Playing together
In all kinds of weather—
Jacks is a jolly game.

1st Tricycle Girl.—Now we will ride in our tricycles.

The tricycles are placed one behind the other. The girls sit in them as they recite.

Oh! in our jolly little tricycles
Whirling, twirling tricycles,
We have such fun while we're riding
Up the block, around, then here.
Fascinating tricycles,
Captivating tricycles,
Pacing, chasing, while we're racing
In our tricycles.

While the tricycle girls are returning to position the chorus is repeated by all with appropriate motions.

1st Skate Girl.—Who'll beat me skating?

2nd Skate Girl.—I will!

They skate down the aisle and come to second position.

SKATING SONG.

Slowly, as if with gliding motion.



Oh, come and skate with me, But



keep step—one, two, three, Or else you'll



fall, you see, And then what times there'd be.

Oh, come and skate with me,

But keep step—one, two, three, (1)
Or else you'll fall, you see,
And then (2) what times there'd be.

(3) Now all take hands and so,
Right easily we go—

(4) Oh the best fun we know
Is then to skate just so.

1. Skate to the front.
 2. Throw up the hands as if in despair.
 3. Face about and skate back.
 4. Stand and face the front again.
- This chorus is repeated by all with similar motions.

1st Doll Carriage Girl.—Now we are going to play house. It is the very nicest game of all.

As the doll carriages are brought to second position, the rest of the children hush and rock imaginary dolls.

DOLL CARRIAGE RECITATION.

Beside the busy crowded street,
Some children like to play;
And watch the boys run 'round the block
In a happy kind of way,
While others group, (1)
On a quiet stoop,
With play toys all around, (2)
And all is done,
To have such fun,
As in playland e'er was found.
Pencil and book, (3)
Some children took,
To play at keeping school, (4)
Where each one did
As she was bid, (5)
And no one broke the rule.
Then hand in hand,
A merry band,
Some like to dance (7) and sing,
But in every way,
The nicest play,
In my opinion is—

DOLL SONG.

(To be sung to the tune of Swanee River.)

With my little golden headed dolly, (8)
My own dearest doll,
Sitting in her dainty little carriage, (9)
She's the nicest play of all.

Chorus.—Oh my pretty little dearest,
My golden headed doll,
I shall always hold you nearest, (10)
My baby, the best of all.

1. Drawing close together with arms around each other's waists.
2. Showing imaginary toys.
3. Action of writing imitated.
4. The tallest girl steps forward as teacher, faces the other two and shakes her finger at them, then quickly resumes her place.
5. All stand stiff and still.
6. Shaking heads.
7. Action suited to words.
8. Pointing to dolls.
9. Setting dolls in carriages in a motherly way.
10. Taking dolls from carriages and holding them close.

Here the last doll-carriage girl, as if by accident, jostles the third jack girl who exclaims,

3rd Jack Girl.—What are you doing?
"I'm only teasing," answers the other.

Immediately a lively march is played while the girls on the right hand column march around, stamping and

pouting till they form a line stretching from side to side. The rest stand in a second line behind them.
The first line recites:

I feel so awfully blue, (1)
I really don't know what on earth to do, (2)
No one here (3) to help me have any fun,
Away they all run (4).
When the least thing is done;
I pinched her (5) on the sly,—
(A goody girl is she (6) a-passing by)
"Oh stop!" (7) says she, in the silliest way,
But this is all I have to say:
Teasing, (8) teasing— (9)
I was only teasing you; (10)
Teasing, (8) teasing— (9)
Just to see what you would do.
Teasing, (8) teasing— (9)
To find out if you're good and true,
Don't be angry (11)—I
was only, only teasing
you. (12)

1. Scowling (The children are easily trained to imitate facial expressions.)
 2. Shrugging shoulders.
 3. Shaking head and looking around.
 4. The first line turns quickly, each girl touching one of those in the second line. The latter jump away, but resume their places.
 5. Same action as in four, the "teasing girls" smiling saucily.
 6. They mock and mimic the "goody-goody" girl.
 7. Stamping angrily.
 8. The first line quickly faces the girls in the second. The latter stand still.
 9. The first line quickly faces front again. (These quick, uniform faces are very effective.)
 10. Smiling roguishly.
 11. The girls in the first line step back and embrace those in the second.
 12. Each "teasing girl" strokes the cheek of her partner in the second, looking up to her as if asking forgiveness. Then places are resumed.
- The girls in the second line now step forward, while the "teasing girls" step back.

Second line—
(1) Oh, what's the use of quarreling and crying?
What's the use of always being angry at you?
What's the use? It's better to be trying
To just have fun
And so be done
With pouts and sulks and tears.
(2) Come, (3) let's make up! Who'll be the first to do it?
Let's make up, and promise never more to squabble,
Let's make up—'twas fooling and you knew it,
(4) And so we'll play,
The livelong day
In happiness and peace.

1. During the whole of the first stanza, they stand with hands clasped in front, palms down, heads turned swaying in time to the music.
 2. They face the "teasing" girls.
 3. Hands outstretched to take the hands of the "teasing" girls.
 4. Each girl in the first line steps back and puts her arm around the waist of a "teasing" girl.
- The "Playtime" song is repeated, all the motions being the same as before, except in the case of
"Don't you wish you'd naught to do"—
As this line is sung, the children turn about facing the school, with their backs to the platform.
- 1st hoop girl.—I know a much nicer place than this to play in. Come with me and I'll show you.
- Humming the "Playtime" chorus, the children make their exit in the same order as that in which they entered.

Common School Hymns

Morning Hymn.

(J. H. ROLLE.)



1. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! The morn - ing
2. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! In ver - - nal
3. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! From out their



sun a - wakes the fields from night - ly rest, And the
beau - ty prais - - es him the flor - - al year, In the
dens the wild beasts loud - ly roar their praise, O my



whole cre - a - tion's gladness streams . . Re - born in - to our breast.
skies, and in, the leaf - y bow'rs, . . The bird's glad song we hear.
soul! more loudly still to God . . . Thy grate - ful trib - ute raise.

A NEW DEPARTMENT.

Our TEACHERS MAGAZINE will give each month at least one hymn suitable for the common schools where children of all religious beliefs are gathered together. These hymns have been selected with great care, and the editor feels confident that they will prove a welcome collection to teachers everywhere. If you know of any favorite hymn which might be included please tell us about it. We want al' the best things to be had in this magazine.

Thoughts from Shakespeare

Memory Gems collected by Louise O. Twombly, Massachusetts

All places that the eye of Heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
—RICHARD II.

Be to yourself
As you would to your friends.
—HENRY VIII.

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemned ere it be done.
—MEASURE FOR MEASURE.



Free Clay Modeling for busy work at seats.—Beginning first grade, Spry Vacation School, Chicago, Ill. Henry S. Tibbitts, principal.

Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends.
—HENRY VI.

Earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.
—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed.
—ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceases to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading, it disperse to naught.
—HENRY VI.

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest.
—KING LEAR.

It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.
—MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Joy had the like conception in our eyes
And at that instant like a babe sprang up.
—TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Know you not
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it?
—HENRY VIII.

Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end.
—SONNETS. IX.

Men at some time are masters of their fate.
—JULIUS CAESAR.

Now God be praised! that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair.
—HENRY VI.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.
—MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more, in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patched.
—HENRY V.

Rude am I in my speech.
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace.
—OTHELLO.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I
were but little happy, if I could say how much.
—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.
—TIMON OF ATHENS.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
—HENRY IV.

Verily I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
and range with humble livers in content, than
be perk'd up in a glistening grief, and wear a
golden sorrow.
—HENRY VIII.



Metal Work.—Hammering, etching, soldering, repousse work. Spry Vacation School, Chicago, Ill.

What cannot be avoided
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.
—HENRY VI

Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver.
—OTHELLO.

Uncle Remus Inspires a Library

By Fannie Lee Leverette, Georgia

IT was during a reading lesson, about a month before Thanksgiving, 1900. The boys and girls of my grades in the Eatonton public school, Putnam county, Georgia, the birthplace and childhood home of Joel Chandler Harris, had just finished reciting.

They were much interested in their new reader, Harris's "Stories of Georgia," and particularly so in that morning's lesson about Nancy Hart, a Georgia heroine of the Revolutionary period. When the reading period had come to an end, the pupils were loath to close their books and there were many expressions of the pleasure they had found in reading good books. At this point I told them the story of how Joel Chandler Harris, the writer, and author of their reader, had been born in the humblest sort of circumstances here in Eatonton, and how he had educated himself by reading good books to which he had access in the home of his employer, the editor of a country newspaper called *The Countryman*.

To my surprise, I found that while all the young readers were familiar with the "Uncle Remus" stories, not one of them knew that Joel Chandler Harris was born and raised right here in Eatonton, nor had they ever heard the interesting story of this self-made man, who had achieved success under most adverse circumstances.

Mr. Harris had a very limited education in the usual sense of the word. He had to become a breadwinner for himself and his mother when a mere boy. He tells in an interesting sketch written for *Lippincott's* several years ago, of his early love for reading, and how he began his life as an author. Uncle Remus says that his desire to write and give expression to his thoughts came from hearing his mother read "The Vicar of Wakefield" when he was a child.

Altho too young to appreciate the story, there was something in the style or the humor of the book that struck his fancy, and he immediately set to composing short stories, in which the principal character, no matter whether hero or heroine, silenced the other characters by crying "Fudge," at every favorable opportunity. Unfortunately none of

these child stories were preserved. Mr. Harris remarks that they must have been remarkably true to nature since their keynote was "Fudge!"

"Miss L——, we ought to have a library and good books to read so we could educate ourselves, and maybe some of us will write books like Uncle Remus some day," said Mary, a bright-eyed girl of eleven, as we closed the reader. The thought was a happy one and well put. "We can and will," I replied, "if you all really want one and will help me in the matter."

Ten minutes before school was dismissed an enthusiastic conference was held and we all decided to begin work that very afternoon. I offered a bright silver dollar to the boy or girl who brought in the largest amount of money at the end of two weeks from that date. When the pennies, nickels, dimes, and quarters were counted there were twenty dollars, and Mary had won the prize.

Other contributions came in like small amounts. It was time for another business meeting, so we met again, both teacher and pupils, and set about arranging plans. Neither Carnegie nor Rockefeller ever felt the weight of their financial responsibilities more than the children did that twenty dollars, and like Mr. Carnegie, they were afraid they would die rich; the money must be spent at once for the books. They were afraid to put it in the bank, for fear something might happen to the time-lock and we could not get it out.

Many anxious days were spent while I pored over book catalogs and studied how to make the money go farthest. At last the order was off. Soon we received notice that our sixty books were at the depot. There were instantly almost as many volunteers to go down after them. No more appropriate name could be thought of for our library than "The Joel Chandler Harris" library. A committee was appointed to notify Uncle Remus of our action, and to ask the board of trustees to arrange a place for the books.

Shelves were placed in an unused cloak room and the children themselves bought a



glass door with "Joel Chandler Harris Library—1900" artistically painted on the glass. Almost a week later Mary, our president, came to school—we have always thought without her breakfast, she was there so early. When I arrived she had a letter with a monogram in the form of a rabbit on the back. Her eyes themselves told that she had good news. She had a letter from Uncle Remus, telling us how much he appreciated the honor the boys and girls of his native county had conferred on him by naming their library for him. He said he really and truly appreciated it more than any other honor he had ever received. At the express office there were a framed life-sized picture of himself to hang over the library, and twenty of his books, sent with his compliments.

It just seemed as if we could not find words in the dictionary suitable for Margery Harris Leonard, a namesake of Mr. and Mrs. Harris, and our librarian, to employ in writing a letter of thanks.

Thus we began and we have kept on growing. Publishers and friends of the author sent books, and many of the children sent others.

Thanksgiving came, and we had a big pumpkin with goodies inside attached to strings on the outside. Three cents a string to draw, or two for a nickel, brought in five dollars for the treasury.

Then Christmas came and we had a Christmas play. It was the exercise called "Santa Claus' Wooing," which appeared in THE TEACHERS' INSTITUTE some time ago. Every one paying ten cents into the treasury beforehand received a filled stocking from Santa Claus. This netted us almost ten dollars.

Christmas morning we received a notice that Uncle Remus had sent us twenty handsomely bound volumes of "The Young People's Library." Mr. Harris has the honor of being a member of the editorial board of these publications. How could we ever thank our good fairy! His generosity inspired every one to greater efforts.

Valentine day and Easter came, and both were celebrated happily and with pecuniary profit to the Joel Chandler Harris library. During the school recesses for several terms Miss L—— made and sold home-made coconut creams, bisque, and chocolate candies. Thus the nickels grew into dollars, and the dollars went into books. To-day we have more than three hundred volumes in our library, which is the largest department library in Georgia. Not a book has ever been lost.

Our library plan is as follows: We have a complete list of all the volumes always in the schoolroom. There is a file on which the children place their written applications for books. They are allowed to carry books home only on Fridays, so as not to interfere with school work. All books carried home must be returned and checked in by the appointed librarians on Monday morning.

A book may be read during the last half hour of the school day after lessons are over.

The library, aside from the pleasure it gives the children, and carrying pleasure into homes thru them, I have found to be of very great help in securing better deportment in my room. Teachers know full well the truth of the old adage "An idle brain is the devil's work-shop." A good book is good company for a tired or restless child, and there is no mischief abroad.



UNCLE REMUS.

From "The Tar Baby and Other Rhymes of Uncle Remus."
Copyright, 1904, by D. Appleton & Co.

This is an age of readers, and Mr. Carnegie, the great philanthropist, has well caught the spirit of the American people in establishing libraries for the people, and adopting the motto, "To live in the hearts we leave behind is not to die."

TEACHERS MAGAZINE wants for its readers the best, most interesting and helpful articles, illustrations, and devices that teachers can desire. Will you not lend a hand by contributing whatever may serve this end? Write anything. The editor will be glad to hear from you.

How to Become Proficient in Story-Telling

By Jennie M. Harris

IT has been said that story telling is a gift, that story tellers, like genuises, are born, not made. This statement has deprived a great many people of the pleasure of telling, and a great many children the pleasure of listening to stories. You have no right to say, "I cannot tell a story," and let that suffice for never making the effort. It is impossible to tell what you can do, until you have conscientiously tried. People are often surprised at the result of their efforts.

The more credit to you if you start out with the idea of no talent, but the determination to see what you can do without it. It may be, you will find yourself more richly endowed than you ever dared to hope. Story telling is a gift, but it is also an art—an art that comes more readily to some than to others, but in both it is perfected by practice. The chief reason why so many persons cannot tell a story, is because they have no story to tell. Instead of thoroly mastering the story to be told they begin with a vague, dim idea in their minds, hoping that the idea will grow, and become more real as they proceed with their story—they "trust to luck"—this however does not often happen, this clearing and vivifying of the idea, and the narrator is lost in hopeless floundering. First get this vague image clear and vivid. To do this, it may be necessary to read the story several times, then in order to be sure you have it sufficiently clear to reproduce without hesitation, write it out, and compare it with the original. Hesitation is fatal to interest. Faith is at stake. Your faith in yourself and the child's faith in you. The story must come with such readiness as to raise no doubt in the child's mind, or your own, as to your ability to remember. To very young children the story is a part of you, as much so as any other talk you may have with them.

After having learned the story thoroly you must look for the leading truth, or leading idea rather, which is always the inner truth, and then mark the strong points, for they need the greatest prominence, being the Soul, as it were, of the story. If you desire to deviate from the selected story, to embellish it, with

ideas of your own, be sure to keep to the main point and beware of too many unnecessary details—tho children love details, these sometimes lose, for them, the main idea of the story.

In repeating a story to the children, keep as near as possible to the first version. Children see very readily and clearly the details of a story and retain them vividly and they are always ready to correct the slightest deviation from the original. They are very serious in their corrections and regard any deviation as a lack of truthfulness on your part. Miss Buckland tells of a story once being told in which

there were *three* plates on a shelf. Every bright little mental eye saw the three plates as plainly as possible: and when on repeating the story, it was said there were *two* plates on the shelf, an indignant exclamation at once arose, "There were *three* plates, last time there were three plates." A charitable little child suggested "But perhaps one has been broken since last time;" the general feeling, however, was that the second version was not strictly the truth. An air of mystery, surprise, and expectation is very helpful to keep up the interest of little children. Questions and guesses will often recall their wandering attention. But care must be taken at all times not to overdo it, or harm will result. The children may become more interested in the question and guesses than in the story itself, and then interest in the story is weakened instead of being strengthened.

Froebel has said that "Story telling is a real strengthening spirit bath." Try it for yourself and find out, be thoroly convinced, that Froebel was right. Let go the idea "I have no talent, I can't tell a story." You will succeed in the end if you but keep up the effort.

Surely the love and sympathy for little children that is rooted in the heart of almost

every adult, and especially in the heart of every kindergartner and school teacher, will aid you in your undertaking.

A human heart full of sympathy and love, makes fluent the tongue of a speaker, and to be a good story teller means to be a king among the children.



JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

The prince of American story tellers, whose "Uncle Remus" has become a household favorite in the English speaking world.

Note also the article on page 591.

Courtesy of D. Appleton & Co.

Favorite Games for Primary Grades. I

By Emma B. Olwin, Illinois

Others of Miss Olwin's charming games will be published in September. While especially adapted to primary classes they suggest what may be done higher up.—ED.

THERE is no one thing in a primary grade that gives a better return than the playing of games. In no other way is the freedom of speech, the feeling of companionship, the little courtesies, and the spirit of unselfishness so easily taught.

In games, as well as in stories, children always have their favorites, and if allowed to choose will ask for the same game day after day. I have chosen some of these "favorite games" to describe, knowing that they will "make friends" wherever they go.

THE RELAY RACE.

This is a prime favorite with both boys and girls.

Two "captains" are chosen. They stand on opposite sides of the room, facing each other. They choose runners (alternately) until all the pupils are chosen. It is necessary to have an equal number of runners on each side.

Each captain holds an eraser in his hand. At a given signal the captains run to the front blackboard (or wall) touch it with the erasers and run down the second aisle from their own "sides" (in order to avoid confusion). Each gives his eraser to the last pupil in his line, steps aside to give him a chance to run, and follows him until both reach their own place. The two second runners run to the board, touch it, run back and give the eraser to the last one in their respective row—and so on.

There are always two pupils running, one from each side. The side that gets all of its runners to the board and back *first* wins the race. The game becomes very exciting when only a few are left on each side to run and win.

In this game the children are allowed to "root" and no college game of football has more enthusiasm among its "rooters" than is displayed by the small boys and girls.

Running, properly—on the ball of the foot and with shoulders well back is easily taught in connection with the game.

Many a restless movement, due to long continued sitting at desks, may be avoided by giving five minutes to the relay race.

THE MULTIPLICATION GAME

Is another favorite and is a friend to the teacher also, who wonders why children cannot learn tables more readily.

Have small cards, either written or printed, with a multiplication combination on each. Turn them, numbers downward, on a desk. A child runs up, takes a card, peeps at it, holds it carefully so that no other child can see it. For example, the card has on it 8×6 .

The child says: "I am a child from the family of 6's, can you guess my name?"

He then calls on a pupil who says: "Are you 7 6's are 42?"

"No, James." (Calls on another.)

"Are you 3 6's are 18?"

"No, Edith," and so on until the correct combination is called. Then he shows the card, and the one who guessed correctly chooses a card and continues in the same way.

If the pupil called on should make a mistake, for instance saying, "7 6's are 45," and the pupil with the card fails to say "That is incorrect," he is obliged to forfeit his card to some child who noticed the mistake. The improvement in multiplication tables can be noticed in a few weeks after playing the game, for all the pupils are desirous of being called on to guess.

SPINNING THE PLATTER.

This is another little device for the dreaded multiplication table.

Let each pupil have a card with a multiplication combination on it.

Have a granite pie-pan that can be placed on edge and spun like a top.

The game is started by a child who "spins the platter" and at the same time calls for a combination as "6 9's."

The pupil who has the card with the six nines upon it runs to the platter, saying as he runs, "Six 9's are 54."

If he gives the combination correctly and gets there before the platter has stopped spinning, he has the privilege of spinning the platter and calling for a combination.

If he fails to give his combination correctly, or to be prompt in reaching the platter, he takes his seat and the first pupil has another turn.

The delight the pupils take in having an opportunity to "spin the platter" makes them alert and prompt in answering, and in this way a fine review of tables is given without the pupils' knowing that they have been working as well as playing.



Suggestion for a June Calendar, designed by Lillie Larson, of Colorado.

Recitations with Action

The Tulips.

By CLARA J. DENTON, Author of *Twinkling Fingers*, etc.

- (a) One little tulip, in a corner growing,
- (b) Two little tulips, April winds are blowing.
- (c) Three little tulips, red and white and yellow,
- (d) Four little tulips, watch each little fellow.
- (e) Five little tulips, in the corner staying,
- (f) Six little tulips, with the sunbeams playing.
- (g) Seven little tulips growing all together,
- (h) Eight little tulips care nothing for the weather.
- (i) Nine little tulips, merry faces showing,
- (j) Ten little tulips, in a long row growing.
- (k) Ten little tulips, standing straight and true,
Ten little tulips, (l) we pluck them all (m)
for you.

MOTIONS.

- (a) Raise little finger on right hand,
- (b) Raise next finger and move both quickly.
- (c, d, e, f, g, h,) Raise a finger at each letter.
- (i) Raise next finger and bend all at first joint.
- (j) All erect again.
- (k) Spread fingers out but hold erect,
- (l) Bring hands together as if holding flowers.
- (m) Extend hands in act of presenting flowers.

Little Kitty.

By LUCY ALLEN.

- (1) What does little Kitty say?
"Please give (2) me a (3) taste to-day!
- (4) Bread and (5) milk so nice, I see,
Leave a little, please, for (5) me."
- 1. Move right forefinger. 2. Point to self. 3. Raise hand to mouth. 4. Spread hand out to right. 5. Ditto to left.



BLACKBOARD DRAWINGS FOR JUNE OR SEPTEMBER BY W. E. SPARKES.

When a leaf is partly hidden by another, or by a flower, it should first be drawn in its entirety as indicated in figures 1 and 4. The faint lines should be left and only the appearing parts thickened in. The colored markings present on so many petals are converted into firm chalk lines.

Little Talks on School Management. I

By Randall N. Saunders, Hudson, N. Y.

Before School.

I AM satisfied that the moments spent by both teacher and pupil before school have a great influence on the character of the sessions. The good feeling—or the ill feeling that may be engendered in those moments of relaxed tension when the pupils are left largely to follow their own inclinations, will surely follow thru the day and be manifested in every exercise and recitation.

If the day has opened with an altercation in the school yard, if it has opened with some trespass that demands a trial and a punishment, a spirit of controversy, of revenge, of sadness, or of sulkiness will pervade the whole day and destroy the possibility of getting the best results from that day's work. On the other hand, if the day be opened in the school-yard with some game in which all have been interested and all have enjoyed, and the pupils come in tired for the moment, with that dangerous superabundance of animal spirits in a measure reduced, and with the glow of the brisk pleasure still in their hearts and on their faces, that day will have a briskness and a glow that will be inspiring to both teacher and pupil, and the teacher will close his room with a feeling so seldom experienced, that the day has approached the ideal.

There is always an unknown quantity in the daily experience of many teachers—a quantity that exhausts nervous force, engenders senseless apprehension, and is paralyzing to the best effort. This quantity is found in the equation, "X equals 'what's coming next'," and the constant dread of the solution has been the *bete noire* that has frightened many a teacher from the profession.

It strikes me that one of the prime requisites for a successful teacher is ubiquity, that omnipresence that will enable him to anticipate the events of the day, dissipating the potentiality of the problem by being "on deck" first, last, and all the time, having a thoro knowledge of the "what next" by guiding the impulses that influence its production. In many years' experience, I have found that the moments I spent with my boys and girls "before school" were the most valuable moments of the day. There will be little likelihood of flagrant transgressions under the eye of a kindly, but inflexible teacher. His presence alone, among the boys and girls while at play is a safeguard

even tho he be meditative and seemingly oblivious of what is going on. And what may not his influence be if he joins heartily in the play?

Whenever I came out in the spring with a hastily fashioned kite or a pair of temptingly treacherous stilts, I was at once the center of an expectant group, anxious to see me do something which I did not, for I entrusted the trial of all contrivances to the many who were willing to experiment. Need I say that the girls were treated to paper doll dresses that would have made Worth green with envy?

To ball and bat, to croquet and other out-of-door games, to snow forts and snow men, to conundrums, to quiet "sitting down" games "before school," I attribute many of the "best" days for which we ever long. Such days I sincerely believe are to be largely attained thru the "before school" influence of the teacher's interested presence among his pupils, with them, heart and hand, in everything, as a good, but not a goody-good child (?) himself, instructing, by active example, controlling by unostentatious assumption of the leadership when the game evinces alarming tendencies.

That group of idle boys, over there, with their heads together, giggling and sly-glancing, without plot or intention are concocting that which in its influence will make your school-room a miniature sheol for the whole day. Get them busy without delay.

There is still another phase of the subject, on which; just a word, and that only a question. Will not the teacher be fresher, better tempered, and less likely to make the very errors against which he would guard, if he spends a portion of the play time on the play ground?



Blackboard Reading about King Midas.
Photograph of a class-room scene at Watertown, Mass.

Supplement to TEACHERS MAGAZINE, June, 1905



The Three Misses Cottontail

Told by OSSIAN LANG; Illustrated by MARGARET ELY WEBB

[Copyrighted by Young America Publishing Co.]

Many, many years ago there lived in the swamp near Farmer Hopper's house a happy rabbit family.

The father rabbit was known far and wide as Bunny Cottontail, and his wife was called Dame Cottontail. I never was told whether Mr. and Mrs. Cottontail were rich, but I do think they had reason enough to feel so, for they had three bright little daughters, Jeanie, Nannie, and Lolo.

Rabbit life is not as safe as some other lives, not half as safe, for instance, as any one of the nine lives of a cat. At least, that is what Father Cottontail thought when he met the wolf one bright morning.

Bunny and the wolf were looking for breakfast. The wolf got his,—and that is how Mrs. Cottontail became a widow.

When Jeanie and Nannie and Lola Cottontail were told that their father must have been eaten by the wolf they were very sad. They begged their mother to build them a house with a lock on the door so that the wolf could not get in and eat them.

Mother Cottontail said she would. So she went down to Farmer Hopper's house to see what could be done. Maybe Mr. Hopper would build them a house where her daughters might be safe. Now it happened that the wolf started out from his house to call on Farmer Hopper's hens just about the time when Mother Cottontail kissed her daughters good-bye. The wolf met Dame Cottontail, and that is how Jeanie and Nannie and Lolo became orphans.

When evening came on, Jeanie, who was the oldest, said to Lolo, who was the youngest of the three Cottontail orphans, "Go up to Farmer Hopper's house and get some straw to build a house with, where we three can live so that the wolf shall not eat us."

Lolo went to Farmer Hopper's house as she was told, and got all the

straw she could carry. Then the three Cottontail orphans worked all night, and in the morning the house was finished. It was the prettiest house that anyone could build of straw. It had two doors that could be locked at night, and a large kitchen, and a pantry, and a tower, and everything that young rabbit ladies may wish for.



When the work was done Jeanie said, "I am the oldest of us girls, and I am going to look through the house from top to bottom to see whether it is safe and comfortable before we move in."

So she went in, and half an hour afterwards she looked out of the window in the tower and called down, "I have locked the doors and you cannot come in. The house is just what I have always wanted. There is not room enough for three to be very comfortable. So you two had better go away before the wolf catches you. I am going to stay here. Good-bye."

Then Jeanie Cottontail shut the window, and Nannie and Lolo began to cry and begged their sister to let them in. Jeanie paid no attention to them.

After a while Nannie said to Lolo, "Go up to Farmer Hopper's house and get some birch bark to build a house with, where we two can live so that the wolf shall not eat us."

Lolo went to Farmer Hopper's house and got all the birch bark she could carry.

Then the two Cottontail sisters worked all night, and in the morn-

ing the house was finished. It was even prettier than the one Jeanie had taken for herself.

Nannie said to Lolo, "I am older than you, and I am going to look through the house from top to bottom to see whether it is safe and comfortable before we move in. And mind you, Lolo, I am not going to play as mean a trick on you as Jeanie did on us."

So Nannie went in, and half an hour afterward she looked out of the window in the tower and called down, "I have locked the doors and you cannot come in. The house is just what I have always wanted. There is not room enough for two to be very comfortable. So you had better go away before the wolf catches you. I am going to stay here. Good-bye."

Then Nannie shut the window, and Lolo began to cry and begged her sister to let her in. But Nannie paid no attention to her.

After a while Lolo ran again to Farmer Hopper's house, and thumped with her hind feet on the floor of the front hall. Mr. Hopper came out to see what Lolo wanted now.

Then little Miss Cottontail began to cry and said, "Please, Mr. Hopper, let me have something to build a house with, so the wolf shall not eat me."

Mr. Hopper took pity on Lolo, and built her a house of stone and iron with a cabbage garden around it. The house was much larger than either Jeanie's or Nannie's, and it looked just as pretty as could be.

Lolo thanked Mr. Hopper, and then locked her doors and went to bed, for she was very tired.

Meanwhile the wolf had been looking everywhere for the three Cottontail girls. Just about the time Lolo went to bed he learned from Mr. Hopper's cat that they had built three houses for themselves, one of straw and one of birchbark and one of stone and iron. So he started out to hunt for them.

First he came to the straw house and knocked at the door.

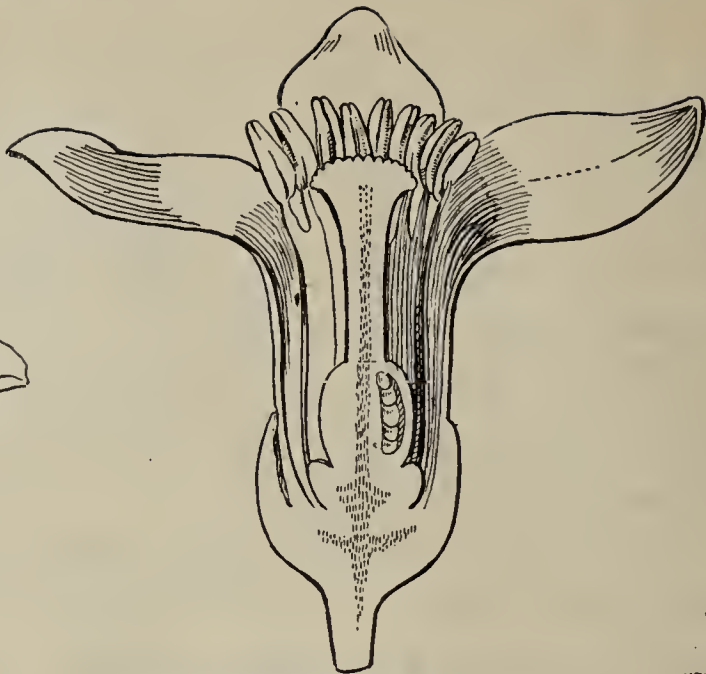
Jeanie looked out of the tower window, and when she saw the wolf she called down, "Go away! I am not going to open the door for you. You ate my father and my mother, and now you want to eat me. Go away!"

The wolf said, "If you do not open the door, I will blow down your house."

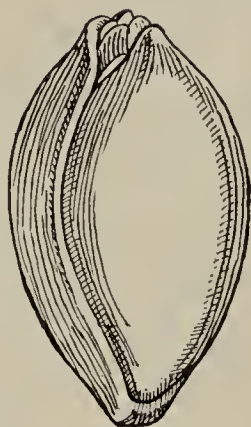




BLOSSOM.



TRANSVERSE SECTION
OF BLOSSOM.



SEED.



PICKING ORANGES
WHEN THE SACKS SECURED
TO THE PICKER'S WAIST ARE
FILLED WITH ORANGES, THEY
ARE PACKED IN BOXES.

ORANGES.



BRANCHES SHOWING
BLOSSOMS AND FRUIT ON THE
SAME TREE.



CROSS SECTION
OF FRUIT.
OF
CITRUS AURANTIUM

So he blew and blew till the house fell over, and he caught Jeanie by the neck and ate her.

"My! isn't she tender and sweet," said he, smacking his lips. "I like her even better than her mother, and I thought Dame Cottontail was as juicy a rabbit as could be found. I must look up the other Cottontail girls now. They will be lonesome without Jeanie."

Then he started off, and before very long he came to the birch bark

house. He knocked at the door, and Nannie popped her head out of the window in the tower to see who was there.

When she saw the wolf she called down, "Go away! I am not going to open the door for you. You ate my father and mother, and now you want to eat me."

The wolf said, "If you do not open the door I will blow down your house." So he blew till the house fell over, and he caught Nannie by the neck and ate her.

"This beats anything," said he, smacking his lips. "What a lovely girl she is! I do think Nannie is even better than Jeanie was, and Jeanie tasted better

than her mother, and I liked Dame Cottontail ever so much better than Bunny Cottontail. I have always known that rabbit ladies are juicier than rabbit gentlemen. Now I am beginning to believe that the younger a rabbit lady is the sweeter she is. What a delicious tidbit Miss Lolo Cottontail must make! I must call on her and invite her to dinner."

So the wolf trotted over to Lolo's house and knocked at the door. Lolo was in her cabbage garden, and when she saw the wolf come run-



"Lolo was in the garden."

ning toward her house, she quickly ran in and locked the door behind her.

The wolf knocked. Lolo called through the keyhole, "What do you want, Mr. Wolf?"

The wolf said in his sweetest voice, "Oh, how do you do, Miss Cottontail? I called to invite you out to dinner."

Lolo called through the keyhole, "*Out* to dinner, did you say? I suppose you mean *in* to dinner."

The wolf was not at all pleased with this joke, but he made believe he did not know what Lolo meant. So he said, "I do not know what you mean, Miss Cottontail."

Lolo said, "What I do mean is that you are not going to eat me for your dinner. Do you understand that?"

The wolf did not give up hope yet. He said, "My dear Miss Cottontail, who ever told you that I would eat you? You are the last rabbit in the whole swamp I could ever think of eating."

Lolo called out, "Go away! You ate my father and my mother, and maybe you ate my sisters too, and now you have come to eat me. You may say what you like, I am not going to open the door for you. Besides, I would have you know that I have a telephone in my house and can call over to Farmer Hopper and ask him to send his big dogs around to chase you away."

Then the wolf got very angry and said, "You saucy snip of a Cottontail girl! If you do not open the door this minute, I will blow down your house."

Lolo called out, "You ought to be ashamed to call me names. Now I will not open the door at all."

Then the wolf blew and blew and blew and—blew so hard that he burst, and then, O wonder! Mr. Bunny Cottontail and Dame Cottontail and Jeanie and Nannie came out all safe and sound. Lolo looked out of the window, and when she saw what had happened she ran down and opened the door, and all the Cottontail family were together again.

Jeanie and Nannie felt ashamed at the way they had acted, and told Lolo so. But Lolo kissed them, and said she had forgiven them.

Then Dame Cottontail went to the kitchen to cook dinner, and Father Cottontail whistled a Virginia reel, and the three Misses Cottontail danced till dinner was ready.



For the Language Class

Let the children tell the story of this picture either orally or in writing.



A Double Acknowledgement.

The Story of a Teacher's Mistake.

By SUSIE E. KENNEDY, Rhode Island.

"Fritz, you may stand on the platform."

The boy looked up from his book, but did not move.

"Fritz Avery, I request you to step to the platform."

The boy addressed raised his head, and looked his teacher full in the face, but remained seated.

Miss Dunham was rather under medium size, but she had grit. Walking quickly up the aisle, she grasped the boy by the collar. Fritz allowed himself to be lifted from his seat and stood looking calmly down upon her from his five feet seven. As she attempted to move up the aisle with her charge, he gently passed his arm about her, and placed her in the seat he had just vacated. Then taking the book from her hand, he placed himself in her chair at the desk and called out the primary class to read.

The frightened children not knowing what else to do, were about to obey, when Miss Dunham, having recovered a little from her surprise, walked quickly up the aisle. With eyes blazing and voice trembling she said, "Fritz Avery, you are expelled."

The boy gave his teacher one searching look, then bowing politely he left the room.

There were examples to correct after the pupils were gone, and so the purple shadows had begun to gather before Miss Dunham left the school-house.

Her head ached and her heart was heavy. Fritz Avery was among her most promising pupils and one in whom she had always felt a special interest. Together with the feeling of disappointment in her pupil struggled a feeling akin to remorse. Why could she not have kept her temper? Why have allowed the whole school to witness her fall into the fault which had been the bane of her life? How could she ever correct any fault of her pupils now that they had seen her own weakness? But it had been such a provocation!

In spite of all her reasoning she was conscious of having lowered her own standard. The high hopes she had held of being a power for good among her pupils seemed to fade away into the purple shadows which were fast taking the place of the golden glow of the sunset. It seemed now as if they would never lift, as if she must live henceforth amid their purple depths.

She was obliged to pass the home of the Averys on the way to her boarding place. As she neared the house she saw Fritz coming down the walk.

"Miss Dunham," he called, "will you wait a minute, please? I would like to speak with you."

"I did not act the part of a gentleman," he said, stopping before her. "I have taken time to think it over, and am now ready to tell you that I am sorry. My father has taught me that all women are to be treated as I would like other boys to treat my mother.

"I shall tell the whole story to-night after the children are in bed, and I know that my mother

will grieve and my father will condemn. I will not ask you to forgive me, Miss Dunham, for such behavior does not deserve forgiveness. I would, however, like to say this for myself. You no doubt thought I had broken your rule about communicating, but I had not."

Miss Dunham opened her lips, but she could not speak. A great choking in her throat seemed to bar the way.

Fritz continued, "I am not going to pretend that I do not care about being expelled; I do care a great deal."

He stopped and gazed out into the west where the purple shadows were gathering. When he began again, his voice trembled.

"I feel the disgrace, not for myself alone. Father and mother have always trusted me, and little Tim—will never believe in his big brother again."

The words came slowly, but there was more to say, and he made himself go on.

"Miss Dunham, I have never told you, but if I had got along well this term my uncle was going to send me to the city to school in the fall. There are not many of the boys about here who get that chance, but uncle has plenty of means, and he knows how ambitious father and mother have always been for me.

"It is all over now, and I am going to settle down and forget my ambitions. Ambitions are not for such as I."

He was about to turn away when Miss Dunham placed her hand upon his arm. "Fritz, you shall come back to school you must come. I was in the wrong, and—"

Very gently did the boy displace the hand, as he said, "No, Miss Dunham, I shall not come. I have disgraced you and the school. I can never face those little ones again. I, the oldest pupil, should have set an example of deference to the teacher, but instead I insulted you before them all. No, Miss Dunham, my school days are over. To-morrow I shall go to work with the farm hands. Maybe I can behave myself well enough to be with men all the time."

"Fritz you shall not give up school. I will apologize. I will tell the children that I was too hasty, that you did not whisper."

He put out his hand deprecatingly, but spoke as calmly as before. "No, but I will go to-morrow morning, if I may, and make an acknowledgment before the school, and, if you will let me I will finish the term. Unless I am greatly mistaken, you will have no more trouble with me."

Miss Dunham saw that it would be useless to reason with him, so mentally resolving to carry out her part of the humiliating process, she bade him good-night and went home, to spend many sleepless hours in the attempt to overcome her chagrin that a boy fifteen years old should set her, a teacher of as many years, an example in nobility of character.

It was with some surprise that the pupils of Miss Dunham's school saw Fritz Avery walk up the aisle the next morning and take his seat as tho nothing had happened. When the opening exercises were over, he raised his hand. Being granted permission he stepped forward to the

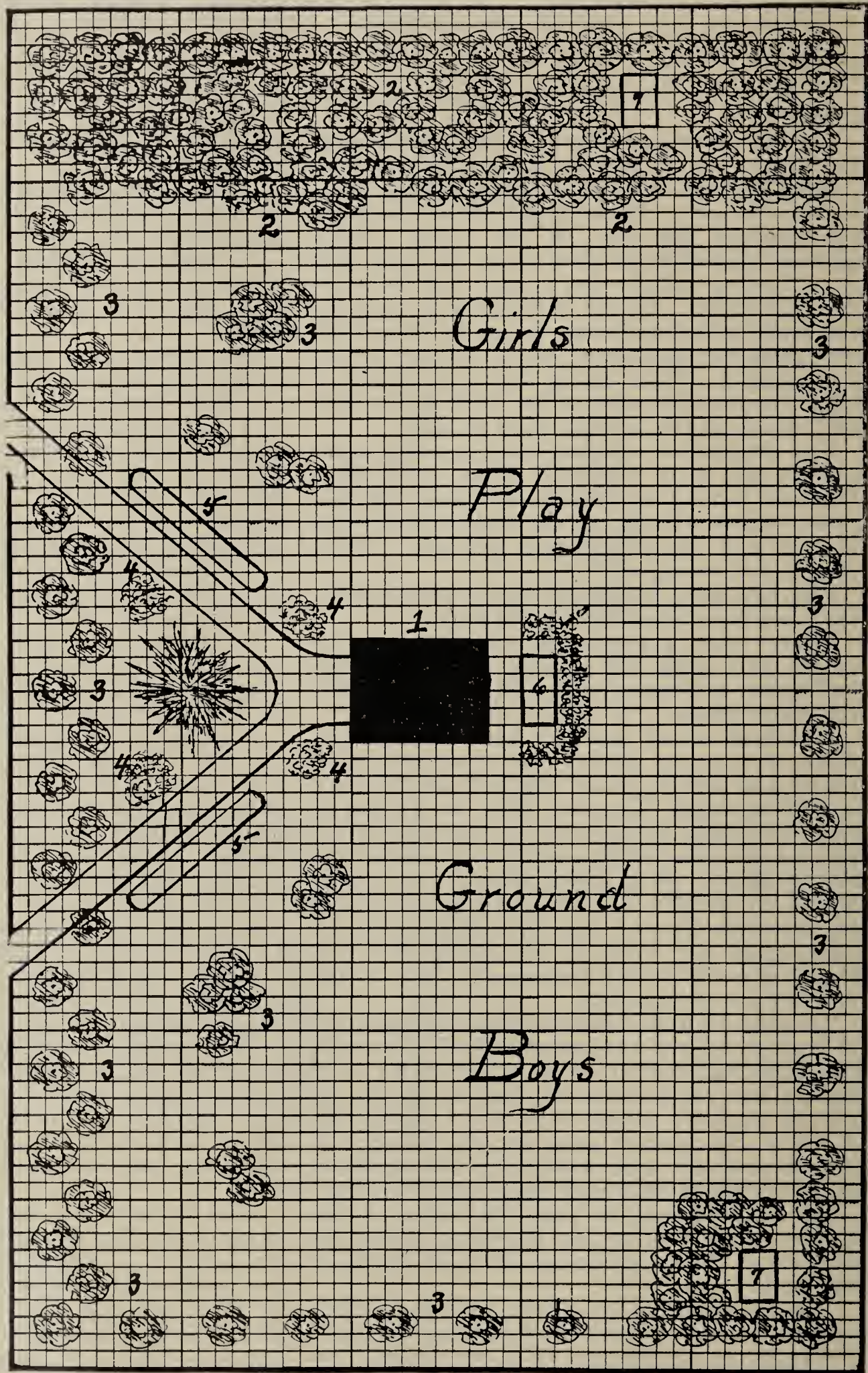
place assigned him the day before, and looking down upon the astonished faces before him, spoke as calmly as tho reciting an ordinary lesson.

"You all saw my misbehavior yesterday. I have already apologized to Miss Dunham but I do not feel that I have done my duty until I repeat before you all that I am heartily ashamed of the whole matter, and I intend to become what, as the oldest pupil I ought always to have been, —a leader in all that is good and right. I want you to watch me closely, and if you see in me any want of deference to our teacher, I will thank you to remind me of my duty. I am old enough to know that our parents send us here to learn, and that Miss Dunham is doing her best to help us become noble men and women. The least we can do is to show her due respect."

At this moment Miss Dunham stepped to his side. "Children," she said, her voice trembling, with suppressed emotion, "Fritz is not wholly to blame. I spoke too hastily. He had not been whispering as I thought. He had broken no rule, and I aggravated him beyond endurance and without cause. Before the school I ask his pardon, and promise that I will try to be more patient with you all."

Miss Dunham was still teaching, when, ten years later, his college course ended, Fritz came to bid her good-bye, before entering upon his life work in a distant state. As she looked into his face and saw the strength of character, and steadfast-

ness of purpose stamped upon it, she felt exceedingly grateful that the better part of herself had conquered in the struggle between conscience and pride.



Plans suitable for Planting and Ornamenting Rural School Grounds.
Suggested by Wallace T. Hutchinson, of the U. S. Bureau of Forestry, at Washington, D. C.
Courtesy of State Supt. J. L. McBrien, of Nebraska.

1. School-house.
2. Shelter belt.

3. Shade trees.
4. Shrubs.
5. Flower bed.

6. Coal Shed.
7. Outbuilding.

The Three R's

The Art of Penmanship.

By CHARLES T. LUTHY, Peoria, Ill.

THE first thing to be done is to get out of the minds of leading educators the erroneous idea that penmanship is beneath the dignity of mature and scientific attention. They seem to consider the art unimportant and of child-like simplicity. Seventeen millions of children attend the schools of the United States and are learning to write; the other sixty millions of her population either have learned or will learn. Is penmanship unimportant?

Is it of childlike simplicity? Let me answer this by copying from an article of mine in the *New York Sun*:

"Penmanship consists of form and execution, both of which are founded on movemental, visual, and geometric principles. The letters, therefore, are geometric forms, and, as all geometric forms are mathematically exact, penmanship, contrary to the prevailing opinion, is, as to its forms, a mathematically exact art. Let me explain briefly. An inch circle and a vertical inch square, if correctly made, are perfect geometric figures. Not a line, not a direction, not a proportion can ever be bettered; they are absolutely perfect. One is composed wholly of curve, the other of straightlines. Now erase the upper left quadrant of the circle and close up the gap with the corresponding quarter of the square, and erase the upper left quarter of the square and round out the gap with the corresponding quadrant of the circle. Are these figures less perfect, according to their designs, than the circle and the square? No. Likewise are the Roman script letters composites of curves and straight lines, and as they are geometric figures they are mathematically as exact and as exactly definable as the circle and the square.

"I have the fifty-two original plates thru which were developed the correct geometric analysis of the Roman script letters. With this analysis every teacher and every pupil can understand the make-up of the letters and can intelligently and exactly define them.

"The literal forms have geometric principles of their own underlying them that are as wonderful as are the trigonometric functions which apply to triangles. As these functions apply to a triangle, no matter how it is turned, so do the geometric principles apply to the letters, no matter whether they slant to the right or left, and to elevate a style of penmanship simply from the directional quality of a single line up into a system, shows a want of knowledge and a disregard of fundamental principles. There is and there can be only

one correct writing. This is not mine; I have simply discovered its principles."

As an art penmanship connects the useful with the beautiful. On one side it invades the geometric principles of lineal and superficial forms in common with mechanical drawing, architecture, etc.; on the other side it invades their higher principles of esthetics in common with drawing, painting, and sculpture.

Is the trigonometry of an art whose forms are mathematically exact, that is, conform to geometric principles, and which further conform to esthetic principles, and still further to movemental principles of childlike simplicity of little consequence?

The art is beautiful, wonderful, and profound, yet adaptable to all ages and all grades.

(To be continued.)



Word Drill.

My second grade was weak in word study, so I tried the following plan with good results: One morning I made on the board the picture of a tree without leaves. When the children came to the board they thought of words they wished put on the tree for leaves. These I wrote with green crayon, until the tree was full.

The next morning the children were Jack Frost and with the pointer they showed me words they wanted changed to autumn leaves, naming the word and telling what color they wanted it changed to, while I traced over the word with the color. Then the wind blew and each child named a word he wanted blown off the tree, pointing to the word also. In this way the word was named three times, written twice, and pronounced three times, and the children were helped in getting the words.

New Hampshire.

M. EMMA ROBERTS.



At the sea-shore.—Paper Cutting.

Reading in the Grammar School.

By CORA B. WHEELER, Maine.

THE need of cultivating good reading is especially apparent in the upper grammar grades. At a time when it would seem that teaching of reading might be reduced to a minimum, one finds special drill necessary.

The period of consciousness may account largely for the results.

To so conduct the reading lesson as to reduce the necessity for individual drill, would seem to be the remedy for embarrassment.

The lesson should not be at the expense of expression, however. Clear enunciation may be the object in view. To secure this vocal drill is of paramount importance. A mechanical drill will not suffice. To be a success the drill must be made to have feeling—life. The teacher must lead in this.

The standard must be high.

Pupils must be studied while they study their reading lesson. Whenever a certain method has served its purpose, a new one must be devised. I use the word "devised," for I am persuaded that the tact which can devise a method suited to the needs of a class, is the tact which will make a successful teacher of reading.

Whatever I may have received of inspiration, of appreciation, and of desire to excel, has come to me, I believe, thru interpretations of reading from my best teacher. The desire to read well has oft been born while listening to a good reader.

The old-time custom of reading in concert should be revived. Those patriotic selections which stirred the blood of those who have heard them should be made to live again.

Let them be read again and again, until the spirit possesses the wills of the readers.

If anything is worth reading it is worth reading well.

To be able to read well, aloud, is an accomplishment worthy of the effort expended.

If children were encouraged to read aloud at home, and were helped there to read the best and read it well, the results would be apparent. The best readers in a class have this advantage, as a rule.

With some it is an inherent tendency to read well.

If the physical offers no resistance the mental can accomplish much.

To "see," mentally, the thought, and to be actuated by a desire to reproduce it for the benefit of the listener, will furnish a worthy motive of expression. Selections read and reread in class, each time with renewed effort, not only familiarize the pupil with the mechanical part of the reading, and so reduce the self-conscious effort, but acquaint one with the "sentiment" of the author. The ability to discriminate is an important accessory to the reading habit.

The average pupil forms his taste for reading at an early age.

The school committee, the public library, and the teacher offer suggestions. The manifestations of the reader will reveal his taste.

Books adapted to his present need must be kept within reach of the pupil.

His tendencies must be noted.

His tastes must be recorded if one would help the pupil to choose the best.

This subject of reading is, to me, one of the most far-reaching in its influences. Not only how, but what, a pupil reads will furnish a means of character building.

The teacher reads; the pupils read; the pupil reads (when he wishes to).

Variety in conducting the lesson will prove productive of excellent results.

A new method for every day or every mood.

Teach, drill, test.

Let the pupil learn to read by reading.

Let self-consciousness be forgotten in the desire to read well.

Encourage criticism only in the kindest way.

Let the pupils talk much.

Let conversation lessons be frequent.

Whatever time can be so employed let it be given to reading by the teacher.

Let the devotional exercises be characterized by the reverential tone and attitude of the teacher.

Let memory gems be regularly recited.

Let the reading lesson begin in the morning.

By example and precept teach children the use of the voice—its value and worth.

Let music become a daily exercise.



Did you ever hear the tea-kettle sing?
You listen some day.
It sits close to the fire.
It says "Hm, Hm, Hm."
Then it sings louder.
It sings "Bubble, Bubble, Bubble."
Oh, I like to hear the kettle sing.
Do you?
We sing a song about the kettle.
We like to sing about it.
We say "Hm, Hm, Hm," just like the kettle.

Page from a primer made in a school of Watertown, Mass.
Illustrated by a child's paper-cutting.

How I Interest My School in Library Work

By Gladice M. Cummings, Wisconsin

ON entering a new school last fall I found that the children knew very little about their library. Being a lover of books myself I began to plan how I could get the school interested in library reading.

Fortunately the books had been well selected and a great many could be used for text-books and supplementary reading. Not having been used much they were in good condition.

At my request one of the oldest girls remained after school hours one afternoon, and together we cleaned the bookcase and recorded names and numbers of books. We arranged them according to subjects, grouping historical geographical, nature, fiction, etc., together.

After calling the children's attention to the appearance of the bookcase, I talked with them in regard to the care and value of a library.

I selected five books of general interest and assigned a chapter from each to be read by different pupils, telling them that they would be required to give an oral report of the same.

I wrote the program on the blackboard to avoid mistakes as to when they were to report, thus:

Morning	Subject	Pupil
Monday	Cod and Cod Fishing	Alfred H.
Tuesday	The Honey Bee	Louisa H.
Wednesday	Birds	Alma Y.
Thursday	How Matches are Made	Inga H.
Friday	Raisin Growing	Walter E.

As soon as one pupil has reported on his chap

ter the book is given to another, to prepare a report for the following week. Each Friday finds the new program on the board. I encourage friendly strife in seeing who can give the best reports.

The primary children may tell a fairy story or primary history story. (Do not slight the little ones.)

The results of my plan have been very satisfactory, for after a book has been reported upon, the children often ask to take it home that they may read it for themselves.

The parents have also become interested in the work, as I have overheard several say their parents are reading the book or have asked them to give their report at home. This pleases the children, and they are all ready and willing to report, for the greater the interest the greater the success.

We are still "giving reports," and are anxiously awaiting the new library books that we may devour their contents.

Watch.

- W—watch your Words.
- A—watch your Actions.
- T—watch your Thoughts.
- C—watch your Companions.
- H—watch your Heart.

ELLA M. GREENLEAF.



The Children's Room in the Public Library of Kansas City, Mo.

Drawing and Constructive Work

Freehand Cutting.

Story Telling with Paper and Scissors.

By ELIZABETH M. GETZ, Charleston, S. C.

UNTIL the child has become impatient with the necessary restrictions of freehand cutting, there is no form of graphic expression which is more valuable to him and none into which he enters more heartily. Children love it, therefore they do their best. In this way they grow.

The mental and spiritual growth that comes from untiring effort to do their very best every time, does not come with children from enforced effort; it must be whole-hearted and spontaneous.

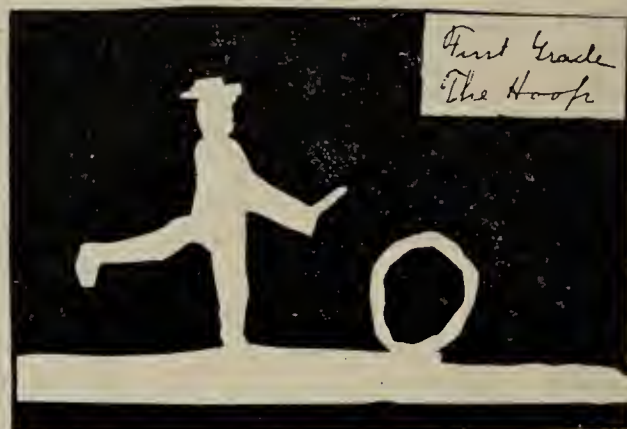
Tasks that are lacking in interest are accomplished largely thru an effort of will; but it is the teacher's will, not the children's that is strengthened thereby. It is repeated and determined effort that is crowned with success. This effort the children make fully and freely in their cutting.

The child soon learns that in order to cut he must know definitely what he wants to express. His imagination is called upon to form a mental image, he must visualize clearly or there will be blank spaces in his work that cannot readily be filled in by meaningless cuts as is often attempted with lines in drawing.

A child who has learned to express something by a cutting will seldom cut paper or anything else without a definite purpose.

What a child fails to express in one cutting he will observe and remember for future use. He not only observes in order to correct past efforts at expression, but is constantly on the lookout for material for future work. It not infre-

quently happens that in a room where children are interested in cutting some child interrupts the history, geography, or reading lesson with an exclamation similar to this: "Oh, I see a picture there!" Is this not what all educators should strive to do,—store the mind with clear, definite, mental pictures? When this is being



accomplished there is little difficulty in teaching a child to read intelligently or to remember what he reads.

To consider carefully all the conditions of a problem before attempting its solution is a very important habit and yet not an easy one to form. The mental operations of cutting are analogous to the successful solution of a problem. To see the whole before the parts, to look for essentials rather than for unimportant details, and to think carefully are the natural results of practice in this form of expression. It is difficult to conceive of any fixed habit of thought in any special line not having its influence in all other mental processes, and when formed young enough, it must have some effect upon the moral as well as the mental development of the child.

The physical development is not unimportant. Mind and body work in unison, concentrated effort is required. The hand is occupied in working out the mental picture. It must be kept under control. Every cut must count; one careless slip of the scissors and the picture is spoiled. The child soon realizes this and works more carefully. This teaches definiteness of action in all manual operations. If, however, a false cut is made and the picture is spoiled, the



Oh, golden fields of bending corn,
How beautiful they seem!
The reaper folk, the piled-up sheaves,
To me are like a dream.—MARY HOWITT.

boy or girl is seldom found who does not of his own accord make another attempt. We have known a child to try earnestly as many as seven or eight times in order to make a cutting that he felt was his best.

The very limitations of the material serve, to a certain point in the work, to stimulate the pupil to greater exertions. It is in the effort to overcome the flat appearance of the surface that the child cuts out pieces to represent waves, or punches holes in the paper to represent stars. This is good. It taxes the ingenuity of the child, but when he is no longer satisfied with the results, or when he makes repeated efforts to represent distance, as in this illustration, it



*Little Mamma, the mother
Call the little of men together*

An effort to represent distance.

is much better to discontinue the cutting lessons and to give more frequent opportunity for expression by drawing.

It is just as necessary in graphic as in written expression to be thoroly acquainted with the subject. On this will depend much of the success of the lesson. If at any time there is some event of local interest to the children, as a parade, a street fair, or a circus in town, have the children tell you something of it by a drawing or cutting.

The following suggestions for graphic expression are given not only to be used by the teacher, but to serve somewhat as a guide in making other selections.

Home Life.—What does mother do to amuse the baby? How do you help mother on Saturday? Have you a cat or a dog at home? Do they know any tricks? You may show me how pussy drinks her milk. Has sister a bird? You may show me a picture of its cage. What did mother do to help you get ready for school?

School Life.—Do you bring a lunch to school? You may show me what kind of a lunch basket you bring. Did you wear on your head to-day a



*"When down came the blackbird
And nipped off her nose."*

hat or a cap? Draw its picture. Show me by a drawing what game you play at recess.

Community Interests.—Who lights the street lamps? Draw a picture to show the lamplighter. How do you get your mail,—does the carrier bring it? Tell me about this by a drawing. The baker, the shoemaker, the hay the farmer harvests, his crops, the blacksmith; the trains,



To illustrate the days of the week.

street cars, etc., are all topics of interest to children if presented in the right way.

"Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by."

Show by a drawing some things that the wind does. Suggestions. It scatters the seeds; turns the mills, sails the boats, dries the clothes, bends the trees, etc.

My Week.

"On Monday I wash my dollies' clothes,
On Tuesday smoothly press 'em;
On Wednesday mend their little hose,
On Thursday neatly dress 'em."

On Friday play they're taken ill,
On Saturday something or other;
But when Sunday comes, I say, 'Lie still,
I'm going to church with mother.'"

The Song of the Wind.

"I've a great deal to do, a great deal to do,
Don't speak to me, children, I pray;
These little boys' hats must be blown off their heads,
And these little girls' bonnets away."

You may show me by a drawing something
funny that you have seen the wind do.

"I work and wait the whole week thru,
For Saturday and Sunday,
Then while I wonder what to do,
They're gone, and it is Monday."

"P. was a polly,
All red, blue, and green,
The most beautiful polly,
That ever was seen,
Poor little Polly."

How many have ever seen a parrot? You may
draw its picture, using colors to show how beauti-
ful are polly's feathers.

Who Likes the Rain?

"I," said the duck; "I call it fun,
For I have my little red rubbers on;
They make a cunning, three-toed track
In the soft cool mud. Quack, quack!"

Cut to illustrate:

"There were ten pigeons in a row,
Perched on a branch quite high."

Occasionally ask a riddle and let children draw
their answers.

"What shoemaker makes shoes without leather,
With all the four elements put together?
Fire and water, earth and air,
Every customer takes two pair." (Blacksmith.)

After this has been guessed or told, lead the
children to see how fire, water, and air help in
making the horseshoe of the iron which has been
taken from the earth.

Read Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith."

"As round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
And all the king's horses can't pull it up." (A well.)

"I have a little sister, they call her Peep, Peep,
She wanders in the water deep, deep, deep,
She climbs the mountains high, high, high,
Poor little thing she has but one eye." (Star.)

"We are bound in hard shells,
And each shell has a case,
Until Old Jack Frost
Thought he'd visit the place;
We are of many kinds,
We are black, brown, or white,
And searching to find us
Gives children delight." (Nuts.)

"I am as black as black can be,
But yet I shine,
My home was deep within the earth,
In a dark mine,
Ages ago I was buried there,
And yet I hold
The sunshine and the heat which warmed
That world of old." (Coal.)



Seasonable Blackboard Drawings, by W. E. Sparkes.



Nature Study and Geography



Nature Lessons.

By L. P. HOPKINS.

ENTERING a pleasant primary school-room towards the last of the spring months, I proposed to the young teacher to give the class a lesson on the wild daisy, a large bunch of which stood upon the desk before her. She seemed somewhat reluctant and thought there were not daisies enough to give each child one. I suggested that two children might observe one flower, but she still hesitated. I saw a crayon drawing of daisies on the blackboard which indicated a very superficial study of the flower, and was by no means a truthful representation of the structure and environment of the plant. I spoke of this and she admitted that she was not very clear in her knowledge of the daisy and made that from a printed copy and not from the plant itself; it was intended as an ornament for exhibition and to decorate the blackboard. She said she had never studied the flower and did not know how to classify and describe it. However, she said she would try to give a short lesson, if I wished.

She distributed the daisies in the vase, and then, holding up one so as to present the blossom as if it were a face, she pinched the involucre about the golden head and told a short story about a little girl named Daisy who went to walk in the fields with her sun-bonnet on, her white ruffled sun-bonnet like this (turning the golden head about in different directions). "This little girl," she said, "had pretty golden hair and a wide green and white pointed collar which you see when you take her bonnet off; she went dancing about in the grass and the wind blew her white ruffles, and she met ever so many more little girls nodding and dancing with their slender forms and green fluttering dresses and golden hair shining in the sun. They had a lovely time playing hide and seek at the party, and at last they covered their faces up with the white points and fell asleep, and the dew came down and gave them drink, and washed their faces all fresh for another day."

The children evidently enjoyed this story, and the fancy of the daisy as a little girl, but what had they gained from such a lesson, in observation, or in scientific methods of study? What unfolding of any of their powers of reasoning, or even of spiritual perception? Only the imagination had been appealed to. It was a lesson possibly for a kindergarten morning talk, or a play hour, but not in any sense a scientific exercise. I did not wholly condemn it as a relief from the

regular work, but asked why she did not introduce something of the structure of the flower, and call attention to its composite character and make a point of classification. The young teacher said she really didn't know anything about it herself, that they didn't get as far as that family of plants in the high school, and had never taken it up in the normal school. After giving the class a brief lesson to bring out the distinctive features of the flower and develop the observation and comparison of the children with the flower in their hands, I left the school with a renewed sense of the need of trained teachers in this branch if anything like scientific habits of observation is to be cultivated in the schools.

PLANT LESSON IN A PRIMARY SCHOOL.

Here is a sketch of a plant lesson given in a primary school, which I considered profitable as well as enjoyable:

A potted lily with large leaves is in the window, also a potted growing violet, with its cluster of heart shaped leaves hanging outward. The two plants are placed before the class. John brings a pitcher of water, and Mary a sponge filled with water. While the class is looking on, John pours gently some water on the lily plant; it trickles down upon the surface of the leaf, and



runs in the deep channels of the leaf-veins down to the center of the plant. Mary squeezes her sponge high over the violet plant, and the drops trickle down from the base of the leaves over the blade toward the drooping points from which they drip to the ground in a circumference corresponding to the spread of the plant. What is the water for? It is to give the plants drink. What part of the plant has little mouths that can drink? The ends of the roots. Which plant has a root in the center just below the stem? The lily. How is it with the violet whose leaves shed the water all around it? It has a spreading root. Why then are the lily leaves deeply channeled to the stem which comes directly out of the bulb? Why are the violet leaves drooping over with pointed ends? The wise contrivance, the conformity of structure to function, the providence of God who made all, is thus brought out.

Studies of North America

A Series of Lesson Outlines by Adelaide R. Pender, Connecticut

(To be used with any geography.)

Size.

To the Pupils.—Turn to the tables in the back of your book and find out how large in square miles North America is. Compare in size with the other continents. Compare the size of the United States with that of Canada. How many square miles in your own state? How many of your own state would you be able to make from North America? The United States? Think of a mile in any direction, then of another mile at right angles to this. Try to think a square built on these two miles. This will help you to think a square mile. Close your eyes and think a square mile in this way.

Where is the greatest width in North America? In the United States? Where is the greatest length in both these divisions? What is the general shape of North America?

Use the scale of miles and tell how many miles along each of the coasts.

Draw the map roughly and the other continents in the same way to show comparative difference in size.

Location.

To the Pupils.—In what hemisphere is North America? What direction is it from each of the other continents? Point to each of the other continents. Stand and face the directions.

In what zone or zones is North America? The United States? What tropic passes thru North America? Trace that tropic across all the continents. What circle passes thru North America? Trace the circle and name places on it.

How many degrees long is North America? The United States? How many degrees wide? What parallels bound the United States? What meridians near its eastern and western extremities? What parallel is near your own town? Trace on the map your own home parallel around the world, naming places passed thru. Trace the meridian that goes thru your state. What other places does it pass thru? Trace the meridian from which the longitude in the U. S. is reckoned. How many degrees are you from it?

To the Teacher.—Have these parallels and meridians traced again and again until the children can name places with their eyes shut. This splendid exercise will help in all future work.

Outline.

To the Teacher.—There are certain indentations and projections on the outline that must be learned, and drill, drill, drill, is the only way to fix them. This drill should be carried on by means of the maps and globes until the pupils can close their eyes and see the coast as plainly as they can the continent as a whole. Let the pupils use their pencils while they point and trace. Some of these drills are given below.

Name all the prominent indentations and projections in order about the continent. Name all the gulfs, bays, islands, capes, peninsulas, isth-

muses, straits. Of what state or country is each a part?

Name all the indentations and projections on the southern coast; the northern coast; western; eastern; the coast farthest from us; nearest; on the largest ocean; the smallest.

What are the largest bays, islands, peninsulas, etc.?

Name the smallest gulf; the largest; smallest ocean; largest. Where are most of the islands and why?

What sea is near Alaska? Gulf near Florida? Bay near Labrador? Ocean nearest Chicago, Denver, or Cincinnati?

What cape is off Florida? Massachusetts? California on the south?

What is the commercial importance of each indentation or projection?

Is the coast of North America regular or irregular as compared with other continents? Account for irregularity, and where it is most regular and least, etc.

Compare the outline with other continents in respect to length, importance commercially. Suppose North America had a coast with no good harbors or bays, what effect would this have had upon the race? Name all effects.

Learn to spell indentations and projections.

Have you ever heard of any these indentations and projections in your historical work? Watch daily papers for references to any of them.

Surface.

To the Pupils.—Turn to the relief map of North America. Let us see what the surface story of North America is. Draw your fingers down the side where there are the most mountains massed; draw them down another side where there are mountains; run them over a place where there seem to be no mountains of any size. Close your eyes and think the surface map as a whole—the highlands on the west, on the east, and the great central plain.

Go to the board and sketch a rough map of North America; draw a few lines to show the mountains. Use the back of the crayon to show the great central depression. Close your eyes again and think the relief map. What do you see? I shall ask you to refer to this relief map often because it is going to help you understand the surface of North America better.

Look on an ordinary map and find the name of the mountains that are next the great central depression on the west. Let us trace the Rocky mountains from Alaska to Texas. Here is a plateau averaging more than a mile above sea level, from which lofty peaks shoot up into the air still higher. Imagine yourself above the peaks and look down; close your eyes and think of yourself as sailing over the Rockies, parallel with them, from Alaska to Texas. What do you see?

What is the highest mountain near your home?

What is the highest one you have ever seen? What did you see when you stood on a high mountain or a very high hill and looked down? You would see more from the Rockies and on a larger scale, but the general features are the same. Snow-covered peaks, deep valleys filled with vegetation, many fir trees, long, winding ravines in the valleys, and lakes. Do you like the picture?

Let us look in the supplement of our geographies for the names of some high peaks we will see on our imaginary journey:

Mt. McKinley, Alaska—20,464.

Mt. Logan, Canada—19,539.

Mt. St. Elias, Canada—18,024.

Fairweather, Alaska—15,292.

Longs, Colorado—14,271.

Holy Cross, Colorado—14,176.

Pikes Peak, Colorado—14,147.

Fremonts, Wyoming—13,576.

Let us turn to the map and locate those peaks again and again with our pencils until we remember just where they are.

Do the Rocky mountains include all of that highland mass on the west of our great continent? Let us see what the coast relief story is. Find on the map the names of two Pacific coast ranges. What are they? Run your pencils over the coast range and the cascade which ends in the Sierra Nevada range. Which of these is the rim of the great plateau? Close your eyes and think of the great plateau over a mile high with an eastern rim, the Rockies, and a western rim, the Sierra Nevada—Cascade. Draw at the board something that suggests this plateau with rims. If you can think of this plateau with rims you will be able to reason about certain conditions within it later on.

Turn to the supplement again and find the names of peaks that shoot up from the western rim of the plateau:

Mt. Whitney, California—14,898.

Mt. Rainier, Washington—14,444.

Mt. Shasta, California—14,440.

Mt. Hood, Oregon—11,934.

Let us locate these again and again until we can see them with our eyes closed.

In the Cascade range there are remains of old volcanoes with lava sides. Let us close our eyes and look down and see the picture presented by these lava-covered mountains.

You have seen in imagination our plateau with its rims. Now between these rims what is there on the relief map? Yes, an inland basin. Trace with your fingers this great basin on the relief map, and then find what states it covers. What becomes of the rivers here? Can they go out over the rims? There are only two things they can do—either dry up or enter lakes where they evaporate. By and by we will learn more about these lakes and rivers. What does the book tell you about Salt Lake? Close your eyes and think this picture. Imagine yourself looking down on Great Salt Lake.

Put your pencil on the Colorado plateau. What have the rivers done here?

Put your pencil on the Pacific slope. We have already found the coast range. What is there in the depression between the Sierra Nevada

and coast range? Draw your pencil down the long, narrow valley of California.

Let us see if we have a clear mental picture of this western highland now. Close your eyes while you think as we name several times—the Rocky mountains as the eastern rim of the plateau, the Sierra Nevada-Cascade as the western rim, between these the Great basin, between the Sierra Nevada and the Coast range, the long valley of California and the Pacific slope.

Now we will turn to the Appalachian system. Run your pencil up and down this long system. Notice any difference between this system and the Rocky mountains.

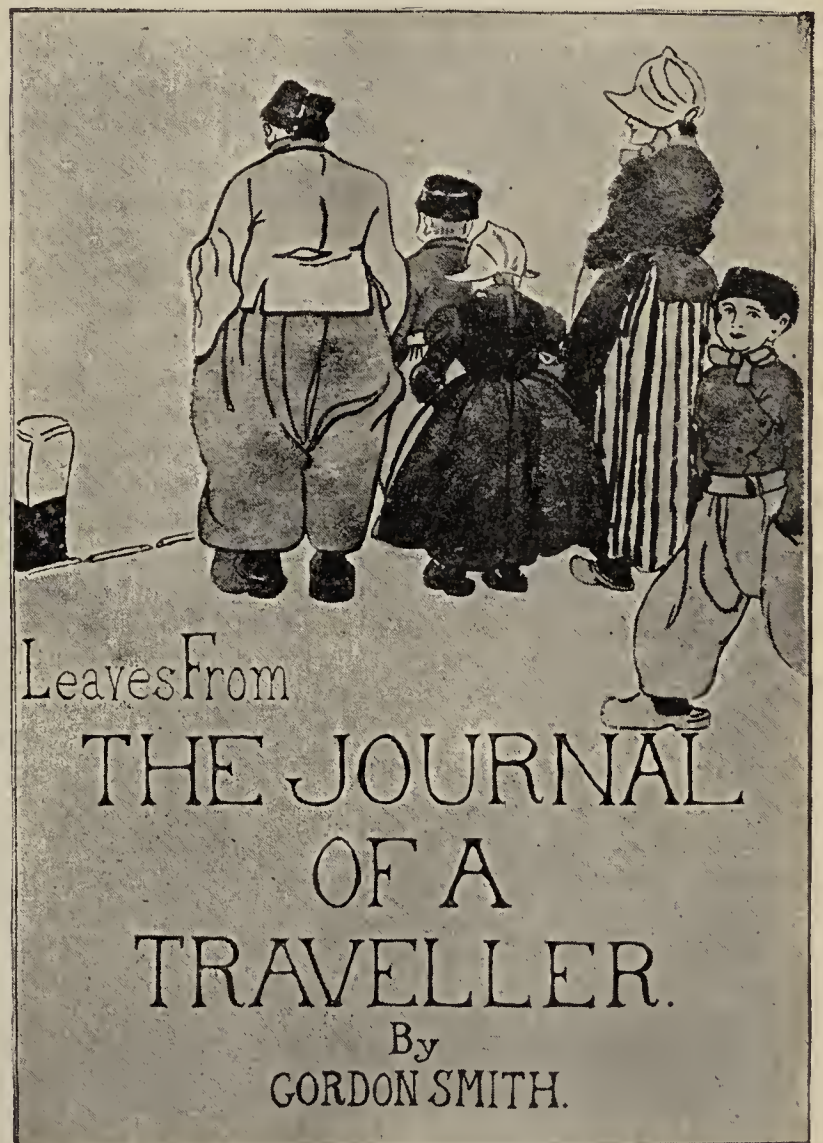
Find detached groups of peaks or mountains. White mountains (Mount Washington); Green, Adirondacks. Find the Blue Ridge; Mount Mitchell.

Draw your pencil along the long fertile valleys. Show with your fingers the slope from the Appalachian highlands to the Mississippi valley.

Trace with your fingers the Atlantic coastal plain. Where is it highest? Where lowest? Widest? Narrowest?

Have you ever been to the shore? If you have, your idea of the coastal plain is correct. Think something very much larger. Trace the Gulf coastal plain.

Let us find the prairie land. What states does it comprise? What kind of soil? Find the western plains—trace. What states in these?



The cover of a book of geographical stories, made by a pupil of the eighth grade of a public school at Watertown, Mass.

Let us turn to the map and drill on the surface until the picture is ours.

Height.

Can you think of anything a mile high? What is the very highest object you have ever seen? What is the highest object in your own town?

Now how much higher than this object is Mt. McKinley or Pikes Peak? We cannot realize height like that, can we? If you ever go to the Rocky mountains and see those lofty snow-covered peaks you will appreciate high altitudes, and you will think the little hills with which you are familiar are mere pigmies.

A Southern Teacher's Nature Study Notes

By Marie Hardel, New Orleans, La.

Miss Hardel has given TEACHERS MAGAZINE her Nature Study note-book, exactly as she arranged it for use with her pupils in Louisiana. The editor has selected the notes on "The Orange" for the present number, because it is suited to any month of the school year. It is planned to accompany the double-page chart, which forms the center of the magazine.

Notes upon the growth, cultivation, etc., of rice, the butterfly, sugar-cane, seeds, the cocoanut, the cypress, and the frog, will be given later. These lessons, taking up the nature studies in accordance with the observations of a teacher in the South, will be of value to Southern teachers, but even more so to teachers and pupils in other sections of the United States and other countries.

The Orange.

Varieties.	Branches.
Home.	Leaves.
Soil.	Flowers.
Propagation.	Fruit.
Care.	Uses.

There are two principal varieties of the orange, the bitter and sweet. The citron, lemon, and lime belong to the same family as the orange.

The orange grows in tropical and sub-tropical countries, generally no further north than the thirty-first degree of latitude.

The soil must be rich and alluvial. Oranges can be grown from the seed, but better results have been obtained by grafting on sour orange stock. If grown from a seed the tree must be seven years old before it will bear, but grafted trees have been known to bear fruit before they have been growing six years. Under favorable conditions, orange trees will continue to bear uninterruptedly for a long time.

There is great uncertainty in fruit grown from seed trees, as the fruit produced is often inferior to that from which the seed was taken. By grafting the tree produces earlier, and it can better withstand the attacks of insects; the trees are also less susceptible to root diseases.

The orange tree needs careful pruning. Washes of lime or wood ashes and water should be applied to prevent the attacks of insects.

The branches or shoots of sour orange trees have sharp spines (thorns); sweet orange trees are destitute of spines.

The leaves are a bright glossy green. They are large, oval shaped, and pointed at the end. The leaf is compound, as it is composed of a broad leaf and a small fleaet which grows between the stem and the leaf proper. The leaves are opposite or alternate in manner of growth. The blade has transparent dots or glands resembling punctures, which contain a pungent, aromatic oil.

The flowers, which are white and very fragrant, appear in summer. The petals vary from four to eight in number, altho the usual number is five. The petals are very thick. The stamens

are numerous. The pistil is sometimes single, sometimes compound. The ovary contains many cells, and develops into a large, many-sided body.

The fruit varies in shape, being flattened, elongated, furrowed, or with conical protuberance at the apex. The color varies from golden yellow to deep orange or even blood color. The rind is aromatic and closely dotted with oil cells. The fruit ripens fully in the spring following the summer in which the flowers appeared; but can be harvested from November to May.

Both fruit and leaves are used medicinally. Oil is obtained from the tender shoots, leaves, and rind. Delightful perfumes and oils are obtained from the flowers.

The wood is of a fine yellow tint, hard and close-grained. It is valued by cabinet makers and turners for inlaying and for making small articles. The wood takes on a good polish.

From the bitter, or Seville oranges, marmalade is made. The sweet orange is highly esteemed as a dessert.

HISTORY.

Few if any trees can boast of a more ancient and honorable lineage than the orange. Its original home was undoubtedly India, whence it spread westward over Asia, Africa, and Southern Europe, principally thru the agency of the Arabs, who discovered it as early as the ninth century.



Mandarin orange from Florida, one-half natural size.

From Spain it was carried into the New World by explorers and missionaries. This variety was the bitter, sometimes called the Seville orange.

The sweet, or China variety, was introduced into Europe by Genoese or Portuguese merchants, and reached our shores in the same way as its more acrid predecessor.

Mandarins are small flattened oranges in which the rind separates very readily from the pulp. These oranges are very sweet.

Florida and Louisiana are noted as producers of oranges which are particularly sweet and juicy.



The Humming-Bird.

By BERTHA WILLIAMS.

A flash of scarlet,
A glint of green,
A gleam of yellow
And golden sheen;
A whirring and whizzing,
A buzz and hum,
A dart and quiver,
A glance—'tis gone!



The Whippoorwill.

By ANNIE GARLAND, Canada.

THE whippoorwill is commonly recognized by his note and not by plumage, as he is very seldom seen. He is a nocturnal bird and very shy. He lives in the woods and sings at twilight and at evening time. Nearly every one has heard of the song of the whippoorwill tho few may have seen him. His song consists of three notes and sounds as if the bird

were calling whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill. In the twilight the clear, plaintive cry is very attractive. There are a great many superstitions connected with the song of the whippoorwill. Some believe that it is an omen of evil when heard near a house.

The nighthawk is frequently mistaken for the whippoorwill. It is a smaller bird, however, and cannot sing. It is also to be seen in the daytime as well as in the evening.

DESCRIPTION OF PARTS.

The bill is short and curved. The head and back are dusty brown and fawn.

The breast is a dusty, sheeny brown and fawn.

There is a white fringelike collar just below the throat.

The wings are brown with fawn bars.

The tail is brown and grey with some white feathers. It is long.

The legs are very short.

The plumage is very soft and has much the same appearance as the wings of a moth.

HABITS.

The whippoorwill builds no nest, but lays its eggs on the bare ground or on a decayed log. The eggs are dark in color, in fact, very much the same color as the bird or a log.

The whippoorwill lives entirely on insects which it catches while on the wing. It flies with its mouth open, and has whiskers which act as a strainer in catching insects.

The whippoorwill has a peculiar way of sitting lengthwise and not crosswise on a perch.



Summer Crowd at Asbury Park, N. J., America's famous seaside resort.

Here the convention of the National Educational Association will be held July 3-7. (See announcements on another page.)

Children of Other Lands

Simple Geography Lessons by Dorothy Wells, New Hampshire

The Boys and Girls of China.

WHEN a little baby comes to a home in China the father and mother are very glad, just as fathers and mothers are in the United States. But there are many, many poor people in the great Chinese Empire, and they find it hard to earn enough money to pay the rent of their houses, and to buy food and clothing. For this reason, if the baby is a boy they call it a great happiness. They know that when he grows to be a man he will be able to work and earn money to take care of himself, and perhaps of his father and his mother too. If the baby is a girl they call it a small happiness. While they are glad to welcome the little daughter, they know that she will need dresses and food and many other things that cost money. Then when she is grown up she will marry and go away from home. In China after a girl is married she belongs to her husband's family, and is lost to her own father and mother.

When the baby is a month old its head is shaved. If you want to know what it is like, you need only to look at a Chinese or Japanese doll. The babies look just like these dolls.

All friends of the family are asked to take dinner with the new baby, when the little one is a month old. Everybody must accept the invitation if possible, but at any rate must send a nice present to the parents.

Sometimes we see in our country Chinese names such as Ah Lee, in front of laundries or over stores. These seem very queer to us, they

are so different from American names. The Chinese girls often have very pretty names, however, such as Beautiful Autumn, or Charming Flower. Li Hung Chang was a wealthy China-



Little Chinese gardeners. For this charming photograph TEACHERS MAGAZINE is indebted to Miss Jean Hazleton Brown, of Foochow, China. The children are pupils in her school.

man who visited our country several years ago. His name means Fragrant Palace. Mr. Wu Ting Fang, Illustrious Bird, was the Chinese minister at Washington for a long time.

A Chinese child is said to be one year old when it is born. Its birthdays are reckoned from New Year's day. When it has passed its first New Year's day it is two years old.

In summer, the baby wears only a pair of shoes and a single piece of clothing around the chest. In winter he has thick quilted cotton trousers, that make him look very clumsy, but keep him pretty comfortably warm.

The Chinese children as well as grown people, live principally upon rice, with some vegetables. They eat no bread, and the poorer people have meat only on holidays. They have no knives or forks, but they eat their rice with chopsticks. These are two long straight sticks, which are held between the first and second fingers. The rice is taken up between the sticks and so lifted from the bowl to the mouth. If you think this is easy, break open a clothes pin, and try to eat your oatmeal some morning with the two pieces.

Almost the first little game American mothers play with their children is "This Little Pig Went to Market." Chinese mothers play a simi-



Chinese Children of Miss Brown's Kindergarten, at Foochow, China.

lar game with their babies. Taking hold of the toes one by one, the mother says:

This little cow eats grass,
This little cow eats hay,
This little cow drinks water,
This little cow runs away,
This little cow does nothing,
Except lie down all day,
We'll whip her.

As she says, "We'll whip her," she pats the little bare foot.

When the American boy is old enough, he puts on trousers. He feels that he is almost a man. When the Chinese boy is about five years old he feels that he too is getting large enough to show that he is a big boy. He cannot make any change in dress, for he has always worn trousers, but he can have a queue. So one small strand of hair is allowed to grow as long as it will, and is braided into a small pig-tail, which hangs down behind and bobs up and down as he runs about and plays.

His queue is very useful. When two boys play horse in this country, one boy is harnessed with a pair of reins. When two Chinese boys play horse, the driver drives the horse by the pig-tail.

There is a game called "Queue" which the boys are fond of playing. It is really a Chinese form of tag. In this game, any boy caught with his queue hanging down his back may be tagged and slapped. The boys dance about with their queues thrown over the shoulder. Suddenly a boy throws his back into place and the others all rush to catch him. If he gets it over his shoulder again before the others can touch him he is safe. If they reach him first, he must take his slaps as good-naturedly as he can.

Chinese children have as many, and as delightful games as we have. Mr. Isaac Headland, who has written a charming book called "The Chinese Boy and Girl,"* tells about a game he saw played by several little girls in China, called "Pat your hands and knees." The girls sat down in pairs, as we would to play "Bean Porridge Hot." They clapped hands to the following rhyme.

Pat your hands and knees,
On January first,
The old lady likes to go a sight seeing most.

Pat your hands and knees,
On February second,
The old lady likes a piece of candy it is reckoned.

Pat your hands and knees,
On March the third,
The old lady likes a Canton pipe I have heard.

Pat your hands and knees,
On April fourth,
The old lady likes bony fish from the north.

Pat your hands and knees,
The fifth of May,
The old lady likes sweet potatoes every day.

Pat your hands and knees,
The sixth of June,
The old lady eats fat pork with a spoon.

Pat your hands and knees,
On August eight,
The old lady likes to see the lotus flowers straight.



Pat your hands and knees,
September nine,
The old lady likes to drink good hot wine.

Pat your hands and knees,
October ten,
The old lady, you, and I, may hope to meet again.

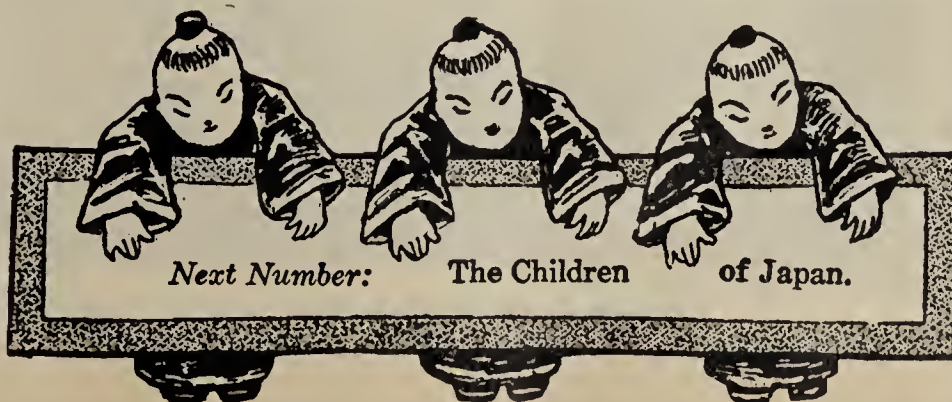
China is the paradise of kite flying. Men as well as boys take great delight in this pastime. Kites are of all sizes, colors, and shapes. Once a year kite-flying day is celebrated. The sky is full of dragon-shaped, fish-shaped, animal-shaped, and other kinds of kites. Often a boy and his grandfather may be seen flying kites together. There is a great rivalry as to which shall have the oddest kite or the one that will fly highest.

New Year's, which is everybody's birthday, is the great holiday of the year. It is the Fourth of July of China. The boys rise early to fire off their crackers, and fire-works are going all day long. It is a glorious time for the Chinese boy.

When night time comes in China, mother or nurse puts the little folks to bed, but not into soft little beds like yours. The Chinese sleep on beds of brick and on pillows stuffed with bran, without pillow-case or sheet. They sleep just as well in their beds, as you do in yours however, and they wake in the morning as happy as any

American children, ready to greet each other with a cheerful "Chin chin," for "Good Morning," or to shake hands with themselves, showing how glad they are to see their friends again.

*The writer of this article is indebted to Mr. Headland for much of the material given here. "The Chinese Boy and Girl," is published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, Chicago. It deserves a place in every primary school-room.



Next Number: The Children of Japan.

The Household Arts in School

The St. Louis Plan of Domestic Science

A Lesson Outline by LISBETH M. GLADFELTER, St. Louis.

Lessons Preparatory for Cooking.

Personal preparation.

Care of body, hands, nails, hair.

Clothes, plain, cotton, clean.

Special cloths, cap, sleeves, apron, holder, hand towel.

Study of kitchen utensils, names, places, care. Teaching arrangement of drawers, closets, and compartments.

Cloths and towels used.

Linen glass towel, dish towel, dish cloth, dish mop, cloth to wipe tables. Flannel squares for polishing metals.

Two floor cloths.

Scope of work.

Study of foods (not trade of cooking) study of plain sewing (practice of different stitches), study of emergency work (nursing and care of the sick), and sick diet, general housework (care of lamps, dish-washing, dining room and bed room work).

Time—Two years—(80 lessons)—1½ hours each, VII. and VIII. Grades.

Examinations written, semi-annually. Practical, unaided preparation of some previous lesson.

Practice in measuring weights and measures. (All measures taken level.)

(One-half tablespoon obtained by lengthwise cut.)

(One-quarter tablespoon by cross cut back of true half.)

Review tables of liquid and dry measures and avoirdupois.

Comparison of weight and volume, using water, flour, butter, sugar, rice, etc. Weight of one dozen eggs.

Rule. Sift dry materials before measuring.

Suggestive notes on preparatory lesson.

(Work well done by teacher in this lesson makes lessons which follow much more orderly and systematic.)

Try round holders.

Sew two tapes to apron waist band; fasten holder to one, to the other the hand towel.

Each pupil should

have note book and pencil. Teacher's note book should exactly record all taught. The practical value of fractions appeals to the child as never before, if this lesson be well taught. Children should leave the kitchen impressed with the value and beauty of order and system.

At each lesson there are three girls appointed to do the extra tasks besides their regular lesson for that day. These girls are called the housekeepers, their duties being as follows:

First housekeeper.

Attend to the fires. Wash zinc and floor cloth. Fill hot water reservoirs and tea kettle, and at end of lesson empty and wipe dry. Take charge of any extra pots on stoves and of ovens for all baking. Rub stoves with dauber and polisher.

Second housekeeper.

Dust the room, wash the dust cloth, take care of teacher's table, take care of dressers and blackboard. Take care of supplies, lock and unlock compartments.

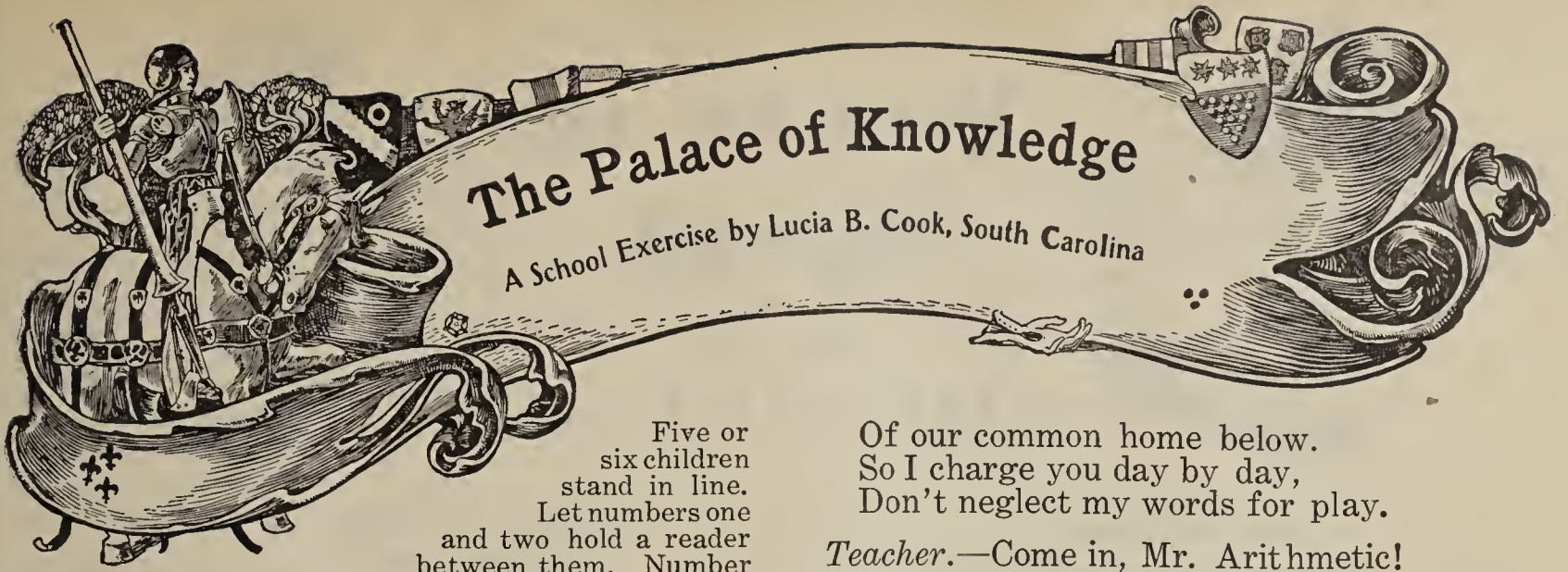
Third housekeeper.

Take care of sink. Empty sink strainer, scrub with hot soapsuds, polish faucets, wash the cloths used. Take care of ice-chest. See that towels are hung evenly on racks.

These officers are changed at each lesson. Such work gives each girl a chance to practice general housework. The work never interferes with a special lesson, as the first two housekeepers do most of their work before the lesson, and the third one remains a few minutes after the lesson if her work is not quite completed.



Cooking Class in Locust Valley School, Nassau county, L. I.
Dr. J. S. Cooley of Glen Cove is the county superintendent.



The Palace of Knowledge

A School Exercise by Lucia B. Cook, South Carolina

Five or
six children
stand in line.
Let numbers one
and two hold a reader
between them. Number

two with his other hand assists number three in holding a history, and so on, making an unbroken chain of children and books. The books represent doors, and behind them sits Knowledge, a child wearing a crown and holding a scroll. Another child stands outside the doors.

Child.—

Very funny doors are these,
Knowledge come unlock them, please
Is this not your castle wide?
I would like to peep inside.

Knowledge.—

Every door leads up a stair.
Many wondrous things are there.
Tho the steps are steep and slow,
It will pay you, child, to go.

Child.—I'll climb the stair of literature.

Taps reader with knuckles. Children holding reader reply.

Child.—

Thoughts that live and cannot die,
Throb within my mansion high.
Thoughts that move to nobler deeds,
Every human eye that reads,
But you cannot ope and see,
Till you bring the magic key.

Child (in disappointment).—

Since no magic key have I,
Door of history I'll try.

Knocks at history book. Children reply

Heroes long with laurels
crowned,
Past my barriers are found.
Flag of truce and battle song,
Treasured up for ages long,
Tales of valor and of sin—

Child.—

Open, door, and let me in.

Door.—

Never may my hinges swing,
Till the magic key you bring.

Child knocks at Geography's door.
Geography replies.

Geography.—

Earth and stars and surging
sea,
Locked within my portals be.
O'er this lovely planet wide,
There is so much we should
know,

Of our common home below.
So I charge you day by day,
Don't neglect my words for play.

Teacher.—Come in, Mr. Arithmetic!

Enter Mr. Arithmetic with book, etc.

Arithmetic.—

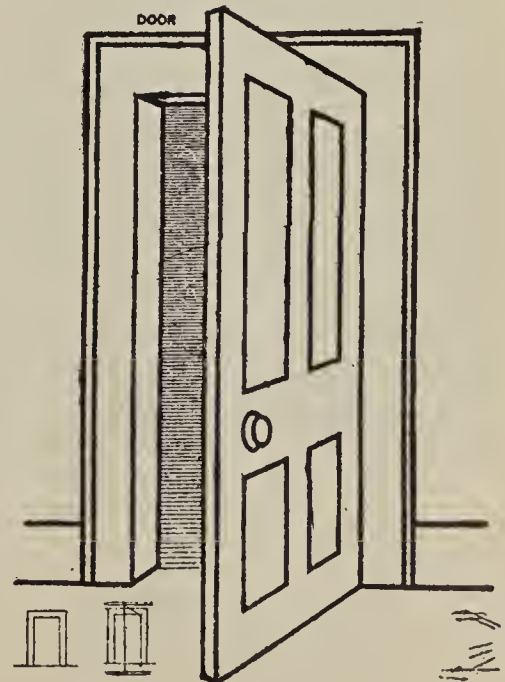
Many boys and girls complain,
I'm perplexing to the brain.
It has ever been my rule,
To make people think at school.
Studious thought shall overcome
Every hard and tedious sum.
I am practical, you see.
You had better learn of me.
You will oftentimes be sad
If you do not learn to add.
Just suppose you couldn't tell,
What the time was by the bell.
S'pose you ate your birthday pie,
Wondering, "How old am I?"

Teacher.—Come in, Mr. Eyes and Ears!

Enter child.

Child.—

Some one said long years ago,
Some one, too, who ought to know—
Best of teachers, and most wise,
Are a boy's own ears and eyes.
Books may close and school days end,
Eyes and ears will still befriend.
Take your books and con them well,
Learn to read and write and spell,
But of all your teachers wise,
First stand Doctors Ears and Eyes.



Simple Outline Drawings.



Pieces to Speak

for the
Older Children



The Old School.

When the last long line has passed from sight,
And the footsteps echo away,
I often sit at my desk and muse
Alone at the close of the day;
And I think of the children of other years,
Who, under my loving rule,
Have morn and night passed in and out
The halls of the dear old school.

And oft, in the short December days,
As I sit in the quiet room,
When all of the children are gone away
Young faces people the gloom;
Right there is the seat where Roy once sat,
Who went in the fragrant June;
I laid a rose on his heart and wept
That Roy should be called so soon.

And there in the self-same row sat Clare
Of the brown and serious eyes;
They tell me an honored name has Clare,
In her home 'neath southern skies;
And here sat Guy, of the radiant face,
Oh, the tears will fall, I own,
When I think of Guy, our soldier boy,
Who died in the far Luzon.

Ah, sweet and sad the memories
That cling to the dear old room,
And oft my pen forgets to move
As I sit in the early gloom;
And I bless the children, one and all,
Who, under my loving rule,
Have morn and night passed in and out
The doors of the dear old school.

—CARRIE SHAW RICE.

Song to the Trees.

By BLANCHE A. JONES.

This song was written for use at the Arbor Day exercises of the Pittsburg (Pa.) high school. It may be sung to the familiar "Italian Hymn," to be found in all church hymnals, or to "America."

Joy of our childhood days,
"Buckeye," to thee we raise
Glad some our song.
Thy nut so smooth and brown,
Thy shadowed, leafy crown,
Thy petals floating down,
Loved have we long.

King-like thy majesty,
O sov'reign tulip-tree,
Stately thy mien!
Of noblest lineage thou,
Royal thy flower, thy bough;

Quivering thy leafage, how
Wondrous of sheen!

Lift thy fair boughs on high
Gracefully to the sky,
Elm of our land.
Washington's shelt'ring tree,
Dear is our love to thee;
For home and liberty
Evermore stand.

Might of the forest thou,
Oak of the gnarled bough,
Hail, hail, all hail!
Rocked by the tempest vast,
Torn by the wintry blast,
O'er thee, Old Oak, steadfast,
Naught shall prevail.

Maple Seeds.

Curious things, with odd-shaped wings,
The sweet May-time to the maple brings;
Over our heads,
On slender threads,
Idly flapping their crimson wings.
Each tiny pair suspended there,
Swaying about in the soft spring air,
Seems to the eye
Longing to try
Its wings abroad in the azure sky.

As I lie, with half-shut eye,
Watching their feeble efforts to fly,
Other fair things,
Soon to have wings,
Rise unbidden before mine eye.

From this life's things, its storm and stings,
Longing to haste with heavenward wings,
Waiting to die,
Waiting to fly,
Only waiting to use their wings.

Come twilight gray, that clears away
The misty dreams which o'er me stray;
Naught now I see,
Save the maple tree,
With its winged seeds forever at play.—*Selected.*

Smile.

Smile, once in a while:
'Twill make your heart seem lighter;
Smile, once in a while,
'Twill make your pathway brighter.
Life's a mirror; if we smile
Smiles come back to greet us:
If we're frowning all the while,
Frowns forever meet us.

—NIXON WATERMAN.

With Lewis and Clark.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

By LOUISE BEECHER CHANCELLOR, Paterson, N. J.

NOTE.—An infant and its mother accompanied the Lewis and Clark expedition from the Mandan country to the Pacific coast and back; during this time not a life was lost.

Little brown baby of long, long ago,
Columbia's children your story should know.

Unheard your name is,
Unsung your fame is!
Gladly we pay now the tribute we owe.

Bleak was the winter when Lewis and Clark
Reached in Dakota the site of Bismarck;
No city flourished then,
Indian camps housed our men,
While on the frozen flood none could embark.

Thru the cold season the voyagers stayed,
Bitterly grieving to be thus delayed
Grudging the hours spent
In the snug Mandan tent
While for the great river's thawing they prayed.

There as they waited the coming of spring
God sent the dreary camp such a dear thing,
One hundred years ago
Came baby Charbonneau!
'Tis of this little brown baby I sing.

Sacajawea, the Bird, was his mother.
Stolen away from her tribe to another,
She had become the bride
Of the French-Indian guide,
And hers were secrets known to no other.

Who else the source of the rivers could tell
Down in this land where fate led her to dwell?
Who but she could describe
Trails of the mountain tribe
Or speak their language she once loved so well?

Lewis and Clark for their guide, you must know,
Hired the clever half-breed Charbonneau.
Then they heard from his wife
Tales of her early life.
"With us," they cried, "babe and mother shall go!"

Springtime at last made the waterway clear.
Then who so happy as Sacajawea!
Up rose a joyful shout,
Boats and canoes set out
To claim the West for our country so dear.

Proud was the mother, in softest furs wrapped,
Little pappoose on her back safely strapped.

Such a fine cradle, too,
Made the light bark canoe
Dancing along by the silver waves lapped!

Thirty-two men formed that party so strong.
Count him not weakest, the baby along.

Ah, you shall know at length,
In him lay all their strength!
Who journeys with a child plots nothing wrong.

When hostile Indian bands lined all the shore,
Angered at pale faces ne'er seen before,
Gently the mother's art
Re-assured every heart,
An "open sesame" to every door.

For such a talisman lay on her breast,
Softly appealing to all that is best.
Angry suspicion dies,
Lulled by a baby's cries,
And where he travels, peace follows the guest.

High over mountain tops covered with snow,
Down the dark canyons where deep rivers flow,
Three thousand miles or more
To the Pacific shore,
Dear little baby, how far you did go!

Miracles on our frail human lives rest,
And thru you, baby, peace claimed the North West.
Rivers and mountains wild
Harmed not the little child,
Carried where man's footsteps never had pressed!

Brave little voyager, our love you claim.
Child of the North West, let that be your name.
So shall we sing of you,
Telling your story true,
That it may live in the record of fame.

July and August are vacation months. TEACHERS MAGAZINE will publish each year ten beautiful numbers like the present one.—Then follow two months of planning for the new volume with incidentally a week or a fortnight of absolute rest from editorial cares, if all goes well. The next number will reach you in time for the opening of school. It will be full of the best obtainable material and in attractiveness shall surpass if it can, even this number. Of course, you'll be with us. If you have not yet sent in your subscription for the new volume don't delay it any longer. We want you with us. Write this day.



Preparing a Corner of a School Yard for the Garden.

TEACHERS MAGAZINE is indebted for this photograph to the Cleveland Home Gardening Association, which is a pioneer in school gardening. For several summers it has given prizes for the best gardens connected with schools, and for vacation home gardens. It supplies seeds to the Cleveland school children at the very lowest prices, and thru its efforts the boys and girls of the beautiful city by the shore of Lake Erie are gaining an interest in Nature and her secrets that will be their precious possession for life.



Old Jingles for Little Folks to Learn



Toad and Frog.

"Croak," said the toad, "I'm hungry, I think,
To-day I've had nothing to eat or to drink;
I'll crawl to a garden and jump thru the pales,
And there I'll dine nicely on slugs and on snails."

"Ho, Ho!" quoth the frog, "is that what you mean?
Then I'll hop away to the next meadow stream,
There I will drink, and eat worms and slugs, too,
And then I shall have a good dinner like you."

The Kilkenny Cats.

There were once two cats of Kilkenny,
Each thought there was one cat too many;
So they fought and they fit,
And they scratched and they bit,
Till, excepting their nails
And the tips of their tails,
Instead of two cats, there weren't any.

Two Little Dogs.

Two little dogs sat by the fire,
Over a fender of coal-dust;
When one said to the other dog,
"If Pompey won't talk, why I must."

Hush, Baby, My Dolly.

Hush, baby, my dolly, I pray you, don't cry,
And I'll give you some bread and some milk by and by;
Or perhaps you like custard, or maybe a tart,
Then to either you're welcome, with all my heart.

Little Jenny Wren.

As little Jenny Wren
Was sitting by the shed,
She wagged with her tail,
And nodded with her head.

She wagged with her tail,
And nodded with her head,
As little Jenny Wren
Was sitting by the shed.

Little Betty Blue.

Little Betty Blue
Lost her holiday shoe,
What shall Betty do?
Buy her another
To match the other,
And then she'll walk upon two.

A Warning.

The robin and the redbreast,
The robin and the wren;
If you take from their nest
You'll never thrive again.

The robin and the redbreast,
The martin and the swallow;
If you touch one of their eggs,
Bad luck will surely follow.



My Maid Mary.

My maid Mary she minds the dairy;
While I go a-hoeing and mowing each morn;
Gaily run the reel and the little spinning wheel,
Whilst I am singing and mowing my corn.

The Little Cock Sparrow.

A little Cock Sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirruped, he chirruped, so merry was he;
A little Cock Sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirruped, he chirruped, so merry was he.

A naughty boy came with his wee bow and arrow,
Determined to shoot this little Cock Sparrow;
A naughty boy came with his wee bow and arrow,
Determined to shoot this little Cock Sparrow.

"This little Cock Sparrow shall make me a stew,
And his giblets shall make me a little pie, too."
"Oh, no!" said the sparrow, "I won't make a
stew,"
So he flapped his wings and away he flew!

Cock Robin's Courting.

Cock Robin got up early,
At the break of day,
And went to Jenny's window,
To sing a roundelay.

He sang Cock Robin's love
To the little Jenny Wren,
And when he'd got quite to the end,
Then he began again.

Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess.

Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess,
They all went together to seek a bird's nest.
They found a bird's nest with five eggs in,
They all took one, and left four in.

Pussycat Mew.

Pussycat Mew jumped over a coal,
And in her best petticoat burnt a
great hole.
Poor Pussy's weeping, she'll have no
more milk,
Until her best petticoat's mended
with silk!

I Like Little Pussy.

I like little Pussy, her coat is so
warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me
no harm;
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her
away,
But Pussy and I very gently will play.

Hiawatha's Childhood.

Three Paintings by E. W. DEMING.

ARTISTS have time and again attempted to depict Indian life in its various phases, as, sitting in their elegantly furnished studios, they imagined life in the forest might be. Their pictures were often attractive in conception and coloring, but they lacked the



breath of life, that could come only from long study of the Indians as they really lived.

And that is why Mr. E. W. Deming's paintings of Indian life stand out in such pleasing contrast to most work along this line. Mr. Deming spent years among the Indians, sleeping in their wigwams, eating their food, listening to their folk-lore tales; until he knew them as they were, and could almost think their very thoughts. His most recent work is of particular interest to us: He has painted three pictures of



Hiawatha's childhood, especially for TEACHERS MAGAZINE.

Beautiful reproductions of these pictures have been made in the original colors, and will be sent as premiums to subscribers to TEACHERS MAGAZINE. The small photographs of the paintings have been made for this page. These show simply what scenes from Longfellow's poem "Hiawatha" have been selected by the painter. The first picture is of Nokomis telling the little Hiawatha the meaning of the rainbow:

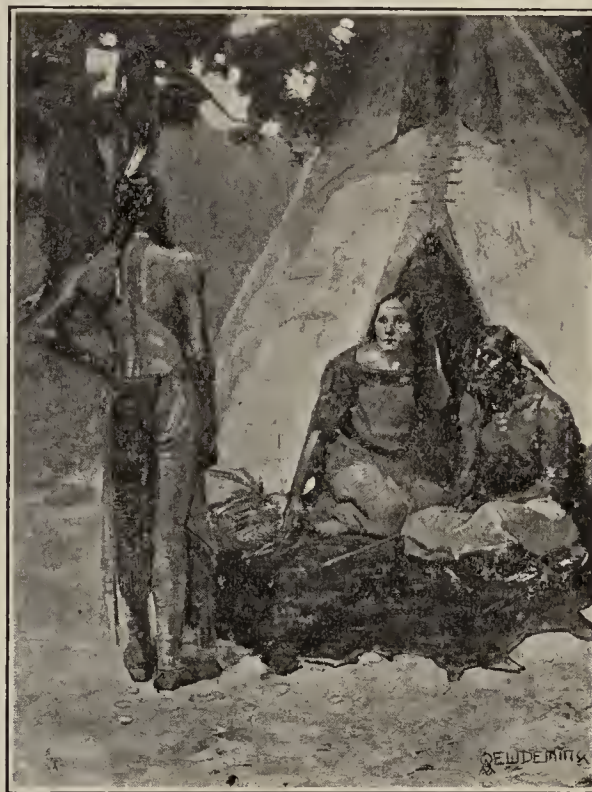
" 'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish."

The second picture shows the boy surrounded by the birds and the beasts. The poet tells us that

" Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them where'er he met them,
Called them 'Hiawatha's Chickens.' "

" Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets.
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns.
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them where'er he met them,
Called them 'Hiawatha's Brothers.' "

In the third picture Mr. Deming has depicted



Hiawatha on his return home after his hunting:

" The heart of Hiawatha
Throbbled and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applause."

The reproductions are 9 by 13 inches, and each is separate. The three will serve as beautiful decorations for any school-room. They will at the same time stimulate the younger children to the study of Indian life and occupations. To the older boys and girls they will be an inspiration to the study of Longfellow and his wonderful Indian poem—the greatest of its kind.

The reproductions of all three Deming pictures are given free to subscribers to TEACHERS MAGAZINE. They *cannot be purchased*. As they are very expensive, the number is limited. When the edition is exhausted, no more copies can be obtained. The premiums will be given, as long as they last, upon payment for renewal of subscription, and to new subscribers.



Among Ourselves

The Editor's Round Table

The combining of four educational periodicals of national reputation and patronage into one attractive magazine preserving the best features of the former and doing full justice to the expectations of their subscribers is a task of considerable magnitude. How well I have succeeded on the literary side is for you to say. The actual consummation of the combination dates back only a few weeks. Thus everything had to be done with more or less haste. The approaching vacation time will afford me an opportunity to catch my breath and lay out the plans for the new volume with care. If you like the present number you will be more pleased with the September number. Every department will be well organized by that time. "Till we meet again"—next Fall.

The editor of *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* takes particular pleasure in welcoming the former readers of *The Intelligence* and *Primary School Era*. I will try hard to win and hold your good will, my new friends, and make you feel at home in our circle. You of *Institute* and *Primary School* know something of me, for we have worked together and talked together for eight years. A cordial personal relationship with the readers of *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* means much to me, and so far as in me lies I will endeavor to merit it. The only way in which I can become acquainted with your special needs and wishes and gain some knowledge of your educational aspirations and individual ideals, is by occasional letters from you. I may not always be able to answer these letters as I would like to do, but I assure you each one of them is gratefully appreciated. Friends—my friends—I bid you each and all a hearty "good cheer." May your well-earned summer vacation refresh and strengthen you for the work of the new school year, and may your cup of joy be full to overflowing!

I can imagine the fun you and your little folks will have next year, playing the rollicking games Miss Emma B. Olwin describes on another page. Miss Olwin is a teacher in Evanston, Ill. She has many more of these games. They have all passed the test of her own school practice, and she has promised to tell us about others in the *TEACHERS MAGAZINE*.

The editor has been made happy by a dainty little card bearing the legend "Leighton Ormes, May 10, 1905," and fastened by a white satin ribbon to the card of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bernard Allen. Thus the world has been made richer by a new denizen and one home brightened with greater glory. Mrs. Allen is, of course, our own Alice Ormes whose many good articles have brought help and cheer to the readers of *Primary School* and *The Teachers' Institute*, both of which are now merged in this beautiful *TEACHERS MAGAZINE*. Let us all hope that Alice Ormes Allen will remain a life member among the writers for our magazine. Her new joy will fit her even better to contribute good things. A mother, after all, knows best the child heart.

After you have read Mrs. Hall's "Summer Vacation Experiment," you will feel like starting straightway for the Great Lakes to build a cozy summer cottage right close to the water's edge. Anyway that is how I felt when I first looked over the charming description. I know of a wise and happy woman—this happiness is the surest test of wisdom. She is a Boston teacher. Several years ago she bought half an acre of pasture land, and built thereon an inexpensive little cottage. There she goes with two



Dr. Irwin Shepard, the genial Secretary of the National Educational Association in his home office at Winona, Minn.
(See the article on page 626.)

or three friends, just as soon as the school doors close for the summer vacation, and there she stays until September 1. She goes a-visiting in the little farming community when she feels like it, and stays at home when she doesn't. And she just rests, and rests, and rests. When she goes back to school in the fall she is truly a new woman—fresh, and ambitious and enthusiastic.

Before Mrs. Hall sent me her article she submitted it to Dr. M. V. O'Shea, the distinguished leader in the child study field. It was Professor O'Shea who had the kindness to tell her that he was sure I should be glad to have it because of its pedagogical value. How many birds can you recognize by sight and by song? Ask the children. For their special benefit and pleasure the article was written.

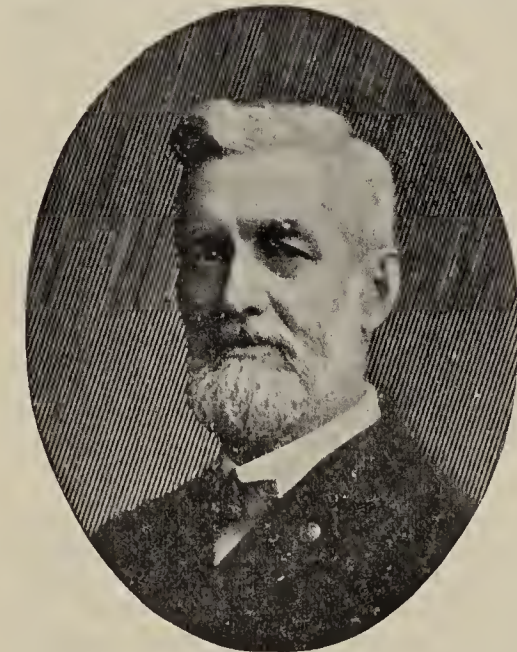
The educational history of the last twenty-five years is largely the exploitation of personal or local initiative fostered by professional periodicals and developed into movements of more or less extended scope. Without educational periodicals edited by men of noble ideals and hopeful persistency educational progress would have been less general and the good things would not have been as rapidly passed around as they have been. Among these leaders there are two particularly close to us; they are Mr. Amos M. Kellogg and Mr. E. O. Vaile. Both have served the schools of America for many years. Both have taught in rural and city schools and occupied prominent positions in the teaching profession. Their lives have been consecrated to the cause of education and their strength has been spent in promulgating higher conceptions of child training and in promoting endeavors that would best serve the needs of humanity. They have now laid down the burden of responsibility they have borne so many years. Their interest in the great work will continue as long as they breathe.

Mr. Vaile has been known widely as a man of deep-seated aversion for every form of sham and pretence and self-seeking. He has been a keen observer and fearless critic, and his trenchant pen has been wielded for right and truth as he saw it. A special reform with which he has been and still is most prominently identified is the simplification of English spelling. Neither the giant task of the enterprise nor the caustic assaults of opponents could dismay him. The adoption by the N. E. A. of a small number of simplified spellings and the identification of that

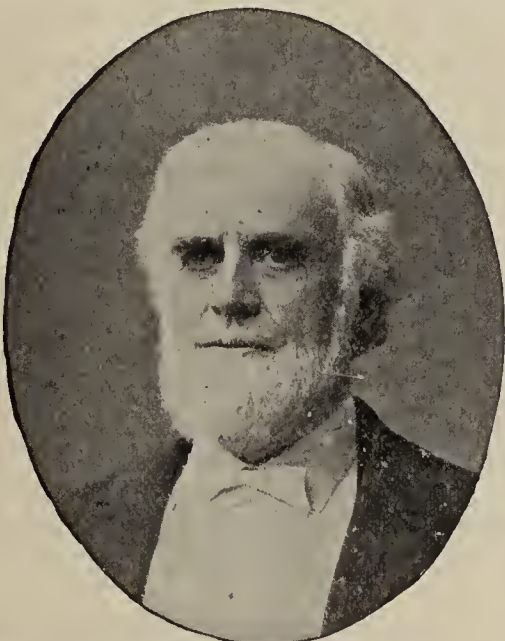
great organization with the spelling reform movement has been almost entirely due to his insistence and persistence. In whatever Mr. Vaile has stood for he has never permitted personal gain or business advantage to dictate his attitude. It is this which makes the volumes of *The Intelligence* a monument of which he may well feel proud.

When in 1874 Mr. Kellogg acquired the weekly SCHOOL JOURNAL he dedicated this publication to educational reform. A graduate of the Albany State Normal college, where he studied under David P. Page, that first great trainer of teachers in America, with a wide experience gained in public and private elementary, high, and normal school work, as institute instructor, and as contributor to educational periodicals, he had become convinced that all reforms in the schools must begin with the improvement of teachers. This became a settled conviction in his mind. Accordingly he set out to arouse the teachers to an appreciation of the magnitude of their work and to urge them to labor for a deepening and broadening study of the mighty problems involved in education. He preached child study from the very start, he spread an interest in the labors

and ideas of Pestalozzi, he insisted early and late that there is a special philosophy of teaching which must be made the subject of serious, systematic study. He got teachers to read books on education in spite of the prevailing scepticism with reference to the value of such books.



E. O. Vaile, of Oak Park, Ill.



Amos M. Kellogg, of New York.

Every endeavor coming to his notice which gave promise of elevating teaching to a higher plane and making the life of the children in the schools brighter and happier found in him an enthusiastic advocate. He has never lost his faith in the wonderful possibilities of teaching children. How many teachers there are who owe to him their start on the road to light, we shall never know here below. Their number is large. Hundreds of grateful letters from subscribers to the *Teachers' Institute* bear testimony to that fact. Of my great personal debt to him as a teacher I shall speak at a later time. His thoughts are ever of the needs of the teachers of America. As a teacher of teachers he has done a mighty work.

Let us hope that both Mr. Vaile and Mr. Kellogg may be permitted to see their dearest hopes brought to fullest fruition, and that the future may deal kindly with them. They will remain warm friends of our TEACHERS MAGAZINE. Our best wishes to them!

A teacher from California wrote a letter some time ago, asking for nature study lessons especially suited to her section of country. It occurred to me that such a series might be a most profitable one for teachers not only in California, but for the teachers in other parts of the country.

Just then came to my desk a brown cloth covered note-book from New Orleans. I opened it and read it from cover to cover at a sitting. It was from Miss Marie Hardel, and here was just what I wanted, good for the Southern teachers, who are quite as clamorous as our California friends, but especially good for Miss California herself. I know you and your pupils will enjoy the orange lesson. The others will come later, and will be found quite as useful as the lesson outline on the orange.

Every teacher ought to know Miss Sarah C. Brooks. She is an educational leader of national influence and one of the really great primary teachers in the United States. She is an exceedingly modest woman and keeps in the background as much as she possibly can. Whenever I ask her to write, she almost invariably suggests someone else who she is sure ought to be asked instead! For a number of years she was supervisor of the primary schools of St. Paul. It was her remarkable work at this place, which first brought her prominently before the educators of the country. When J. H. Van Sickle became superintendent at Baltimore, he felt that he must have her for principal of the Baltimore Training School for teachers. Miss Brooks accepted the offer, and so she is now teaching Maryland girls how to teach. TEACHERS MAGAZINE hopes to have an article from her pen occasionally.

Miss Kraus and Miss Strouse are two bright young teachers here in New York city. They wrote the "Playtime Medley," to be found on another page, for their own pupils to give as a Christmas entertainment. Miss Julia Richman, district superintendent and one of the educational leaders of America, was there. Miss Richman was so well pleased with the play that she advised the writers to send it to me for use in TEACHERS MAGAZINE. I hope many of you will use it, for children enjoy nothing more than to give an entertainment in which their beloved playthings have a part.

• The two little gardeners who are proudly exhibiting summer squashes in the picture on page 568, are the sons of Prin. William A. Baldwin, of the State normal school at Hyannis. Mrs. Baldwin was at one time a frequent contributor to *Primary School*. Her name then was Jennie Skinner.

Have you seen *Our Times*, the new weekly journal of current events. It is a combination of the monthly *Our Times* and *The Week's Current*, two periodicals that have been for

many years welcome visitors in thousands of homes and school-rooms. The best features of both are now brought together in one interesting and attractive journal which will be issued weekly from the office of TEACHERS MAGAZINE by the United Educational Company, at 61 East 9th street, New York. If you will write to the publishers they will take pleasure in sending you a sample copy.

Miss Pender is a graduate of the State normal school at New Britain, Conn. She has taught in district school, and in different grades in city schools, and so has a first hand knowledge of the problems with which the teacher has to deal. For several years past geography has been her special study, and she is going to give the readers of TEACHERS MAGAZINE the benefit of her work along that line. She was at one time associated with me on *Teachers' Institute* and *Primary School* and knows what teachers are most likely to want. Miss Pender is an enthusiast in geography teaching. She lectures occasionally on this subject at teachers' institutes, and teachers always like her and derive much help from her suggestions.

Mr. U. G. Wilson, whose name you will see in one corner of the "orange" chart which occupies the two inside pages of this number, has been making charts for us for many months. The teachers like his work, because it is painstaking and accurate. He is not satisfied merely to draw a flower, a bit of fruit, or an animal. When he is to draw a chart, he finds out from his teacher-friends just how they would go to work to teach about the animal or the flower. Then he puts upon the chart whatever will help the pupils most in mastering the subject. I am planning to have considerable work from Mr. Wilson in the coming months.



Dame Nature Hints.

When the Food is not Suited.

When Nature gives her signal that something is wrong it is generally with the food; the old Dame is always faithful and one should act at once.

To put off the change is to risk that which may be irreparable. An Arizona man says:

"For many years I could not safely eat any breakfast. I tried all kinds of breakfast foods, but they were all soft, starchy messes, which gave me distressing headaches. I drank coffee too, which appeared to benefit me at the time but added to the headaches afterwards. Toast and coffee were no better, for I found the toast very constipating.

"A friend persuaded me to quit the old coffee and the starchy breakfast foods, and use Postum Coffee and Grape-Nuts instead. I shall never regret taking his advice. I began using them three months ago.

"The change they have worked in me is wonderful. I now have no more of the distressing sensations in my stomach after eating, and I never have any headaches. I have gained twelve pounds in weight and feel better in every way. Grape-Nuts make a delicious as well as a nutritious dish, and I find that Postum Coffee is easily digested and never produces dyspepsia symptoms."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each package.

Questions on Current Events

(These questions will be found valuable for school-room use as well as for the teacher's own review of the world's progress. Answers will be found in the issues of OUR TIMES for June.)

Where did the International Railway Conference meet? Name some important subjects it considered.

What is meant by neutrality? What accusation did Japan make against France? Why did the dispute threaten to draw Great Britain into the war?

For what prize did yachts sail across the Atlantic?

Who was the last veteran of the war of 1812? What honors were given him by the state and city of New York?

Where did General Wood have a desperate battle with the Moros?

Sketch Julia Ward Howe's career.

What is the substance of the petition presented to President Roosevelt by the Chicago strikers? What was his reply?

Why does Cuba want the treaty with the United States changed?

Why does not Canada desire reciprocity as much as formerly?

What order in regard to materials did President Roosevelt issue to the Panama commission?

For what reason do Chinese propose a boycott of America?

Name some famous people born in June.

What does Attorney-General Moody say about the power of Congress to fix railroad rates?

What exposition opened this month? Where is it held? Describe the region around Portland. What do you know about Lewis and Clark? What states are a part of what was known as "the Oregon country"?

What is Emperor Nicholas' decree regarding Poland? Why is there reason for doubting that it will be carried out.

Describe the recent tornadoes in Kansas and Oklahoma.

What measures has Oklahoma taken to prevent loss from tornadoes?

Why will the government erect a fort at Cape Henry?

How has Egypt's revenue been increased under British rule?

Why has it been proposed to divide Pennsylvania?

What is the population of the Philippines, according to the census lately completed? Why did the Filipinos oppose the census at first?

Why did not the Japanese follow up their advantage in the naval battle of August 10 last? Where have the fleets of Russia and Japan been maneuvering for the past few weeks? Tell about recent movements of the Japanese and Russian armies.

How long was an electric telegraph "flash" going around the world from Washington?

What famous Virginian died recently? What actor?

How did the national government and the state government of South Carolina come into conflict over the "dispensary" system?

Describe the oil pipe line from Kansas to New York.

To what ancient British legal society was Ambassador Choate lately admitted?

What arguments may be brought for and against women's clubs?

Why will Count Cassini go to Madrid?



Coffee Congestion.

Causes a Variety of Ails.

A happy old lady in Wisconsin says:

"During the time I was a coffee drinker I was subject to sick headaches, recurring every 2 or 3 weeks, and sometimes lasting 2 or 3 days, totally unfitting me for anything.

To this affliction was added, some years ago, a trouble with my heart that was very painful, accompanied by a smothering sensation and faintness.

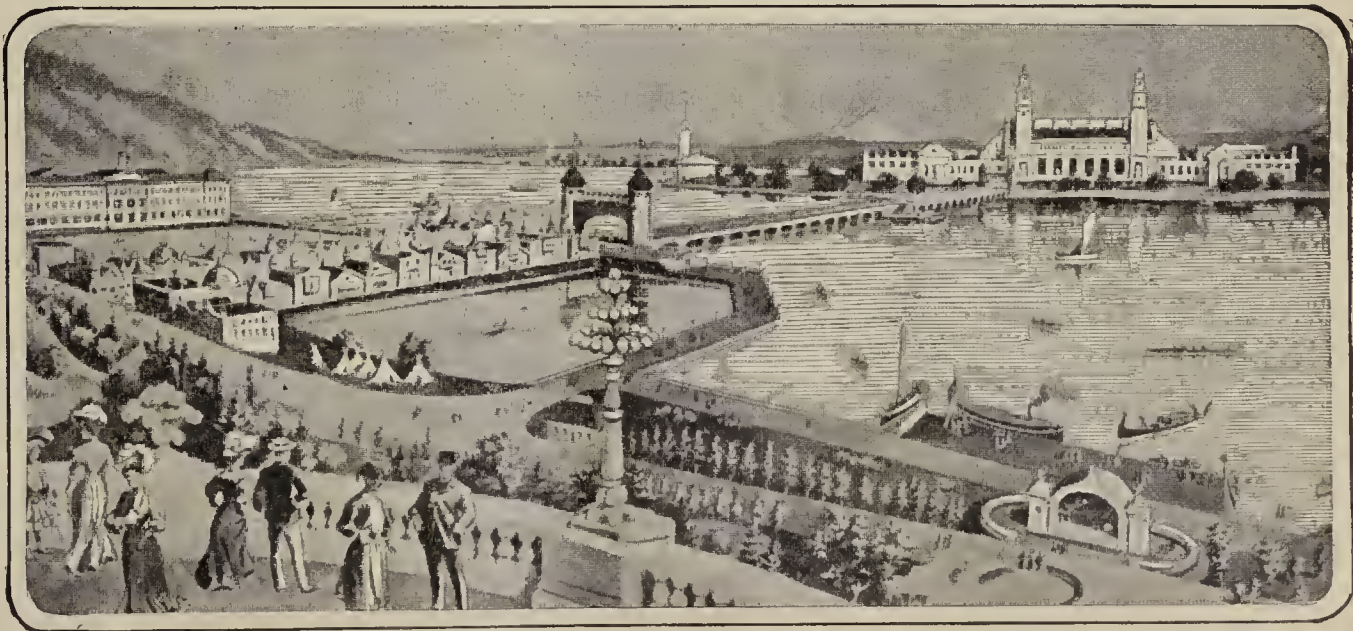
I would be unable to lie down, but was compelled to sit gasping for breath until I was perfectly exhausted.

Dyspepsia, also, a few years ago came to make life harder to bear. I took all sorts of patent medicines as well as doctor's prescriptions, but none of them helped me for any length of time.

The doctors frequently told me that coffee was not good for me; but without coffee I felt as if I had no breakfast. I finally decided about 2 years ago to abandon the use of coffee entirely, and as I had read a great deal about Postum Food Coffee, I concluded to try that for a breakfast beverage.

I liked the taste of it and was particularly pleased to notice that it did not 'come up' as coffee used to. I had only hoped that the Postum Food Coffee would help my digestion, but I soon found that it was doing much more than that. The bad spells with my heart grew less and less frequent, and finally ceased altogether, and I have not had an attack of sick headache for more than a year. My digestion is good, too, and I am thankful that I am once more a healthy woman. I know my wonderful restoration to health came from quitting coffee and using Postum Food Coffee." Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is this. Coffee has a direct action on the liver with some people, and causes partial congestion of that organ preventing the natural outlet of the secretions. Then follows biliousness, sallow skin, headaches, constipation, and finally a change of the blood corpuscles and nervous prostration.



The Portland Exposition. (From *Our Times*.)

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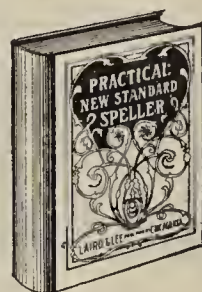
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National Educational Association, Asbury Park and Ocean Grove, N. J., July 3-7

Dr. Shepard and the N. E. A.

This summer the convention of the National Educational Association will be held at Asbury Park, N. J. The dates are July 3 to 7. Teachers over the whole country are rejoicing at the opportunity to visit this famous New Jersey seaside resort. Those who have toiled for the past ten months on the prairie flats or among the hills will enjoy the change to the delightful salt breezes and the gentle ripple or the stormy thunder of Old Oceanus. Those who have lived or worked on other portions of the Atlantic coast will enjoy comparing New Jersey with the beaches of Cape Cod or Florida.

Everything will be done to give the teachers a good time. A magnificent orchestra will play every day in the great open Casino, built out over the water, and concerts—with perhaps an oratorio—will be given by soloists and a chorus of 600 voices. The famous “board walk” is studded from end to end with electric lights, a veritable fairy land for an evening promenade. Bathing, boating, fishing—Asbury Park is indeed “queen of watering places.”

The railroads will sell tickets from all sections of the country at reduced rates. The New York City teachers have arranged to entertain N. E. A. visitors in the greatest city in the new world. Columbia university has prepared an especially fine program for three days' sight seeing in New York city. New York university also holds out an attractive invitation.

Dr. Irwin Shepard, permanent secretary of the N. E. A., will have an office at Asbury Park from June 15 until the close of the convention. It is to him and his corps of courteous assistants that you will go for information, and for anything else you need. Of course Dr. Shepard is a busy man. The thousands of visitors have thousands of questions to ask. But he is equal to the enormous task. With

all the pressure of work Dr. Shepard is ever genial and considerate and tries to have everybody feel happy. His kindly face fairly beams with good nature. If ever you want to see how Santa Claus, the loving patron saint of children must have looked, you want to get a good view of Dr. Shepard. But don't tell him who told you about this. It might embarrass him.

It gives me particular pleasure to be permitted to introduce you to Dr. Shepard's workshop at Winona, where he has his permanent residence. His home is located on a pleasant avenue shaded by tall trees. When he was made secretary of the N. E. A. he had an addition built to his house, just for N. E. A. business. There are three large rooms and you can imagine something about the enormous amount of business from the fact that Dr. Shepard keeps two stenographers busy all the time, and occasionally he has to have extra help. There are five railroads running into Winona, so tho not a city like New York, Chicago, or San Francisco, a letter written to Dr. Shepard from any part of the country will reach him as quickly as it would if he lived in one of the large business centers.

Dr. Shepard was for years principal of a normalschool, and knows all the difficulties and all the joys of the teacher's life. As secretary of the great association of American teachers he belongs, at least a little bit, to every member of the N. E. A. It's worth a long journey to get acquainted with Dr. Shepard.

By the way, TEACHERS MAGAZINE will have an exhibit at Asbury Park. Mr. Frederick R. Boocock, the president of the United Educational Company, and Mr. E. L. Kellogg, the vice-president, will be there. The editor, too, will be on hand and hopes to meet you face to face.

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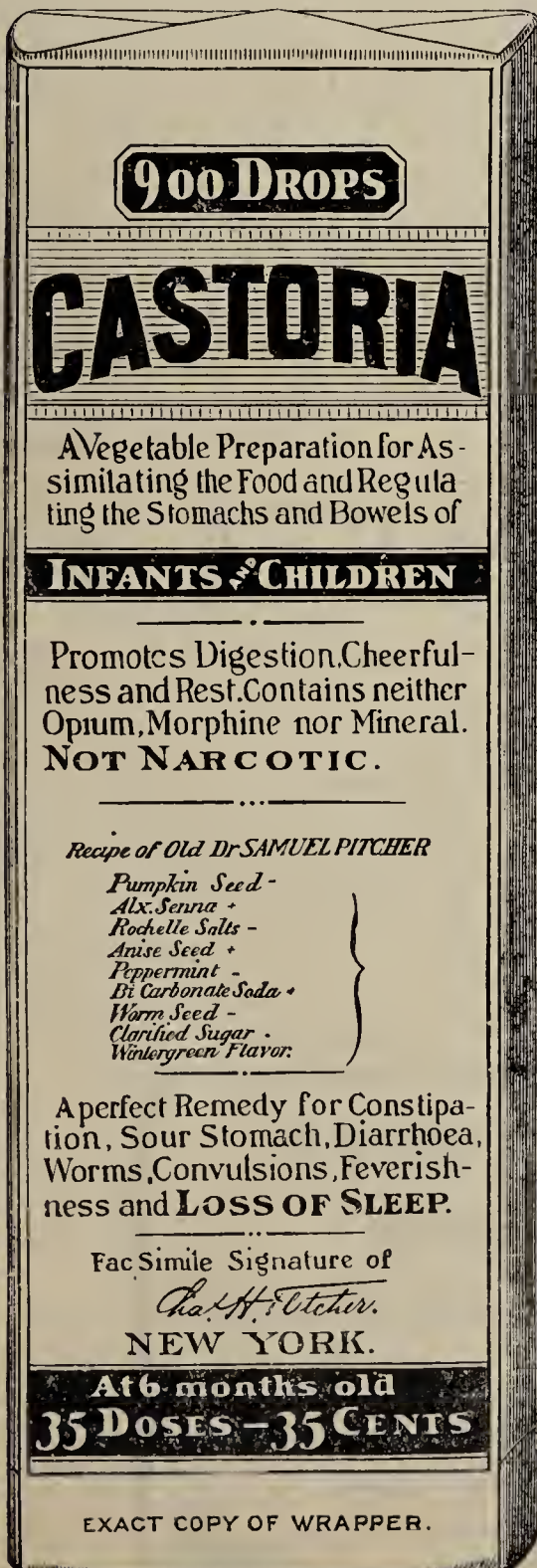
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Book Chat

Probably you have so many books in mind which you want to read this summer that you are not looking for advice. However, a few hints may not be unwellcome. You can just as well read what will make you a broader man or woman, and a better teacher, as to waste the whole vacation on trashy fiction.

In the first place, if you are interested in country life, or expect to spend a part of your vacation on a farm, read *A Country Home*, by E. P. Powell (published by McClure Phillips & Co., New York). If it does not make you long to buy an abandoned farm, or at least own somewhere a plot large enough for a garden, you are a thoroly incorrigible cityite.

The American Book Company (New York) has recently published two little books to which I want to call your attention. The first is called *Half Hours With the Lower Animals*. The author is Charles Frederick Holder. We have had nature study books galore, but most of them have treated of the self-same things—the dog, cat, horse, etc. I wanted to find out the number of claws possessed by a lobster, the other day. I looked thru more than twenty nature books and failed to find what I wanted to know. Just this sort of information is what Mr. Holder gives. He tells the life-story of the jelly fishes, the corals, the shells, crabs, lobsters, the best-known insects, and the other familiar forms of lower life. The book is one you will enjoy reading, and you can use every bit of it in school next year.

The second of the American Book Company books *The Fairy Reader*—fairy tales adapted from Grimm and Andersen, by James Baldwin. Those of you who are familiar with Dr. Baldwin's other books know how charmingly he writes. To you I need only say that this little book is arranged as a supplementary reader for second or third year children. Those who have not seen others of Dr. Baldwin's books, I should advise to get and read this one with care. Then if you cannot get it for use as a reader

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Have you seen *The Art and Life Primer*, by Nellie C. Jacobs (A. Flanagan, Chicago, publisher)? It is just the primer teachers of beginners have been looking for so long, because in spite of its 145 pages, it contains less than 250 new words. At the same time the little stories are bright and interesting, the pictures will appeal to children, and the letters are just the right size.

With this characteristic and beautiful dedication, Supt. George H. Phillips, of Birmingham, Ala., sends out his *Old Tales and Modern Ideals* on its mission into the world: "With Faith, Hope, and Love, I dedicate this little volume to the young men and women, who, as students of the Birmingham high school, inspired my unfaltering Faith in youth,

strengthened my Hope for the future of my state and country, and established my Love towards God and all Goodness." —It was my great pleasure to have read this book in the manuscript; I received the best sort of inspiration from it, and so will you. I am going to tell you more about it some time, but I have only room here to tell you that I want you to read it. You will be a better man or woman, and a better teacher for having done so. Mr. Phillips is a grand good man, and his message should be yours. (Silver, Burdett & Company, New York.)

There is a little book that will help mightily in your own nature study this summer. It is called *Nature Study*, and the authors are Frank Overton and Mary E. Hill. It really leaves nothing to be desired for the ordinary student, old or young, and it will aid you in learning to see the world around you as it is. (American Book Company.) C. S. G.

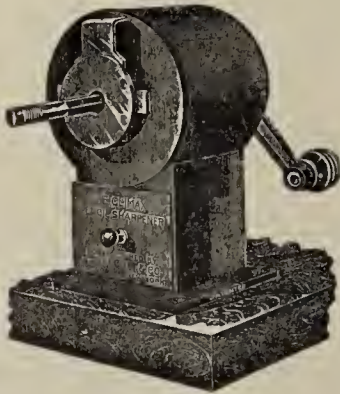
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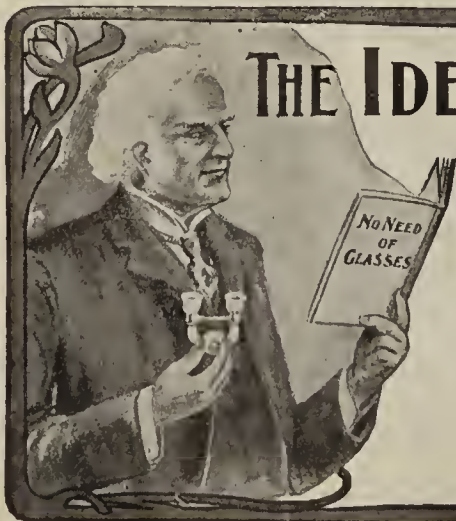
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Reproduction Stories

A Faithful Dog.

A man who was once traveling with his dog took out his purse one morning to see if he had money enough for the day. He then left his room, leaving the dog behind.

When he went to pay for his dinner he found that a gold coin had been lost from his purse. On returning home in the evening his servant told him that the dog seemed to be ill. It had not tasted a mouthful of food all day.

The man went at once to look at the dog. As soon as he entered the room the faithful creature ran and laid the missing coin at his feet. It then ate the food that had been laid down for it.

The man had dropped the coin in the morning and the dog had picked it up. All day long he had held the gold piece, fearing even to eat, lest he should lose it before he could return it to his master.

Tit for Tat.

A farmer met a well-dressed man with a large handful of wheat taken from his field. The man greeted the farmer cordially and began to praise his wheat. "These are fine specimens," he said, "and they do you credit. I like to take a few home; they interest the ladies."

Upon this the farmer began to admire the style of the stranger's coat, and asked the man to let him look at it. Taking out a penknife he cut a small square piece from the back, saying as he did so, "I always take samples of cloth; they interest my wife."

The stranger was very angry, but the farmer quietly reminded him that he had as much right to take a piece of the coat as the man had to take a specimen of the wheat.

A Beaver's House.

A man owned a beaver which he tried to tame. The little creature never, however, lost his natural instinct for building.

One day when the family was away the beaver found his way into the house, and began to build. As there were no sticks or mud, he made use of anything he could find. He gathered boots, baskets, books, and gloves, and piled them up, just as he would have done in the woods.

When the man returned, he found the whole house in confusion. The beaver was lying snug in the cosy home he had built in a corner of the dining-room.

Bird Helpers.

A sparrow while flying among some telephone wires in a large city hurt one of its wings. The bird dropped helpless into the street. In vain it tried to fly up to its nest under the eaves of a nearby house.

Two other sparrows heard the cries of the wounded bird. They tried to lift it, but they were not strong enough. At last they flew up to a tree, from which they took a strong twig, and together carried it in their bills to the place where the wounded bird sat.

Each held one end of the twig, while the wounded bird took hold of the middle.

Supported in this way the bird was lifted to its nest.

The Dog's Count.

A dog belonging to a gentleman used to go every day to the butcher's shop for a piece of meat. Every time the meat was supplied the butcher made a cross on a board with a piece of chalk. The dog always waited to see this done, then he started for home with the meat.

One day the dog noticed the butcher made two crosses with the chalk instead of one. He at once seized a second piece of meat, and in spite of the efforts of the butcher to hold him, ran off with both pieces in his mouth.

The Old Horseshoe.

A teacher and his son were walking along a dusty road on a warm summer day. The boy saw something in the road, and on looking found it was an old horseshoe. His father advised him to take it along, but the boy did not seem to think the shoe of any value, so the father picked it up and put it into his pocket.

They passed thru a little village, and there the father sold the shoe and bought some juicy cherries with the money.

Pretty soon the boy began to feel thirsty. He looked about for water, but could not find any. Then the father took from his pocket the bag of cherries, telling his son that he had bought them with the money obtained from selling the shoe. In this way he taught the boy the valuable lesson that everything that has value should be taken care of.

A Cat and a Pigeon.

In a loft where a mother cat was rearing her kittens, a pigeon had built its nest. The bird had several times lost her eggs because of the rats, and for this reason she had chosen a place near the cat's quarters.

Puss did not object, and soon the two mothers became good friends. They ate out of the same dish and showed real fondness for each other.

The strangest part of it all was that when the cat was away the pigeon looked after the kittens. The bird flew at anyone who came near, trying with beak and wings to drive the intruder away. When neither her own babies nor the kittens required care, she was often seen fluttering near, when the cat was making excursions abroad.

Care of the Teeth.

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Mother Goose Cut-Up Problems.

If 9 of the 4 and 20 blackbirds that were baked in the pie stopped singing, how many kept on singing?

The king, the queen, the maid hanging out the clothes, and the blackbird that nipped off her nose are how many? Suppose there were three kings, three queens, three maids, and three blackbirds; how many in all?

If the old woman who lived in a shoe gave broth to 15 children, whipped 8 more, and sent 7 to bed, how many children had she in all?

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met seven wives.

Each wife had seven sacks; how many sacks in all? Each sack had seven cats; how many cats in all? The king of France went up the hill,

With twenty thousand men.

If half of the men came down again, how many came down? If one-fourth of the men stayed on the hill, how many of them stayed?

Bo-Peep had half a hundred sheep. If one-fifth of her sheep lost their tails, how many sheep still had tails?

The old fashioned method of sharpening a lead pencil with a knife is a waste of time, not only for the man or woman who has much of it to do, but to all employers who pay for this time in money. A good pencil sharpener, therefore, is a boon to busy people, and a consolation to employers.

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I have a garden. Many kinds of fruit grow in my garden.


The first fruit that is ripe in the summer comes in June. It grows on a plant near the ground. It is small and bright red. It has little brown seeds on the outside. What is it?

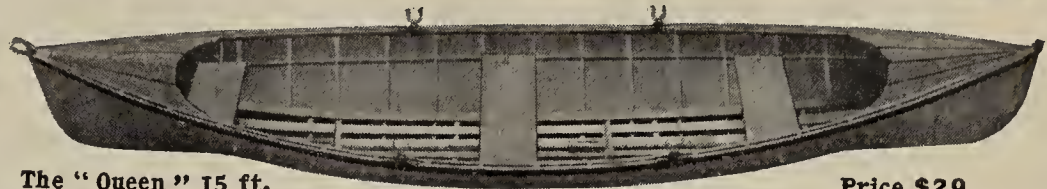
A little later than the strawberry, I have pink berries that grow on prickly bushes. These berries have seeds inside. Sometimes the berries are black. Sometimes they are white. Can you guess what these berries are?

On a tree in my garden there is a red fruit. It is ripe in July. It has a long stem. It has a round stone in the center. Mother makes this fruit into pie. The robins like to eat my juicy, red—Can you think what?

Near the fence I have a row of bushes. Each bush is about four feet high. On these bushes are little bunches of red berries, like small bunches of grapes. They are sour. They make nice jelly. What are they?

In August my trees begin to have ripe fruit. My best tree has oblong fruit. Each is about three inches long. It has green skin on the outside. It is juicy and sweet. It has about six brown seeds in the center. What is it?





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When it begins to get cool in October, my round, red—are ripe. They are a little sour, just right to eat. They have red skin on the outside, and brown red seeds inside. What are they?

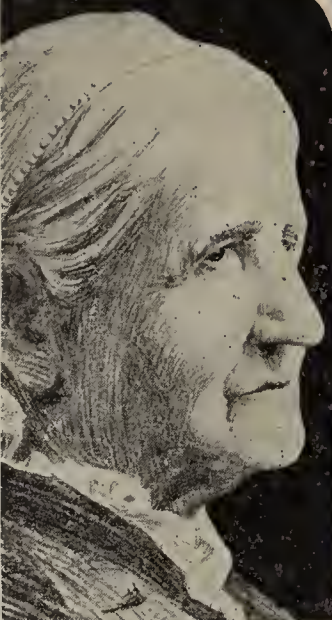
Climbing over the garden fence there is a vine. It has leaves nearly as large as my face. In the early fall there are large bunches of purple fruit under the leaves. When I eat them, I pick off each round piece. I eat the inside, but I do not eat the skin. This fruit is sometimes made into wine.



Some fruits do not grow in my garden. In winter I sometimes buy a long yellow fruit. I take off the peeling in strips, the inside I find is sweet. It has no seeds and I can eat it all. What is it?

There is another yellow fruit that I like to eat. It has thick skin, white on the inside. This is divided into sections. I eat one section at a time. It is sweet and juicy. What is it?

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W'y 'is one is th' nuther one!"

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An' say, "Well, Lulu, how you glow!"
An' nen I laugh, an' nen, why, he
Say goodness sakes! he'll never know
Which one is which. An' nen I say
No one can tell us twins apart
'Cause we're together any way
An' nen he holler, "Bless your heart!"

My mamma never gets us mixed;
She always knows my twin fum me,
An' papa says she's got us fixed—
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But mamma hugs us bofe up tight
An' kisses us, an' pats our curls,
An' says a muvver's always wite
An' always knows her preshus girls.

But nuther folks 'ey ist can't tell—
An' oncet when Lulu clumb a tree
An' couldn't hold, w'y when she fell
Th' doctor thought 'at she was me.
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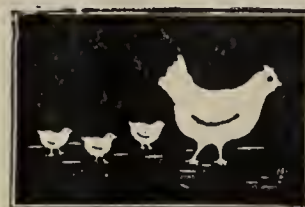
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TEACHERS MAGAZINE

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Advertising Rates will be furnished upon application.

Publishers' Talks

IT certainly is a source of a great deal of pride and gratification to us, to have TEACHERS MAGAZINE receive such unstinted praise and wide-spread commendation. It is not an easy problem to publish an Educational Journal that shall either measure equal to the exalted subject it seeks to portray, or is worthy of the refined and cultivated taste of the constituency it wishes to serve. Under the circumstances, to justify such enthusiastic words of approval as has been reaching us from all sections of the country is truly delightful, and we would thus express our sincere appreciation to all our readers who have so encouraged our efforts by their cordial approbation.

In issuing TEACHERS MAGAZINE in its present form we have been dominated by the belief that the teachers of this country are entitled to as high class a magazine as it is possible to publish at the appropriation at our command. In order for this magazine to attain to that standard of "high class" which we have set before us as a goal, it must conform to a number of essential qualifications. 1st. It must be attractive in exterior and interior appearance; and this involves good paper, good type, good ink, good illustrations, and good workmanship. 2nd. It must be interesting and helpful in content; and this necessitates discriminating editorial judgment and the utilization of the worthiest contributory talent. 3rd. It must be inspired by and pervaded with the highest Educational motive; so that the truest ideals, the best aspirations, and the most devoted work may ever be encouraged and cultivated upon the part of those into whose hands are entrusted the moulding and perfecting of the lives and characters of the youth of our land.

Can we accomplish this ambition? We surely can, especially if the teachers endorse our endeavors by the liberal support to which we believe such a magazine is entitled. We have no fear but that we shall have this extensive patronage, for we have implicit faith that merit will find its just reward. Our chief concern is to establish the merit and the rest will follow as a natural sequence. The June number of TEACHERS MAGAZINE was so good, that evidence is apparent in every quarter that teachers prize it highly and will support it very largely. As an illustration of the general impression that the magazine has created we cannot resist the temptation to quote a few sentences from some letters that have particularly touched our pride.

From a City Superintendent of Schools.

"The TEACHERS MAGAZINE is a most gratifying, climatic, educational issue. We have been endeavoring for years in America to reach this goal. The triumph is fairly your own and I congratulate you."

From a County Superintendent of Schools.

"I take this time to commend TEACHERS MAGAZINE. It more nearly reaches my idea of an up to date helpful paper than any I've seen lately. I hope it may have much prosperity."

A Testimonial from Abroad.

TEACHERS MAGAZINE is delightful and helpful in the highest degree. It is by far the best teacher's journal of its kind I know of in Great Britain, America, and France. I hope to come and see your schools personally someday. May you be blessed with health and success in your noble work."

From the Rank and File of Teachers.

"Please accept my best wishes for your new monthly magazine. It marks a step forward in the progress and

betterment of school literature. The magazine is an honor to the profession."

"I have examined carefully your new TEACHERS MAGAZINE and the more I look, the more delighted I become. I am really enthusiastic about it and think it perfectly splendid, so delightfully gotten up, so helpful, and above all so practical."

"Am charmed with the new magazine. It is just what we teachers have needed for a long time."

"I was very much pleased with the first number of TEACHERS MAGAZINE which you so kindly sent me. It does not seem possible that you can give so much for so little. I am sure the teachers of the country cannot fail to appreciate its helpful pages."

"I want to congratulate you upon your initial number of TEACHERS MAGAZINE. It cannot fail to interest every teacher from primary to high school. Miss Brook's article on "Play and Self Activity in Early Education," or Edward F. Bigelow's "The Child or You" is more than worth the price of the magazine. I have taken *Primary School* for years and am looking forward to TEACHERS MAGAZINE with a great deal of pleasure."

A Pledge of Continued Excellence.

We have learned that there is some disposition in certain directions to question either our ability or our intention to make subsequent numbers so delightful in every way as the first issue. To all such critics we would have this number make its own reply. The June number was not issued as a sample, for as such it did not do us justice. This number in several respects is better than the June magazine, and in successive issues we hope to excel even the successes we thus far have achieved.

The Value of Educational Journals.

In asking for a subscription to this magazine of any teacher into whose hands it may fall, we do not wish to do so to the detriment of any other educational journal. It is not our wish to wean any individual, by the excellence of this publication, away from any other paper to which he has been accustomed to subscribe. What we would like is to have teachers subscribe for this magazine in addition to any other journals that they may now be taking. And why not? It certainly is worth a teacher's subscription, and every teacher should properly seek any medium that will acceptably influence her work, and aid her in her classroom duties. Of course, we know how radically unjust and unequal is the compensation of many teachers, and yet the meagerness of pay should be no excuse for a sacrifice of good reading. On the contrary, the smaller maybe the teacher's compensation, the more reason there is for constant association with good educational literature. A subscription to a number of the best educational journals is the very best expenditure that any teacher can make, because such reading not only tends to make less grinding the daily routine, and serves to increase the ease and pleasure of teaching, but, furthermore, such reading adds to the proficiency of any teacher and more certainly prepares her for positions of large remuneration. By all means perfect your usefulness and efficiency by keeping in touch with the best thought and methods of your profession. Take your state journal because it is entitled to your support, and because it is to your interest to keep posted upon state educational matters, and then take three or more other magazines dealing with the problems upon which you are engaged. If you try to subscribe for all of these journals in the first month of the school year, it may seem a little difficult and possibly may demand some sacrifice,

but every teacher that is conscientious about the character of her service, and ambitious about the results she wishes to produce, can and should devote one dollar each month to educational literature. This will permit of subscribing to several educational journals even tho the subscription and payment be made in different months, and still have a margin for the purchase of a few of the best books that are published each year.

Make Yourself an Associate Editor.

Neither the editor or publishers of this magazine can hope to entirely comprehend the various points, features, or subjects that might properly be treated in our columns with the greatest acceptance to our readers. We are greatly impressed with the idea that "everybody knows more than anybody," and we therefore hope to encourage that spirit of cordiality and co-operation between our readers and ourselves whereby we may be the better guided, by suggestions that reach us, in achieving that constant advance in interest and helpfulness that we are eager to have ever apparent in this publication. If our readers will only write us when any article is especially interesting, or when, in their judgment, certain space assigned to a given subject could be better devoted to something else of greater importance and merit, it will be a great aid to us in interpreting and satisfying the desires of our host of friends. There may be reasons why it is impossible to act favorably upon every suggestion offered, but nevertheless, we would like our readers to become, as it were, associate editors of this magazine and help us in the production of a journal worthy of the best minds of our professional talent.

A Word of Explanation.

Should there be any additional delay in properly merging the subscriptions to the various Journals amalgamated into the TEACHERS MAGAZINE, we crave the indulgence of our readers. We hope that by the time the Magazine is ready for mailing that this difficult task will have been accomplished and that the correct date of each subscription expiration will appear upon the address label of each Magazine, but, if not, please be patient and we shall have everything adjusted very shortly. The material increase in our business, and the extra demand thus made upon our manufacturing facilities, has made it impracticable to continue our plant in our own building at 61 East 9th St. There did not exist in our building either the room to permit expansion, or the arrangement of our work to the best advantage. Furthermore, it has seemed to us too expensive to use this floor space in one of the choicest business localities of New York which can be rented for office purposes to such good advantage, when our own manufacturing can be done elsewhere with greater convenience and economy. For this reason we have been utilizing the summer months in transferring our machinery and plant to our new location in Elizabeth, N. J., where we have a large floor space in a building purposely erected for this very character of business, and where we will be better able to meet the demands made upon us by a steadily increasing patronage. We shall maintain our general office at 61 East 9th Street, and shall perfect an attractive salesroom where the best books upon education may be seen, and which will be in charge of a courteous and capable staff of salespeople. Here we shall hope to receive the visits of our patrons with ever increasing frequency.

An Attractive Investment.

We take the liberty of especially calling the attention of our subscribers to the possibility of obtaining some of the preferred and common stock of this company upon easy terms of purchase. The advertisement displayed elsewhere will speak for itself, but we strongly urge anyone who is seeking a good investment for money already saved, or for money that they would like to save, to promptly take advantage of this opportunity. The sale of every dollar of this preferred stock that we are now offering to our subscribers has been guaranteed, but we naturally favor the holding of our stock by educators rather than by financiers. It is the teachers who will enable us to declare dividends, and it is to the teachers that we want these dividends to return. It is not an easy matter to find a safe, conservative, and attractive seven per cent. investment, and oftentimes we are tempted to take a financial interest in lines of activity about which we know little or nothing, merely because the promise of a good rate of interest upon our money is submitted. In this case, however, a chance is offered for teachers to invest in a business with which they are familiar, with which they are in sympathy, and the solidity and safety of which is evidenced by the thirty years and over, of continuously successful operation. This stock will not be offered for sale

for any great length of time, and judging from the applications that are reaching us, this period of time threatens to be even shorter than we at first anticipated. Applications should therefore be made promptly.

The Use of Current Events in Teaching.

We are firm believers in the use of Current Events in the school room, for there is scarcely a study that cannot be illuminated and made more interesting by illustrations taken from the important occurrences of the day. In many schools current events are specifically taught, but in all schools they should be utilized as an aid to teaching. We fail to see how any progressive teacher can well get along without some medium for keeping posted upon the events of the day. Of course, the daily newspaper fulfills this function, and yet there is so much chaff with the wheat that it necessitates considerable time and careful discrimination to grasp and understand the events that are properly applicable to class room studies. We are diligently endeavoring to meet this situation in *Our Times*, and we purpose continuing our effort to make this journal increasingly valuable, interesting, and wholesome. Many teachers regard *Our Times* as the "Prince of Weeklies," and so it is for their work and needs, but it is going to be still better. It has been changed into a weekly because we realize that a current events periodical for use in the class room must be issued oftener than once a month.

We also have other plans in connection with *Our Times*, that later on will prove a most pleasing and gratifying surprise to its readers, and which will make it an exceptionally entertaining and instructive magazine. In order to develop the very best plans of associating important events with the daily studies of the school, we purpose during succeeding months to offer a series of prize contests for the most advanced and practical methods of using current events in teaching geography, history, civics, language, composition work, and in other branches of study. The first contest will be in connection with history as is outlined in a special advertisement printed elsewhere in this magazine.

As an aid to teachers in reviewing pupils upon the current events of recent occurrence we shall print in each number of this magazine an examination that may be used for that purpose, giving both the questions and answers, and specifying the page and issue of *Our Times* where full information may be found. *Our Times* should not only be in the possession of teachers but of pupils also, and more and more schools each year are encouraging the use of this periodical. Teachers can give a great impetus to this movement, and if anyone who is using current events in his teaching will write us we will gladly supply information as to several methods whereby this can be accomplished. There is no better way of arousing the wit and latent brightness of a child, or of stimulating a love for study, than by keeping him alive to important events, and the relation of such occurrences to his class room work.

Help Us Improve This Magazine.

How? Very easily. This periodical is an expensive one to publish, as you know, and we cannot make it what we wish it to be in appearance or intrinsic worth unless we have liberal advertising support. On the other hand advertisers do not patronize a publication very long if it does not pay. What we desire to urge is that our readers scrutinize the advertisements displayed in this magazine each month as carefully as they do the reading matter, and whenever possible patronize those who are supporting educational work. By this we do not mean that you shall order unless you need, but when you do need, familiarity with the names of those supporting a periodical of interest to you, will enable you to return an obligation without any additional cost to yourself. We shall jealously guard our advertising columns so as to allow space in this journal, to nothing that is not meritorious and worthy, and we hope our subscribers will still further back our efforts by forming the habit of examining advertisements with care and interest.

Date of Issue.

We shall endeavor to faithfully respect the 20th day of each month as the date of publication of this magazine, so that it may be in the hands of subscribers before the first day of the month for which it is issued.

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THERESA L. STOUT, Ithaca, N. Y. :

I am well pleased with Steps in English and have introduced both books in my school this year. I would not know how to teach without them. I shall take every opportunity for recommending them to teachers who have trouble in teaching language and grammar.

**CHARLES. B. BOYER, Superintendent of Schools,
Atlantic City, N. J. :**

We have been using Steps in English during the past year, and have found it very satisfactory. The book is standing the test admirably, and I shall continue its use.

**SAMUEL GELWIX, Superintendent of Schools,
Chambersburg, Pa. :**

After a careful examination of many texts on grammar, our Board adopted Steps in English for use in our schools. A year's trial has proved the wisdom of the adoption. Our children have taken a deeper interest in the study of this important branch, our teachers have been enthusiastic in their recommendation of the book, and the results have been far more satisfactory than for years past. I believe our experience will be the experience of all using Steps in English.

**JANE E. LEONARD,
Teacher of Rhetoric, Composition, and Literature,
Indiana State Normal School, Indiana, Pa. :**

Why were not books like these written long ago? Thousands of teachers will rise up and call you blessed. You have largely taken away the bugaboo of composition writing from the schoolroom.

**H. A. CASSIDY, Superintendent of Schools,
Lancaster, Ohio. :**

At present we are using Book One in the third grade and the results are very gratifying indeed to pupils, teachers, and myself. There seems to be system about the lessons that appeals immediately to any one handling the book. It is our expectation to use Steps in English as our text-books from the third grade up.

**J. M. FURMAN, Principal Irving School,
Tarrytown, N. J. :**

I was reluctant about making the change to Steps in English, but have been glad I did so. The pupils are enthusiastic in their work, and have made rapid improvement. I shall continue the use of the series.

**LINA E. TROENDLE, Principal Agassiz School,
Chicago, Ill. :**

We have tried Steps in English and have found it a most valuable aid in our language work. My teachers are loud in its praise, and some are of the opinion that it is the best work they have ever used in the class room.

**FREEMAN E. LURTON, Superintendent of Schools,
Preston, Minn. :**

With the beginning of this school year we introduced Steps in English, and judging from the joint testimony of all teachers using them we did wisely. They have produced a unity in the work of each grade, and a continuity in the work of successive grades that was lacking before. Then, again, the constant and well worked out composition practice is an excellent feature of the books.

**LEE SWIFT, Superintendent of Schools,
Tracy, Minn. :**

We like Steps in English. It has the essentials, and the analytic, and the synthetic is balanced. It does not run to extremes, and extremes are the abomination of text-books. Time has been when the author who could not ride a hobby into the text-book arena had no place within the list. The signs indicate that we are returning to a saner condition.

**H. C. BUELL, Superintendent of Schools,
Janesville, Wis. :**

After a long session of our Board of Education, during which the text-book committee and myself presented the strong and weak points of fifteen series of language books to the Board, that body unanimously adopted Steps in English as our text-book in language for our schools.

**CLAYTON G. MABEY, Principal, Nunda High School,
Nunda, N. Y. :**

At the beginning of the year we put Steps in English in our fourth grade. Results have shown that we have made no mistake in so doing. The book is logical and not too advanced for the grades. The pupils have shown added interest in their language work, and the teacher no longer finds it necessary to secure animation by supplementing the text-book. We expect to use both books the coming year.

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CARPENTER'S GEOGRAPHICAL

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The latest and final volume of the most successful series of geographical readers on the market. It embodies the same features of clear, forceful and simple style, together with similar interesting subject matter and methods of presentation. The book gives a simple knowledge of the peoples and countries of Africa as they are to-day by means of a personally conducted tour. Much of the volume is the result of the author's travel and observation. There are a large number of illustrations, many of them reproductions of photographs taken by the author in his travels. In addition, there are six maps, which present all the places mentioned in the text.

STANDARD WORKS ON PEDAGOGY

Burns's How to Teach Reading and Composition	-	-	\$0.50
Hewett's Pedagogy for Young Teachers	-	-	.85
Hinsdale's Art of Study	-	-	1.00
Page's Theory and Practice of Teaching (Branson)	-	-	1.00
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Vol. XXVIII

SEPTEMBER, 1905

No. 1

Thoughts for the New Year

HUMAN beginnings usually have a past behind them. We call it experience. We speak of it as something we have gone thru and come out of. The supposition is that we have profited by it. That is what the past is for: to profit by.

Wisdom places a high value upon the past, gathering it and hoarding it with as much care as the bees do their honey. Nothing of any significance is permitted to be lost. History is the great storehouse of human experience.

It is to history that man owes his superiority over the lower animals. His is the privilege of calling to his aid the experiences of other men and other times. Whatever his special needs may be, he is reasonably certain to find suggestion and help from those who have gone the way before him.

Teachers are especially favored in the records of humanity. Large stores of precious material have been accumulated for their guidance. Each month new treasures are added by thoughtful workers in the field who want to let others share in their successes. They are laden with messages of encouragement and good cheer, and seek to render easier the problem of teaching aright.

To bring home to teachers everywhere the good things which this world has for their special help and comfort, is the purpose of this publication. It seeks to be a magazine, a storehouse of rich treasures gathered from the workshops of men and women who are planning and laboring for the best interests of mankind.

This is the teachers' season of resolutions. The new school year shall be richer in satisfaction than any year that has preceded it. Two things will make it so: gather all the strength and aid that can be found, and give freely to others.

To the young teacher who is just beginning his first year in school I would like to say a special word: keep up your courage, hold fast to your faith whatever the disappointments you may meet. It is well that we do not realize the limitations of our powers when we enter upon a new task. The confidence of inexperience has pushed the world around many a difficult corner. The danger time is the moment when we see some of our most cherished plans go aglee. It is then that we must cling to hope with all our might. Once our optimism is shipwrecked we are no longer fit to have the care of young people, they need plenty of sunshine always.

Better than running the danger of a shipwreck is, of course, wise preparation for the journey. A few homely hints from my own experience and observation may be found useful. They are briefly don'ts.

The first don't is spelled with a capital D and sums up a whole sermon. *Don't speak ill of anyone.* The "anyone" may be the teacher who had the place before you, or a school trustee, or a pupil in the school. Don't. Disparaging remarks about your predecessor must be guarded against in every possible way.

Beware of cliques! Be careful when you come to a new place to avoid entangling alliances with factions in social or church matters. It is best to go slowly in forming friendships. Be cordial to everybody. Let others do the talking about local affairs; they know more about them than you do, and you will learn more by listening.

Say little of your educational advantages and whatever social distinction you may have enjoyed in the past. Let your conduct speak for for you.

Be sure to set aside at least an hour a day for your own improvement. Growth in culture is imperative to a teacher. He who does not strive for his own advancement cannot inspire others to progress. The world's treasure house of literature is at everyone's command. Why not take up Shakespeare, or Scott, or Homer? Dante's Divine Comedy may keep you busy for many months. Read at least one really great book of general literature. Next, resolve to be a faithful student of the history, theory, and practice of education. Here *Educational Foundations* will prove of invaluable assistance to you.

Don't fritter away too much time over daily papers and literary magazines. You want to read your local news, of course, in order to keep in touch with what is going on in your town. *Our Times* will supply a convenient summary of the important events of each week. The literary magazines have in late years become mere entertainers, and only a few of them have any serious purpose behind them.

Rest much! Live teaching is nerve-exhausting work. There is a constant spending of vitality in personal contact with alert young minds. After school hours throw yourself flat on your bed and be perfectly relaxed for ten minutes or more.

If difficulties arise write me. TEACHERS MAGAZINE desires to help you and thru you the children.

The Convention of the National Educational Association

[Editorial Review]

There has not been a saner, more significant, and more all-around satisfactory convention in twenty years than was the one held at Asbury Park and Ocean Grove. Boston had larger numbers, enrolling almost twice as many tourist members. The 1905 meeting had President Roosevelt.

The educational duty of the United States was never more comprehensively and more clearly presented. There was no desultory talking and few attempts to make the welkin ring. Seriousness and purpose characterized the program from beginning to end. Reports of unusual value and importance were received and discussed. Minor topics were crowded to the rear, even in the department meetings. Largeness of view prevailed. That pettiness which, according to tradition, is inseparable from the composite character of teachers, was less in evidence than ever before; less than one meets with ordinarily in conventions of journalists, physicians, and clergymen.

Mr. Maxwell was a superb presiding officer. The preparations were perfect. Everything went off without one hitch. If there was any disappointment it was not permitted to come to the surface. The decorations of the convention hall were simple and thoroly appropriate in their patriotic character and quiet beauty. The music was in itself a feast of rich things. Tali Esen Morgan possesses marvelous skill in the organization and training of choruses and orchestras. The music chosen for the convention was a compliment to the taste of the teachers. Mozart, Handel, Berlioz, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Gounod, and Schumann, together with inspiring patriotic music rendered by a chorus of several hundred voices and several good soloists and a fine orchestra, with Von Nardroff presiding at the organ, contributed materially to the success of the meetings. It was all enjoyable in every respect.

A sermon by Dr. Hillis opened the convention. It was essentially a heart to heart talk with teachers, full of comfort, of encouragement, of inspiration to go ahead and make the world a brighter and more beautiful place for future generations to dwell in. Never was the teacher's reward more eloquently pictured. The promise of the modest work done in the thousands of school-rooms thruout the land was shown in glowing words.

President Roosevelt, "the best loved man in the whole round world," as Miss Blake called him in a burst of enthusiasm, was plainly delighted to appear before the N. E. A. He did not in the least attempt to conceal his genuine pleasure. Neither did the teachers hesitate to express their admiration for the large-hearted, courageous, God-fearing, tactful, manly President of their country. Mr. Roosevelt seemed to realize the important bearings of the occasion upon the welfare of generations of citizens to come. He spoke as one seeing in the teachers young America's true priests and priestesses

who are shaping the ideals of the nation to be. He talked about fundamentals in a straightforward way and in a spirit of humane charity.

The President impressed upon his audience the supreme duty of heading the young in the right direction. He warned especially against the false notions of "success" which a narrow commercial spirit has fostered into wide acceptance and which the newspapers have magnified into popular idols. There was not a single extreme statement. Every phrase was carefully chosen. It was the voice of wisdom that seeks



Nathan C. Schaeffer
The new president of the National Educational Association.

not after plaudits, but for the spreading abroad of truth.

The addresses by Dr. Hillis and President Roosevelt supplemented each other admirably. The President's words were the more serious and profound; Dr. Hillis pictured the common topic in more vivid colors. The latter sought to reach the heart of the teacher as a human individual hungering for Divine comfort; the President knocked at the door of the teacher's conscience. If there had been no more than these two addresses the convention would have been amply worth while. They gave a glorious setting to the thoughts that should be uppermost in the minds of educators at the present time.

Miss Katherine D. Blake won all hearts by her exquisite response to the President's address. Her speech was a matchless gem. There was something indescribably sweet in her whole bearing and delivery. The ring of her voice, the heartfelt genuineness of her admiration for the President, her winsome smile—everything added to the charm of her felicitous words. She did not seem in the least embarrassed. There was nothing studied, nothing artificial, nothing affected. It was a brief vision of the best type of noble American womanhood, which in its loveliness is rarely brought to view in public. The women rejoiced that one of their sex performed her part so admirably; the New York city teachers were proud to claim her as their own, and everybody who heard her was glad to have come.

The election of State Supt. Nathan C. Schaeffer, of Pennsylvania, met with hearty approval on all sides. There is no more popular man in the whole Association, unless it be James M. Greenwood, and he has been president. Dr. Schaeffer is a whole-souled, big-hearted, generous Pennsylvanian, a man of unsuspected intellectual resources, an able administrator, a fine scholar, and an educator whose whole life is consecrated to his calling. The election came to him unsought and as a precious gift for the silver anniversary of his wedding.

The newspapers generally gave extensive reports of each day's proceedings. The New York city papers were especially generous in the amount of space accorded. But, true to their straining after sensational elements, and with no effort to obtain an intelligent understanding of things, they printed as much fiction as fact. It was to be foreseen that the reporters would describe the teachers after their own fashion, drawing for coloring chiefly upon their prejudices. However, there is no need to worry about it. The people generally care little for the real facts. Newspapers are read for entertainment rather than instruction. Their reading takes the place of alcohol with the many. Too bad.



President Roosevelt's Address.

IT is not too much to say that the most characteristic work of the Republic is that done by the educators, by the teachers, for whatever our shortcomings as a nation may be—and we have certain shortcomings (laughter) we have at least firmly grasped the fact that we cannot do our part in the difficult and all-important work of self-government, that we cannot rule and govern ourselves unless we approach the task with developed minds, and with what counts for even more—with trained characters. You teachers make the whole world your debtors.

Of your profession this can be said with more truth than of any other profession barring only that of the minister of the Gospel himself. If you—you teachers—did not do your work well this Republic would not endure beyond the span of the generation.

Moreover, as an incident to your avowed work, you render some well-nigh unbelievable services to the country. For instance, you render to the Republic the prime, the vital service of amalgamating into one homogeneous body the children alike of those who are born here and of those who come here from so many different lands abroad. You furnish a common training and common ideals for the children of all the mixed peoples who are here being fused into one nationality. It is in no small degree due to you and to your efforts that we of this great American Republic form one people instead of a group of jarring peoples. The pupils, no matter where they or their parents were born, who are being educated in our public schools will be sure to become imbued with that mutual sympathy, that mutual respect and understanding which is absolutely indispensable for the working out of the problems we as people have before us.

And one service you render which I regard as wholly indispensable. In our country, where altogether too much prominence is given to the mere possession of wealth, we are under heavy obligations to such a body as this, which substitutes for the ideal of accumulating money the infinitely loftier, non-materialistic ideal of devotion to work worth doing simply for that work's sake.

I do not in the least underestimate the need of having material prosperity as the basis of our civilization, but I most earnestly insist that if our civilization does not build a loftier superstructure on this basis, we can never rank among the really great peoples.

A certain amount of money is of course an necessary thing, as much for the nation as for the individual; and there are few movements in which I more thoroly believe than in the movement to secure better remuneration for our teachers. But, after all, the service you render is uncalculable because of the very fact that by your lives you show that you believe ideals to be worth sacrifice and that you are splendidly eager to do non-remunerative work if this work is of good to your fellowmen.

To furnish in your lives such a realized high ideal is to do a great service to the country. The chief harm done by the men of swollen fortune to the community is not the harm that the demagog is apt to depict as springing from their actions, but the fact that their success sets up a false standard, and so serves as a bad example for the rest of us. If we did not ourselves attach an exaggerated importance to the rich man who is distinguished only by his riches, this rich man would have a most insignificant influence over us.

I want to interject something here that will make you keep your mind on the real meaning of my words. I am speaking of the rich man who thinks only of his riches, not of the rich man who uses his wealth rightly and regards it as means to an end. It is well, in this connection, to remember the explanation of the parable in the Bible about the difficulty encountered by the rich man who wants to get into heaven. It says that such entrance shall be difficult for "the

rich man who trusteth in riches." I am here talking just of rich men who trust in their riches, not of those who are good citizens and first-class men, for those of the latter class are entitled to the same respect as any other men.

* * * * *

Thrice fortunate are you to whom it is given to lead lives of resolute endeavor for the achievement of lofty ideals, and, furthermore, to instill both by your lives and by your teachings, these ideals into the minds of those who in the next generation will, as the men and women of that generation, determine the position which this nation is to hold in the history of mankind.

* * * * *

The chance to do good work is the greatest chance that can come to any man or any woman in our generation or in any other generation. If such work can be well done it is in itself the amplest reward and the amplest prize.



The Teacher's Reward.

By NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

[Part of Address to the N. E. A.]

IT is given to the merchant to feed the state and clothe it. The soldier keeps the state in liberty, the physician keeps the state in health. It is the province of the teacher to keep the state in wisdom and knowledge, that the sons and daughters of the Republic may be wise, strong, and self-sufficing. The great institutions of our country are four—the American family, it is the very spring of national life. Then comes the free church that makes a man a Christian. The institutions of liberty make the citizen a patriot. Last of all, the school-house, makes the man a scholar, wise toward all the relations of home and market-place and forum.

The teacher's work is to manufacture manhood of a good quality. You take the child when he is a mere bundle of roots and a handful of seed. Week in and week out the teacher plies the child by all the facts of history, of science, of literature, of art, and of ethics, and makes the little large, the raw ripe, the crude is brought to the full development and perfect symmetry of mind and heart. Whose task is the greatest? Is that man first who works in things, or that one who works in souls? What stuff endures? Soul stuff. Put your thought, your intelligence into wood, and it rots, into iron and it rusts. Put it into childhood and youth, and so it abides. Would you make your influence immortal? Futurity is vulnerable only at one point—a point named childhood. Civilization would perish, were it not for the fact that we have educators, who gather up all the achievements of society, and give them over to the plastic minds of the children and youth of the land. It is this that makes the educator immortal in his influence.

Is Arnold of Rugby dead? His educational reforms were never so potent. Is Horace Mann

dead? That man who taught us that the doing that makes commerce is born of the thinking that makes scholars? No educator dies. He lives like the trees and the vineyards his hands have planted. How can those who taught us wisdom ever die? Why, in my dreams their souls flash thru the air like the wings of the angel of God. Those who sow the land with the good seed of wisdom and knowledge belong to the generations. Death itself only lends them knighthood, and lifts them to the heavenly battlements, from whence they rain love and inspiration upon us. God be praised for the teachers of our youth. Blessed are these educators who now are teaching our own children and youth! These instructors have grasped the levers of the future. They are laboring, but the merchants of to-morrow will enter into the fruits of their labors.

Magnify your calling. Remember that you are not one, but two, for the stars in their courses fight with you. Joyfully place the chart of life in the hands of these little pilgrims, who are committed to your care. Show them the pathway that leads across the continent of the years. Give your wisdom and influence as freely as the summer gives itself to this zone. Carry your atmosphere of sweetness and light with you, and pour forth your treasures of character, as flowers pour forth their perfume. Remember that the winds that blow across the western prairies are laden with invisible spores and seeds for future harvest. Be not niggardly, but overflow with bounty.

Live in your school-rooms like princes. Glow and sparkle upon those who dwell in your presence as yonder planet in the sky glows with ten thousand radiant effects. Make beautiful the threshold of the school-house. Clothe the library with allurements. Clear all obstacles from the highways that young feet may run joyfully along the paths of wisdom. Remember that it is better to have served a little child, and saved him, than to have won a kingdom. Do not expect honors here; it will be honor enough for you to hear the words, "In as much as you did it unto one of My little ones, ye did it unto Me." You may be sowing with tears, but remember that you shall reap with joy.

On the tomb of the old English hero they carved these words: "Here lies one who by the inspiration of God drained the fens of England." And the great abbey: the epitaph tells us that the architect's monument is the cathedral itself. But let your work be higher still. Manufacture manhood of good quality, that the very substance of the nation, with its law and liberty, and self-sufficing life, may publish your achievement as a teacher. Then, those whom you have served will greet you beyond, and give you gratitude. Perchance, a great host of earthly pilgrims whom you have taught and whom have gone on before, shall come out to meet and greet you, and bring you in with trumpets and banners. For they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn children to righteousness and manhood, as the stars for ever and ever.

Robbie and the Others: Tales of a Real School-Room

Chapter I: In Which Robbie is Introduced.

By M. A. Grant, Denver, Col.

HERE is Robbie, Miss Howard. He wants a place in school. Is there room for him?" asked Robbie's big brother, just as the opening exercises had given place to other morning work.

"Yes," said Anne. "Here is a nice seat he can have here near the front of the room," turning down one of the seats that until then had remained unoccupied. A very tiny boy sat up, not down, in the seat, and his big brother placed a slate and pencil on the little desk in front of him.

"Can he find his way home alone?" inquired the teacher.

"Oh yes," said his brother. "It is only one block away, but I will come and get him when school is out."

Then after sundry looks, pats, and gestures of encouragement, the older brother left.

Robbie gazed around the room at the seventy other little children, who all seemed very much at home and quite happy. All were at work, some smiling at each other, as if there was something going on there that they understood all about. Others were writing words on lined paper, while about twenty of the newest were near a blackboard in front of which the teacher was standing. Robbie was given a place with them.

This group was eagerly watching the crayon that was in the teacher's hand. A large fish pond was being rapidly filled with fishes, each receiving a word on its back, while great interest and excitement were manifest each time a fish was named. When the pond was filled, two of the children were given a pointer each and played they were fishermen. The one who first put his pointer on the word asked for was the successful fisherman, each in turn having a chance to try for five words.

Robbie looked on for a while, and then, all at once, without any warning he stretched his mouth wide open and began to cry so loudly that everyone was startled.

"Why Robbie!" said the teacher. "Does

something hurt you? What is the matter?"

"Ow, ow, ow, oh, oh, oh!" yelled Robbie, louder than before.

"Do you want anything? What do you want?" asked Miss Howard. "Why do you cry so?"

"Ow, ow, owoo! Ow, ow, owooo! I want to go home! I don't want to go to school!" stopping abruptly to speak in a high, shrill voice, that could be heard to the remotest corners of the unusually large school-room and in the corridors without, as well,—a voice that was soon recognized as belonging to Robbie, and to Robbie only.

"Why do you want to go home?"

"I can't work de examples," said he, beginning afresh with loud yells, but sitting perfectly still. "Ow, ow, ooo! Ow, ow, ow, ow, ooo!"

"Stop screaming so at once, Robbie. You don't have to work any examples."

"Yes, I do! Da all has to work de examples, and I *can't* work de examples, and I don't want to go to school! I want to go home! Ow, oo! Ow, ow, owooo!" the piercing screams bursting out in rapid and deafening succession.

"Robbie, you must stop that dreadful noise at once," said Miss Howard decidedly. "It hurts our ears."

"Ow, ow, ow, ooo! Ow, ow, ow, ooo!" reiterated Robbie with the force of a newly ignited explosive behind each expression of woe.

"This is absurd! What a silly boy you are! What did you come here for, if you did not want to? The boys and girls who are in this school



Curate.—Now, children, let us have "Little Drops of Water" again, and try to put in more spirit this time. — *Tatler.*

all want to be here. They would know enough to stay away if they did not, and if you were so silly as to come to school when you did not want to you must go right back home now, and stay there. You must stay as the babies do. They have to wait to get old enough to know how to behave, before they may come here. Now take your hat and slate and run home, and never be so silly as to come to school again when you don't want to come," said Miss Howard smiling pleasantly at the small boy.

"We are all very sorry for you," she continued, helping him on with his hat, and putting his slate in his hand. "We all have a good time here, but I suppose you will just go and stay in your house where there is nobody to play with, or else stand about in the street. But never mind, we can't help that. Run along!"

Robbie, very much surprised at getting his own way so quickly, and quite unprepared for anything but battle, felt that he was being considered of hardly enough importance to suit his expectations. Certainly, being disposed of with so much expedition was not at all what he had looked for.

The door closed behind him and he went on his homeward way, and quietness and peace were again restored. The different expressions on the children's faces during this scene were interesting. Quite a number evinced an unholy joy in the unusual uproar. A general sentiment of recititude was in the atmosphere, however, for there were the good little children who would never act like that in school, under any circumstances. By elevated eyebrows, wrinkled foreheads, mouths firmly closed when they were not in the unvoiced form of the fifteenth letter of the alphabet, they expressed sentiments of unmistakable disapproval of such reprehensible conduct.

Then the regular work went on, calisthenics, marching, and singing, the latter the especial delight of all. Recess was followed by number work, with colored crayon pencils and papers distributed to each for the lesson. Two hours had quickly flown by, when, glancing thru a window, Anne noticed a woman with a shawl over her head coming toward the outside door. With her was Robbie. Evidently his mother was bringing him back to school. She let him enter alone and stood waiting to see if he was going to stay there this time.

As Anne recognized the small boy, the recent experience in which he had taken a part flashed, like one of those moving pictures with a phonographic attachment, thru her mind, and she quaked inwardly at the thought of a possible repetition of the noisy scene of the morning, with the attendant loss of more of her precious time. But courageously bracing up to meet the coming events she found the unexpected was what was in store this time.

The door opened and Robbie entered. "I want to go to school," he announced in tones calculated to carry conviction to the deaf, his face bright with a smile.

"Why, Robbie, you must be one of my nice

little boys after all," said Miss Howard. "Now, if you are good, and can act like the rest, you will like school too, and will have a fine time here with the other children."

"I want to catch a fish," said the young man.

"Very well, when it is time, you may, just as the other boys do. You will be a fine fisherman some day. Now, make a fish for me on this paper. It must a gold fish," giving him a large piece of paper on which a fish had been traced, and a box of yellow lentils with which to cover the lines. So Robbie caught the spirit of the work, and the fish, at the same time.

Before the day was ended he had so far overcome any feeling of shyness as to be willing to converse freely on the subject that was then uppermost in his mind, with any one near him. But his preference was distinctly for his teacher, being quite won by her engaging manner, and he called for her help in ways unexpected and often unpleasant to his mates.



Herr Muller.—I don't see how the teacher can tell the twins apart, Mrs. Schulze. They look so much alike.

Frau Schulze.—Ach, die deachern toes choost as I make mineself. I calls wan Chawn and the udder Fritzie, und dat is the vay to tell dem apart.

Mary Kingwood's School.—Story of a Teacher's Success

By Corinne Johnson, Pennsylvania

The First Month.

ONE bright September morning Miss Mary Kingwood hastened toward the Longport public school building, which was to be her school home for the next ten months.

"The old brick," as the children called it, was the place that had, in the dreams ever since her election, played hide and seek in her busy brain. This morning she was in a very interesting state of anxiety about the beginning which must be made. The school was reputed to be the best in the county in the work of the higher grades. It was said to be far above the average in the formal work of the intermediate classes, and very little good had been said for several years about the work of the primary room.

Miss Kingwood was not a beginner. She had a reputation sufficient to secure her election and the promise to the people by the school board that "things will be better." Very soon after her appointment she ascertained all the facts available concerning the school, and she wisely consulted the superintendent about the new conditions with which she was to deal. Later she had several interviews with the principal,—several seemed to her to be necessary. He had opinions. So had she, but at the final interview she received the assurance that she had freedom to follow any plan she deemed wise, provided, of course, she kept in mind that the principal, the school board, and the patrons of the school expected great improvement in "Number One." The law, as she was given to understand it, was, "The children must come from Number One better equipped for the work of Number Two than has heretofore been the case."

But there was a more hopeful agreement reached at these interviews. Miss Kingwood asked to be allowed one half day each week to see the work of the other grades. When asked why she made such a request she replied, "Because I want to have in mind the work to be done by my children next term and the next and the next, till they quit the school."

This demand seemed extraordinary to the principal, but he agreed to try it for one month, saying that he or one of his pupils would teach in Number One when Miss Kingwood was in the other rooms. She left the conference at which this agreement was reached with very great satisfaction, while the more experienced participant had, as he afterward said, very grave doubts in his mind.

The experiences with the superintendent, the principal, and with a few of the patrons she had met were memories to Miss Kingwood this September morning, that somehow seemed to her to have an important influence on her work. At every step as she approached the building, her foot came to the sidewalk more firmly, and before she had entered she

had resolved—what the form of the resolve was need not be set down here—but her appearance indicated that she knew her power and would not abuse it. She had confidence in the principal and expected his guidance over difficult places.

She had come to the school-house early. As she entered she met the janitor coming out of the school-room that for the next ten months was to be hers. She approached him with outstretched hand and a "Good morning, Mr. Harvey," with an expression of good will and a look of neighborly kindness that warmed the old man's heart, so that he murmured to himself as he passed into Number Two, "They told the truth, they did, she's all right."

The teacher was the first to arrive, but soon the children came. Some skipped in with music in voice and action, while others stole in quietly as if in fear. They came singly, by twos, by groups, till more than fifty thronged the not too spacious school-room. Miss Kingwood's heart throbbed in sympathy with the little ones, and as she looked over her school she breathed a mute prayer for a bountiful harvest from this as yet almost unbroken field of human motive.

She made a quick inventory of the expectancy beaming from the children's eyes. How anxious had they been to get a first look at the teacher! How she wished that she knew the verdict of this most critical of juries! But she must wait, for had she not yet to reveal the motives surging in her heart and urging her to effort? She must wait. So she quietly, very much like a child, moved among the children as they came, and by word and touch set at rest many an anxious inquiry.

"Would she be like mamma?" In a well-regulated school this question ought to be answered right. Miss Kingwood knew the power of touch, and by touch as much as by word she answered this question in such a way that the little strangers felt that here was a woman who would love them as mamma loved them. It is the act of love by the teacher that assures the child that love from them will be a welcome offering, and many were the pure young lives that brought this offering to the new teacher this first morning of the term. Love for the pupil is the great power in the school, especially in the primary school. The child coming for the first time to the school to enter upon the experiences of the school with peace of mind! A healthful, hopeful state! How much it means! And love for mother! Eliminate from the ranks any teacher who by word or act so far forgets her mission as to lessen the faith of the little one in mother.

To the child entering school mother is the ideal woman. Mother is the sweetest, holiest name on earth. Oh, for more implicit faith in, and love for the mothers of this country!

It is a part of the business of the school to enlarge that faith and deepen that love.

This September morning several mothers came to the school, as one of them said, "just to get a look at the new teacher," and some came because the ones in whom they were most interested were timid and needed encouragement. Meeting these mothers was a helpful incident for Miss Kingwood. By a few words with the mother she got a glimpse of the inner life of the child. For this she was indeed thankful. And by casual remarks she learned some things of other children; one always does in school work.

At length the hour for the real work of the school was signaled, the mothers departed, and the little ones hurried and scurried thru the room to get the places which each thought suited him or her best. It was a short period of trial, for there were disappointments, but the spirit of kindness had somehow got abroad and in a little while the more than half a hundred sat looking into teacher's face, expectant, eager, ready for whatever might occur.

Miss Kingwood had taught, but as she met this assembly new visions passed before her, visions of responsibility for unshaped human lives. She did not hesitate. Every moment was vital. She promptly moved to take the citadel of every little heart throbbing so anxiously in her presence. She had lived near to nature. She loved nature. Children were of nature, and she loved them because they were children, more to her than all the rocks, trees, birds, everything. Here she differed from some other worthy teachers I have seen work, who loved *some* children because they are "so nice." Miss Kingwood loved children because to her the one great fact of nature is life, its source, its need, its destiny.

This thought was with her at this hour, and as she met the gaze of the children the light of her countenance was a smile, not a "made to order shaping of lines and twitching of muscles," but a smile that was the index of the light of life illumining her face so that it shone with such beauty (she was not pretty) that every child felt it was real and that it would "not wash off." Nearly all the little ones smiled back their good will.

So far not a word had been uttered, but the first link in the chain of unity had been forged, and without the soul-killing process of asking

names Miss Kingwood asked, "Do you know any songs?" She got the ready answer, and when she said; "Would you like to sing?" she seemed to say to the children, "I am here to let you do your will. Only will to do some right thing." And the children never thought of the other side of the shield. What is the need of showing the wrong side anyway?

Nearly every child had been to Sunday school. After the home, the Sunday school is the next great influence toward righteousness, and sad as it is to say it, it is often the first. Of course they wanted to sing. All normal children sing. If they don't sing with their voices they do sing with their souls, and so they are in unison with those who do sing with voice. One little girl, a born leader, with a manner worthy of a queen, said, "Please, teacher, may we sing 'Precious Jewels'?" Yes, that would be their first song. How the eyes sparkled! How the full hearts leaped in the joy of expectation of utterance! How eagerly each one waited for the signal and the keynote! With equal fullness Miss Kingwood gave the answer. That song had cheered her on her way many a time before, and they sang,

"When He cometh, when He cometh,
To make up His jewels,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.
Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for his crown."

When the singing was ended and the children had repeated the sentence "Little children, love one another," Miss Kingwood knew that the beautiful gate of service had been opened. Cynics may sneer, and wise statesmen shake their heads for fear of too much religion in this sort of teaching, but it is, after all, the only way to civic righteousness.

This introductory exercise gave Miss Kingwood an opportunity to talk with the children. She moved around among them asking them questions, for the purpose of learning individual experiences from one and another of them so that she might be able to "hitch on" new things to these experiences. Wise girl, I thought. Incidentally, she learned the names of a number of the children and carefully noted them down. The work of this period was the first of a continued series of informal exer-



Two thousand colored pupils of the public schools of Little Rock, Arkansas, in a gymnastic drill under the direction of Supervisor Hans Ballin. (The first exhibition of the kind in America.)

cises which from day to day were so directed as to reveal to her the experiences and motives of every child under her care. The knowledge of these experiences was treasured up as her most valuable resource, and hour by hour it was drawn upon at the proper time and was in her hands the means of arousing the most intense interest in the minds of the children.

I noticed that opportunity was given to every child in the school at some time to state some experience, and the story told by one child quickened the imagination of the other children, or caused some one to recall a like experience, or prompted the teacher to tell something that she had seen or of which she had read, or perhaps it suggested the teaching of a new song. Be



Learning how to properly serve at table: a practical lesson taught in the school home of Augusta.



A class studying the science of cookery in the kitchen of the school-house. A public school in Augusta, Ga., owns a small house, in which the pupils learn how to be fine housekeepers. An article about this school home will appear next month.

what it may, an observing one could easily see that with all the excitement and enthusiasm of this hour there was a deep-laid plan back of it all, simple, it is true, but far-reaching in its purpose. Miss Kingwood said one day that she had a conviction that a child learns more in the first six years of its life than in any succeeding six years, and said she, "believing this, how necessary it is that these foundation experiences be set in right relation to what is to come after." And again I said, "A wise girl."

I observed also that the teacher improved every opportunity to encourage the children, as she said, "to utter *themselves*," with peculiar emphasis on the "selves." It was a delight to her, and I thought to the whole school, to have a child bring to the recitation a story of some particular experience that had made *good* impressions on the child who related the experience, and it was a joy to her to have a child hold up some bright picture which had been found along its pathway from early consciousness to the present

experiences of the school. The knowledge of these experiences was kept on the lower shelf of her brain, because she considered it the fundamental means for all the work of the term.

Every morning after the singing, sometimes a short exercise, sometimes longer, this hour of counsel was on. It was the great hour of the day. It furnished the material and the motive for all the rest of the day's work, not the ultimate motive, that was permanent, but the immediate motive was found in this important hour.

(To be continued.)



Special attention is called to the "Publishers Talks," on the first page facing the cover of each number. Important business matters are discussed, and many questions asked by subscribers are answered there. Much wasteful correspondence may be avoided by a careful reading of these "Talks" each month. In that department the president and business manager of the United Educational Company presents announcements and explanations which ought to be of general interest to the readers of Teachers Magazine.



"After Tea."—A lesson acted out in the school at Hyannis, Mass. A description of the work in this famous institution appeared in the June TEACHERS MAGAZINE.

How to Decorate a Class-Room

By Selma Van-Praag, New York

MANY of us remember the frigid simplicity of our youthful school-rooms, when cold, bare walls, often even soiled and pencil marked, presented their dispiriting fronts to our inquiring eyes. When we grew up to become teachers we determined that in our rooms the children should find more cheerful walls.

To use a simile supplied by history, it was in the time of the Restoration of the Stuarts in England. After the frigid and intolerant coldness of the "Roundhead" jurisdiction, the people, glad to find that pleasures are not sinful, indulged in the most foolish excesses. Withhold your wrath, my dear teachers, for I am about to say that you, too, have indulged in the most foolish excesses in room decoration. Again and again on entering a room has my eye been greeted with pictures of impossible children and animals in impossible postures, and under these *chefs d'oeuvres* of art I was informed that the — Brewery sold beer, or that — Soap was the best. I think I need go no further to tell you about the tinsel ornaments, the dusty specimens of work, etc., etc., which so often prove eyesores. Have you ever entered the library or

study of a wealthy man of good taste, and felt that to study in such a place must be a pleasure? Let me tell you that your class-room can show quite as good taste as the rich man's study. It can be just as refined in its beauty, altho we employ the simplest means.

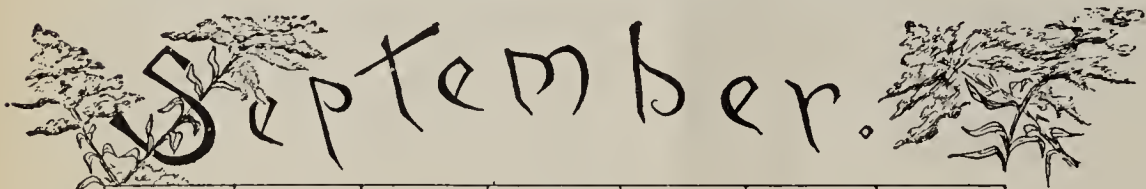
In the first place take everything you now have in your room out of it. Store your numerous decorations away, and draw on your treasures gradually. Appoint one or two of your children as monitors, according to the size of the room. Present each monitor with a tiny feather duster and an old soft silk or muslin dust rag. Have these children dust your room every morning, as the cleaners generally forget this duty. Have each child in the room supply himself with a tiny dust rag to be kept in a corner of the desk and have him dust the wood and iron of his desk when he comes in every morning. Can you not see already, what this little scheme engenders? Not only is cleanliness (without which our decorations are tawdry) assured, but each child is a helper, each boy or girl is a housekeeper, has a responsibility, and helps to decorate the room!































And now teachers, a word in regard to your own desk. No books and papers littered about. Have one drawer reserved just for papers which are collected, then rearrange them at your leisure. Look at the color scheme of the paint in your room. Many of the schools

are garnet and mauve, a delightful combination if the teacher uses it properly. Perhaps the darker color is green or blue. At any rate buy a felt desk cover to match, have this pinked and put it on the desk. See that it is dusted and put away every day at three, and taken out again in the morning.

On the center of your desk have a large piece of blotting paper. This can be bought mounted on leather, but you need not use your money for this, keep it for things you cannot make yourself. Buy two sheets of white blotting paper (about 24x30 inches or somewhat smaller). Paste the lower one on a piece of cardboard or oaktag, then make, or have your children make, the corner pieces so easy to fold, and using a little paste at the corners fasten on the other piece of blotting paper. The cost will be about ten cents.

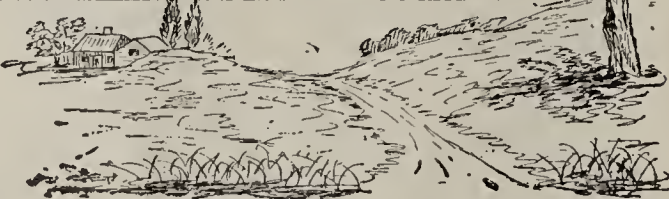
Buy as large an oak inkstand (double, if possible) as you can get for twenty-five cents. Fill one side with red ink, the other one with black. Have two pens (nothing else) on the ledge of the inkstand, one with a black



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						
						
						
						
						

This charming and suggestive calendar was given in *Primary School* six years ago. It is reproduced here by special request. The calendar is to be drawn upon the blackboard, leaving the spaces for the various days to be filled in during the month. The general subject taken up during each week is to be drawn in the spaces for that week, in place of dates. For example: if, since it is the beginning of school life, the home is the topic of the first week, pictures of houses are sketched in the squares. If the Indian is to be studied later in the month, the tepee—the Indian home—will indicate the line of thought for the second week, followed the next week by Indian child life as indicated by the papoose pictures; and then, in the fourth week, by Indian boyhood and out-of-door life.

This plan for calendars is an excellent one, and may be followed, by slight adaptation, thruout the year.





A Pittsburg Boys' Reading Club in Compromise Alley.

The shack shown in the picture is the meeting place of the club. This is a result of the work of an enthusiastic librarian.

[A note of the great work carried on under the auspices of the Carnegie Library will be found on another page.]

holder, one with a red holder; to be used respectively for black and red ink. Make a penwiper of an old glove or chamois by pinking the edges and tying it in the middle. Another smaller blotter with some tasteful cover may complete the desk outfit. Of course if you have a carved wooden paper knife or something of the sort you may use that. *Never* allow anything else to be on your desk. This outfit should not cost altogether more than one dollar and should last for years.

We may now turn to the decoration proper of the room. Do not start in by using a great number of new things. Do not put up or use more than one new decoration in a week (otherwise you will pamper your children). The first day anything new arrives, talk about it, or better, let the children talk about it. Give a two-minute recess, and allow the children to go up in groups of ten or fifteen to look at it and *talk about it then among themselves*. The teacher must expect the first year she starts decorating according to my rules to spend about a dollar a month. Do you not think it is worth while?

The first thing I would buy is a small table of oak. Have it severely simple. If you have a girls' class show two or three how to make a simple square, hemmed linen doilie, to preserve the varnish of the top. Have two made, and let some child take the one in use home each Monday, to wash and iron it. Select a different child each time. The table should cost about seventy-five cents. The next week buy either a plant or an aquarium for the top. If there is an aquarium in the school

buy a plant; and vice versa. A fine healthy Boston fern can be bought for seventy-five cents. An aquarium (a small round one with aquatic plants, fishes, etc.) costs a dollar and a quarter. Select a part of your room which has not too much in it for the table. See however that the table is in a conspicuous place. Select a child (a different one each two weeks or month) as caretaker under your guidance.

The next point of decoration is one of the most important, the use of pictures. The first rule is this: Never put up an unmounted picture, seldom put up a framed picture. One large picture is sufficient until the teacher has funds for more. The choice of the picture is difficult. The rules I would advise are these: "Do not buy a picture which has not the open air combined with either figures or animals." The size of the picture should be about 30x36, or even larger. The frame should be oak, the picture a celebrated one. Any

well-known work of the following artists, would be highly suitable: Lerolle, Millet, Jules Breton, Rosa Bonheur, Landseer.

A good copy of the picture very simply framed and of this size should cost from three to four dollars. It is a splendid investment. After a while, if the teacher desires to buy another, she may duplicate the size and frame and hang the two as companion pictures, or else totally change the style of the picture and frame (but keep it oak) and hang the two separately. Be sure that for at least three feet on all sides of your picture your wall is absolutely bare. Let the picture stand on its own merits. Have the children speak constantly of the picture, and write about it until it becomes endeared to them and a necessity for their class-room happiness.



A home library group on Soho Hill, Pittsburg.—Under the auspices of the Training School for Children's Librarians connected with the Carnegie Library of Pittsburg.

The Teaching of English. I

By Emma L. Johnston, Principal of the Brooklyn Training School for Teachers

IT seems to me that what the teacher of English in the lower grades—and in the higher also—needs to do is to study the English work done in the grades above and below hers. The work of all the grades is needed by each one. The teacher of arithmetic in an upper grade is constantly making use of the knowledge of number her pupils have acquired in lower grades. The teacher of geography compares the new continent to be studied feature by feature with the continent studied in the grade below. But the teacher of composition in the seventh or eighth year does not depend upon the work accomplished in composition by the teacher in the second or third year; the upper grade teacher does not make frequent allusion to the friends and acquaintances her pupils have already made in literature, she does not often point a moral or impress an intellectual truth with a couplet that her pupils learned by heart a year or more ago. Among ourselves we allude naturally to Hamlet, to Don Quixote, to Faust, to Uriah Heep, to David Harum; but the fifth-year teacher seldom mentions the Pied Piper or Boy Blue. The eighth year teacher lets her pupils memorize Tennyson's "Brook" without inquiring whether they have already learned "Stop, Stop, Pretty Water."

Nowadays, the teacher in the elementary

school has much to do to prepare herself to teach properly the subject matter prescribed for her particular grade, and one hesitates to add to her burdens by requiring her to study the work of other grades as well. But to do properly any portion of the work in composition and literature it is absolutely necessary to understand the relation that this portion bears to the whole. It has been my experience that when teachers have given time to the study of the whole elementary course in English they have gained an insight into the work of their own grade which has more than repaid them for the time apparently given up to the work of other grades.

Granted that it is a desirable thing for teachers in elementary schools to study the complete course in English, how can it be accomplished? Here are three devices that are being used with success in some of our schools:

1. The fortnightly English study class over which the principal presides. A portion of the hour is devoted to the reading and discussion of some book on the teaching of English, the rest of the hour to the presentation by a teacher of some part of her grade work, her aim being to show the relation of this part to the whole of the course. When the topic is composition, for instance, the 2A teacher is bound to show that in her conversational lessons she bears in mind

everything the 8B teacher will have to make explicit with regard to the structure of narratives, descriptions, and expositions; that in training her pupils to speak she considers first the thought, then the motive for expressing it, and then the audience; and that she never loses sight of the fact that oral speech as well as written must have clearness and force and beauty. The best book I know of for these study classes, the best book for giving a second, third, fourth, or fifth year teacher a realizing sense of her importance as a teacher of English, is Mr. Chubb's "The Teaching of English."

2. The second device is the textbook library made up entirely of the regular class reading books used by the children of the successive grades of a school, the books read to the children by the teachers, and a scrap book containing copies of the poems memorized in the successive grades. These books should be properly labeled and arranged by grades, and they should be easily accessible to all the teachers. I have frequently asked teachers what reader was used by their pupils when these pupils were in the grade just be-



Ojibway Indians in Camp near Petoskey, Mich. The performance of the play of Hiawatha by these Indians attracts many tourists to this charming region. [See also pages iv and v.]

low, and they have not been able to tell me.

3. The third device is the teacher's visit to the grades above or below her own. Teachers frequently visit grades corresponding to their own, but they seldom visit the class-room where the children are whom they taught last year or year before last. It ought to be helpful to a teacher to hear her former pupils speak and read. This matter of visiting can be managed easily in schools where there is a teacher-in-training at hand to take a class for an hour.

I believe that the teacher of the lower grades is learning how to utilize the play impulse which is so strong in children. She realizes that altho objectively work and play can not always be distinguished, subjectively an act is play in so far as the activity itself is enjoyed; while it is work in so far as the end gained is the chief thing desired. I say that teachers in the lower grades are beginning to appreciate the educational value of play, and are practically,—even if they are not conscious of holding any theory on the subject—they are practically drawing a sharp line between the form of active play that produces accuracy, permanency, facility in the use of natural powers, and that form of passive play called amusement, “where some one else does the work and the seeker after pleasure enjoys it if he can.” (Kirkpatrick.)

It is amusements, not games, that our critics have in mind when they accuse us of making school life so easy for children that they do not learn to work. Perhaps a second Froebel will arise to organize the games of the primary class as the kindergarten games have been organized, and then the drilling so necessary in learning to speak, to read, and to write will be delightful to all children.

The course of study for the first four years in school affords many opportunities for legitimate educational play. The syllabus suggests that during the second year the children read, from the blackboard, matter suggested by the other work of the grade. Here is the place for ingenious exercises similar to those described by Dr. McMurry in his chapter called “Primary Reading thru Incidental Exercises and Games” (in “Special Method in Primary Reading”). As he says, “The teacher abstains from the use of oral speech to a considerable extent and substitutes the written forms of the words on the blackboard in giving directions, in games, and in teaching topics in literature and science,” her aim being “to present the lesson in such a way that the child shall quicken into life in its presence—shall reach forward to grasp this much-desired thing.”

Here too is the place for spelling games. With his box of letter tablets

the child will in fifteen minutes learn more of the forms of words than he will learn in an hour from the ordinary exercises in oral spelling, while at the same time his fingers are being trained in the nice adjustment of the small tablets.

Here is the place for dramatic performances. Most children have the dramatizing instinct strong in them. In their training it would be



“Barred with streaks of red and yellow,
Streaks of blue and bright vermillion,
Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.”

easy to afford this instinct too much encouragement, but we might utilize it to advantage during the first three years in school to give reality to the training in language. The trouble with many teachers is that they cannot do this simply enough. They believe that rehearsals, elaborate scenery, and many stage properties are necessary, and in consequence they find it impracticable to have dramatizing in the school-room.

The day after Washington's birthday I asked a 1A class of boys to tell me something about Washington, and the boys responded with the information, "We can play Washington." I was directed to choose three players. The first came forward and stretched out his arms. He was the tree. Then the second actor came and gave the tree some smart raps with a ruler, whereupon the tree tumbled to the floor. Now the second actor beat a hasty retreat to his seat. The third actor came strutting along; he paused by the side of the prostrate tree and exclaimed with the spirit, the well-feigned naturalness that we work so hard to get from children in their reading exercises, "Ah! some one has cut down my cherry tree. George, George, come here. Do you know who did this?" "Father," said George, "I cannot tell a lie," etc., etc. This is an illustration of the simple way of going with the child into his world of make-believe for the purpose of acquainting him with that world, so shadowy and vague to him, which we call real. It is a way of letting a child use his many languages in order that he may use with naturalness and sureness the language of words.

The work in English as prescribed by the course of study falls under five heads—composition, penmanship, reading, spelling, and memorizing. I shall venture to comment briefly upon each of these topics, beginning with the last.

Memorizing.

At the risk of appearing old-fashioned I want to make a plea for concert recitation of poetry in the lowest grades. Children like to sing together much better than to sing alone. The poem suitable for a child to learn by heart is very like a song. Why should he not be allowed to say it with his companions? Suppose he does, beguiled by the rhyme, emphasize the wrong word occasionally, is that very bad? What a poem makes you think is often of so little importance compared to how it makes you feel. Ask a class of children to repeat in concert a poem they know by heart, look at their faces as they recite, and then see if you have the heart and the conscience to forbid the teacher's use of this kind of exercise. When a poem is recited in concert by a class some simple and appropriate gestures may be allowed. I was once opposed to this because the gestures were often awkward or grotesque, but the children themselves have converted me by showing how much gesturing adds to their appreciation of the poem.

In the lower grades the children should always get from the teacher's recitation or her reading,

their first impression of the poem to be memorized. The best training in memorizing of poetry that I have observed was done by a certain group of teachers who were in charge of second, third, and fourth year classes. Not one of them was a remarkably good teacher, not one was above the average primary teacher in power to appreciate literature; but all trained the children in their classes to recite Stevenson, Longfellow, and Bryant so that the recitations were delightful to hear. And this is how they managed it. Having selected a poem the teacher would read it aloud at home, not once only but many times, in many moods. If she had any doubt with regard to the emphasis here, the inflection there, she would consult other teachers or her principal until at last she knew exactly how she meant to read the poem to the class. It might seem that by this time her presentation would be mechanical, but so was Edwin Booth's Hamlet. The teacher's audience did not notice anything mechanical, they were impressed and delighted; and, because they were instinctively imitative, they were presently giving the same interpretation without having to be told to say a line in this way rather than in that. I have seen teachers possessing much more power in literary interpretation fail to produce the effects just described because at the psychological moment their attention was partly distracted or because their mood was not right when they gave their pupils the first auditory impression of the poem to be memorized.

(To be continued.)



Increasing One's Vocabulary.

Barrett Wendell tells us that Shakespeare had a vocabulary of 15,000 words, and Milton 8,000. This statement is interesting when we read that the collection of words at the command of the contemporary young man is sixty-five or less. This is probably the lowest estimate ever made, and is astonishing, when we remember that every new edition of a dictionary always contains a few hundred more words than the previous one. The only inference to be made is, then, that there are plenty of words,—which we do not use.

Sixty-five words, if wisely used, may make a man a useful citizen, but one should be on speaking terms with as many as possible. Many methods have been employed in order to arrive at the number of words at the command of the average intelligent American. The true way is yet to be found, but it is hoped that it will be, for if one could actually test his capacity it might stimulate him to further study. How can one increase his vocabulary, is another interesting question. One means is the dictionary habit of each day finding a new word and incorporating it in conversation or writing until it is at hand for instant use.



★ National Holidays and Patriotic Exercises

Peace Exercise for Higher Grades.

By JANE A. STEWART.

The teacher may add facts relative to the Russo-Japanese war gleaned from the daily press, with a map to show what has been done in Manchuria.

Singing—Peace Hymn.

“Thy kingdom come—on bended knee
The passing ages pray,
And faithful souls have yearned to see
On earth that kingdom’s day.

“But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong,
And for the everlasting right
The silent stars are strong.

“And, lo! already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear;
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
Proclaim the day is near.

“The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed;
When justice shall be throned in might,
And every hurt be healed;

“When knowledge hand in hand with peace
Shall walk the earth abroad,—
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God!”

The Twentieth Century for Peace.

(For three boys.)

First Boy.—The outlook for the peace of the world, altho it looks very dark when we think of the dreadful struggle in Asia between the Russians and the Japanese, is in reality much more encouraging at the opening of the twentieth century than it was a hundred years ago. At the beginning of the nineteenth century war was the fashion everywhere; duels between men were the common thing, and every dispute was settled by a fight.

Second Boy.—That state of things will soon be over and gone, we all hope and believe. Just think what the advance has been in the last century! In the first ten years of the nineteenth century there were no disputes between nations that were settled by peaceful methods. Such an idea would have been laughed at by the majority of people. But in the last ten years of the nineteenth century sixty-three quarrels between nations were adjusted by arbitration,—which means to refer the difficulty to other nations not interested to decide fairly as to how the matter shall be settled, and then for all parties to stand by the decision.

Third Boy.—The great plan for the twentieth

century is to have the whole world at peace and to do away with all the wicked bloodshed. With our terrible guns and other machinery for killing, war has really become what some people have always said it was, murder.

Things are going to be different at the close of the twentieth century, and, altho we may not live to see the whole world at peace, we can do a great deal to bring this about. We have made a good beginning in all the agencies which are at work to lessen the horrors of war, to prevent plundering, and to give care to the wounded. The next thing is to get all the nations to come in with us and to agree to settle their differences by arbitration. Then, as Tennyson predicted long ago, will

Universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea.

Why Do We Want Peace?

(Dialog for three boys and three girls.)

First Boy.—The great cost of war in money and lives is enough to make everybody want peace, even if they do not think war is wrong in itself, and that differences should be settled in some other way than by killing people. Our great Civil war caused the loss of 280,000 northern soldiers, 520,000 southern soldiers, and an expenditure of \$7,860,000,000 by both North and South.

First Girl.—It is said that if Joseph Chamberlain, the English political leader, had agreed to refer the difficulty with the Boer republic to an arbitration board of two Dutch and three British chief justices, England would have been saved three years of bitter feelings and sorrow, the lives of many soldiers, and the vast sum of \$1,100,000,000 which would have enabled the starving poor, who are now crowded in Great Britain’s almshouses, to live in happiness and comfort.

Second Boy.—It costs the English government \$400,000 a week to keep up its present army in South Africa, to meet the hatred of a people who lost 20,000 women and children in the concentration camps. It has cost our government, during the last eight years, \$1,625,000,000 to keep up the war and navy departments, or nearly four times what it cost in the previous period of seven years before we began to be a warlike nation.

Second Girl.—More than eight millions a month are spent by our government in support of a navy to defend us from imaginary enemies. Were this great sum devoted to education, each one of the six million illiterates in the United States over ten years of age might have three years’ schooling. In Washington’s time our

army and navy cost \$1,000,000 a year. To-day, with a population only twenty times as great as it was then, we are spending two hundred times as much for army and navy.

Third Boy.—And what is true of the United States is true of all other countries, which are spending two-thirds of their national revenues to keep up the vast military systems in each land, this money paid by the common people in taxes on food, clothing, rents, etc. A first-rate battle-ship costs six and a half million dollars, and after thirteen years is practically useless because of new inventions. This amount, it is estimated, would give us a duplicate of Harvard university's equipment of ninety-four buildings, with the land and buildings of Tuskegee and Hampton institutes thrown in.

Third Girl.—The cost of war can never be set down in figures alone. We want peace because of the vast army of sorrows and tribulations which war brings in its train. Homes are broken up; little children are left fatherless; suffering and want come upon the country which is at war. There is everything to be said in favor of peace and nothing for war. Some one has well said, "There never was a good war or a bad peace."

What Causes War?

(For a boy and a girl.)

Boy.—I think the chief cause of war is that nations want to grab land that belongs to some other weaker nation, just as a big boy does when he comes along and takes a smaller boy's ball away from him. That is why we had the Boer war; the British wanted to rule the Boers' country which is rich in diamonds and minerals, and the Russo-Japanese war has been due to the same thing. The Russians thought they could seize and hold Manchuria, which is the home of the Koreans. The Japanese, fearing danger to

their own island home, determined to stop the Russians in time and to protect the Koreans, much as we did the Cubans when they were oppressed by Spain.

Girl.—I have heard it said, and I believe it is true, that many wars are brought about, which could otherwise be prevented, by the existence of large standing armies and navies which have nothing to do in times of peace and are eager for war in order to earn what they conceive to be glory. Injustice causes war, too, and the way the nations have of regarding each other as enemies instead of as friends, so that they get to thinking the worst things possible of each other and easily get to fighting. The money-lenders like war, too, because they get large interest on their loans. When all the world is joined together as in one happy, loving family, we shall certainly then not have any more war. I hope that time will soon come.

Recitation.

(By a girl.)

"These things shall be!—a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

"They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,
Not to spill human blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

"Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity."

The Hague Court of Arbitration.

(By two boys.)

First Boy.—One of the greatest things which the nineteenth century has bequeathed to the twentieth is the Hague Court of Arbitration, or the Hague Tribunal, which was formed in 1899 as a result of the famous Rescript of the czar of Russia, calling for the conference of all nations in the interests of peace. The Hague court is organized on the plan of the New York supreme court, which consists of seventy judges, a certain number being detailed for duty in any given case. The Hague court has more than one hundred and fifty judges and forty nations enrolled. Each nation concerned has four members of the court.

In a case of arbitration between two na-



"My Country, 'Tis of of Thee."

tions, each nation chooses two judges, and the four thus appointed choose the fifth. The two nations divide the expenses incurred.

Second Boy.—Andrew Carnegie has given one and a half million dollars for a noble building for the Hague court, which will also be an international library. I am glad to say that the United States has the honor of being the first to go to the Hague court. The first case sent to it and which opened the court was the "Pius Fund" case between the United States and Mexico. The second was the Venezuela dispute in which eleven countries were interested. The third case is between Japan and England, France and Germany. Germany has always been most opposed to arbitration. Great Britain, France, Switzerland, Italy, and the United States have done most to forward it.

Memory Gems.

"The more I study the world, the more am I convinced of the inability of brute force to create anything durable."—NAPOLEON at St. Helena.

"I confess, without shame, that I am tired and sick of the war. Its glory is all moonshine. It is only those who have neither heard a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded, who cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation." "War is hell," said General Sherman.

It was General Sheridan who prophesied: "War will eliminate itself. By the next centennial arbitration will rule the world."

General Miles says: "The contrast between war and peace is illustrated by the fact that what has been expended on the Philippines would have put water on every quarter section of arable land in our country where it is required; it would have built for the farmers a splendid system of good roads, or for commerce two ship canals across the isthmus."

George Washington said of war: "It is my first wish to see this plague to mankind banished from the earth."

The Duke of Wellington said to Lord Shaftesbury: "War is a most detestable thing. If you had seen but one day of war you would pray God that you might never see another."

Closing Song.

"Oh, beautiful my country,"
Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair;
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor;
Be then to the oppressed
Fair freedom's open door!

For thee our fathers suffered;
For thee they toiled and prayed;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright;
Grand memories on thee shine;
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingle flows in thine.

Oh, beautiful our country!
'Round thee in love we draw;
Thine is the grace of freedom,
The majesty of law.
Be righteousness thy scepter,
Justice thy diadem;
And in thy shining forehead
Be peace the crowning gem.

The Corn.

A small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward;
Then another and another,
And before the summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,—
With its shining robes about it,
With its long, soft, yellow tresses.

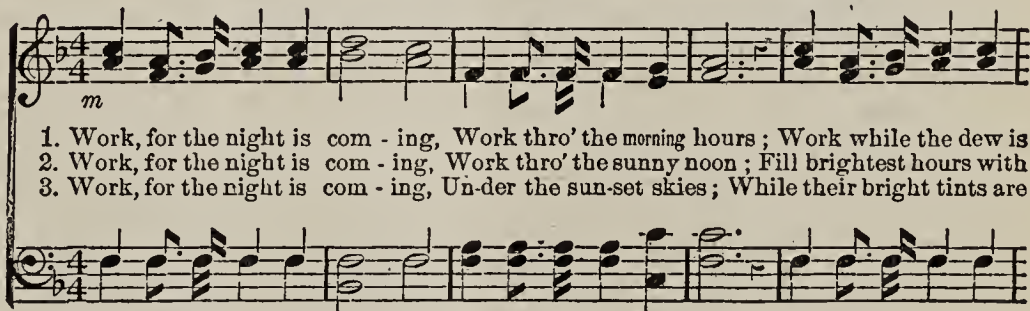
—LONGFELLOW.

Common School Hymns

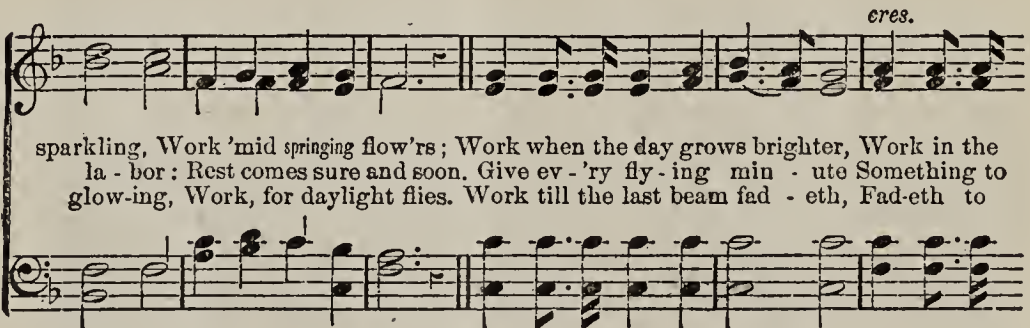
TEACHERS MAGAZINE gives each month at least one hymn suitable for the common schools where children of all religious beliefs are gathered together. These hymns have been selected with great care, and the editor feels confident that they will prove a welcome collection to teachers everywhere. If you know of any favorite hymn which might be included please tell us about it. We want all the best things to be had in this magazine.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

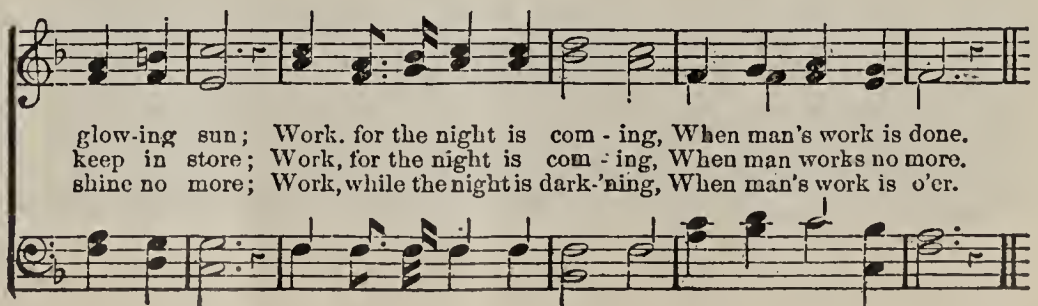
LOWELL MASON.



1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sunny noon; Fill brightest hours with
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies; While their bright tints are



sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the
la - bor: Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Something to
glow-ing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad-eth to



glow-ing sun; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
keep in store; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
shine no more; Work, while the night is dark-ning, When man's work is o'er.

Plymouth Arbutus.—A Colonial Exercise

By Anna Stevens Perkins

This exercise can be given at any time during the year appropriately. It is perhaps especially suitable for Thanksgiving day. But the hints of the colonists' spring and summer make it just as desirable in May, and its historical nature adapts it for use at any school entertainment.

Decorations.—Elaborate decorations are not needed. Pine boughs should be used, if available, in memory of the "rocking pines of the forest" at Plymouth. The school flags in standards should, of course, be in evidence, and all the pictures attainable that illustrate Plymouth history. The Perry Pictures set of Plymouth Pictures will be needed. The beautiful copies of the Priscilla paintings will be wanted, also. In worn-out history books, in magazines, and papers will be found many illustrations that can be used. The pupils may be asked to bring any pictures they find. These can be attractively mounted and will be useful in the history class subsequently.

Relics.—Any relics, such as a large spinning-wheel, a flax-wheel, a wooden cradle, and some old-fashioned chairs will be needed. If other colonial relics can be borrowed from a collection, it will add much to the interest and profit of the occasion. Time should be given for an examination of these and a word of explanation about each. All should have reference to the Plymouth colony.

Costumes.—Pictures give ideas. Alice Morse Earle's, "A Century of Dress in America" will assist. English dress at the time of the colonies is spoken of therein.

It is felt that too much effort cannot be given to the task of "making real" colonial days. An exercise of this kind will be productive of worth-while results in the hearts of listeners and participants. The readings have been carefully chosen; they are pithy, suggestive, and not too long.

Song by the School.

(Tune: Auld Lang Syne.)

Should we forget colonial days
And all that happened then?
Ah! noble deeds we should rehearse
Again and yet again.

Forever as we backward glance
Along the winding ways,
We prize the stories of the past,—
Our country's early days.

Oh, may our hearts to-day be thrilled
With inspiration true,
As grand achievements of old days
We here recall anew!

Oh, may we learn to seek the best
And truest things of life,
Well knowing it is good alone
That stands the test of strife.

Living Pictures Illustrating Plymouth History.

Each of these pictures should be preceded by a short reading from "Stories of Colonial Children," by Mara L. Pratt. Pages and lines are here indicated for convenience.

THE MAYFLOWER BABIES.

Reading.—The first paragraph of the book, continuing with the last two lines on page 10, and reading thru three lines on page 12; subject, Oceanus Hopkins and Peregrine White, born on the Mayflower.

Picture.—A group of boys and girls in costumes patterned after pictures of Plymouth days. Two large dolls dressed as babies and wrapped in shawls, held in arms. If practicable, have a boat partially shown at side of platform. A log cabin is seen at back. (David C. Cook Co., Boston, Chicago, etc., supply log cabin paper, windows, fireplace effects, and other accessories at very reasonable prices.)

THE FIRST WASHING DAY.

Reading.—Last two paragraphs on page 14 thru first eight lines on page 17. (One page of this section is used for the illustration which will serve as an aid for the picture to be given.)

Picture.—Use blue cambric of a dark shade, rippled over pillows, for water, at the rear. The small boat will be needed and should be occupied, as in the illustration given. Brown cambric should cover the front of the stage. Sand and stones should be scattered over it. If the brush of a local artist can sketch the "Mayflower" realistically in the background this will add to the effect. The rude paraphernalia required for the rest of the picture can be easily secured,—tubs, props, lines, clothes, etc.



A Country School in Nassau County, Long Island.

This school is located at Bethpage. Dr. Cooley is the school commissioner of the county.

MARY CHILTON AT PLYMOUTH ROCK.

Reading.—Page 20, line 12 thru line 16, page 21.

Picture.—Scenery as in previous picture. The small boat is seen at rear, Pilgrims standing. One is on shore, assisting “Mary Chilton” to step upon a great rock. “Mary” should wear hood and shawl, and have a merry, glad look in her eyes.

SWEET HOME AT LAST.

Reading.—Page 25, line 13 (last paragraph) to last two lines on page 26.

Picture.—A rude interior. The fireplace (crane of some sort as shown on page 31), cradle and chairs and table will be needed. Older girl should sit with hand on cradle; “mother” should be seen spinning; “father” cleaning gun. Old-fashioned mats should be spread upon the floor.

TWO LITTLE PLYMOUTH COLONY GIRLS, BETTY ALDEN AND LORA STANDISH.

Reading.—Page 51, first paragraph; page 56, last paragraph, continuing thru first half of line fourteen on page 57. Page 58, line 10 thru line 18, same page; line 6, page 59, thru to last paragraph on same page.

Picture.—Betty, a bright, rosy, healthful appearing child; Lora, a fair, delicate little girl. Both seen setting stitches in old-fashioned worsted work. Betty looks off gaily, Lora works demurely. (The reading contains a reference to the “very sampler” that “this child” wrought, seen in Pilgrim Hall.) The children should sit on “crickets.” An older girl may be shown overlooking the work. If so, copy the picture on page 60.

Song by the school, “The Breaking Waves Dashed High.”

Arbutus Drill.

The drill is to be given by twelve little girls. They should wear simple white dresses and each should carry a long strip of whalebone covered with pink and white tissue paper and twined with arbutus flowers. The flowers can be easily made of crepe paper. Paper of the exact shades required, stamens, stems, and all needed accessories can be had of the Denison Co., New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis. If the entertainment is given in the spring, send to some Plymouth school for a box of arbutus, giving in exchange a box of some desired flower of your own locality. (This can be done very pleasantly, anyway, to enhance interest in the history class.) Use the real arbutus as effectively as possible in a prominent place. A tiny spray in the hair of each child participating in the drill would be effective.

The song is first rendered, with motions as indicated, the little girls standing in four rows of three each. The tune to which the words have been written is found upon page 250 of Uncle Sam’s School Songs, “There’s Music in the Air.”

ARBUTUS FLOWERS.

Oh, (1) shy and sweet arbutus, (2)
Hiding (3) in the leafy dell, (4)
There is (5) no other flower (6)
We (7) can ever love so well. (8)

Chorus.—

Rosy (9) Plymouth blossoms (10) fair
We (11) shall ever hold (12) you dear.
Not (13) a lovelier flow’ret (14) blooms

Thru the happy, (15) changeful year. (16)

The little (17) maids of Plymouth (18)

Oh, (19) so very long ago, (20)

In days (21) of early springtime (22)

(23) Loved to find and watch you grow. (24)

Chorus.—

Oh, sweetly (25) yet ye speak, (26)

Listening, (27) we seem to hear (28)

Of olden (29) days whose light (30)

Ever (31) glows more bright and clear. (32)

Chorus.—

Motions to Accompany Song.

The motions should be executed with decision. The whalebones should not be simply moved from one position to another but the time should be definitely marked by their placing in the position designated.

- 1. Whalebone grasped in both hands forming a semi-circle. Place at high left.
- 2. Place curved whalebone at high right.
- 3. Same at low left.
- 4. Same at low right.
- 5. Same at shoulder-height, left.
- 6. “ “ “ right.
- 7. Same, direct front, shoulder-height.
- 8. “ “ “ low.

Chorus:—

- 9. Curved whalebones held directly above head.
- 10. Curved whalebones held in front, shoulder height.
- 11. At left, shoulder height.
- 12. At right, “
- 13. Low left.
- 14. Low right.
- 15. In front, shoulder-height.
- 16. Directly above head.

Interlude. Whalebones are placed in one hand, forming a circle, at a given chord. This should be done at shoulder-height, front. They must be firmly grasped so as not to fly apart. A winding of cotton will give a better chance to hold. This can be covered. The rows will hold the circles in opposite hands, thus:

*left hand *right hand *left hand *right hand
* “ “ * “ “ * “ “ * “ “
* “ “ * “ “ * “ “ * “ “

- 17. Hold circles, or hoops, at high front.
- 18. Swing outward. This will bring the arms of two standing side by side across each other. The participants should stand near enough together to effect this.
- 19. Bring hoops to shoulder-height, front.
- 20. Swing outward, same level.
- 21. Hoops at low front.
- 22. Swing outward, same level.
- 23. Hoops at low front.
- 24. Hoops at high front.

Chorus.—Repeat the movements as given, for chorus. It will be easy to grasp the whalebone again with two hands, at high front, after a little practice. At 9, the arched whalebone should be placed directly above the head, as previously directed. A chord should be played for the movement necessary for grasping the whalebone with both hands.

Interlude after Chorus.

25. Let whalebones be held straight, as rods, in same hand as previously, hooped. Low front.
26. Swing outward, arms of neighbors crossing.
27. Shoulder-height, front.
28. Swing outward.
29. High front.
30. Swing outward.
31. Shoulder-height, front.
32. Rest wand on shoulder, right shoulder if rod is held in left hand, and *vice versa*.

Chord. Grasp wand in both hands, at shoulder height, and proceed to chorus, as before. When held straight, the wands should be grasped a little way from the end. Chorus.

March and Drill

During the march the rods should be held in the left hand and laid across the right shoulder. March around the stage singly, in doubles, in threes, and in fours. Then let the first four march to center back, separate into twos and march to center front, meet, facing audience; the second and third four follow, taking places at right and left, until all are in line at front of stage. At chord separate a little. Give the movements of the chorus in time to the music of the march that is being played. At chord face for march.

March around the stage in a circle; come to front and pause. At chord face front. At chord face for marching, half to right, half to left. March in two circles at each side, then march in two circles, one inside the other. Then let outer circle march to position near front and face audience, while inner circle girls weave in and out between them and back several times. Inner circle girls then go to back (not too far back) and take position while the others march to back and weave in and out among them as was done at front. Then these girls, followed by the others, march in serpentine curves to front of stage.

At chord all face toward center of stage. March in twos to back, separate and march to front, the first two taking position, somewhat separated at center front, and lifting the whalebone wands to form an arch, the tops resting across each other. The other twos pass under the arch, separate and march to back, then come down again. The second two then take position behind the first two, with wands in same position. The other twos follow suit after marching thru the arch once (or twice, if preferred).

Wands in position as at first of march, at chord. March again around the stage, singly. Come to front. At chord face audience. At chord take wands into left hands. At chord half the participants take wands into right hands, *i. e.*, every alternating girl. At chord hook wands about those of partners, each wand a circle. Hold very firmly. At chord face for marching. March in serpentine curves, circles, and, finally, the rectangular march as at first. Come to front. At chord face front. At chord release wands from hoop-shape. At chord grasp with both hands, in semi-circle. At chord lift to position above head. At chord face for

marching. At the chord which starts the march tilt the semi-circles toward back and front, alternating, so that they touch each other, two and two, above. March only once around in this way as it is a bit of a strain. Come to front. At chord bring whalebones to vertical, at chord drop them to low front. If it is desired to prolong the march any of the movements may be repeated. If not, march to rear and leave stage.

Song by the School—The Ship of State.

Reading.—Selections from the "Courtship of Miles Standish" by H. W. Longfellow.

Living Pictures Illustrating Colonial Ballads.

The two poems are taken from Margaret J. Preston's "Colonial Ballads," and as the book is one which most teachers use, we have not taken space to give the poems entire.

DORIS' SPINNING. 1740.

Reading of the poem. Little maidens urge Doris to leave her spinning, but she refuses.

"So the frolicsome maidens left her with something of mild surprise
That Doris should choose a duty with a pleasure before her eyes,
Not dreaming that when her mother her "dozens" should count upstairs
And kiss her and say, 'My darling!' her day would be glad as theirs."

This verse is easily learned and the poem of not too great length.

Picture.—An upper room, neatly spread bed. Doris in quaint garb seated at the spinning or flax-wheel near a window. She should wear a sweet, contented look. A pile of white work should lie near.

THE PURITAN MAIDEN'S MAY-DAY.

Reading.—The following verses will give the idea.

"Ah, well-a-day! The grandams say
That they had merry times
When they were young and gaily rung
The May-day morning chimes."

If Bess and I should dress
A May-pole with our wreath
And just for play this holiday
Should dare to dance beneath,

My father's brow would frown enow:
"Child! why hast thou a mind
For Popish days, and Romish ways
And lusts we've left behind?"

If, as I ween, upon the green
She danced with merry din,
Yet lived to be the saint I see,
How can I count it sin?

Picture.—The poem should be given by a little girl dressed in Puritan fashion, wistfully holding a wreath of flowers.

The picture should show a May-pole and five or six little girls, fancifully dressed, playing about it. A clothes-pole set in a standard can be used. Cover all with green and pink tissue paper. Suspend a hoop a little way from the top by wires run to the top and covered. From the hoop ribbons should fall and the little girls should hold these. The costumes should be as "English" in character as possible, and tissue paper wreaths and "streamers" should be added.

The entertainment can be closed with remarks by special visitors and the singing of America.

Favorite Games for Primary Grades. II*

By Emma B. Olwin, Illinois

The first instalment of Miss Olwin's charming games was published in June. While especially adapted to primary classes they suggest what may be done higher up.
EDITOR.

The Animal Game

teaches close observation, encourages the study of animals and their habits, and improves oral language.

A pupil personates an animal. He comes to the front of the room and describes the animal he represents.

(In games as well as recitations, it is a wise thing to have pupils come to the front of the room, and stand before their classmates. It gives self-confidence, also teaches dignified position, doing away with the stork-like fashion of standing on one foot, and the dependent manner of holding to or leaning against a desk.)

To make the game instructive, insist on clear, concise statements. For example:

Child: "I am a wild animal.

I am brown, with long, shaggy hair.

I live in the woods.

Sometimes, I climb trees.

I would eat people, if I had a chance.

I sleep all winter in hollow trees.

I am quite thin when I come out in the spring.

Guess what I am."

It is surprising to notice the queer guesses that are sometimes given, showing how vague an idea some pupils have of the various animals.

Quite often this game encourages pupils who have been timid, to express themselves more freely.

Simon

is an old friend in a new dress.

We are all familiar with the old game, "Simon says thumbs up," etc. We have applied this to gymnastic work, and the pupils enjoy it greatly. For example:

Simon says hands on shoulders.

Simon says hands on hips.

Hands on shoulders. In this instance, as the command did not come from *Simon*, you are not expected to obey. Those who placed hands on shoulders, without noticing that *Simon* had not given the order, are expected to sit down and have another turn later on.

This very simple little game has the virtue of causing pupils to listen closely to the order given.

*Teachers who have other games which children especially enjoy are requested to describe them for TEACHERS MAGAZINE.

The Toy Shop

is a delightful game for very young children.

Perched on tables, chairs, window seats, and other available places are children, each one representing a different kind of toy.

The remaining pupils are pretending to be fathers and mothers, who have come to the shop to purchase toys.

The teacher is the clerk who "shows off" these wonderful toys.

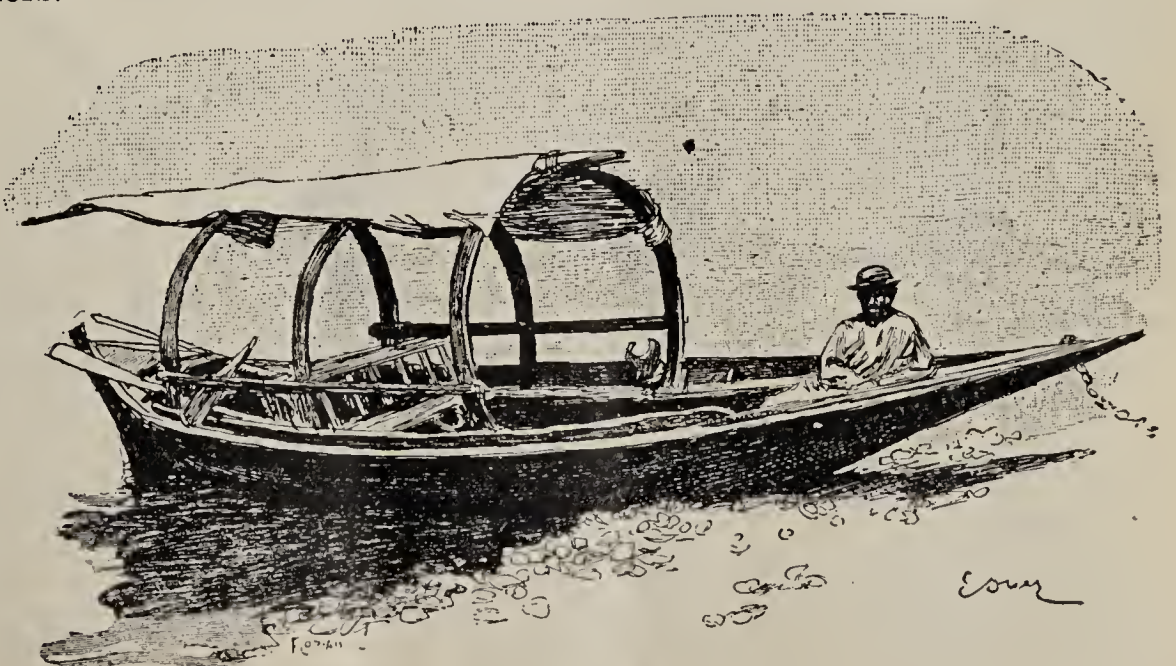
Here is a "really little girl," who is a pink and white doll, but when the clerk touches a mysterious spot in her chest, she says "mamma—pa-pa" in true doll fashion.

Next to this doll, is a brown-haired one who opens and closes her eyes in the most energetic manner.

Then there is a wonderful Jack-in-the-box, who is stooping in a waste paper basket and jumps up with a bound and a funny face when a spring in the basket is touched.

Next we find five boys holding on to each other's coats, a larger boy is in front. This is supposed to be a locomotive and a train of cars, and after much "winding up" the whistle blows, the train starts with the familiar "choo-choo" sound, and the "lightning 'spress" goes rapidly across the floor (I mean the country) to the great delight of the spectators. A funny little fat boy caused much amusement by pretending to be a donkey. He made long ears with his hands and when wound up ran a short distance and then began to balk.

Very often the children will suggest being a certain toy. Wild horses, gentle cows, sheep that cried "baa-a, baa-a," automobiles and many other toys are sold in this wonderful shop, and finally the toys are loaded on a delivery wagon (chairs placed together) to be sent home.



A TEA-LEAF

FROM THE PAST





Morals and Manners

Playing Baseball.

An Ethics Story.

By ALICE MAY DOUGLAS, Bath, Maine.

HAVE you got acquainted with the new girl?" asked Edwin, as the children of the Mayville school came trooping out to recess, which was to be spent in the field upon whose edge the school-house stood.

"Haven't had time yet," replied Lucinda, as she took a bite from the big apple she had just taken from her pocket.

"She seems kind of bashful," remarked Lena, as she stepped forward a few feet to get into the shade of the large elm which threw its protecting arms over the red school-house. "She hasn't left her seat yet."

"So she is!" exclaimed several of the children, as they stood on tip-toe and looked thru the window into the school-room.

"Let's ask her to come out and play ball with us," suggested Edwin. "Her name is Marie, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied Gilbert.

"What did the yes refer to?" asked Edwin, laughing.

"Yes, her name is Marie—that's what I meant."

"But what about her playing with us?" asked Gilbert.

"All that we are playing now is baseball," said Kate Brown, "and there are just nine in our class and just nine in the game. I don't see how we can find room in it for anybody else, so there now!"

"When we said we'd let the girls into our 'nine' because there were not boys enough, we didn't intend to make our nine a ten," protested Leon.

"Course not," assented Edwin with emphasis, "but we might as well settle the question now. Shall we let her play ball with us?"

"I think we'd better take Marie into our game," said Gilbert. "She seems a nice girl and she won't have anyone to play with, if we don't. Think how we should feel to be in a new school and be treated the way some of you are talking of treating her. But we must decide soon, before she comes and hears us."

"But we don't need any more in our game," cried Edwin, "so I say let's have a game now and say nothing more about that new girl."

"But we should remember the Golden Rule," said little Ida. "Marie can take my place for today. One of us might give up our place to her every day." Ida was Edwin's sister.

"So we might," said Edwin, suddenly chang-

ing his mind. It was wonderful what an influence this little blue-eyed girl had over her big brother, who thought that everything about the school yard should always go just as he said.

"Well, I don't know," said Leon, "our set is our set. What is the use of taking in somebody else?"

"Come, Gilbert," said Edwin, "let's take the bat and count up. If my hand comes last on the bat Marie can't be in the game. If yours comes last, she can."

"O please don't do it that way," pleaded Ida. "If you do, Marie will think that she is either in or out of the game because one of your hands just happened to be the last on the bat. I say let all who want Marie to be in the game to raise their hands, and all who don't want her keep their hands down."

"All right," cried the others. Then the hands began to go up.

I have never heard how the vote went, but I think that you can tell me. At any rate we will vote, and the ten pupils I name may come to the front and pretend to be the boys and girls of Mayville.

(The pupils step to the front.)

Now who will be Marie?

Very well, but are you sure that you want to be Marie. If the others don't vote you into the game, think how you will feel.

Those who want Marie to play in the ball game will raise the hand, and those who don't want her to play will keep their hands down.

"Ah, Marie, they do want you, so let us see who will be the first to give up his place to you for one day.

(Doubtless all will respond to this request.)

If all give up their places to you there will not be enough left to play ball, so, Marie, I think you will have to choose the one whose place you will take first. By the way, when is your turn coming to give up your place to another?

The child makes her choice. Perhaps she will say that she will be the first to give up her place.

See, children, I am making nine straight lines on the board. What do you think these stand for?

"For the boys and girls of the school." Yes, you have guessed right; and now I will make out of every straight line a cross to stand for whom do you suppose?

Yes, you have told me what these stand for. They stand for the boys and girls who want Marie to play in the game. Will the children in front please raise their hands again, so I can

see if I have you all. That is well; now you may return to your seats for we have found out that the children let Marie join the game.

(Perhaps the required number of commendable characteristics cannot be given, but if several which in reality mean the same thing are proffered, write them upon the board. The pupils are too young to go into details concerning synonyms.

Let us now find nine nice things to say about these boys and girls.

Now those of you who have blank books may







copy in them what I am writing on the board. Please watch me and see if I am writing what you have told me about those boys and girls.

The result of the discussion to be written upon the board will be like this:

The children let Marie play in their game because it was

- | | | |
|--------|------|---------------|
| Good | Kind | Generous |
| Right | | Accommodating |
| Just | | Gentlemanly |
| Polite | | Ladylike |

SEPTEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
     					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

U. G. W.

The Teaching of Civics

By Flora Helm, Head Assistant, Robert Morris School, Chicago

HUXLEY says the Ego is the center of the universe.

Borrowing this idea for an educational application, let us radiate outwards with it.

The child-ego is the center of the universe, his circumference is his social environment, and the radius which swings around the center and creates the circle is his education in civics.

His circumference is then great or small in proportion to his radius.

We cannot conceive a center without a circumference, and a circumference cannot be generated without a radius. No finite being lives for, or by, himself alone. It is as axiomatic in sociological philosophy that he must have a social environment as the foregoing mathematical statement is axiomatic.

And since the circumference depends on the radius, the inference is that the radius is of great educational value. Education in civics (we use the last word in its sociological as well as political sense) is, as stated before, the radius which swings around the child and creates for him his universe. In the complex and highly evolved condition of our present civilization, the Ego's circumference covers many varieties of relationships to the center. There is the generic or family arc, the social arc, the industrial arc, the commercial arc, the political arc, and the arcs of letters, art, and artizanship. All these are spanned by the one radius—civics.

Since this line of education is of such great importance, what should be its nature?

It goes without argument that it should be of a nature to produce great breadth, since the scope of the child's potentiality is based upon it.

It should be altruistic or moral in its character, for the development of a being is reflex in its nature.

What a person radiates will be reflected back on himself. This is a truism so universally recognized that it has passed into various forms of proverb—bread cast upon the waters—honesty is the best policy, etc. As a witty Frenchman has said, if there were no such thing as honesty it would be invented as a business principle because it would pay.

So the educational principle of civics should be based on altruism, if for no broader reason than that it involves the success of the person so educated. The development of the individual is reciprocal to the development of his race. Religions and philosophies of all times recognize this.

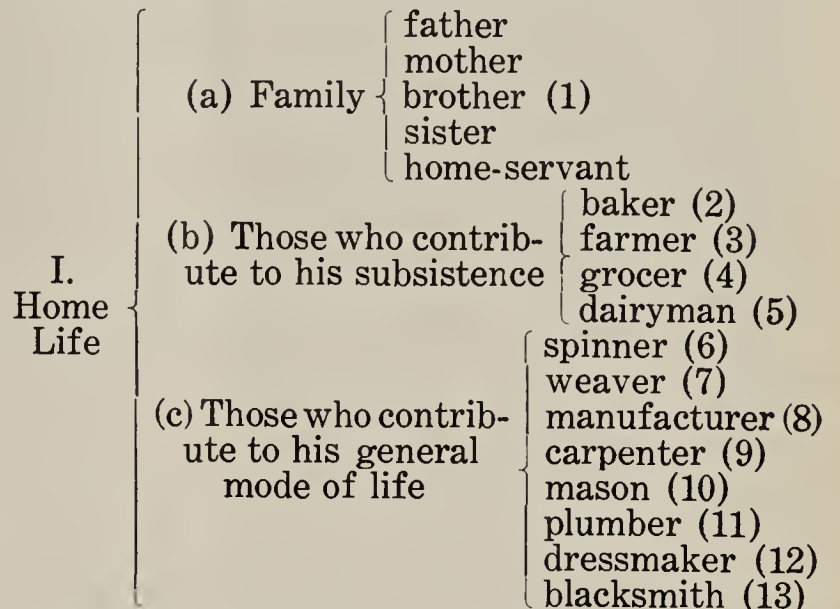
So civics, that branch of education which develops a child with relation to his sociological environment should be the *Science of Ethics*.

To summarize,—Civics is that branch of education which relates a child to the universe; it should be broad in its ultimate scope; it should be ethical in its character.

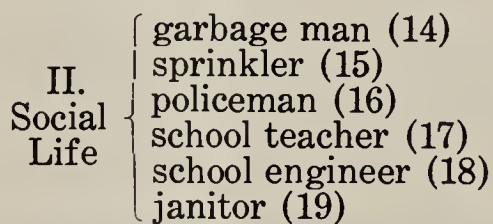
First Grade Civics.

The nearest circumference to the child is his

home life. His home life has three arcs or aspects: the family members, those persons who contribute to his subsistence, and those who contribute to his general mode of life.



The next circumference takes a little longer radius, a little wider sweep, and we find the child-ego looking out upon the first rim that bounds a universe radiating towards him in help and labor and love. But also radiating from him, for he must be made to feel that they only serve him and love him because he will some day do his share.



This double diagram covers nineteen subjects. Suppose we say that each subject covers two lessons, and, allowing for two extra lessons mentioned later on, adopt the following outline,—one lesson a week, four a month, forty a year,—twenty minutes to each lesson, eight hundred minutes a year.

It is desirable to present the different subjects in a variety of ways, and of course each subject in a way that should bring out its differentiating character. For *family life* let the children talk. For *grocer* play a shop game in which one is owner, another salesman, another clerk, another deliverer, and others buyers. For *farmer* take "garden-day" for its illustration and let it be an out-door lesson if possible, or if not, plant seeds and do miniature gardening inside. For *dairyman* bring in pictures of the cow and correlate the nature study lesson. For *baker* bring in the construction work with its mud pies. Nearly all the members of group C of the first diagram can best be evolved by manual activity.

The needle, wheel, hammer, trowel, saw, straw, cloth, yarn, wool, paper, and clay may be the individual instrument to unfold a special field of industry in this little microcosm of primitive industrialism.

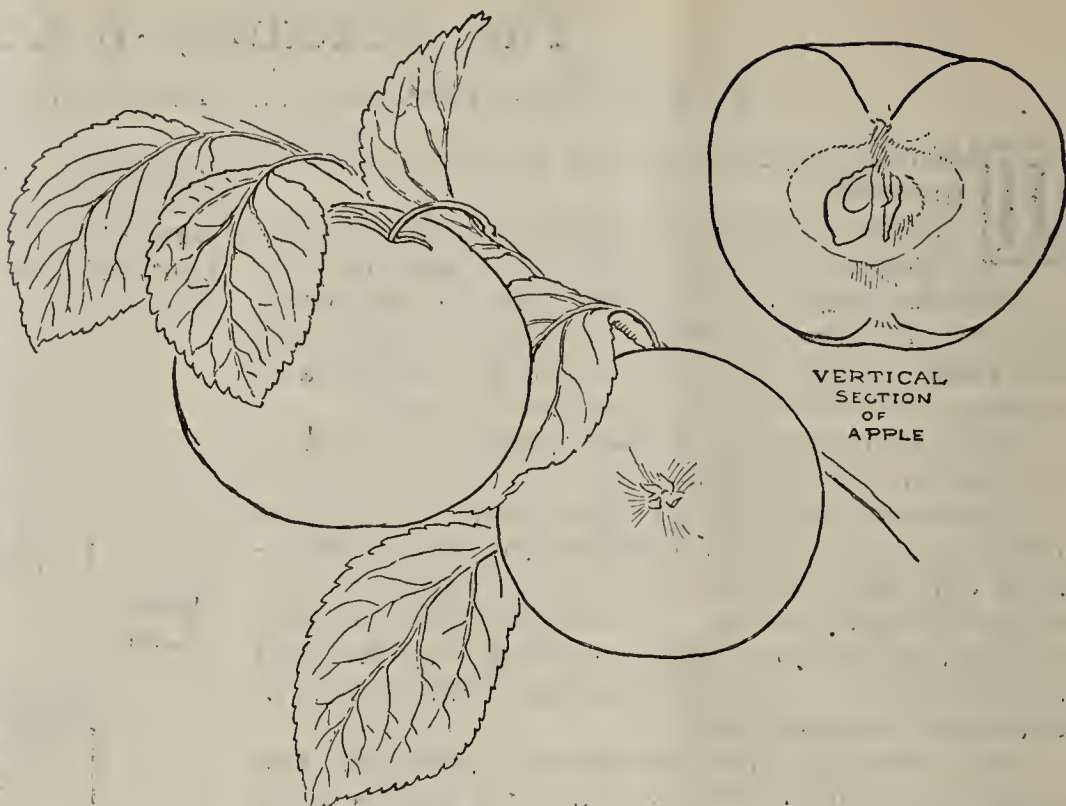
He can best understand humanity and best be inspired with the human breath that sighs for divinity, who passes thru all the stages that lead primitive man up the Excelsior Heights of evolution and progress. It is on this principle that the Talmud enjoined all the Jewish philosophers to learn a trade. This principle is the keystone to the great institution of philosophical fraternity—the Masonic Order. It is the instigation of this idea that has established the system of having most European rulers taught a manual trade in their youth.

So the child can best absorb the spirit of fraternal co-operation which inspires the human universe by experiencing those especial activities by which individual man is expressed.

Blessed that child of humanity, happiest man among men,
Who, with hammer or chisel or pencil, with rudder or plowshare or pen,
Laboreth ever and ever with hope thru the morning of life.
Round swings the hammer of industry, quickly the sharp chisel rings,
And the heart of the toiler has throbblings that stir not the bosom of kings.

Group II. can be brought out by talks, pictures, and games.

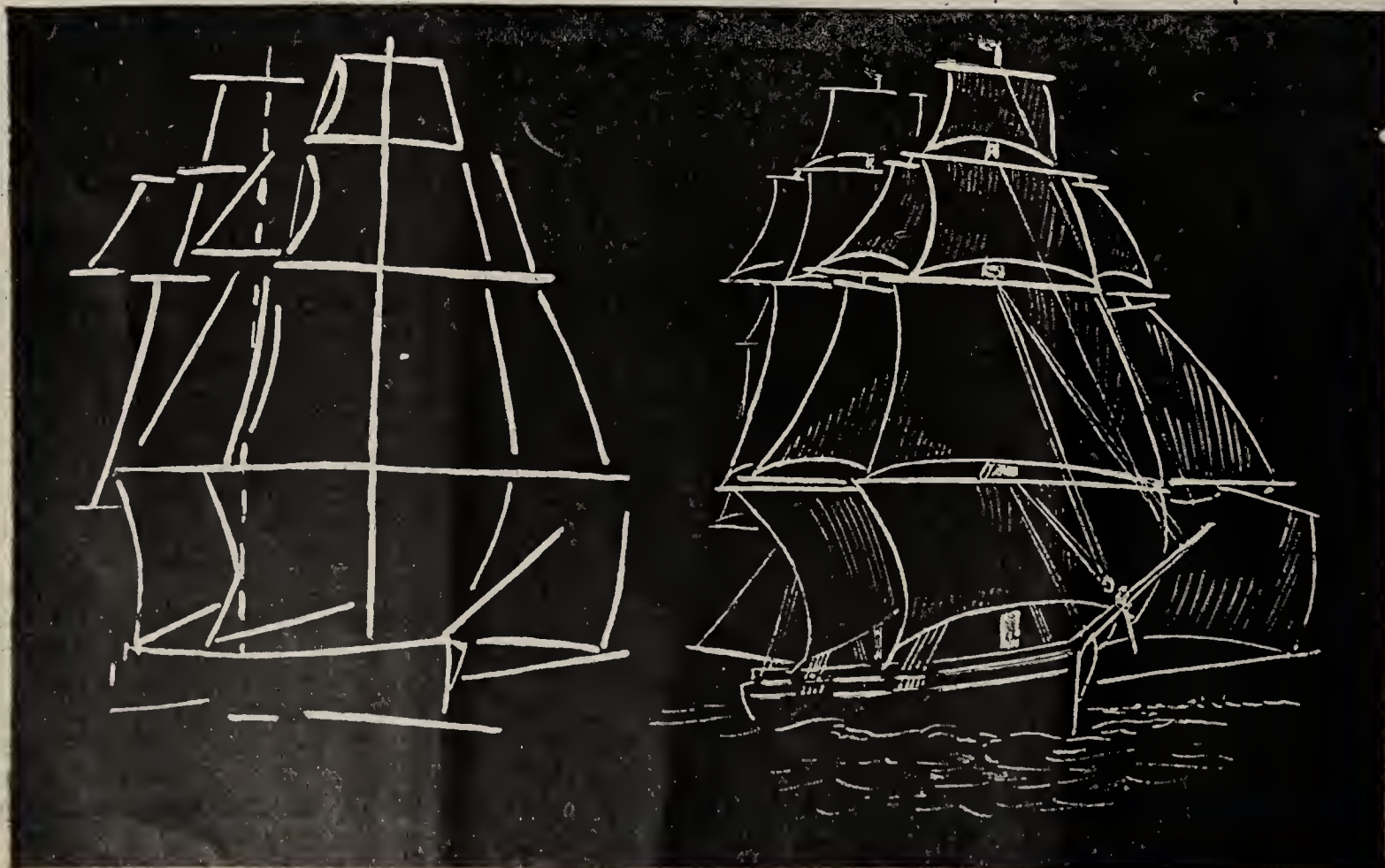
After each individual labor or duty has been evolved in its two lessons, let there be two lesson days for exchange: Lessons to illustrate co-operative industry. Each child contributes to the general market the work he especially excels



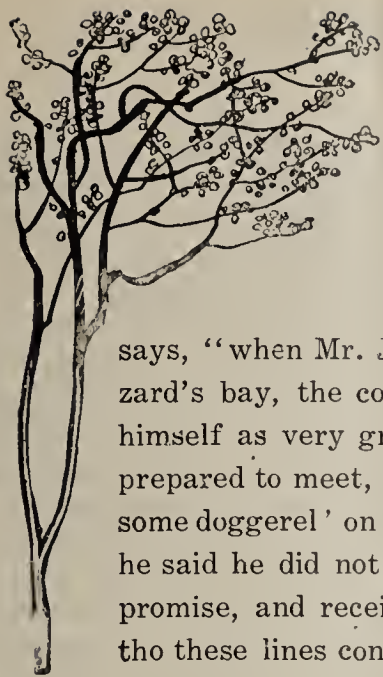
Drawn by U. G. Wilson: [See also the "Apple Lesson" on page 54.]

in, emphasizing the political economy point of industrial interdependence. Let these, as well as every lesson, be a subtle and philosophical working out in the child's primitive way of the fraternal principle of the universe,—of the fact that the Golden Rule is absolute, not relative,—that life to the individual is only secured by life to the whole.

Let the teacher of civics—be the civics primitive or complex—bear always in mind that the center exists only in relation to the circumference,—that the *ego* is only an existence relative to the *alter*,—in a word, that civics implies altruism.

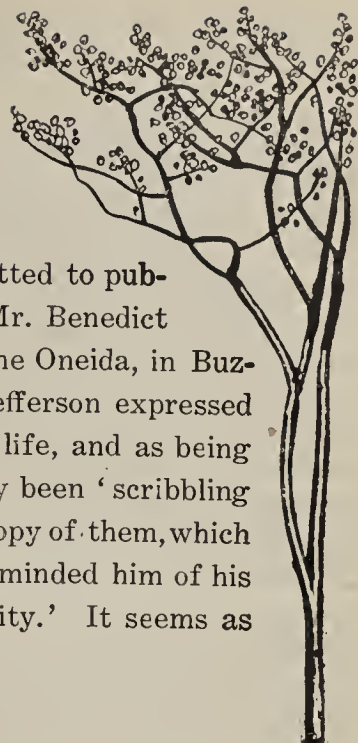


An easy way to draw a ship.—Blackboard Drawing by W. E. Sparks.



Immortality

By Joseph Jefferson



Thru the courtesy of Mr. E. C. Benedict, a close friend of the late Joseph Jefferson, TEACHERS MAGAZINE is permitted to publish these lines by the dead actor. "One day last summer," Mr. Benedict says, "when Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Cleveland were taking luncheon on board the Oneida, in Buzzard's bay, the conversation drifted to the subject of a future life. Mr. Jefferson expressed himself as very grateful for having had more than his share of the joys of this life, and as being prepared to meet, at any moment, the common fate of all. He said he had lately been 'scribbling some doggerel' on the subject, and he recited his lines to us. I asked him for a copy of them, which he said he did not possess, but he promised to send me one. In February I reminded him of his promise, and received a signed copy of the verses, which he entitled 'Immortality.' It seems as tho these lines construct a beautiful bridge between faith and reason."



Two caterpillars crawling on a leaf,
By some strange accident in contact
came;
Their conversation, passing all belief,
Was that same argument, the very same,
That has been "proed and conned" from man
to man,
Yea, ever since this wondrous world began.

The ugly creatures,
Deaf and dumb and blind,
Devoid of features
That adorn mankind,
Were vain enough, in dull and wordy strife,
To speculate upon a future life.
The first was optimistic, full of hope;
The second, quite dyspeptic, seemed to mope.
Said number one, "I'm sure of our salvation;"
Said number two, "I'm sure of our damnation.
Our ugly forms alone would seal our fates
And bar our entrance thru the golden gates.
Suppose that death should take us unawares,
How would we climb the golden stairs?
If maidens shun us as they pass us by,
Would angels bid us welcome in the sky?
I wonder what great crimes we have committed,
That leave us so forlorn and so unpitied.
Perhaps we've been ungrateful, unforgiving;
'Tis plain to me that life's not worth the living."

"Come, come, cheer up," the jovial worm replied,
"Let's take a look upon the other side;
Suppose we cannot fly like moths or millers,
Are we to blame for being caterpillars?
Will that same God that doomed us crawl the
earth,
A prey to every bird that's given birth,
Forgive our captor as he eats and sings,
And damn poor us because we have not wings?
If we can't skim the air like owl or bat,
A worm will turn 'for a' that.'"

They argued thru the summer; autumn nigh,
The ugly things composed themselves to die;
And so to make their funeral quite complete,
Each wrapped him in his little winding sheet.

The tangled web encompassed them full soon,
Each for his coffin made him a cocoon;
Al thru the winter's chilling blast they lay
Dead to the world, aye, dead as human clay.

Lo, spring comes forth with all her warmth and
love;
She brings sweet justice from the realms above;
She breaks the chrysalis, she resurrects the
dead;

Two butterflies ascend encircling her head.
And so this emblem shall forever be
A sign of immortality.

The Sand Table in the Class-Room

By Florence V. Farmer, Newark, N. J.

TEACHERS in the lower primary grades will find a sand table of great value in connection with nature study, language, reading, and history, as well as with geography. By its use we give life and interest to these subjects, thus making it a means of growth to the child. If it is used simply to amuse, to let the child play with the sand aimlessly, it is almost valueless. Neither should it serve for modeling, except in the grades where geographical forms are taught. In the first and second grades it may be a means of expression. Stories which have been told by the teacher, or read by the pupils, may be reproduced on the sand table, the sand being the ground work on which to build up the story. This is a most valuable aid in oral language work. It emphasizes the story so effectively that the duller pupil becomes interested and even enthusiastic.

With the children in the imaginative stage of development, it is well to encourage the building up of the story entirely thru their own efforts; but with the older children, who are studying historical and geographical subjects, many things will suggest themselves to the teacher which are not within the child's experience. These may be supplied by the teacher as models from which the pupil makes similar objects. Thus the sand table—itsself one form of expression—brings into activity several other forms. It also provides the children with interesting and profitable seat work.

In the early fall, when nature work is related to the preparation of plant and animal life for winter, the sand table is invaluable. Besides the multitude of stories adapted to illustration, there is the convenience of turning the table into a miniature meadow for the closer study of insect life. The sand is removed and sod substituted. As it is the life and environment, rather than the scientific investigation of the parts of the insect, which is of most importance in our early studies, we must make the new home of the

insect as much like its native home as possible. Slats about two feet long are tacked upright at the corners of the table and the whole is covered with mosquito netting. Black netting is more easily seen thru than white or colored.

Later in the fall we learn of the harvest, the farmer's life, and our dependence upon him. The sand table is now converted into a tiny farm and interesting and instructive scenes are represented. On one part of the table are broad fields enclosed by neat fences of toothpicks or sticks. A farmhouse with a flower garden in front, and woods and orchards in the rear, a barn, wagons, hayricks, and corncribs take their places in the landscape. Toys are used for the farming implements, or they are cut from stiff paper or modeled in clay. The animals generally found on a farm are made in the same way. Dolls are used for the farmer's family and for the harvest men. When the subject of planting, cultivating, and harvesting of grains are discussed, the fields are planted with small pieces of dry grain or grasses.

Another part of the table shows the wheat stacked ready to be taken in the little paper wagons to the barn where it is to be threshed.

On another part of the table stands an old-fashioned flour mill, with a water-wheel. The mill stream, made of paper or of ground glass, runs thru green moss to the dam above the water-wheel. A few tiny bags of flour are piled near the door of the mill.

During November, when historical narrative takes the most prominent place in morning talks and language work, a great transformation is made in the sand table. England appears a little to the right of the center. Small paper houses, with tiny gardens in front, are arranged in rows to look like streets. The King's palace, made of blocks, stands on a hill overlooking the town. To the right of England, with a small expanse of blue paper water between, is Holland, the country of dykes, canals, and windmills.



The Story of the Ugly Duckling.—Arranged on a Sand Table at the Ridge Street School, Newark, N. J.

On the extreme left, beyond a paper ocean, lies the new country—America. A large stone is conspicuous on the shore and nearby is a cardboard ship marked "Mayflower." Among the twigs of evergreen on the shore are log cabins built with rolled paper which has been gone over lightly with black crayon. Tripods made of twigs and kettles of clay stand near the cabins. A short distance away is an Indian village.

The wigwams are made of paper painted in bright colors. The farmer's family and the harvestmen now do duty as Pilgrims and Indians. The farmer wears somber gray, and the latter chamois skin with gay bead trimmings.

December is full of suggestions for sand table illustration. The Christmas stories, the celebration of Christmas in other countries, and the life and home of our old friend Santa Claus are represented as time permits.

During the cold winter months comes the study of snow, its uses, and its pleasures. The sand table now appears white with cotton batting. A little artificial snow or salt is used to give a more realistic appearance. There are hills for coasting, horses and sleighs for driving, ponds of ground glass for skating, men on raffia snow shoes, and houses and trees covered with snow.

From this frozen landscape our minds are directed toward the Eskimos who live where ice and snow abound the greater part of the year. The sand table, with but little alteration, represents a scene in the Northland. Eskimo dolls take the place of the boys and girls coasting and skating; dogs with sledges are substituted for the horses and sleighs; igloos are made of clay and covered with cotton and salt; clay bears and seals are found on the glass ice, and Eskimo weapons of warfare are near the igloos.

In February the log cabin of the Pilgrims is placed in pioneer surroundings and becomes the home of Abraham Lincoln.

After the study of heroism by means of our own great men, we talk of the heroes of olden times,—the knights. A story particularly good for this subject is Miss Harrison's "How Cedric Became a Knight." A castle, made of paper lightly crayoned with black to represent stone, stands on a high hill overlooking the surrounding city. Stone walls made of paper enclose the city and castle. Cedric's home is a small paper house at the foot of the hill. There is a flower garden in front and an old-fashioned well with sweep. Toy knights on their fine horses ride down the hill, and Cedric's plain clothes are changed to a velvet suit and a hat with plumes.

The windy month of March is a most enjoyable one for sand table illustration. All the uses of wind to man appear on the table. A weather-vane stands on the top of a stable; from a flag pole a miniature American flag floats in the breeze; in the back yard of a small paper house, clothes are hung to dry; boys are running about flying their kites; tiny sailboats are tossed about on the waves of paper water; tall windmills lift their arms to the sky.

Besides the spring winds other forces of nature are at work.

The warm rain and sunshine will soon waken

plant life and we must make a study of germination. The sand is removed from the table and good soil substituted. It now becomes our garden and we plant our seeds, some in hills, some in furrows, and some scattered. The period of waiting is enlivened by the necessity for frequent waterings and some fence building and repairing. Soon we find here and there tiny mounds raised from the surrounding level. Now we begin to watch the habits of growth in the various plants as they develop. As each plant stretches itself and lengthens, it pushes its way above the ground and turns toward the light.

It takes so long for the plants to mature that they must be transplanted to the out-of-door garden after the early stages of growth have been observed.

As summer approaches the children cast aside their heavy clothing and appear in cotton and linen. The sand table shows a cotton plantation in the sunny south. The cotton is represented by small plants with balls of cotton batting tied on to look like bursting pods. A few real pods are fastened here and there on the larger plants. Colored dolls are among the plants picking the cotton and filling their baskets. A wagon



stands ready to take it to the shed where the seeds are separated from the cotton. Some bales of cotton are piled nearby. These will be sent to the mills where the cotton will be spun and woven into thin goods for our summer clothing.



First Steps in Reading.

Extract from an address by MRS. ALICE WOODWORTH COOLEY, University of North Dakota, before the N. E. A.

The first steps in learning to read must then be:

Getting vivid pictures of objects and events worth thinking and reading about; larger, clearer, more definite thoughts; and higher ideals of beauty of form and sound. This can only be done by (1) contact with real things worth while to know; (2) enlarged experience; (3) expression in word and by hand; (4) ear familiarity with literature; (5) increasingly accurate and distinct pronunciation with ever better voice modulation; (6) association of mental pictures with written forms and their sound; (7) increasing ability to instantly, at sight of the written form, give its meaning to others in spoken words.

Japanese Brush Strokes

By K. Grace Dawson, Supervisor of Drawing, Berkeley, Cal.

NO one can deny that the Japanese, of all our draughtsmen, is the most skilful in wielding his brush. His direction, strength, and length of line are very carefully studied before he ever touches his brush to the paper. Artists are continually using Japanese prints as examples of splendid composition and beauty of line.

When the child takes up painting for the first time, which is usually in the third grade, the question arises how best to instruct him in the preliminaries. After having used crayons for two years it is quite a new experience to handle the brush and to handle it successfully. It seems to be very discouraging to the class teacher to introduce painting to her small inexperienced children, because they are so awkward in handling their brushes.

The first thing to do is to teach them how to hold the brush. As a rule, children hold it too near the end. They will never obtain freedom of line if they persist in holding the brush in this manner. See that the child grasps it lightly about two inches from the bristles.

These Japanese brush strokes are splendid for

the beginner as he directs the brush to form his ideas, thus giving him practice with the brush and helping him to see form as well.

Ink is better than the wash for this work, and merely common school ink will suffice. Begin first with the horizontal line, then vertical, then oblique. Take a brush full of ink, press the brush on the paper, bearing down somewhat, and carry the brush as far as you wish the line to go, thus giving to the ends of the line a broadened effect. When practicing these straight strokes the teacher can help the children to space more evenly by counting one, two, three, etc.

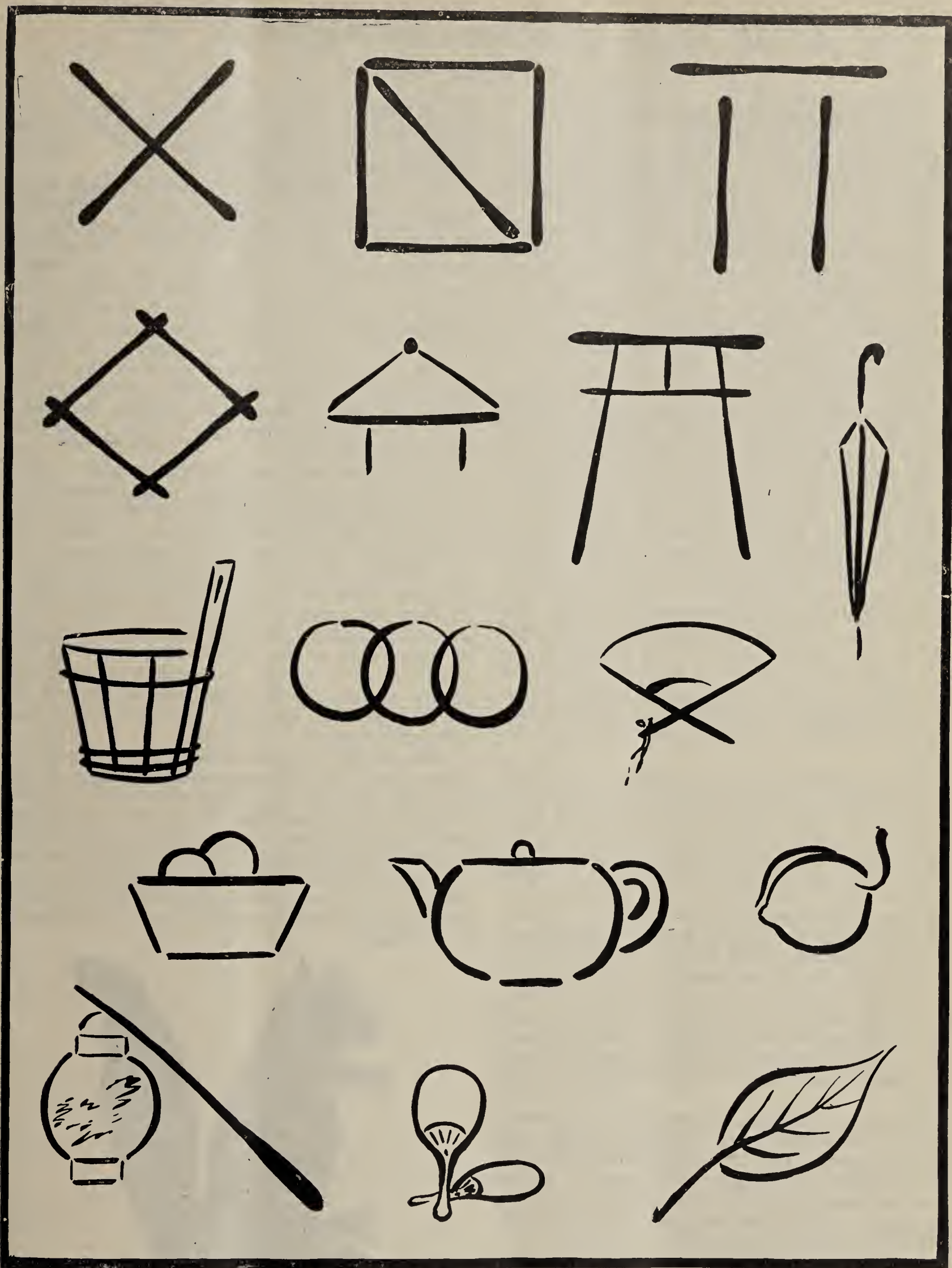
After obtaining good results in these first attempts take different objects, such as the pail, dipper, leaf, and parasol.

Impress upon the child that he must know just what he wants his brush to do before he begins, for in this work one cannot patch up after the work is finished.

Give now a few lessons on curved objects. Curves are always more or less difficult, especially for little hands. Begin by making circles and interlacing them. Use as objects fruit, teapot, lantern, fan, etc.



An Example of Japanese Landscape Drawing for the Blackboard, by W. E. Sparkes.



One can readily see that the child is by this time not only learning to handle the brush, but is learning to see form as well, and the teacher feels that she can proceed to real water-colors.

The teacher always finds that better results follow if enough time is spent on the preliminaries. One can be sure that such time is not wasted.

Little Talks on School Management. II

By Randall N. Saunders, Hudson, N. Y.

Opening Exercises.

A MOMENT'S calm after the pupils are seated tends to ensure a receptive attitude in schools where the opening exercises are varied and the discipline is good. With the pupil fresh from exercise, that moment of expectant tranquillity is the opened vestibule for the earnest introduction of some sweet or noble guest of thought to the passive mind, ere the workmen, duties of the day or of the session, throng to their places.

As we have staples of diet ever present at the table, so I believe that the Great Teacher's injunction should be followed, in a broad and non-sectarian sense, and that His lambs should regularly be fed the bread of life without sermon or sanctimoniousness. The reading of the Bible, the greatest code of ethics and the grandest literature ever compiled, was the one staple ever present, and I always strove to make the morning lesson from the book of books one of the most interesting of the day. Reverence for things considered holy and to be respected, a reverence so much needed at the present time, —will grow out of the manner in which this thing is done. Treat the book with care,—put feeling into the rendition of its passages, and the children will catch the spirit of reverence and reflect, but *don't* be sanctimonious or you will be promptly and properly suspected, and the good influence to be desired will be dissipated.

I varied the reading of the Bible. For a week (for illustration) we would read the First Psalm every morning, or until we could repeat it from memory. In this way, in time, a school would learn many of the shorter songs of David and other short selections. Then, again, I would select a portion, reading it a few lines at a time, the lines to be repeated by the school,—a short responsive exercise that is good for fixing attention and that was most thoroly enjoyed whenever I used it. Then, again, I asked some of the older boys and girls occasionally to read, and being selected to read was always treated as a privilege,—a responsibility,—and the reading, without an exception, was always conducted in a manner nowise lowering the dignity of the office.

Sometimes the Bible text suggested an ethical lesson to be briefly and beneficially developed, and sometimes the text was chosen for the ethical lesson it contained and which I had in mind as needed by the school. We were like a big family at this exercise, and seldom did any mischief creep in to mar it all.

As to the singing. In some schools I had an instrument, and was fortunate in having several girls in each to play for me. Altho I knew something of both vocal and instrumental music, I believed that it was far better to employ the talents about me rather than to display those I possessed. It is better to have boys and girls

beg a musical treat (?) from you than to become a bore by constantly doing something that several in your school can do as well so far as the simple needs demand.

We varied our singing. The morning song would be in character a hymn, stirring or tender as the mood of the morning needed guiding, or as the nature of the Bible reading or the ethical lesson demanded. A song from the song book, patriotic or sentimental, opened the afternoon exercises, and this was varied occasionally by a solo or a duo, if I had a prospective "bella donna" or two among my charge. A short nature or information lesson followed the song, and I found my boys and girls never weary of learning facts, developed if possible thru objects, about the animals and things by which they were surrounded.

At this time boys and girls were given commissions of exploration and investigation, and at this time reports of research and expeditions were received. There could be, of course, no routine,—no succession,—no regular method; but rather an irregular method that was more effective from its very variability and novelty. At this time, new inventions and discoveries were explained briefly, and discussed in regard to their value to the world; and every day I demanded of each pupil old enough to read the papers a news item (excluding all record of crime), the more important of which received a word of comment.

Thus varied and conducted, my opening exercises were often the green spots in many a desert day, and I believe that they watered and made fertile many a day that would have been an arid Sahara without them. They engendered the growth and strengthening of attention, reverence and cheerfulness; three buds that are often blighted by a sharp rattling hail of fixed routine or a cold air of indifference at the very threshold of the dawn.



The King of the Autumn Woods.—A Paper-Cutting sent by Miss Cleo Kelliher, a teacher in Jefferson, Wis.



"The squirrel was going to saw off her hand to get her free."

Mr. and Mrs. Stout of Beaverdam

There was great excitement among the beavers of Timber Lake. The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Flat-Tail was going to be married. The young beaver who wanted her for his wife was named Stout.

Everybody who was anybody in the Timber Lake colony was invited to the wedding.

The men beavers were talking about nothing but the good things they would get to eat.

The women beavers were talking about the dresses they were going to wear, and how pretty the bride would look in her rich new furs.

Mrs. Flat-Tail was afraid that her daughter's wedding dress might be stolen. So she put it away in a dark corner of the garret. For this was the safest place in the Flat-Tail homestead.

Early one morning, on the day before the wedding, young Stout called at the Flat-Tail lodge to see if everything was ready.

It happened that the Flat-Tails had not yet finished their breakfast.

Father Flat-Tail invited young Stout to sit down at the table and eat with the family.

"I have had my breakfast, thank you," said Stout, "but I will sit down at the table with you." So he sat down next to Miss Flat-Tail.

After a while young Stout said, "I think I can eat something anyway. Seeing you all eat has made me hungry."

Miss Flat-Tail smiled as sweet a smile as a young beaver lady can smile and asked, "What shall I get you, dear?" Then she blushed because she had called him "dear" before the whole family.

Young Stout did not mind being called "dear" by Miss Flat-Tail. So he said, "Bring me a water-lily root, if you please."

Now there was no water-lily root on the table. So the bride went down to the cellar to get one.

After looking around for some time, she saw a root that had in some way been mixed in with the plaster and was stuck in the cellar wall.

Miss Flat-Tail picked and pulled until she got it out. But, oh horrors! There was a tiny hole left in the cellar wall where the lily root had been, and the water came trickling through.

Miss Flat-Tail sat down and cried, and said to herself, "What an unlucky girl I am! Now the water will fill up the cellar. Then it will go higher and higher until it gets up to the garret. Then my pretty wedding dress will be spoiled. And then I must get married in my old fur coat."

All the time she was crying the water kept trickling through the tiny hole in the cellar wall.

Young Stout wondered why his bride did not return. "I wish," he said, "I had asked for only half a water-lily root. Perhaps if I had, your daughter could have been back by this time."

Father Flat-Tail gave his wife a gentle punch in the ribs and said, "It ought not to take that girl so long to get a water-lily root from the cellar. I could have brought up half a dozen in this time."

"I will see what is the matter," said Mrs. Flat-Tail. So she left the room and went down to the cellar.

There she saw her daughter sitting with a water-lily root in her left hand and crying bitterly, while the water came trickling through the wall.

"What are you crying about?" Mother Flat-Tail asked the bride.

"Don't you see that the water is trickling through a tiny hole in the cellar wall?" the bride said. "By and by the whole cellar will be full. Then the water will go higher and higher and higher till it gets up to the garret. Then my pretty wedding dress will be spoiled. And then I must be married in my old fur coat."

When the mother heard this tale of woe, she took hold of her daugh-



While she was crying the water came trickling in

ters right hand, and cried, too. And all the time the water kept trickling through the tiny hole in the cellar wall.

When mother and daughter did not come back, young Stout remarked. "I wonder why the women stay so long?"

Then Father Flat-Tail said, "I will go and see what the matter is."

So he started for the cellar. There he saw his daughter holding a lily root in her left hand, and her mother holding her right hand. Both women were crying and the tears ran down their cheeks, while the water was trickling through the cellar wall.

When Father Flat-Tail heard what they were crying about, and how his daughter would have to be married in her old house-dress if the water should spoil her new wedding gown, he put his arms around his daughter and cried, too. And all the time the water kept on trickling through the cellar wall.

By and by young Stout thought he would see what had become of the Flat-Tail family. When he reached the cellar he found the whole floor covered with water, and his bride and his father-in-law and his mother-in-law crying.

He ran upstairs and got a handful of mud and put it over the hole in the wall. So the water stopped trickling into the cellar. Then the bridegroom asked Father Flat-Tail why he was crying. "Ask my wife," Father Flat-Tail said. "She can tell you."

So young Stout asked Mother Flat-Tail why she was crying. "Ask my daughter," Mother Flat-Tail said. "She can tell you."

So young Stout asked his bride why she was crying.

Miss Flat-Tail wiped away her tears, and sobbed, and said, "I cried because I was afraid the water would keep on trickling through the wall till the whole cellar was filled, and then it would go higher and higher and higher, and when it got into the garret it would spoil my new wedding dress, and then I would have to be married in my old house-dress."

Young Stout was angry when he heard this, and he said: "What fools you people are! Is that what you three are crying about? I will not stay here with you. I am going away and will not come back till I find three bigger fools than you." With that he left the Flat-Tail lodge and started out on a long journey.

Young Stout walked many miles, and could find no such fools as the Flat-Tails.

On the tenth day he saw a squirrel running around the ground carrying a saw.

"Where are you going with that saw?" he asked.

"My wife has caught her right hand in a hole and can't get it out," the squirrel answered. "So I am going to saw off her hand to set her free."

"Let me go with you and see whether I can help you," Stout said. And then he followed the squirrel.

When they came to the spot where Mrs. Squirrel was caught, Stout asked, "How did you get your hand in the hole?"

"It went in as easy as anything," said Mrs. Squirrel. "I saw there were nice nuts in the hole, so I put my hand in to take them, and now I



"And he named her from the river,
From the water-fall he named her,
Minnehaha, laughing water."

The Indian Play Hiawatha.

Ever since Longfellow wrote the famous song of Hiawatha, the swinging rhythm of the lines and powerful sweep of the story has held American readers with unabated interest. The story has taken hold not only of the white man, but the Indian, too, has caught the spirit of Hiawatha, and become equally enthusiastic over the poem.

One day there appeared along the shores of Lake Huron, in the Ojibway country in Canada, a white explorer, named L. O. Armstrong, and

here it was that he succeeded in arousing the interest of the red men in the story of Hiawatha. Soon the Ojibways began to tell the old story in their own tongue, and finally to act the play under the overhanging pines, and on the shining lakes of their native country. The fame of their performance spread abroad, and for six years it has been repeated before hundreds of people who have come to see it.

Fascinating as this Indian play is, its location in Canada proved to be too far away for many who would like to witness it. Finally, Mr. Armstrong



"With the deer upon his shoulder,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them."

determined to find a new home for the drama in the United States, and after some deliberation moved it to Yawaygamug Lake, near Petoskey, Mich.

The choice of this location is a fortunate one, for it was here the Ojibway tribe lived in the old days when they battled with the Iroquois. It was here, also, that they hunted the deer and fished in the deep waters of the lake for their favorite food, the bass. It was here the squaws of the tribe planted corn, beans and potatoes, and stripped from the birch trees the covering for

their lords' canoes; and it is here that they will present the story of the life of Hiawatha and his wooing of Minnehaha.

The Indians enter into the portrayal of the scenes with surprising dramatic ability and insight. As actors they seem to be superior in their simplicity and realism to their white brothers. The presenting of this picturesque period in the history of America by real sons of the forest, is sure to attract wide attention.

The season at Yawaygamug Lake opened July 4, and will close some time in September.

cannot get it out again. Poor, unlucky squirrel that I am! Now my hand must be cut off."

"Have you hold of the nuts now?" Stout asked.

"Yes," the squirrel answered, "but I cannot get my hand out of the hole."

"Drop the nuts!" Stout commanded.

Mrs. Squirrel did as she was told. And oh, joy! her hand could now be drawn out.

The squirrels were glad that the hand did not have to be sawed off after all. So they gave Stout a beautiful golden ring.

He took the present and started on his journey again, talking to himself as he went: "These squirrels are certainly greater fools than the Flat-Tails. But this is only the first foolish thing I have seen since I left Timber Lake. So I will search on. If I find two other such fools, I shall go back and marry Miss Flat-Tail."

After a time he came to a river. There he saw a sheep trying to dip up water with a sieve, and crying bitterly.

"What are you crying about?" Stout asked.

"Oh, my poor little lambkin must die of thirst if I do not bring him some water soon," the sheep answered. "Here I have been trying for four hours to dip up water to fill this pail. But I cannot do it. Oh, my poor little lambkin, my poor little lambkin!"

"What are you using for a dipper?" Stout asked.

"A sieve," the sheep answered.

"Let me have your pail," Stout said. Then he dipped the pail in the water, and gave it to the sheep filled to the top.

"How can I thank you enough for this?" the sheep said. "You have saved the life of my lambkin."

Then she gave Stout a golden chain. He took the present and continued his journey, saying to himself, "This sheep is certainly a greater fool than any one of the Flat-Tails. This is the second stupid thing I have seen since I left Timber Lake. One and one is two. If I find one other big fool, I shall go back and marry Miss Flat-Tail."

In the afternoon he came to a farmyard. He saw there was something



He saw a sheep trying to dip up water with a sieve.

unusual going on. All the animals were gathered before the barn door, watching a cow with a great big cornstalk in her mouth.

Stout asked a hen, "What is going on here?"

"The cow has been trying ever since this morning to get that cornstalk into the stable, but the door is not wide enough," the hen answered.

Stout decided to watch a while, and see how the thing would end.

He heard the pig say, "Let somebody get a saw or an axe and cut away a few boards so as to make the doorway wider."

"That won't do," the horse said. "Then the doors won't fit tight, and then we who have to live in the barn will all catch cold."

"I know what to do," the dog said. "Let the cow lie down on her right side with the great big cornstalk in her mouth. Then we will shove her into the barn."

There was no objection to this. So the cow lay down on her right side with the great big cornstalk in her mouth.

Now all the animals began to shove. But the cow did not budge.

At last young Stout went forward and said, "You will never get the cow with her cornstalk into the barn this way. Let the cow get up. So there! Now drop the stalk. Good! Now take hold of the flowers at the upper end."

Then he gave the cow a smart slap, and she ran into the barn with the cornstalk in her mouth and dangling between her front legs.

"Stalks as big as that one must be taken in lengthways," Stout said.

Then all the animals were glad that the cow was safely gotten through the barn door. Everyone wanted to give Stout a present for his help. He got bracelets and silver plates and golden candlesticks and ever so many other things, so that he could hardly carry them all.

"What fools there are in this world!" he said to himself. "I am sure



"The cow has been trying to get that cornstalk into the stable, but the door is not wide enough."

the Flat-Tails are no more stupid than the animals who have given me this gold and silver. Two and one are three. "Now I am going back to Timber Lake and marry Miss Flat-Tail."

And so he did. On the day after the wedding the postmaster got a card which read like this:

"Please forward all mail addressed to Miss Flat-Tail, Timber Lake, to Mrs. Stout, Beaverdam, Timber County, Castoria."

[This story has been told by Ossian Lang. The pictures were drawn by Margaret Ely Webb. The copyright is held by the Young American Publishing Company, New York.]



Here is sister Rose.
She is a very busy little girl.
She has a dolly.
Dolly needs clean clothes.
Rose has her wash bench and tub.
She is washing Dolly's clothes.
She will rub them until they are
clean.



She will hang them on the line.
The sunshine and wind will soon
dry them.
Then this little girl will take them
down.
She will fold them neatly.
She will iron them for dear Dolly,
to-morrow.

The children at Hyannis sometimes play at school that they are housekeepers. They sweep the room, clean the tables and do many other things. One day a little girl played that it was wash day. She brought a tub, a stand and a washboard to school. She showed the children how she washes the clothes of her dolls. All the children in the class then talked about her work. Miss Finley who is the teacher wrote the sentences upon the blackboard. In this way the class wrote the two composition exercises which are printed here. [See Teachers Magazine for June, pages 574 and 575.]

NOTE:—Hereafter, in response to the wish expressed by many subscribers, the CHILD WORLD pages will be so arranged that reading and full page pictures will alternate. Those who wish to use the stories may then mount them, and those who would rather preserve the pictures treat these in the same way.—THE EDITOR.

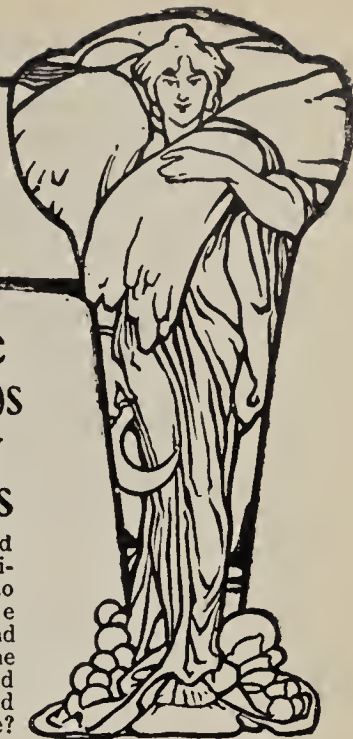


Hints and Helps

Plans,
Methods,
Devices, and
Suggestions

from the
Workshops
of many
Teachers

This feature, originally planned for *Institute* and *Primary School*, has proved so popular with teachers that it has been copied by nearly every educational periodical in the country. *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* will continue to publish the best to be had for this department. The Editor would like nothing better than that he might be able to visit the school-rooms of every one of the the hundred thousand teachers who will read this magazine. What an abundance of good things he would find! But that cannot be. The next best plan is to have the teachers aid each other by writing out the devices and plans and thoughts that have proved most helpful to them. Will you not contribute from the store of your experience? A good book will be sent for every contribution accepted for this department.



A School Museum.

We have been making a museum in our school for the last three years. My pupils are very enthusiastic over it. We think we have a very interesting collection already, but we are all the time on the lookout for something new.

Everything we have is labeled, and we keep our collection in an old bookcase, upon which glass doors have been placed. Perhaps there may be some teachers who would like to know what we have in our museum. This is the list, as nearly as I can give it from memory. (Today is Saturday, and I am writing from my own home.)

Grains.—Wheat, barley, oats, corn (also corn in husks), rice both hulled and unhulled.

Edible Seeds, Fruits, and Roots.—Coffee berries, cacao beans, vanilla beans, mustard seed, ginger root, cloves, caraway seed, coriander seed, cinnamon buds, tea, nutmegs.

Woods.—Elm, birch, black cherry, poplar, linden, cedar (piece of a cigar box), mahogany, California redwood, maple, oak, pine.

Other Products.—Castor bean, cotton boll, flax plant, flax seed, camphor, rubber, resin, gum tragacanth, wood pulp, sweet gum, raw spruce gum.

Products Suitable for Clothing.—Silk cocoons, raw silk, silk fabric, velvet, satin, wool, yarn, woolen fabric, horse hair, felt, angora hair, camel hair, cotton, cotton yarn, calico.

Minerals.—Sulphur, flint, marble, rock salt, quartz, asbestos, pumice stone, gold ore, limestone, sandstone, granite, gneiss, graphite, bituminous coal, anthracite coal, coal tar, coke, petroleum, paraffine.

We are finding new things for our museum constantly. Whenever a pupil brings us a new specimen we immediately set to work to find where it is obtained, what it is good for, etc. How much boys and girls enjoy making collections, and learning about them, only those who have tried to make a school museum really know.

Ohio.

A. G. WALTERS.

A Home-Made Hektograph.

I wonder if you teachers of small children, and larger children too, know what a help a hektograph is for school work? I hektograph reading lessons, pictures, composition subjects, examination questions, history topics, and other things too numerous to mention, but which add interest in an ungraded school.

My hektographs I make myself. The directions I found in an educational magazine several years ago. For the benefit of teachers who would like to make a hektograph, I copy it here. The cost is about seventy-five cents.

The materials required are a pint of glycerine, four ounces of gelatine, and a shallow caramel or flat tin pan about 8 by 12 inches.

Dissolve the gelatine in a pint of cold water, then add the glycerine. Heat gently on top of a stove, stirring, so that it may not burn. When the liquid comes to a boil pour it into the shallow pan. Beware of air bubbles, and when the contents of the pan are cool the surface will be smooth, hard, and sticky.

Blocks of unglazed paper especially adapted to hektograph use may be purchased at any stationery store. Use hektograph ink, and a coarse stub pen. See that every stroke of the pen shows a green, metallic luster when dry.

Write or print the matter to be used, and when the ink is dry lay the sheet face down upon the hektograph, first dampening the surface of the latter with a moist sponge. Press the paper gently upon the hektograph with the fingers, taking pains that every bit of the paper comes in contact with the gelatine.

After leaving the paper for from two to five minutes, peel it off. From the impression thus made reproduce as many copies as may be desired, laying one sheet of paper at a time upon the surface.

My older girls or boys usually do the hektographing for me, under my direction. After as many prints have been taken as may be desired, the surface of the hektograph must be washed with a sponge and cold water, until all the purple ink has been removed.

Indiana.

ADELAIDE PUFFER.

Hektograph Pictures.

Hektograph pictures are not new, but my little folks have enjoyed them so much this year that I want to call attention to them again.

In the first place, I know very little about art. The eyes of the cats I draw never have the right expression, and my rabbits are quite as likely to be taken for dogs, by my children, as for bunnies. Some misunderstandings of this kind were what made me turn to the hektograph for assistance.

Some of my friends have tried making their own hektographs, but I have never had any great success with those made at home. I prefer to pay a dollar once a year and have a really good one.

I get pictures from everywhere. More come from this magazine than any other one place. I trace the outline of any simple picture, from a sunbonnet baby to an American flag. I then transfer the outline to a piece of hektograph paper and trace around it once with a pen dipped in hektograph ink, and from this I print as many hektograph pictures as I wish.

We always celebrate special days with appropriate pictures. Last October we had an outline of the Santa Maria; for Thanksgiving a Puritan boy and girl; for Christmas a candle, a tree, and a star; for Washington's birthday a hatchet, cherries, etc.

I have collected my available pictures in a scrap book. Sometimes I allow the children to choose what they will have to write or read about.

MATTIE ARCHIBALD.

New Hampshire.

A Cat Day.

My second grade children were so much interested in "The Cat" (the cut-up story in the January number) that I decided to have some more stories of pussies. A search thru the back numbers of PRIMARY SCHOOL revealed plenty of these. "Towser and the Kitten" (June, 1903) was much appreciated, and we copied the illustrations on the board with great enthusiasm and "more or less" success.

"The Three Little Kittens" (Feb., 1904) was well read by the children, and it was interesting as well as amusing to notice the different ways the children imitated the mother cat's scolding, and the different expressions they gave to "meow."

At last we decided to have a "Cat Day," and I arranged the following program:

Song.—"The Old Black Cat."

Recitation.—"My Playmate" (Feb., 1904).

Recitation.—"Who?" (Feb., 1904).

Song.—"A Song of Pussy-Cats" (Jan., 1904).

Reading.—"Cat-Life" (April, 1904).

Recitation.—"My Little Gray Kitty and I" (Feb., 1904).

Concert Recitation with Motions.—"The Cats' Tea Party" (Jan., 1903).

Reading.—"Catechism" (Oct., 1904).

Composition.—Cat Pictures.

Recitation.—"Tell Me, Little Paper Cat" (May, 1904).

Recitation.—"The Lazy Cat" (Oct., 1904).

Song.—"I Love Little Pussy" (May, 1903).

Reading.—"The Owl and the Pussy Cat" (May, 1904).

Song.—"Once There Was a Little Kitty" (Songs and Games, by Jenks and Walker).

For Cat Day we had our blackboards ornamented with many drawings of cats. In making these we were greatly helped by the pictures of cats in several numbers of PRIMARY SCHOOL, especially by those in March, 1903. On the walls we had copies of several famous cat pictures,— "Playful Kittens," by Henriette Ronner; "A Fascinating Tale," by the same artist, "Puss in Boots," by Frank Paton, and "Wide Awake" and "Four Little Scamps Are We," by Adam.

California.

ANNA MCLANAHAN.

Township School Fairs in Iowa.

Several school fairs and literary contests have been held in Iowa during the past year. These fairs are the outgrowth of the boys' agriculture clubs and the girls' home culture clubs. The clubs have been the means of stimulating the efforts of the pupils in their work, and it is hoped that during the coming year many more of them will be conducted.

The Sigourney School Township fair and contest was held in the East Laffer school-house. It consisted of an exhibition of school work, including specimens of basketry, picture framing, sewing, and cooking. For the most part this was the contribution of the girls' home culture club, while the boys' agriculture club offered products from farm and garden.

The Prairie Township fair included similar contributions. The best specimens from these various school townships are taken to the county school fair, there forming a large and complete exhibition.

After the fair has been duly inspected by the visitors, the evening is devoted to a literary and declamation contest. Representatives of different schools thruout the townships enter into friendly rivalry for prizes. Such subjects are treated as, "The Pumpkin," "Sweet Pea," "Corn," "Wheat," "The Potato," "Celery," and "The Aster."

Usually a small admission fee is charged at the contests, the proceeds being used to meet general expenses and to help support the clubs of the school.

Surely, the boys and girls of Iowa deserve great credit for their energy and enthusiasm in promoting these instructive and interesting exhibitions.

Flower Books.

When the warm spring days began to come to us again and the woods were alive with flowers I found that the bright eyes of the children were searching out the wild flowers, and, even before I realized it was time for the violets and forget-me-nots, they were gathering them and bringing in handfuls each day.

They seemed to enjoy gathering them so much that I wondered if I could not make this pleasure a great help to them.

We prepared little books by cutting pieces of plain white paper six and a half by five inches, and then we made these into a book by cutting cardboard the same size for a back and tying them together with ribbon the same color as the back. The cover was decorated with a picture of beautiful wild flowers, cut from the Perry pictures, and this little verse was written on each cover.

"Springtime is coming! search for the flowers!
Brush off the brown leaves,—the darlings are here!
Joy of the spring hours, picking the May flowers,
Kiss the spring beauties,—the babes of the year."

In this book they were to record the wild flowers as they found them, giving a description of each flower, and also a description of the place where it was found. A margin was left for this on the right of the page, while on the left was pasted the flower.

I kept in a small box on my desk a quotation on every wild flower that grows in our section, and when they found their flower they were to take the quotation needed from this box and copy it under the flower in their books.

These little books had a fourfold purpose. They taught the children numberless things about the nature and life of the spring flowers. They helped to develop the esthetic nature, and it taught them to observe more closely, and last, but by no means least, it taught the little people to have a greater love for flowers.

When we had used these little books for about three weeks, I found one little boy talking to a small bunch of forget-me-nots and telling the legend of the little flower as if he were talking to a child. I noticed that he was not ruthlessly tearing the petals from the stem, but was caressing them in a delightfully appreciative way.

Virginia.

RUTH O. DYER.

Arithmetic Matches.

As a Friday afternoon exercise we often use the following game:

Select captains, then choose up as for a spelling match. After seating all where they can see the blackboard, give an example to the captains, the one getting the right answer first to remain at the blackboard and choose some one from the opposite side to come to the board. Any number of points may be made the game.

Every time one goes to his seat it counts one for the other side. I have used this game in all grades from the second to the eighth, and I find that pupils weak in some particular branch of arithmetic have put their extra time on studying that part, so that when they were called to the board they would be able to stay as long as possible.

M. WEIGEL.

Ohio.

Devices for Arithmetic.

I let different colors represent different quantities. Putting table on the board in colored chalk I give the children colored sticks, or tablets, to separate into piles representing a certain number. (Thus, if red=5, green=3, yellow=2,

a red, a green, and a yellow stick laid together equals 10.) For drill at recitation I lay down groups of sticks or tablets, (one group at a time), which are captured by the child who first gives the correct sum which they represent. At the close the child holding largest number of sticks wins the game.

Dominoes may be used in many ways. For busy work the children write "number stories" about given dominoes with cut-up numbers. A domino having 5 dots at one end and 4 at the other has written about it, " $5+4=9$."

Let the children look at a domino for an instant, then quickly write what they see, sometimes giving only answers.

For drill in multiplication, let the number of dots at one end be multiplied by the number at the other end.

ELLA B. HANSON.

(The editor would like to have the address of Miss Hanson.)

How I Keep Track of Assignments.

One of the many things that I have learned by practical experience in the school-room is the importance of keeping track of each day's assignments. This is especially necessary in a large school with numerous classes.

For this purpose I secure at the beginning of the year an ordinary composition book. One page is to be used for each day's assignments. Along the left side of each page I make a list of the classes in the order in which they occur upon my program. This leaves space upon each line for the assignment of work to each class. At the close of each recitation during the day I take a moment to enter in the book the lesson assigned for the next day.

After school, when making preparation for the work of the next day, other things may be inserted with each assignment, such as special drill to be conducted or references to be used in connection with the lesson. At this time I also plan on what lessons I will assign, for the next day.

Thus when any class is



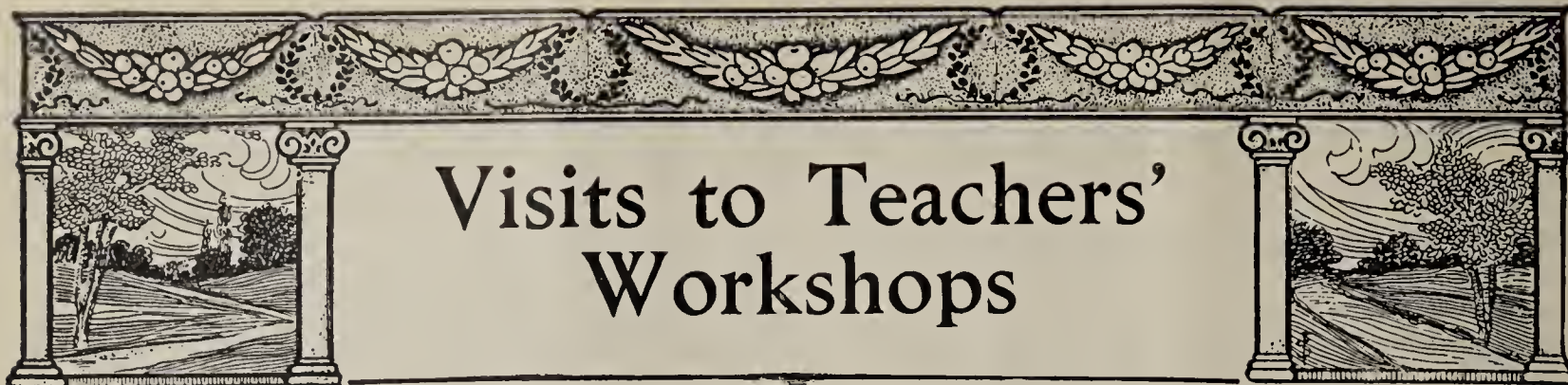
called I know just what work was given the pupils to prepare, and there is no argument as to what lesson was assigned.

The plan is an excellent one for teachers in large district schools, especially where it is necessary to have some branches correlate. Every teacher likes to glance back to see what advancement her pupils have made within a given length of time. This can easily be done if the date has been entered on each page of the book.

The real value of this simple plan when used in district schools will not be known until it has been tried. It takes but little effort, and when once tried will not soon be forgotten or given up.

A RURAL SCHOOL TEACHER.

Clintonville, Wis.



Visits to Teachers' Workshops

Real Things at Watertown, Mass.

[Frank R. Page is a leader in the school field. The schools of Watertown, Mass., over which he presides, are working out many important experiments. Here is to be found a wealth of inspiration and practical suggestion. The spirit is sane and wholesome. The welfare of the children of Watertown is the first and supreme consideration. The teachers understand their leader's plans and work in cordial harmony with him. Here is an outline of several important departures that are well worth the interest of teachers, school officers, and parents, as nearly as possible in Mr. Page's own words.—EDITOR.]

OUR creed is this, says Mr. Page. We believe that the object of teaching is to prepare boys and girls for life. Preparation for life includes, first, naturally enough, acquaintance with its good art and good literature, with its good music, with its history and geography, acquaintance with nature, and with civic life. In so far as a boy or girl is deprived of this acquaintance so will his life be dwarfed and narrow. If he does not get it in school it is a matter of chance if he ever gets it.

If *acquainting* is the first essential in preparing for life, *awaking*, we believe, is the second. We believe that the things taught in school must be *real things*, things presented vividly and capable of being put to use outside school. We are preparing pupils to live in a world outside of

school, and we believe that "the primary object of teaching a child is to enable him to get along without his teacher."

Work With the Little Folks.

In the lowest grade *real things* form the entire basis of instruction. The formal lessons—reading, written and oral composition, writing, spelling, singing, drawing, and constructive work are developed from, and taught in correlation with, the real things. Among the ends sought with the youngest children are the cultivation of politeness, helpfulness, freedom from self-consciousness, and independence and freedom of expression, oral, written, and manual. It is felt that there is a great gap between home and school. The teacher tries to bridge this gap with the very little ones by talking about the things they are familiar with. She takes them on walks and they talk about the things they see, and thus they learn to use their eyes.

The Watertown Primer.

The children not only learn to read by reading, but they make their own readers—real things again. The sentences for the children to read are first written on the blackboard, then mimeographed on sheets of punched paper, and then these pages are bound together into books of the children's own making. Because they have made it themselves and consequently are deeply interested, they can read the primer easily.

Third Grade Plan for Teaching Arithmetic.

A store is fitted up in the corner of each room with sand and blocks and paper to represent real merchandise, with price lists and scales and measures and toy money. The pupils are interested; they are learning real things; they are learning arithmetic, too, and learning it better than they ever could when it was taught abstractly and unrelated to anything real or tangible.

A great need in school to-day is the relating of all our arithmetic to life, so that ciphering may follow and grow out of the concrete study of business practice, instead of preceding such study or taking its place altogether.



Illustration and Dramatization of Hiawatha.—Second Grade.

School Trips.

Our list of school trips includes visits to the town hall, engine house, library, freight office, local stores, Norumbega Park, the Peabody and Agassiz museums, the polls on election day, the foundry, the arsenal, the rubber works, the electric light station, a market garden, the Boston public library, the Art museum, the state house with the legislature in session, a Cunarder, a sightseeing trip about Boston, Concord, and Lexington. Pages and weeks of text-book study do not compare with information gotten at first hand from well-planned trips like these.

It is very likely that a trip to Niagara will be undertaken ere long. The pupils would be away from Watertown three days. They would travel in a special tourist car and would make that car their headquarters during the stay at the Falls. Meals could be brought from home. If this trip can be carried out, others can be looked forward to—trips to New York and Washington, for example.

The greatest obstacle would be the financial one. But if the pupils learned to look forward to a trip like this at the end of the year they would willingly make it the goal of their savings during the year, and there are few pupils but who could earn the cost of the trip.

Round the World Correspondence.

Plans for making geography real by imaginary journeys and by correspondence with pupils in different parts of the world have been further developed. The study is carried on with the aid of railroad time-tables and folders, excursion books, guide books, books of travel, and pictures.

In our effort to make geography a real thing there can be no more valuable aid to the pupil than illustrated lectures on the countries studied. Schools need stereopticons, collections of lantern slides for use by the teachers, and a fund to pay for annual courses of lectures for pupils. This year we began to meet the need by giving a course of lectures in the town hall, the object of which was to start a "lecture fund," which could be used to buy a stereopticon and slides and to provide lecturers. Tickets were sold by the pupils and we cleared \$104.

Debating Societies in Upper Grades.

The debating societies in our ninth grades give direct preparation for one side of life. They are live organizations; the pupils manage them themselves. They know the rules of parliamentary procedure; they elect officers by the Australian ballot.

The members are learning to be self-reliant; they are gaining fluency in speaking. They

have an acquaintance with current events that would put to shame some of us older ones.

Science in the Higher Grades.

We try to acquaint pupils with the simple machines, with the steam engine, and the applications of electricity in the electric bell, the electric car, the telephone, and the telegraph.

At one school during the past year the pupils raised, by means of a candy sale, over thirty dollars for the purchase of apparatus. With this there was bought a dynamo, a motor, a steam engine, an electric outfit, a telegraph outfit, an electric light, and other smaller pieces of apparatus.

Music as a Real Thing.

In our effort to make music more of a *real thing*, we had, last June, a Handel recital. The Women's club furnished accompanists and soloists. The choruses, sung by the eighth and ninth grades from the Grant school under Mr. Hadley's direction, included: "And the Glory of the Lord," and the "Hallelujah chorus" from the Messiah; "Father Whose Mighty Power," from Judas Maccabeus; "See the Conquering Hero Comes," from Joshua. An afternoon performance was given at which all the pupils in grades above the fifth were present.

The recital was preceded by talks in the schools on Handel, his interesting life, his works, and his place as a musician. The next evening the recital was repeated, with an admission fee sufficient to cover the cost of the production.

Book Composition Work.

Instead of "writing compositions" the pupils "make books." We use a special kind of paper without red margin lines and with the horizontal writing lines terminating an inch from either side of the sheet. Each sheet is punched in the



Barn made by manual training boys and furnished by first grade children.

left margin, one hole near the top and the other an equal distance from the bottom. There are covers of regular cover stock punched to correspond, and round head fasteners for binding.

Each composition makes a chapter in the book and is inserted when finished. The chapters are illustrated with drawings, pictures collected from magazines and guide books, and photographs taken by pupils. Decorative initial letters and head pieces and tail pieces are used. An appropriate cover is designed, and when the last chapter is inserted at the close of the year a preface and a table of contents are added and the book is complete.

In these real books the pupils take pride, and in the process of making them they take pains. The plan results in better work, and, more than that, it results in work that is worth while. A set of these books thru the nine grades is a record of the pupil's education.

Besides the book of stories, that is, compositions based on personal experiences, there are books of history, literature, science, geography, based on the school work in these subjects, information, a great deal of it, not found in the text-books, some of it secured at first hand. These books make up a little library, worth all the more because the pupil has made it himself, a library of usable books—text-books are free nowadays. These books are the only ones that can be taken home and kept.

The pupils of the elementary grades publish a

Leaf Song. —By BLANCHE WEYMOUTH.

Moderato.

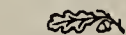


1. See the pret - ty leaves are fall - ing, Gent - ly fall - ing all a - round,
2. They will keep the lit - tle flow - ers Cov - ered up all safe and warm,



Brown and red and green and yel - low, Cov - ring all the ground.
Guard - ed from the cold of win - ter, Shel - tered from the storm.

monthly *School Magazine*. There is nothing like seeing one's self in print to stimulate to the best effort, and to enable one to see his mistakes in their true light. The joy and pride the school children of Watertown take in their little publication are suggestive of what can be done along the line of composition work. The best stories, poems, and drawings of the month find their way, from all the schools, into the magazine. The latter is printed well, is illustrated with photographs showing the school work, and, one can imagine, is readily bought at the price (five cents) by fond parents and admiring friends.

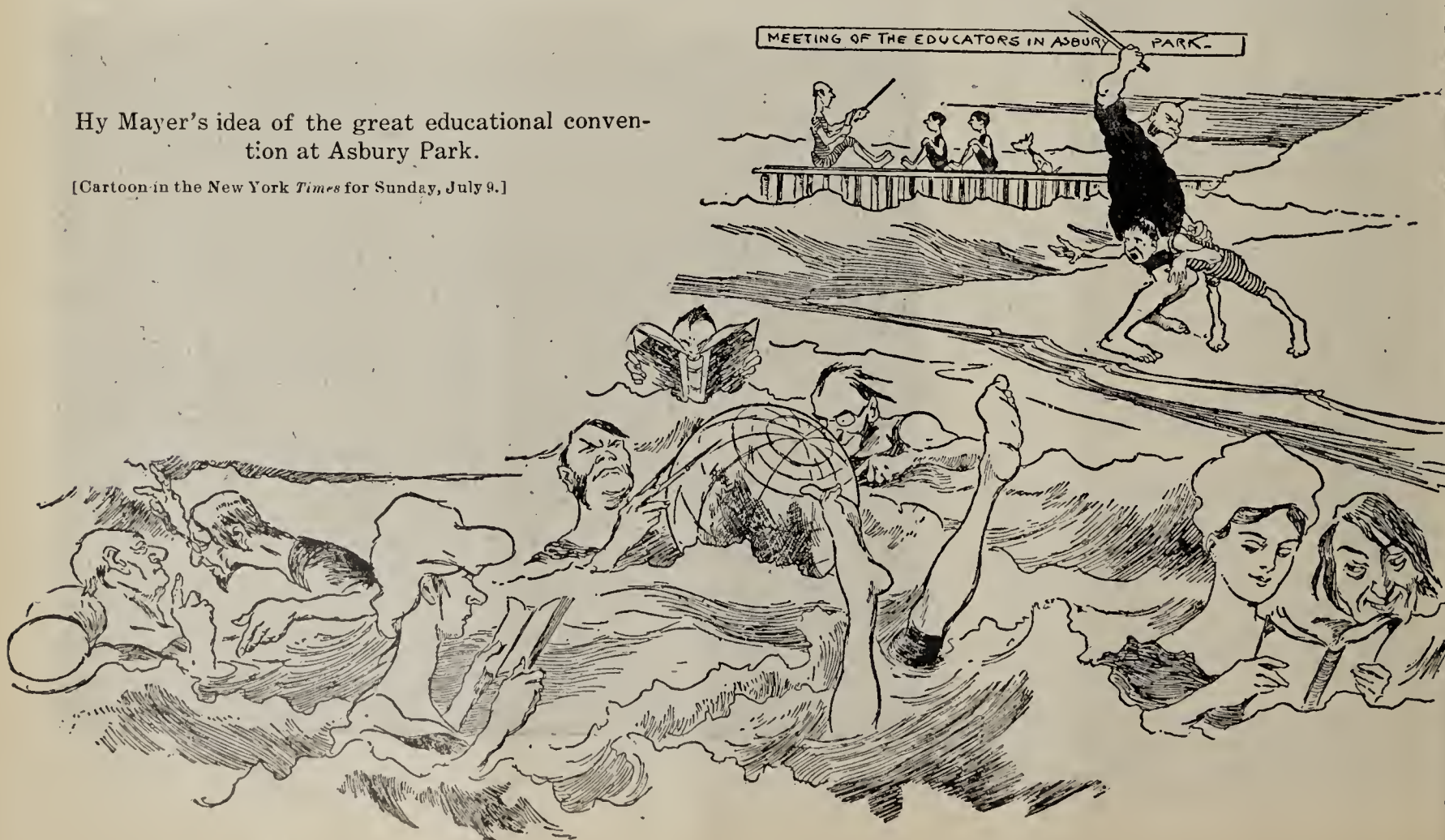


Autumn

Nothing stirs the sunny silence,
Save the drowsy humming of the bees
Round the rich ripe peaches on the wall,
And the south wind sighing in the trees,
And the dead leaves rustling as they fall:
While the swallows, one by one, are gathering
All impatient to be on the wing,
And to wander from us seeking
Their beloved spring! —ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

Hy Mayer's idea of the great educational convention at Asbury Park.

[Cartoon in the New York Times for Sunday, July 9.]



Arithmetic and Reading

Arithmetic in Elementary Schools.

By M. A. BAILEY, Department of Mathematics, New York City Training School for Teachers.

[Extract from an address before the N. E. A.]

EVERY step in mathematics has been taken in response to a need and as a means to an end. The satisfaction of a need has given rise to other needs, their satisfaction to other needs, and so on. The first need in connection with number is to find how many individuals there are in a single group. After this need is satisfied there are only five primary problems and each may be solved by counting.

The plan of instruction to be followed both by the text-book and by the teacher should be the same, in order that the learner may acquire the power of mastering a subject from the printed page, and in order that he may be able to refer to a topic and to find a method of treatment with which he is familiar. Great care should be exercised in the selection of a text-book in the first place, but after the book has once been selected, the teacher should be required to follow its presentation. She may then supplement the explanation as she sees fit.

The steps are: Developing, to create the product in the mind; naming, to secure ease in reference; and defining, to give expression to the mental product.

An Example: Common Fractions.

Developing.—Fold a piece of paper thru its middle line. Into how many equal parts has the paper been divided? One of the folds is what part of the whole? We write one-half by placing the figure 1 above the line to show that one part is considered. Fold the paper again. Into how many equal parts has the paper been divided now? One of the folds is what part of the whole? Three of the folds are together what part of the whole? How shall we denote the number of equal parts into which the unit has been divided? How shall we denote the number of equal parts that are considered? Write three-fourths.

Naming.—The number written under the line is the denominator, the number above the line the numerator; the whole expression, a fraction.

Defining.—What is a fraction? the denominator? the numerator? Neither the book nor the teacher should give the definition directly, but the former should correct the learner by definitions arranged alphabetically in a glossary, and the latter, by word of mouth at the time of the development. Ability to define accurately and concisely should be gained by the study of arithmetic.

Problems.

Problems include all the examples in arithmetic in which the operations are not directly stated. They may be divided into simple, or those which involve only one operation, and into complex or those which involve more than one operation. Each of these methods may be illustrated by a single problem. If a certain number is increased by 4, the sum divided by 2, the quotient diminished by 3, and the remainder multiplied by 6, the result is 12. Find the number.

Direct. If x is increased by 4, what is the sum? *Ans.* $x+4$.

Indirect. If the result is 12 when a number is multiplied by 6, what is the number? *Ans.* 2.

If $x+4$ is divided by 2, what is the quotient? *Ans.* $x/2+2$.

If $x/2+2$ is diminished by 3, what is the remainder? *Ans.* $x/2-1$.

If $x/2-1$ is multiplied by 6, what is the product? *Ans.* $3x-6$.

If $3x-6=12$, what is the value of x ? *Ans.* 6.

If the result is 2 when a number is diminished by 3, what is the number? *Ans.* 5.

If the result is 5 when a number is divided by 2, what is the number? *Ans.* 10.

If the result is 10 when a number is increased by 4, what is the number? *Ans.* 6.

The complex problems which arise from the combinations of Forms 3 and 5, or Forms 4 and 5, may often be solved more easily by a single argument as in simple problems. Thus, at 3 for 5c. how many apples can be bought for 10c.?

10c. will buy 2 times as many apples as 5c.

5c. will buy 3 apples.

10c. will buy 2 times 3 apples

This may be abbreviated. Since 10c. will buy 2 times as many apples as 5c. 10c. will buy 2 times 3 apples.

It remains to consider the part in instruction which the teacher does not share with the text-book. This consists chiefly in studying the individual pupils, in order to discover what points they are failing to grasp, in order to direct their efforts, and in order to stimulate their interest. The teacher should prepare for each class exercise by answering the following questions:

1. What is the exact scope of the exercise?
2. For what purpose is it to be given?
3. What knowledge immediately leading up to the topic is now in the mind of the learner?
4. What steps must be taken by the learner to pass from his present condition to the condition of knowledge required?
5. What means must be employed by the teacher to induce these steps?

Teaching Phonics in the Lowest Grades

[The editor regrets not to be able to give the name of the writer of this very helpful article. The manuscript has been held for several months in the hope of finding out who sent it, but no clue has been found. The article is too good to keep out of this magazine. Perhaps this will meet the eyes of the author and induce her to acknowledge it as her own.]

Outline.

1st. Step.—Teaching of sounds.

2nd. Step.—Teaching of “helpers.”

3d. Step.—Use of “helpers” in studying out new words { 1st.—Teacher points out “helper” to child.
2nd.—Child is urged to discover “helper” for himself.

4th Step.—Child makes his own phonetic list of words, using a given helper.

5th. Step.—Child brings in words from home, discovering the helpers, and prepared to tell about the word.

Discussion.

The teaching of phonics has become almost universal, and still there are probably no two teachers who present the subject in exactly the same way. I believe that phonics should be taught as systematically as the “Three R’s,” and, to a new teacher, an outline would be very helpful.

1. The first few weeks are spent in teaching the sounds of the letters, and the first step, after the sounds are mastered, is to teach the names of the letters. While the sounds are being taught, the short sounds only, of the vowels are given. Then when they are learning the names of the letters, the teacher may tell the children, incidentally, that *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, and *u* sometimes say their names and then they are called “long.” When they do not say their names they are called “short,” with the exception of *a* which sometimes says *ä*. Here may be taught the term “Italian *a*.” At the end of three weeks the child should have mastered the sounds of his letters, the names of his letters, and a few words.

2. Here is the time to teach the combinations of letters, calling them “helpers.” Thus the child has learned the word *see*, and he can now be taught that *ee* says *ē*. He has also learned the word “Kitty” and he may be taught what *it* and *t-y* say.

After the children have learned one helper such as “it,” the teacher’s next step is to make a list of words containing the little helper, and during the phonic period each child is given a chance to work out a word for himself, orally. A printed chart should be made by the teacher, each page of which should contain a helper with four or five of the words in which the helper occurs. Thus a page should look much like this:

at
mat
cat
rat
fat

Very soon three or four new helpers may be introduced in one day, and when the list has become large enough, each child may take a helper and work out a page of words orally. Thus he would begin, “My helper is *a-t* at. My first word is *mat*; my second, *cat*; my third, *rat*, etc.

The list of helpers which a beginner class had mastered at the end of three months is as follows; an, ow [cow], ind [kind], all, er [her], ear, air, old, ail, sh, ch, ing, ow, aw [paw] ea [each], ight [sight], un, ly [happily], atch, ai [pain], oi [toil], ide [hide], ake [take], ee [see], oo [spoon], ould [could]; aught [taught], ought, ook [book], ate, ike [like], ay [say], est, ir [bird], ice, it, le [on the end of a word as in little], on, or, ig, ty [pretty], in, im, at, who, ove [above], ilk [milk], ite [white], ace [face], ar [farmer], ap [apple], us, lu [Lulu], old, ew [few] alk [talk], ould, ph [Phebe], ang, ong, ung, ex, ough [trough] ild [child], um, ine [mine], one [tone], une [tune], ene, ane, ies [babies], ad, oss, oll, ec, qu [queen], igh [high], sion [pension], tion [attention], gn [gnaw], oft, kn [knit], ix, th.

In learning this list, the teacher may call attention to the fact that *e* on the end of a word is silent, usually, but *e* on the end of a helper makes the vowel preceding the consonant, long. Thus *at*, *it*, *ut* and *ot* become *āte*, *īte*, *ūte*, and *ōte* when *e* is added.

Of course the teacher’s preparation in teaching this list was to print lists of words under each helper, thus making the chart [spoken of before], with a helper and its words forming a page. Each day the children are given individual drill in the following way: As the card containing a new helper with its list of words is held up, the child whose turn it is, rises and says,

“The helper is *a-y*

The words are *say*, *may*, *way*, etc.”

3. After the child has learned his combinations, it is well, if he has difficulty in working out words for himself, for the teacher to ask him to discover for himself if there is a helper in the word. Thus she calls his attention to the construction of the word and at the same time makes him do his own thinking. In this way the child gets into the habit of looking for helpers in words, and is also gaining one step towards studying his lesson by himself. Right here a seat work period may be given in which the child may find new words in his reading lesson and underline the helpers.

4. Along with this drill on the helpers, should go the making of words with helpers. Thus a seat work period is given and the teacher puts a list of about ten helpers on the board. The children make as many words as they can under each word. When they have made as many as they can by themselves, I often let them take their books out and find words containing the given helpers from the books. This exercise makes very good seat work, and at the same time the child is getting a review of his phonics and is learning to create.

5. At the end of the fourth month the children have mastered their phonics so well that they may bring in words from home each day.

Here a little language drill may be introduced. The child may give his word in the following manner.—

"My word is *sunlight*

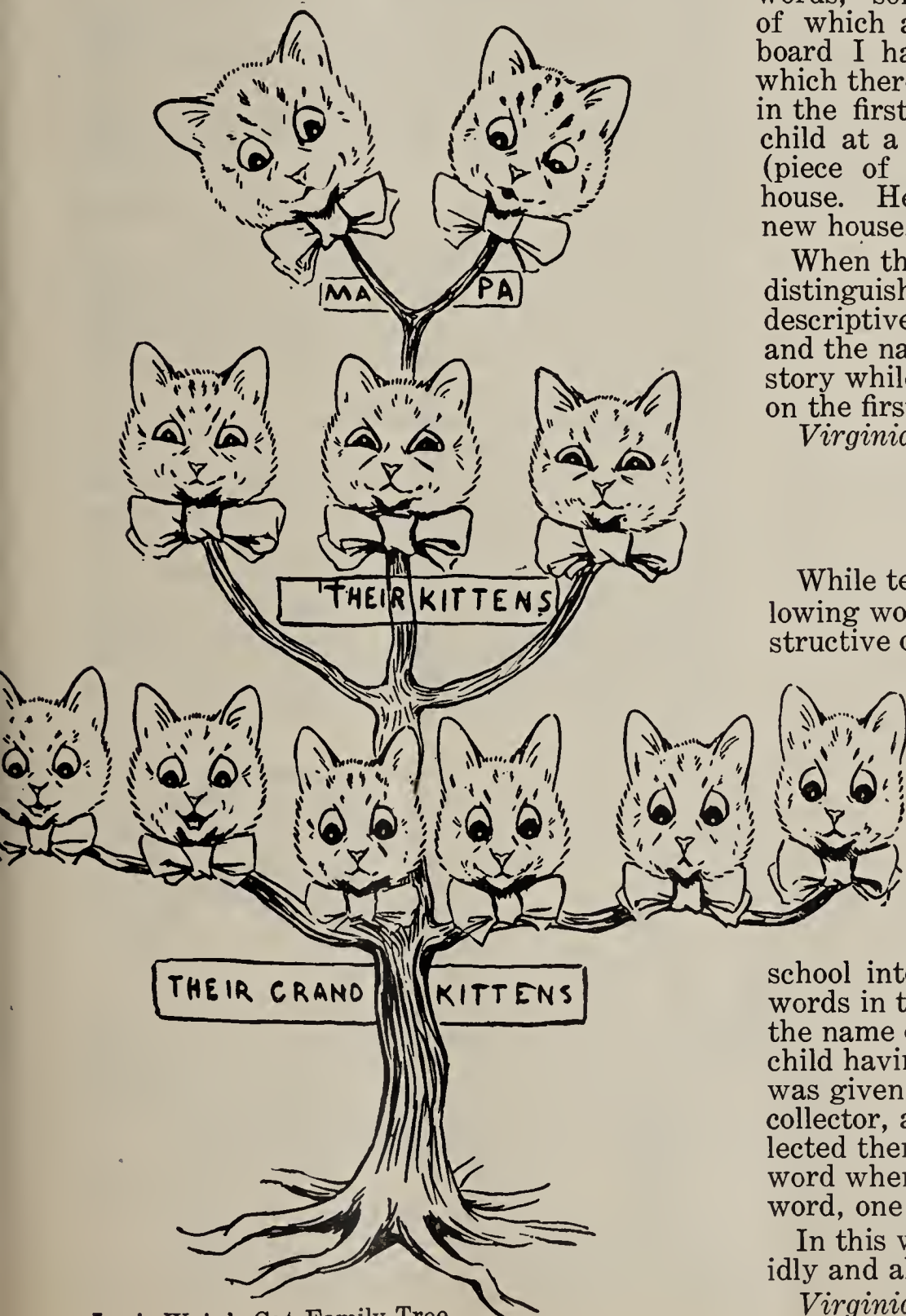
My first helper is *u-n*, and *u-n* says ũn.

My second helper is *i-g-h-t* and *i-g-h-t* says ight."

The children like to see who can find the longest word, and yet they understand that no word may be brought in, the meaning of which they do not know.

All this time they have been gaining a training in spelling, and have also been increasing their vocabulary.

Perhaps another step under division 5, would be the bringing in of large words for the other children to work out. If a child has a new word, he is allowed to place the word upon the board and he may ask the children for the helpers in it.



Louis Wain's Cat Family-Tree.

The underlying purpose of all this is really to make the children independent in studying out their reading lesson. It gives the child a foundation upon which he may work.

Often times, when the child is far enough advanced, to study his lesson at his seat, he may be given a piece of paper upon which he may write the hard words of the lesson, underlining the helpers in the words. I might add here, that I have found when children have been in school five months they are able to study their lesson by themselves.

Moving Word Game.

The moving word game is one of which my little pupils never tire. There is always a look of pleasure on their faces when I announce that we will have "to move to-day."

I draw on the board the outline of a house, and place within this outline a number of words, some of which they know and some of which are new. On another part of the board I have an outline of another house in which there are no words. We call the words in the first house pieces of furniture and one child at a time is called on to select a word (piece of furniture) and carry it to the new house. He erases the word and writes it in the new house.

When the children were advanced enough to distinguish between nouns (name words) and descriptive words they had houses of two stories and the name words were placed in the second story while the descriptive words were placed on the first floor.

RUTH O. DYER.

Virginia.

Word Game.

While teaching the first grade I found the following word game a very interesting and instructive one for the children.

When they were able to recognize as many as sixty words I cut little two-inch squares of cardboard and placed on each, one of the words with which they were acquainted. I mixed with these some new words.

When we were ready for the game I gave each child an equal number of words and divided the school into equal sides. I then called for the words in this way: "I want the word that tells the name of an animal that catches mice." The child having the word "cat" raised his hand and was given credit for one. A pupil was appointed collector, and, as the words were used, he collected them. If any one failed to recognize his word when it was called, or gave in the wrong word, one was taken from his side.

In this way they learn to recognize words rapidly and also learn the meaning of many words.

Virginia.

RUTH O. DYER.



Nature Study and Geography



An Apple Lesson with Little Folks.

By ANNIE SHANE, Butler, Mo.

WHAT have I here?
You have an apple.
On what does the apple grow?
It grows on an apple tree.
The tree is large. It is about as high as our room.

See our apple tree on the board.
What part is under the ground?
The roots are under the ground.
Trees are like little boys and girls; they get thirsty, and must have water to drink.

The roots drink for the tree. They take the water from the ground. They hold the tree in place. If the roots did not take the water they would die. When the water gets into the tree we call it sap.

Where is the trunk?
The trunk is just above the ground.
Let us make a trunk of a tree with our arms.
Now let us make the branches and limbs. Each one we must make smaller.

Now let us measure on our finger the size of a leaf. Let us draw a leaf in the air.
Name the parts of this tree.

The parts of the tree are roots, trunk, branches, limbs, and leaves.

What is the trunk for?
The trunk is to hold the branches, limbs, leaves, and fruit. The trunk has bark on it.

Of what use are the limbs?
The limbs hold the branches and fruit.

Of what use are leaves?
The leaves make shade, and help to keep the ground moist. They make the tree beautiful.

The leaf has a stem, mid-rib, and veins. These carry sap thru the leaf.

The leaf is not very large. It has little notches around the edges. The leaf is green.

What does the blossom look like?
It is a small pink flower.

Did you ever take one of the little parts away? Those little parts are called petals. Would it be right to decorate our room with beautiful apple blossoms?

Why not?
The blossoms make little apples.

Here we have an apple.
Let us with our fingers make a little apple.

Shall we eat this apple? Why not? It is a little green one and the juice is sour.

Let us make another and bend our thumb in just a little.

What is wrong with this apple? This apple has a worm in it.

Let us make another.

This one is fine. It is a large, red, juicy apple.

Are little boys and girls ever like apples?

The little green apple is like our little ones who do not know very much now, but are growing, learning, and trying every day.

The apple with the worm is like some of our hearts when we do wrong things or say bad words.

The big, red apple is like the boys and girls we want to be,—good, pure, and sweet.

One child stands. We play she is a little Eskimo girl who has never seen an apple. They do not grow in her cold land. We must be very careful to explain so that she may know how an apple looks.

The apple is red and round.

The peeling is smooth.

It has a stem to hold it on the tree.

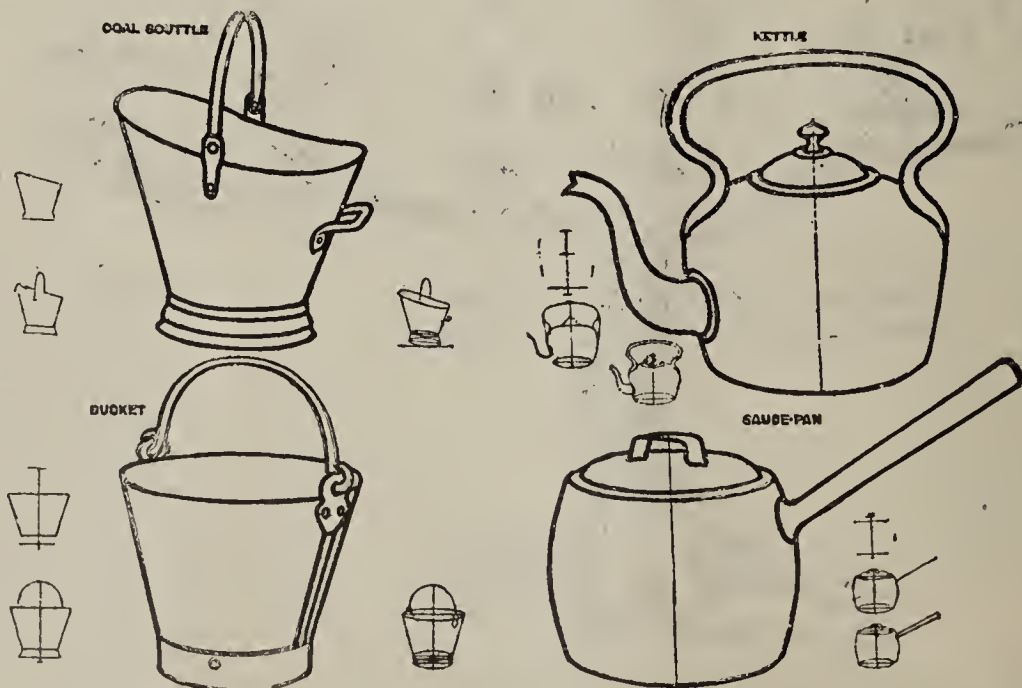
The parts of the apple are stem, peeling, meat, core, seed-box, and seeds.

There are about seven little brown seeds.

The seeds make the apple tree.

The apple is used to eat, for cooking, for pies, apple-butter, and vinegar.

The apple tree is good to burn when cut or broken down.



Studies of North America. II

A Series of Lesson Outlines by Adelaide R. Pender, Connecticut

(To be used with any geography.)

Soil.

To the Pupils.—What different kinds of soil have you ever seen? Let us note the names and places where you saw them.

Soil in gardens and lots.

Turfy soil in meadows.

Rocky pasture soil.

Red soil where rocks have been.

Dark, moist, leafy soil in woods.

Sandy soil on the shore; also in sandy, barren tracts on plains.

Clayey soil near a river or lake.

Black, mucky soil in a swamp.

Alluvial, rich soil on river bottoms.

Spongy, mossy soil in swamps.

How is soil formed? (Decay of rocks, water freezing to make rocks split, plants creeping into rocks, decay of plants and animals.)

Have you ever thought that the plant which grew in these different soils was adapted to that particular soil and that alone? That in order to live in some other soil it must change its characteristics? There are plants that live only in ponds; those that live among rocks; those that live in loose soils; swamp plants; moor plants; thicket plants; sand plants; plants that live on plains, in deserts, in forests, meadows, on top of bleak, snow-covered mountains, in salt and alkaline deserts.

Nearly all these soils you can find right around your own home town. Some you cannot, of course. Look for as many different kinds as you can during the summer. Let us see what kinds are near the school-house, in your own yards.

Now the soil in your town is the same kind as any in the United States. So if you know your own soils pretty well you will know the soil of the rest of the United States. Let us turn to the map and find sections where we would expect to find a great deal of sandy soil. Why? What kind of plants would we expect to find growing there?

Find sections where there is rich alluvial soil. Why there? What kind of vegetation grows there? Think of your soil conditions all the time.

Where is there dark, deep soil? What use to the farmers of that region?

Where are there large sandy tracts? Use?

Where are there sections of clayey soil? Use?

Where is there much rocky soil? Use?

In all this work on soil you will see that the occupations of the people in a section bear a direct relation to the soil; that the plants are all related to the soil; that often the animals found in a place have a direct relation to the soil. The study of soil is a broad one, as you will readily see.

Commercial Routes.

To the Pupils.—How do the people from one side of the Rockies get to the other? In the early days before railroads were built across the

great plains and prairies, how did the people reach distant points?

Turn to the map of the United States and we will trace the great railroads that cross the Rockies.

To the Teacher.—The *World Almanac* gives a list of all the important railroads of the United States. Select those which cross the Rocky mountains and have the children follow the routes until they are quite familiar with them; Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, Northern Pacific, Canadian Pacific, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, Great Northern, and so on.

Have the pupils imagine an immigrant train on its way across the plains, the prairie schooners laden with the necessities of life, the tired horses, men, women, and children, the Indian surprisals, the camps at night, the various incidents of such a journey.

Beside this picture, place one of our long express trains made up of many palace cars and sleepers, rushing over and thru these great mountains.

Develop the story of the building of the first trans-continental railroad. Trace the Lewis and Clark route and develop the story of the adventures of this journey to Oregon. How are current events this year connected with this trail?

Uses.

To the Pupils.—Of what use are the mountains of North America to its people? (As protection, barriers, modify air, source of streams, source of waste matter that furnishes fertile topsoil, homes of useful animals and plants, timber, minerals, homes of sturdy, industrious citizens, summer resorts, health resorts, interesting for geographer, travelers, magazine writers, etc.)

Select all the mountains that are noted for mining, for timber, for health resorts, interesting points for travelers.

Mention all the uses of the mountains or hills that are nearest your own home.

Pictures.

To the Teacher.—Make a list of all the North America mountain pictures in the geography, also of any that occur in any supplementary geographies.

Also make a list of your mountain pictures among the pictures that you have collected for geography work. In a collection which I have made I find between twenty or thirty, and I have but to think that list to recall many beautiful pictures of North American mountains. In connection with the mountain and valley list make one of pictures which have many rocks in them. In the list will appear the pictured rocks of Lake Superior, the Yosemite rocks, the rocks in the Yellowstone, and others.

How are these picture lists to be used? First, they should be memorized. Then when the class

is reviewing mountain work conduct an exercise similar to the following:

Give the names of all the mountain pictures that you have ever seen, those in North America, I mean. Now take each picture as you mention it and analyze its features, in other words, tell what you see in it. For example: In my picture of a Rocky mountain stage route, I can see a narrow road winding around the mountain, with a gradual slope which tells me that the road is built for passage from one side to the other. There is a wooden bridge over a deep gully, and as I look at this bridge I recall stories I have read of the perils of stage-coach riding among the Rockies before railroads. Drivers used to send their horses along those roads at breakneck speed, endangering the lives of travelers. Perhaps this bridge was the scene of a holdup by bandits such as our early histories tell of. Or it may be there have been Indian surprisals at this point. The mountain sides are covered with big and little rocks, that look much like the rocks on a mountain near my home. In the distance I see pine trees. There is not much vegetation. Perhaps there are wild animals not far from this bridge.

Each picture may be analyzed in this way for an oral language lesson. As the children read stories or supplemental histories of these mountains, they may be able to vary the stories they tell about their pictures from time to time.

Literature.

To the Teacher.—Every geographical reader which is used by either teacher or pupil should be made a part of the lesson. For example: Suppose "Carpenter's Geographical Reader of North America" has been placed in the hands of the pupils. Have them make notes as they read and save these for future memory work. Such notes as the following will recall a vivid picture of the interesting description Mr. Carpenter gives of a journey over the mountains.

Thirty-six hours to go from Denver to San Francisco—Gorges, cliffs, dry, clear air, rocks, snowsheds, mines, herds of cattle, sheep, and prairie dogs.

Salt Lake City—Valley, mountains, meadows, orchards, vineyards, gardens, streets, temple, tabernacle, 6,000 people, lake 100 miles long, irrigation, Wasatch mountains, lake salt, soda, no fish.

Each note will recall the series of pictures until the whole is complete. It is the custom of the writer to keep a note record of this nature of geographical books read. The principal features of the book are recalled by means of the notes, as readily as a poem that has been memorized is recalled.

Read to the pupils descriptions of mountains found in Lorna Doone—a beautiful series of word pictures where John Ridd goes into the valley of the Doones; or portions of Black Rock by Connor; of Last Days of Pompeii when studying volcanoes under mountains; or the account of Paul and Virginia being lost on the mountain in the story "Paul and Virginia."

Hawthorne, Bryant, Wordsworth, Tennyson,

all have mountain poems that may be read with interest.

Short quotations which the children may readily learn and have at their tongue's end when looking at a mountain or a mountain picture are helpful. One is given below. Others are found in the works of the poets mentioned above.

"And mountains that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Craggs, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar;
While on the north thru middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare."

—From Canto I., Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

While at work on mountains develop the study of standard time in the arithmetic lessons. Use the *World Almanac* for facts.

Talk about the mountains or hills or valleys in North America that are closely identified with our history: Among these are Bemis heights, Bunker hill, Cumberland mountains, South mountain, Shenandoah valley, the hills that figured in the Gettysburg struggles, and so on.

Science.

The three elements of which the earth is composed are solids, liquids, and gases. Where are they found on a mountain?

Where are atoms and molecules found in a mountain?

Some of the qualities of a substance are hardness, crystalline, cohesion, adhesion, elasticity, capillarity, brittleness, diffusibility, and so on. How in your study of mountains can you illustrate these?

Illustrate the subject of gravitation in your mountain study.

What will happen to a thermometer or a barometer if either is carried from the valley to the top of a high mountain? Why?

How are echoes formed on a mountain?

The hardest substances found on the globe in order are, from the softest: Talc, gypsum, calcite, fluorite, apatite, feldspar, quartz, beryl, corundum, diamond. Can you find any of these around your home or on the mountain nearest you?

What is the force which breaks mountain rocks? (Crystallizing of water.)

What keeps the rocks from falling to pieces? (Cohesion of molecules.)

What makes the dew cling to leaves and rocks? (Adhesion of molecules.)

Did you ever watch a civil engineer surveying?

Mountain Topics.

How mountains were formed. Range, system, peak. Location. Height. Climate. Soil. Commerce. Uses. Compare animals, vegetation, and so forth with mountains nearest your own home. Pictures. Literature. Science.

Valley topics are similar.

New Brunswick—the Land of Acadia

By Nessie Ferguson, Richibucto, New Brunswick, Canada

Some time ago the Editor of this magazine received a bright letter from Miss Nessie Ferguson, in which she said that the people of the United States are most of them woefully ignorant of conditions in Canada, and especially ignorant as regards Canadian geography. The Editor pleaded guilty, and asked Miss Ferguson to tell TEACHERS MAGAZINE readers something about the section of Canada in which she lived—New Brunswick. Teachers and pupils will alike be interested in the facts Miss Ferguson has written down for their benefit. The writer suggests that New Brunswick—once a part of Acadia of “Evangeline” fame, is a delightfully cool, interesting section of country in which to spend one’s summer vacation. Read what she tells us of her home-land, and you will surely plan to visit there as soon as opportunity shall admit of your doing so.

A Little History.

THE province of New Brunswick once formed a part of old Acadia.

On the 20th of April, 1534, Jacques Cartier left St. Malo on his first voyage to America, and on June 30 came in sight of the coast of what was later called Acadia. Sailing along the eastern coast of what is now New Brunswick, he entered a large bay on the north, which he named Baie de Chaleur, on account of the excessive heat.

Cartier landed and erecting a wooden cross took possession of the country in the name of the French king.

On June 24, 1604, De Monts and Champlain discovered and named the St. John river.

Acadia was several times seized by the English and as often given back to France. In 1713 it was finally ceded to Britain by the Treaty of Utrecht, and it was then called Nova Scotia. France still claimed the country north of the Isthmus of Chignecto; this led to endless trouble until the final treaty in 1763.

In 1783, after the coming of the Loyalists the country north of the isthmus was made a separate province and called New Brunswick. On July 1, 1867, New Brunswick, along with Quebec, Ontario, and Nova Scotia, entered into confederation as the Dominion of Canada.

Geography.

New Brunswick is bounded on the north by Quebec and Bay Chaleur; on the east by the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Northumberland Strait; on the south by Nova Scotia and Bay of Fundy; on the west by the state of Maine. It is connected with Nova Scotia by the Isthmus of Chignecto, one of the most historic spots in Canada.

Prominent among the physical features of New Brunswick are its rivers. The largest is the St. John, 450 miles long, which rises in Maine and flows into the Bay of Fundy. This river is famed for its beautiful scenery and for the “Reversible Falls” at its mouth.

Many of the rivers have retained their Indian names, as the Miramichi, Restigouche, Petitcodiac, Richibucto, and many others. The Miramichi is two hundred miles long; its name means “Happy Retreat,” and no more fitting name could have been given to it. It has most charming scenery and is the haunt of sportsmen from all over Canada and the United States. The same may be said of the Restigouche which has even more beautiful scenery and is the most famous trout and salmon river in the world. The Petitcodiac is noted for its tidal wave or

“Bore;” the name meaning “Place where the tide comes up.”

People and Occupations.

The principal occupations of the people are lumbering, fishing, farming, and manufacturing.

The fisheries of New Brunswick are very valuable, especially in the northern and eastern parts. Large quantities of salmon, mackerel, herring, cod, and lobsters are caught.

In winter smelt fishing is an important industry. After the ice has formed in the rivers and harbors the fishermen put out their nets and haul little houses out on the ice to where their nets are placed. These tiny houses serve as shelter for the fishermen during the season, which lasts from December to the middle of February.

Lumbering is carried on all over the province. The lumber is shipped principally to European ports.

The soil is fertile and the province abounds in fine farms.

The people of New Brunswick are of English, Irish, Scotch, and French descent. The Acadians form a large percentage of the population in the north and east. A large portion of the population is descended from the United Empire Loyalists who came in 1783. The descendants of these people have been the leaders in every profession. The Indians belong to the Micmac and Maliseet tribes; they live in government reservations.

The Cities.

The largest city is St. John, at the mouth of the St. John river. The capital is Fredericton, beautifully situated on the St. John about eighty miles from its mouth. Moncton on the Petitcodiac is an important railway center.

New Brunswick has excellent railway facilities. Two of the most important Canadian railways, the Intercolonial and the Canada Pacific, run thru the province and these have branch lines running to all parts of the province. The new trans-continental railway, the Grand Trunk Pacific, is to go across the province, with terminus at Moncton.

As St. John harbor is *never* closed by ice, it is with Halifax, one of the Canadian winter ports and has excellent steamship communication with European and United States ports thruout the year.

New Brunswick sends thirteen representatives to the general parliament at Ottawa, and has a local government consisting of a legislative assembly, an executive council, and lieutenant-governor.

Seed Tramps and Other Autumn Folk

By Bertha Helen Bosse, Tacoma, Wash.

SHOULD you travel east or west, north or south in the fall of the year, you will meet a class of restless vagabonds. They walk, they fly, they steal a ride, they swim, travel by rail, by flood, by wind, by hook or crook, fair means or foul, always struggling on a voyage of discovery.

Forever they thrust their card upon you, lie in wait for you. Every boy, every gust of wind, every rain, every passing herd of sheep or cows gives them a lift in their pilgrimage on earth.

It is always a fresh surprise and delight to come upon these restless products of nature. We know them all, and year after year we welcome these vagabonds again and again on their annual tramp.

Maple Keys.

The maple seed is one of this class. It is a type of the winged seed. In early summer these winged fruits hang in clusters from the trees, and later they are thickly scattered under the trees.

When autumn comes with magic brush
Dyed in the sunset's tawny flush,
And scatters with a hand unstinting
The bounteous gold of fairy minting,
Then oak and elm and chestnut vie
Which shall be dressed most splendidly.

But none may match his garments rare
With those the lordly maples wear;
Even the sumach cannot claim
So deep a glow, so bright a flame,
But seems to droop and pale beside
The maple in his autumn pride.

Have the children gather the red maple "Keys"; they are ripe in September. The red is the smallest and most delicate of all maples. The keys are red and are found hanging in pairs from stems two or three inches long. The wings of the "Keys" diverge slightly, and are about one inch long.

The white maples, the most graceful of all the maple family, will dot the wayside with their long wings, arranged in pairs and set at right angles. Many varieties of maples are found in every locality.

Expression Work.

Have a child bring in about one hundred maple keys. Do not talk or explain, but let pupils see you draw the maple keys on the blackboard. The most effective way of teaching drawing is by example.

You step to the blackboard with a seed between your thumb and forefinger and draw it on the board. They will then have something for comparison. Your drawing is not for them to copy, but to show them how, to lead, to encourage.

The pupils see you draw, see the drawing on the board, and try to make a similar one. There may be a tendency to copy your drawing, but a little leading in the other direction will get them to draw directly from their own seeds.

Give a pair of seeds to each pupil and let each begin to draw at once. Teach them to hold the

seed in the left hand and draw it with the right. Teach them to look carefully at the seed and then draw, then to look again and do the same.

Have the pupils draw from two to four seeds in different positions, making each as well as they would if only one were drawn.

A child is perhaps least interested in form of all the characteristics of objects. He loves the color, the use, the expression, the action of form, but the form itself is dry and uninteresting. But he loves expression and action of form in the superlative degree. Therefore, interest may be revived and carried thru several lessons by a judicious use of devices.

As children are so fond of life, connect life with the object you are drawing in some way. Children love to associate life with almost everything they do. We see that in their play. A little girl playing house will pass thru all the household activities of her mother. Children love this activity in their work as well as in their play. They love to use their imagination in connection with form and clothe it with the semblance of life.

The sports of children are suitable for representation in action, as shooting a gun, shooting a bow, paddling a canoe, rolling a hoop, a game of ball. Write on the blackboard the different actions used in playing ball and lead the pupils to illustrate them, as catching, tossing, knocking, "stealing a base," the umpire, etc.

Do not let the device be primary, and the form you are teaching, secondary. This may be guarded against by using the device at the end of the lesson. The device amuses and instructs at the same time. Often the greatest truths are taught in this simple way.

Caterpillars.

Have the children keep a lookout on the walks and roads and garden beds for the crawlers looking for winter quarters, and watch them spin or change. The maples, lilacs, poplars, willows, and many other trees generally yield a harvest.

These wandering crawlers you can place without any food in a tin box closed up tight. Under a screen cover they will change just as well as in the ground or on it.

The large green caterpillars of the cecropia, polyphemus, and promethea moths, found on woodbine, grapevine, lilac, and many fruit and forest trees, are not attractive in appearance, but are excellent for showing the children the process of spinning the cocoon. They make their cocoon in early fall, but do not transform into moths until spring.

The hairy caterpillars are more attractive. Among the prettiest are those of the tussock-moths, characterized by the conspicuous tufts and pencils of bright-colored hairs on their backs. The Isabella caterpillar is covered with stiff hairs arranged in tufts, the middle two-thirds of the body reddish-brown, and either end black. These hairy caterpillars spin a cocoon, lining it with hairs, but do not transform to moths until

spring. Do not collect the fox-colored "woolly bears," for they hibernate instead of changing, and do not bear house heat well. All hairy caterpillars are apt to form their cocoons in dark places.

Place a smooth-skinned caterpillar under a wire screen and watch him fasten himself by a tuft of silk at the "tail end" and a rope of silk around his shoulders as he makes his beautiful chrysalis. It is worthy a morning's work to see him hang himself up, and another to see the chrysalis cast the caterpillar skin and settle himself for the winter. He is held in place very much as a papoose is held on the back of an Indian squaw by a strap over her shoulders. The caterpillars of several kinds which hang themselves in this way for the pupa state are called girdle caterpillars, or belted caterpillars. The specimen is also held fast by his tail as well as by his body belt. When thus tied his body shortens and thickens.

Children can always find these crawlers until the leaves have fallen and the frosts are hard.

Chrysalis.

The skin hardens into a little case and contracts, changing, at the same time, its color to an obscure gray resembling old weather-beaten wood. Now he neither moves nor eats. The case is angular, with knob-like processes at the head. During this apparent sleep the chrysalis undergoes remarkable changes, which finally result in the true butterfly.

The segments of the body are ensheathed in the corresponding segments of the chrysalis, and soldered over these segments are ensheathing plates of chitinous matter under which the wings of the butterfly are developed. Many other internal changes take place, resulting in new organs necessary to its existence in the airy realm to which it enters after emergence from the chrysalis.

Movements of the Caterpillar.

How does the caterpillar crawl? This can be seen by putting it on a stalk of a leaf or of glass, or by watching it crawl on grass. Watch the movements of the feet. How many? (Eight pairs.) Notice the two kinds of legs, the first three pairs

black, shiny, slender, and pointed, jointed, difficult to see without a microscope, the other five pairs soft, thick pads, each divided in the middle. Notice the movements of the hair-like projections near the head. For what are these used?

Specifically the stages of a butterfly are: the egg, the caterpillar, the chrysalis, the butterfly. Of the moth, the egg, caterpillar, the pupa, the moth. The stages of insects are the egg, the larva, the pupa, the imago.

You see that larva and pupa are more general than chrysalis. It would be more technically correct to say "the pupa of a butterfly," but incorrect to say the "chrysalis of a moth." Use chrysalis for butterflies and pupa for moths, and no one can object. Make these facts clear to the children.



Other Seeds.

At this season of the year ash-seed may occasionally be found still clinging to the tree. Note when and how they are fastened, how they separate from the mother tree, how they sail away with their trim contour and shapely symmetry and soft tints of olives and brown, fluttering down by a whirling flight and settling lightly upon the dry leaves.

Examine one seed closely. You will not wonder that the ash is the favorite and most ancient timber from which the oar and paddle are made. Is it not a perfect model for the Indian paddle or the blade of the modern oar?

THE ACORN.

It was only a little acorn
That fell from the bough of a tree.
Of what use are you? said the wind and rain,
As they buried it up in the lea.
A giant oak sprang up to tell
Of the spot where the little acorn fell.

The acorn, the seed of the oak-tree, is a pretty plaything and a fine model for design. Only



the squirrel seems to find it fair eating. This nut is hoarded as winter food by the squirrels. These little creatures often drop them across by the wayside. Again, they forget just where they deposited their hoard, and thus many nuts are scattered and live to change into trees.

THE CHESTNUT.

The leaves of the chestnut have we,
In colors of gold and brown;
We come with the nuts bringing glee
For all of the youth in the town.

You cannot imagine our pride,
When, deep on the earth reclined,
The children may brush aside
The hidden brown nuts to find.



There is nothing more perfect in its way than an open chestnut burr still holding its two or three fine nuts. The rich, green, prickly outer

covering makes a fine contrast to the rich brown of the nuts within, resting on the soft, velvety lining that forms a cushion for the young nuts. The chestnut burr is a mine of suggestion in the school-room.

Your children can easily gather the milkweed pods, the seeds of which are widely spread by means of feathery hairs. These nests of seeds with their silken hair are attractive objects for teaching both seed protection and dispersal.

This is my lady elm,
whose supple grace
Curtsies a greeting to
the lightest breeze,
The wide, green meadow
is the chosen place
Of dainty elm, the lady
of the trees.

Every little child
will recognize the
graceful elm by its
vase and umbrella

shape, and the large amount of fine, drooping foliage. Each seed of the elm is winged nearly all the way around.

Specimens of these seed tramps should be brought to the school-room for examination. The highest function of nature study is to inspire the pupils to go right into the woods and fields where these strange vagabonds live and thus study for themselves their manners and customs. With a vital interest in the ways of nature, a love for the true and beautiful is sure to come.

For the excellent autumn suggestions in the way of paper cutting on this page, TEACHERS MAGAZINE is indebted to the Misses E. M. Clarke, of Sheboygan, Mich., and Cleo F. O'Kellier, of Jefferson, Wis., whose pupils did the work in paper cutting.



No Place for Fiction

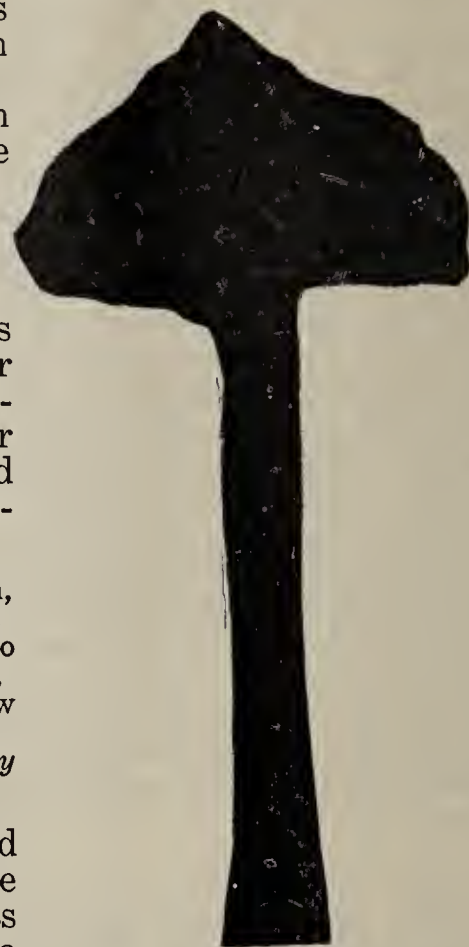
A year's report of the books called for at the Imperial Library of Japan shows that 166,677 volumes, or 21.6 per cent., related to mathematics, science, and medicine; 153,711, or 20 per cent., to literature and language; theology and religion 12,486, or 1.6 per cent., while 18 per cent. of the applications were for books on history and geography. Fiction finds no place in the classified tablet of books in demand by readers in this Japanese library. Works on art, industries, engineering, military and naval science, figure prominently in the lists of additions made in recent years to the shelves of the library.



October

A birdnote sounding here and there,
A bloom, where leaves are brown and sober,
Warm noons, and nights with frosty air,
And loaded wagons say,—October.

—THOMAS STEPHENS COLLIER



Spanish Colonization in America.

By G. B. COFFMAN, Mt. Pulaski, Ill.

THERE were three strong nations that attempted to colonize America, Spain, France, and England. For three centuries these nations struggled for supremacy. At the close of the eighteenth century it was clear that the English people, the Teutonic ideas, were to rule the New World. Spain and France failed because they tried to plant medieval ideas in America. On the other hand the English came to this shore full of new ideas, ideas that the Renaissance, the English Parliament, the printing press, and the public school represented.

Let us look to the early history of Spain. She was conquered by the Romans in 133 B. C. These people brought with them Roman ideas of government and established them there. They worked the mines and sent the gold and silver back to Rome. They used Spain as a means of enriching Rome. When the ruler sent out by Rome became rich, he returned to Spain and others were sent. When the Germans took possession they adopted many of the Roman ways of ruling. They held very closely to the arbitrary way of ruling. The people were not consulted, neither were they allowed to vote.

About the beginning of the eighth century the Moors conquered almost all of Spain, and established their religion there. They were industrious and well educated. At this time they were the most learned people in Europe. They made religion the principal feature of their rule. Finally, the Moors were driven out and Ferdinand and Isabella became the rulers of almost all of Spain. The king and queen were supreme. They decided the religious worship, made the laws, and governed to suit themselves.

The crusades caused Spain to broaden her trade. She commenced to look to Asia for trade. When this was cut off by Constantinople, Columbus tried to find another way, and instead discovered America. Following Columbus came Cortez, Pizarro and De Soto, who are types of the Spanish explorers. They were all brave and cruel, and they carried this spirit and planted it wherever they went. Their only object was to win glory and riches. Following these came the priests, whose object was to hold the country for Spain, extend the territory, become rich, get as much gold as possible for the king, and convert the Indians.

In this way Spain laid claim to almost all of South America, and a greater portion of North America. She established missions all over this country and converted a great many of the Indians. The soil along the Amazon river and many other places was very rich, and it was easy to raise an abundance of grain and other products with but little effort. It was the custom for the converts to become property of the mission, and they were required to do the work and raise the crops. Thus the Indian practically became the slave of the Spaniard. With nothing to do the Spanish became indolent and selfish.

The plan for ruling the colonies was as follows: The country was divided into four districts called viceroyalties. The king appointed a vice-

roy over each division. These divisions were subdivided, and over each a governor was appointed. In many cases, and especially in later years, these offices were sold, the king selling them to the highest bidder. The buyer was given the privilege of making out of the office all he could. He in turn would sell the minor offices. It was the duty of every officer to watch every officer and report to the king. This brought on strife and often blood was shed. At no time did the common people have anything to say in making the



A Very Rare Portrait of Christopher Columbus

laws or electing officers.

One thing especially the officers were to watch, and that was that the colonists should not raise anything that Spain could raise, so that Spain would have a market for her produce. Likewise, they were forbidden to manufacture anything. They must not trade with each other, but look to Spain for all they needed. Everything must be sent to Spain.

This plan brought Spain an abundance of gold and riches. The people began to think they could live without work. They closed their manufactures and to a limited extent quit farming, so that they became a dependent people. They could not even supply the colonies with implements, clothing, etc. They were compelled to import in order to supply the demand. In this state schools were neglected, men ceased thinking and gave themselves over to pleasure. But few of the people could read and those who could cared little for it. Thus the colonies were used as we use a horse, as a means of support. It was Spain's intention to sap the colonies. She had no idea of developing them.

The social life that grew up in the colonies was bad. The Spaniard considered himself better than the Indian. There were sharp class distinctions among the colonists themselves. The object of the highest class was to get rich and return to Spain. This they did. Those born in America were considered inferior, they were no better than the Indians.

Spain began her settlement a hundred years before France planted a single permanent settlement. She was much earlier than the English. She traveled much faster and settled in the richest of the valleys, where wealth could be had with little effort. With this start Spain could have ruled the world. Why did she fail? She failed because she did not bring ideas of self-support, self-dependence. She did not teach her colonists to till the soil, build manufactories, and establish trade. These all make a people strong, free, and self-reliant.

The Spanish colonists had no freedom of thought. They were held by the strongest grip to the one religion. While England was establishing schools in her colonies, Spain was robbing the natives of their wealth. While England was planting the best thoughts in the new world and teaching the colonies how to support and govern themselves, Spain was enslaving her colonies.

When we look to the true condition of the Spanish colonies we sometimes wonder how she held them in that state so long. But the tyranny

of the king, the oppression of the clergy, and the unjust laws of trade finally led to the rebellion and the independence of her possessions in the new world, and later our war with Spain snatched the last vestige from her, and to-day Spain is one of the weaker nations of the world.

It is well for pupils in the public schools to know these conditions. They should know what caused the downfall. Pupils are apt to think it just happened so. They should be taught that there is a cause for all historical events, and that each thing as it occurred, produced in turn an effect. It is true a great many of these things are not found in our histories, but if the teacher in a plain simple way will tell the class about them it will add interest and cause the pupil to ask for more, and then the teacher has a chance to point the pupil to such history outside of the text.

Teachers give too much of the dry bones of history. They leave the real history out. If they would lead the child out into the lives of the people and cause the student to live thru such lives, cause them to fight the tariff or slavery as they did at that time, there would always be interest and a desire for more history. History to be worth anything to the pupil must cause him to see the relation of the cause to the effect. Let him be a real boy of the Revolution and help fight the British, and when he gets thru the war he will know all that is worth knowing.

Poems for Autumn Study.

October's Bright Blue Weather.

(This poem, by Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, should be read, and learned, and discussed and enjoyed, in every school-room above the third grade, every single year.)

Suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour,
October's bright blue weather.

When loud the bumblebee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And goldenrod is dying fast,
And leaves with grapes are fragrant.

When gentians roll their fingers tight
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers, hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O sun and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

— HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

The Voice of Autumn.

There comes, from yonder height,
A soft repining sound,
Where forest-leaves are bright,
And fall, like flakes of light,
To the ground.

It is the autumn breeze,
That, lightly floating on,
Just skims the weedy leas,
Just stirs the glowing trees.
And it is gone.

He moans by sedgy brook,
And visits with a sigh,
The last pale flowers that look,
From out their sunny nook,
At the sky.

O'er shouting children flies
That light October wind,
And kissing cheeks and eyes,
He leaves their merry cries
Far behind.

And wanders on to make
That soft uneasy sound
By distant wood and lake,
Where distant fountains break
From the ground.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



Pieces to Speak

for

Old and Young Children



Apple-Tree Town.

Three wise men lived in Apple-Tree Town,
So wise, each wore a big, big frown,
But they couldn't tell whether—

Ahem! Ahem!

An apple seed points to the flower
Or the stem;

'Tis sad, but true,
That none of them knew,
Do you? Do you? Do you?

—CARRIE SHAW RICE.

Thoughts in Church.

Oh, to be a sailor
And sail to foreign lands—
To Greenland's icy mountains
And India's coral strands!
To sail upon the Ganges
And see the crocodile,
Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.

I'd love to see the heathen
Bow down to wood and stone,
But his wicked graven image
I'd knock from off its throne!
The heathen-in-his-blindness
Should see a thing or two!
He'd know before I left him
What a Yankee boy can do!
—Lucy Fitch Perkins in May
St. Nicholas.

An Owl Problem.

By JOSEPHINE E. TOAL.

I thought I lived among the owls,
Within a hollow tree;
It was so queer so strange and odd,
And funny as could be.

My hair stuck up in tufts like ears,
My arms turned into wings,
And feathers grew all over me—
Soft, gray, downy, fuzzy things.

Instead of nose I had a bill;
My eyes were oh, so big!
We sat upon a limb, and curled
Our toes about a twig.

We went to bed when it was day,
And stayed awake all night;
The man in the moon came 'round at ten,
With lantern shining bright.

Of course, I meant to be polite,
And so, I think, would you;
But when I tried to speak to him
I only said, "Tu-whoo!"

And when I mentioned supper—oh!
What do you think they brought?
A horrid, wriggling, live gray mouse
Some wicked owl had caught!

I screamed right out, and then I woke.
"You dreamed it," mama said.
But, sure's you're born, I found—I—
did—
A feather in my bed!

It came out of my pillow-tick
Matilda's certain quite,—
But I'm not sure—perhaps I was
A truly owl last night.

"Dad."

Some boys they call their Dad—Papa,
Oh, Gee! That makes me mad.
It sounds so stiff and like a book—
You bet I call mine Dad.

And he's a ripper too, you bet,
The boys all wish they had
A father that would laugh and joke,
And love them like my Dad.

Of course, sometimes, when all the bills
Come in he's mighty mad,
And then we sit as still as mice
And hear him jaw, poor Dad.

It's always over soon, and then
You bet we all feel glad,
And then we all climb on his lap
And hug and kiss our Dad.

"You can't have kids and money too,"
He says, and so he's glad
The good Lord made him poor, or else
He mightn't been our Dad.

I don't want to be president,
Like every little tad!
When I'm grown up, I'd rather be
A nice man just like Dad.
—May Kelly, in July Lippincott's.

The Tea Kettle's Song.

O, I am a tea-kettle fat,
And merrily singing away;
A song that is full of contentment and
mirth,

As I sit on the stove all day.
My sides they are jolly and round,
And there never could, I'll be bound,
Such a happy old fellow be found,
As I sit on the stove all day.

Singing, singing,
Merrily singing,
O, merrily singing away.

I'm only a kettle fat,
But under my bobbing lid,
'Twas found years ago by a lad,
A famous old giant was hid.
Tho fragile and fair to the sight,
Yet a giant of wonderful might,
And when men learned to use him aright,
Ho, ho, what wonders he did—
Flashing, dashing,
Around the world flashing—
Ho, ho, what wonders he did!

The steamer that ploughs the deep,
The train with its iron steed,
The whirling looms and the busy mills,
All move with terrible speed.
These all are the wonders of steam,
Who awakened by Watt from his dream,
Rushed forth, with a whistle and scream
To work with terrible speed—
Working, working,
His duty ne'er shirking,
A famous old giant indeed.

—Selected.

The Kicker.

Away daown East, in a backwoods taown,
Lived a lanky critter, named Jabez
Braown;
'Nd nothin' suited him under the sun—
Whatever wuz sed or whatever wuz done,
By gum, he'd kick.

Ef he went ter meetin' on the Sabbath
day
Ter hear aour minister preach 'nd pray,
The sarmon warn't good, 'nd the prar
warn't right
He'd jest pitch in with all his might
'Nd kick, 'nd kick.

When he set daown to eat a meal,
Whether 'twas roast turkey er chicken er
veal,
It made no diff'runce ef 'twas ever so
good—
All the while that he wuz swallerin' his
food—
By gum, he'd kick.

He'd kick at the rain, 'nd he kick at the
snow,
He'd kick at the wind, er 'cause it
didn't blow.
'Twas either too wet er too bloomin'
dry—
To be contented he never would try,
But jest kick.

'Nd so he keep 'kickin' all his life,
Tormentin' his neighbors 'nd worryin'
his wife;
Complainin' of everything under the sun—
Haow this wuz sed er that wuz done—
'Nd so he'd kick.

Till one day he met Aunt Nancy Green,
The pleasantest critter thet ever yeou
seen.
She see on his braow that turrible fraown,
'Nd she sez, sez she, "Naow, Jabez
Braown"
You needn't kick.

"Jest take a little advice from me,
'Nd practice it allurs, wherever ye be;
Whatever folks do er whatever they say,
Onless you can do it much better'n they,
Don't you kick."
—Boston Globe.



Poems for the Teachers



Helen Hunt Jackson's Last Poem.

Father, I scarcely dare to pray,
So clear I see, now it is done
That I have wasted half my day,
And left my work but just begun.

So clear I see the things I thought
Were right or harmless are a sin;
So clear I see that I have sought,
Unconscious, selfish aims to win.

So clear I see that I have hurt
The souls I might have helped to save;
That I have slothful been, inert,
Deaf to the calls thy leaders gave.

In outskirts of thy kingdom vast,
Father, the humblest spot give me;
Set me the lowliest task thou hast;
Let me, repentant, work for thee.

Haven't You Felt That Way?

Haven't you often worn goggles of blue,
And seeing Life's sham and its shame,
Felt it was all a big scramble, and you
Might as well get into the game?
That nothing much mattered but a big
bunch of cash,
And the man who was good was a jay,
And the whole blooming country was
going to smash;
Haven't you, haven't you felt that
way?

Haven't you felt it was hardly worth
while
To try to live up to your best?
And haven't you smiled a cynical smile—
And something way down in your
breast
Whispered Life had a prize that was
higher than gold
And sweeter than fame or display?
And the faith that had slipped took a
brand new hold,
Haven't you, haven't you felt that way?

And didn't peace come near that was far
And urge you to strive toward it still?
And didn't you turn your face to a star
And didn't you say: "I will"?
And weren't you stronger, and didn't you find
The world was better, and didn't it pay
To be brave and patient and cheery and kind,
Haven't you, haven't you felt that way?

—Selected.

The Call of the Hills.

For some the summons of the streets,
For some the calling of the sea
Whose song unceasing beats and beats—
But my green hills they call to me.

The green hills that I used to know,
Whose trees reach up slim fingertips
To touch the clouds that hover low
To kiss the wild red roses' lips,
And drink their dew in honey sips.

The green hills whisper all the time
Across the distance life has set,
A subtle call that swings in rhyme
No rhymer ever captured yet,
A song that one may not forget.

The green hills—aye, they have a song
That none may fashion into words;
Now faintly soft, now surging strong,
Now blended melody of birds
And eve calls of the lowing herds.

So in my dreams I wander still
To where the little path is flung
From vale to vale and hill to hill,
The nodding, drowsing blooms among—
Where that clear call is given tongue.

For some the hailing of the street,
For some the calling of the sea—
But ever soft and low and sweet,
My good green hills they call to me.

—W. D. N. in Chicago Tribune.



CHILDREN OF OTHER LANDS.

Boys and Girls of Japan.

By DOROTHY WELLS, New Hampshire.

WE are going this morning on a long journey. Let us start from Seattle, away up in the Northwest corner of the United States. Down by this great dock is the steamship "Empress of India." She is to carry us over the Pacific Ocean to the group of islands known as Japan. In three weeks we shall land at Yokohama. Can you find Japan and Yokohama on the map?

Here we are at Yokohama, where we shall visit dear little Taku San in her own home. I think we had better ride over to the house in jinrikishas.

There come men drawing the empty carriages now. How much they look like large baby carriages, do they not? Climb in, and the men will run with us to our journey's end in a very short time. A jinrikisha is light, and its two wheels run smoothly and easily.

There is Taku San standing at the door, ready to greet us. We must leave our shoes outside before we may step in. It would never do to carry

that dust from the street on to those spotless rugs. Does it not seem funny to unbutton or unlace your shoes and walk about in your stocking feet? You can understand now why Taku San and her mother and all the people of the country have shoes that slip on and off so easily. They are not obliged even to stoop down to take the shoes off or put them on.

Let us sit down on these low stools and see what Taku San and her Japanese home are like. Little Taku cannot talk English very well, tho she has begun to study our language at school. She smiles a hearty welcome, and her little black eyes gleam with delight, she is so glad to see us. Her gayly colored dress, held in place by a wide blue sash covered with gold embroidery is very becoming. That sash belonged to her grandmother when she was a little girl, and Taku wears it only on very special occasions. The

little girl is very proud of it. Her dress is bright red, figured with green maple leaves and little white fans. It is long and loose, with large flowing sleeves. Taku wears her hair combed up on her head, and not a hair is out of place.

The room in which we are sitting is as tidy as Taku's hair. The floor is covered with straw rugs all of a size. The room is so built that by laying the rugs in different positions the floor space is completely covered. The walls are simply sliding screens that can be pushed back to throw several small rooms into one large one. Against one side hangs a single picture. In one corner of the room there is a small table with a slender vase on it, which contains pretty flowers. Except the low chairs on which we sit, there is no other furniture in the room.

The whole house would seem very small to us. There are no special rooms corresponding to our bedrooms. When night comes, the two or three large rooms are divided into several small apartments by sliding to some of the screens. A soft rug is spread on the floor for each sleeper, and a wooden pillow, with a place cut out for the

head, or a hard cushion, takes the place of a pillow.

Everybody takes a bath before dressing in the morning. All take turns in using the large wooden bath tub, which is kept as clean and white as thoro daily scrubbing can make it.

No wonder you think the kitchen stove is just right for a plaything. It is so low that Miss Japanese Cook has to kneel or sit cross-legged in front of it to do her cooking, but she sends into the dining room many delicious dainties from that little stove.

Altho Taku San cannot speak much English, she can say "Come," and at her bidding we will follow her lead into the garden behind the house. Such a charming, tiny garden it is! In all, it is not more than ten feet one way, by seven or eight the other, yet it is as complete as if built for dolls to play in. Here is a bit of a fountain



Procession of Japanese Boys on their Feast of Lanterns.

that sends up a stream of water about ten inches high. Gravel walks, just wide enough for us to step on, lead up to a hill about large enough for a small flower bed, thru a hollow covered with grass and over a round bridge shaped almost like a circle, instead of being flat on top, as are American bridges.

The wonder of this dainty garden is the trees. At one side there is a little maple about three feet high, with leaves an inch or less long; it is fifty years old. But Taku San is proudest of a little cedar tree not more than half as tall as she is, that belonged to her great-great-aunt, and was more than two hundred years old then!

Beyond the garden, yet still in the houseyard, is the family treasure



Little girls with their baby brothers and sisters on their backs.



Japanese Boys on their way to School.

Photographed in Japan by Dr. Nathan L. Griffen.

house. It is like a safe, so strongly built that there is no danger from burglars. All the valuables are put into it every night, and in the morning Taku San's mother selects a beautiful vase, or a lacquer ornament or some other work of art as a decoration for the front room thru the day. The Japanese think the Americans show very poor taste in keeping all their pretty things on view at the same time. They say we cannot enjoy anything where there is so much to see.

Taku keeps her dolls in a cabinet. She often plays with one or another of them, but they are never all taken

out at the same time, except once a year—on the dolls' feast day. On that day all the dolls of Japan are dressed in their best and spread about to be admired. All the tables, dishes, and other pieces of doll furniture are taken out and arranged as prettily as possible, and dolls and their little owners hold a grand reception part of the day and visit their friends to admire their dolls the rest of the day. Taku San has several dolls of her own, besides all those her mother had when she was a little girl, and others belonging to grown-up aunts and cousins and grandmothers. Her doll family is a very large one.

Lantern day is when the Japanese boys have their fun. Every house, in every city and town of Japan, is decorated with lanterns on that day. Strings of the paper lanterns are festooned across the streets and over the boats in the rivers and the harbors. In the evening when the Japanese lanterns are all lighted, the sight is one of the prettiest in the world. A person standing on the top of a building in Tokio, during the festival, can see more than a hundred thousand paper lanterns all lighted at once.

The Japanese are very fond of flowers. The chrysanthemum is, of course, the national flower.



View of Japanese Kitchen.

But the people are equally fond of cherry blossoms. Many of the Japanese fans brought to America have on them pictures of cherry blossoms, and behind the flowers, in a lighter tint, the pointed top of a snow-capped mountain. This is Fujiyama, the highest mountain of Japan and the pride of the whole nation.

Japanese women and girls are taught, as a part of their education, how to arrange flowers artistically. Instead of stuffing a great bunch of chrysanthemums or other flowers into a vase, they take two or three of the blossoms, with leaves and leafy branches, and arrange the blossoms so that they will look as if they were growing. The girls of Japan are taught other accomplishments as well. Taku San is learning how to embroider, how to play the samosan, and all the rules of etiquette of her people, besides the reading, writing, and arithmetic which everybody needs to know. The boys have to study very hard. They learn just about what the boys and girls of the United States do, except that they study their lessons in the Japanese language instead of English. Many of them learn also to speak, read, and write English.

In some countries fathers and mothers are more pleased when they have a baby son than they are with a little daughter. This is not true of Japan. Fathers and mothers are as proud of their girls as of their boys. Japan is often called the paradise of children, so much is done there to make the little folks happy. The children must be taught to know what they will need to know when they are grown up; but they have happy holiday times, too. As we walk thru the streets we can see the children at play all around us. Often little girls of eight or ten years have baby brothers or sisters strapped to their backs. Neither the "little mothers" nor the babies themselves seem to object to this arrangement, for the games go on uninterrupted, while the babies clench their little fists and smile as if they were enjoying the play as much as the older ones. If they get tired they drop off to sleep, still fastened to their sisters' backs. Sometimes they may be seen munching rice cookies, of which the Japanese children are very fond.

In the carved cabinet which holds her dolls and other playthings, Taku San keeps a wooden box. Taku's mother told her little daughter to bring us the box and let us see if we could

open it. We tried and tried, but tho we could hear a rattling inside, we could not succeed in getting the box open. Finally Taku took the box to show us. She slid back the bottom of the box, and that loosened the front. She slipped off the front, and inside was a little bureau, with two cunning little drawers. Taku opened one of the drawers and showed us two clam shells.

Taku's mother, who had been educated in the United States, told us how Taku happened to have the shells. A short time before, the little girl's aunt had been married. At the wedding, according to Japanese custom, clam shells were passed to all the guests. Every man or boy present had a shell that matched one held by some woman or girl. When the two whose shells matched found each other, they went up together and offered their best wishes to the bride and groom. Taku's shell had matched the one her grandpapa held. After the wedding her grandfather had given his shell to Taku, so now she had them both.

Taku says that when she is grown-up and ready to be married she will invite us all to her wedding, and we can get some clam shells of our own. Will you go?



Wrong Sort.

PERHAPS PLAIN OLD MEAT, POTATOES, AND
BREAD MAY BE AGAINST YOU
FOR A TIME.

A change to the right kind of food can lift one from a sick bed. A lady in Welden, Ill., says:

"Last spring I became bed-fast with severe stomach trouble accompanied by sick headache. I got worse and worse until I became so low I could scarcely retain any food at all, although I tried every kind. I had become completely discouraged, had given up all hope and thought I was doomed to starve to death, till one day my husband trying to find something I could retain brought home some Grape-Nuts.

"To my surprise the food agreed with me, digested perfectly and without distress. I began to gain strength at once, my flesh (which had been flabby) grew firmer, my health improved in every way and every day, and in a very few weeks I gained 20 pounds in weight. I liked Grape-Nuts so well that for four months I ate no other food, and always felt as well satisfied after eating as if I had sat down to a fine banquet.

"I had no return of the miserable sick stomach nor of the headaches, that I used to have when I ate other food. I am now a well woman, doing all my own work again, and feel that life is worth living.

"Grape-Nuts food has been a god-send to my family; it surely saved my life and my two little boys have thriven on it wonderfully." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville;" in each package.



Simple brush drawing of the Santa Maria, the good ship of Columbus. Designed by Helen M. Handrich, Brooklyn.



Among Ourselves

The Editor's Round Table

TEACHERS MAGAZINE has an extraordinary treat in store for its subscribers. C. Hanford Henderson, one of the very best of the American writers, will contribute to these pages a series of ten or more chapters under the general head of "Autobiography of a Teacher." Dr. Henderson is a teacher of remarkable power, broadminded, keen, and large-hearted. As a writer he probably has no equal among the literary people of the present, in the masterful handling of the English language. His is the rare merit of combining with fine culture a careful—I might almost say reverential—choice of words. Not only is the reader's interest fascinated by the story, but there is nourishment for that something in him which longs for beauty, beauty in the old sense of artistic perfection. The "Autobiography" will be of untold value to teachers, and thru them it is hoped to the young, to whose well-being our best selves are consecrated. The first installment will appear in October and after that each number will contain a chapter.

I want to call special attention to Mrs. Perkins' beautiful colonial exercise for a Thanksgiving or Christmas entertainment, on page 30. The costumes and stage settings required are very simple. The exercise includes charming songs, an arbutus drill, and dainty little living pictures, all for children from the primary rooms up to high school age. Plan your autumn work to include this entertainment. The children will enjoy it immensely and so will their parents and friends.

These are days crowded with great historic happenings. The contact of nation with nation, of governments with political antagonism, of churches with churches and the opponents of all ecclesiasticism, wars and rumors of wars, I wonder whether many of us realize the meaning of the times. The newspapers have long ceased to be a reliable key to the history of the day. They strain after the sensational rather than the significant. The problem of selecting for consideration in the schools the things that the children ought to know is not an easy one. One thing is certain: the really great events cannot be passed by unnoticed in the live school-room. In fact, by a wise use of them the program may be linked with the interests most directly engaging the pupils' minds. Geography and history in particular, must draw light and life from the occurrences of the present. Some teachers have a short period each day set apart for current events, others devote Friday afternoon to them. Whatever the plan may be is of

less consequence than there be a fixed time somewhere for a review of the history of each week. The questions published on page 72 will be found a valuable help in the work.

It is well not to be too hasty. The first reports of great events are apt to be inaccurate and misleading. Furthermore, when the feelings are stirred, the intellect is not likely to judge with justice. Wait till the smoke has cleared. Brief weekly reviews, such as are supplied in *Our Times*, are better for school-room use than are the accounts of the news-frantic daily papers.

Activity is not a synonym for work. There are schools where the children are kept busy every minute and yet suffer from under-work. Wasteful activities exhaust the energy of children quite as rapidly as solid work. At this point is the parting of the ways of poor and good schools. The so-called "busy work" is not infrequently a series of devices for killing precious time. The penalty of wasteful activity is scatterbrainedness and arrest of mental development. Here are serious problems which should be well considered when the schools open again. They are worth being chosen as the principal texts for the first teachers' meeting after vacation.

A remarkable feature of the enrollment of the N. E. A. at Asbury Park was the large numbers of new active members from New York, which will probably bring the total active membership of the State above one thousand. This gives New York more than four times the membership of the State next highest in the active list. Asbury Park has the record of highest attendance of active members. The 1905 convention was not quite twelve thousand behind Boston in total enrollment. But it should be remembered that New England was chiefly responsible for the falling off, sending only 227 members, or 9,089 less than enrolled at Boston.

Parents do want to give good gifts to their children. This has been proved whenever the issue is squarely put. A woman was recently elected to the school board on a platform calling for a liberal course of study for the elementary schools and for increased taxation for public educational purposes. The worshippers of the "Three R's" made as much pre-election noise as the prophets of Baal in Elijah's time, but the simple appeal to the hearts of the parents won the day for

the children. Constructive manual work, music, art instruction, gymnastics, and living contact with nature and with history and literature have come to stay. The parents believe in them. Why talk against the wind?

The real question is not of "the three Rs" *vs.* "fads and frills," but of "grind and drill" *vs.* "education." Where the reactionaries often have the advantage over the advocates of a liberal course of study for the elementary school is in the poor showing made by some of the new education schools in comparative tests in spelling, English composition, and arithmetic. It does not necessarily follow that the school with a fine program will do fine work. Some very poor circuses have been known to herald their advent by most promising posters. The quality of the work depends upon the quality of the worker. Changing from a narrow to a broad gauged curriculum is not going to turn drudges into inspiring forces. The teacher must change. Teachers who do not grow and make no effort to grow in educational efficiency will keep the schools inefficient whatever the official program may be. One can have as much gradgrind with nature study as with multiplication tables.

Supt. James M. Greenwood is a most interesting and helpful writer. He talks straight from his generous heart. He has served from the district school up thru high schools and normal schools, and as superintendent of the schools of Kansas city, Mo., he has set lessons for the schools of the whole country. Everything he writes has body and vigor to it. When *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* was committed to my care I wrote to Mr. Greenwood for a message by him for your inspiration to carry with you into your year's work. But these are Mr. Greenwood's busiest days and so his article has been deferred. I feel safe in promising that the message will come to you in good time, and I am certain that you will enjoy his witty, original manner of giving the best sort of advice.



United Educational Exhibit at N. E. A.

TEACHERS MAGAZINE had a fine exhibit at Asbury Park during the convention of the National Educational Association. It was located in the registration headquarters at the Casino. The teachers were especially interested in the three large colored Hiawatha pictures which the great Indian artist Mr. E. W. Deming, painted especially for this magazine. The illustration on this page gives a faint idea of what the exhibit was like, the booth being festive with its gay decorations in the national red, white, and blue.

Many of you, more particularly the readers of *Primary School*, will remember the excellent lesson plans by Miss Alice Bridgham, published every month for a year or more some time ago. I received a letter from her early in the summer, saying that she was going to take a vacation trip to Canada, spending some little time in Montreal. I am going to try to get her to write something about her trip that you can use this year with your geography classes. We all know what helpful, practical lessons she can write, and I am sure you will enjoy taking that delightful trip with your children in school, aided by pictures and maps.

The Renewal A Strain

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The Professional and Financial Side

Conducted by William McAndrew, New York

Teachers' Interests and the N.E.A.

UNTIL the Boston meeting two years ago, the National Educational Association seemed averse to taking up salary questions and kindred subjects. To suggestions that this side of education is in need of improvement, various gentlemen who had been actively connected with the management of the Association gave various answers, a composite of which would be that the Association has never interfered in these matters; they are local affairs; they are not dignified; they are school board concerns. What's the use?

That is natural enough. The management of the N. E. A. is in the hands of men who are at the head of educational systems. To such men the public seems to be ever demanding economy in the public schools. Most superintendents, presidents, principals, and directors feel that it is a part of their duty to get the schools manned and womaned at an economical rate. This idea, or some other thought, prevented the leaders of the N. E. A. from looking with a kindly eye upon the proposition to take up so materialistic a question as the pay of the teachers.

But President Harper was writing magazine articles on the low remuneration of teachers, so was President Schurman. President Butler was publishing similar discussions. President Eliot issued a book on the subject. Superintendent Maxwell had been an open advocate of well-paid teachers for fourteen years. It was only a question of time for the N. E. A.

At the Boston meeting, the New York city delegation talked with the above named gentlemen and renewed the request made by some at the Detroit convention, that the Association make a study of the financial condition of the teacher. Mr. Augustus Downing brought the request before the board of directors. Mr. N. C. Dougherty and the gentleman already mentioned favored it. An appropriation was made and a committee appointed to study the whole question of teachers' wages, security of tenure, pension systems, etc. THE SCHOOL JOURNAL has spoken of this committee from time to time. It is a vast mass of statistical material patiently and methodically collected, presenting the exact economic conditions which surround the teaching profession to-day. A study of its pages must unspeakably distress every lover of his country, and every one hopeful of the advancement of the nation thru education.

In avoiding the sensational, the emotional, and the sentimental, Col. Wright's committee has presented facts, it is true, but they are cold facts. They will do little good unless applied with the warmth of enthusiasm. The report is a good lever, but will of itself supply no force. It is academic, not reformatory. Three thousand copies of it will be printed and will lie in the storehouse at Winona, to be mailed by Secretary Shephard when asked for.

Among the New York city members of the

Association, there is still as much of the active desire to assist the teachers of the country at large, as was evident at the Boston meeting.

The same teachers who petitioned the N. E. A. to take up teachers' financial interests, now are petitioning the Association to continue to make a specialty of these things. At the first gathering of the New York city teachers at their headquarters at the Asbury Park meeting the need of continued attention to wages thruout the country was declared to be evident. A petition to the executive committee of the N. E. A., asking it to create a permanent department concerned with the matters covered by Col. Wright's committee's report was drawn up. The requisite twenty active members were secured in ten minutes; in a few minutes more some other active members who happened to be conveniently near were enrolled, including Supts. Dougherty, Cooley, and Ben Blewett, and in all, about eighty members from various parts of the country.

The petitioners want a department with an organization and officers, in order that salary, tenure, pension, and kindred matters may be continually looked after, and adequately presented at each convention. Well established, well paid, well prepared teachers, we have always held to be a national consideration, and so vital that its neglect has brought education to a point described by President Eliot, where the theoretical perfection of teaching is unapproachable by the teaching body.



A Spoon Shaker

STRAIGHT FROM COFFEEDOM.

Coffee can marshal a good squadron of enemies and some very hard ones to overcome. A lady in Florida writes:

"I have always been very fond of good coffee, and for years drank it at least three times a day. At last, however, I found that it was injuring me.

"I became bilious, subject to frequent and violent headaches, and so very nervous, that I could not lift a spoon to my mouth without spilling part of its contents; my heart got 'rickety' and beat so fast and so hard that I could scarcely breathe, while my skin got thick and dingy, with yellow blotches on my face, caused by the condition of my liver and blood. I made up my mind that all these afflictions came from the coffee, and I determined to experiment and see.

"So I quit coffee and got a package of Postum, which furnished my hot morning beverage. After a little time I was rewarded by a complete restoration of my health in every respect. I do not suffer from biliousness any more, my headaches have disappeared, my nerves are as steady as could be desired, my heart beats regularly, and my complexion has cleared up beautifully—the blotches have been wiped out and it is such a pleasure to be well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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of Rome

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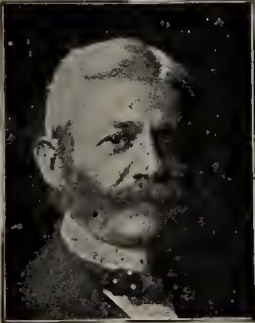
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Questions on Current Events

The answers to these questions will be found in late issues of Our Times.

What safeguards does Sweden require in case the union with Norway is dissolved? A. 1. The establishment of a zone on the frontier on which the defenses shall be razed. 2. The pasturing of reindeer of Swedish Laplanders in Norway. 3. The securing of transit trade thru both countries from obstruction. 4. The freedom of Sweden from responsibility for Norway to other states.

Under what terms did France agree to the conference over Morocco that was asked for by Germany? A. On condition that the conference should not sit in judgment on the late agreement between France and England. 699.

Why does General Kitchener insist on putting the Indian army on a war footing? A. On the theory that Russia, having been balked in her designs in Eastern Asia, is all the more likely to attack India. 676.

In what fields did John Hay win unusual success? A. In journalism, oratory, authorship, and diplomacy. 678.

What is the most important work of John Hay while secretary of state? A. The saving of the Monroe doctrine and the preservation of the integrity of the Chinese empire at the time of the Boxer outbreak. 678.

How was Carson Sink in Nevada reclaimed? A. By the building of an irrigation canal under the supervision of the federal government. 682.

Who is the new secretary of state? A. Elihu Root.

How will the pope protest against the proposed separation of church and state in France? A. By an encyclical letter to the French bishops. He will claim that the Concordat cannot be ended without the consent of the church, one of the parties to the treaty; that the church has property claims which must be considered. 676.

Where will the body of John Paul Jones finally rest? A. In a chapel on the academy grounds in Annapolis.

What former cabinet officer lately died? A. Col. Daniel S. Lamont.

What historic boundary was lately resurveyed and marked? A. Mason and Dixon's line.

When did Peary's ship sail for the north? A. On July 16, from New York.

Why do the planters of the South want a cotton bureau? A. They think such a bureau is needed on account of the great importance of the cotton industry. Its reports would be more reliable than those they get now.

What is the main features of the treaty with China? A. It excludes Chinese laborers, except from the insular possessions of the United States.

What naval accident occurred at San Diego, Cal.? A. The explosion of the boiler of the Bennington by which over a hundred men were killed or injured.

Who were the Japanese and Russian envoys that met recently at Portsmouth, N. H.? A. Baron Komura and Mr. Takahira, Japanese minister at Washington, for Japan; M. Witte and Baron de Rosen, Russian ambassador at Washington, for Russia. 707.

What was Great Britain's attitude towards Japan's demands? A. Great Britain decided to stand by her ally, no matter how severe her demands on Russia might be. She was all the more ready to do this because of the fact that British business in the East has never been so good as it has in the past eighteen months.

How was Mr. Balfour beaten recently, and why did he not resign? A. He was beaten in parliament on an item in the estimates by four votes. Usually when there is an adverse vote the prime minister resigns. In this case no notice had been given and the attendance was small. Four days later Mr. Balfour showed an overwhelming majority. From this it is inferred that the present parliament may stand till autumn of 1907.

How did the teamsters strike in Chicago end? A. By a

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vote of the Teamster's Joint Council, on July 20. It was an unconditional defeat for the union.

Where did the meeting between the emperors of Germany and Russia take place? A. On board the German yacht Hohenzollern near an island in the Gulf of Finland.

What was the purpose of the meeting? A. It was arranged at the request of the czar, who wished the advice of some one of equal rank with himself outside of Russia. Emperor William is reported to have counseled him to do all in his power to restore order in his dominions, as the disorders in Russian Poland might easily extend to German Poland.

What is the Platt amendment? A. An amendment added to the Cuban constitution by Senator Platt of Connecticut, providing, among other things, that the United States may intervene to preserve healthful conditions and good order in the island, and prevent too great a debt from being contracted.

Has Cuba accepted this? A. It has refused and still refuses, to circulate it as part of the Cuban constitution.

When will the Russian national assembly meet? A. In St. Petersburg on Nov. 14.

What powers will this assembly possess? A. It will pass upon all government bills and items of the budget, and have the right to approval or disapproval of all companies having unusual privileges.

What nations have successively held the island of Sakhalin? A. First the Chinese; then the Russians and Japanese the northern and southern sections respectively; then the Russians the whole island, which has, in the past few weeks, been occupied by the Japanese.

What distinguished man died in New Orleans of yellow fever? A. Archbishop Chapelle.

What work was performed by the Davies commission? A. In the ten years of its existence it overturned the government and commercial civilization of five tribes of Indian territory and allotted their lands in severalty.

When will the extra session of congress convene? What matters will be brought before it? A. November 11. The Panama canal and anti-rebate legislation.

What was done at the Russian zemstvo congress in Moscow? A. A movement was started away from the throne and toward the people.

To LADIES ONLY.—The wish to be beautiful is predominant in every woman, and none can say she does not care whether she is beautiful or not. Dr. T. F. Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier elicits a clear, transparent complexion, free from Tan, Freckles, or Moth Patches, and so closely imitating nature as to defy detection. It has the highest medical testimony, as well as professional celebrities, and on its own merits it has become one of the largest and a popular specialty in the trade. FERD T. HOPKINS, Sole Proprietor, 37 Great Jones street, New York. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers thruout the United States, Canada, and Europe.

A Regular Church Attendant.

A gentleman in the north of Scotland had a fine Newfoundland dog called Rover. The dog insisted upon going to the parish church every Sunday. Many plans were tried for keeping him at home, without success. At last, as the minister did not object, the animal was allowed to attend. He did not go to his owner's seat, but took his station on one of the steps of the pulpit. He conducted himself during the whole service in a most becoming manner, standing up at prayers, listening attentively, and walking slowly out at the close of the service.

One day the church was burned down and, while it was being rebuilt, the congregation met in a school-room. Rover attended the first Sunday, but he did not seem to feel at home. The next Sunday he walked slowly around the building and then marched out. He joined the Free Church, where he continued to attend regularly, sitting on the pulpit stairs, until his own church was rebuilt, when he returned to his former place.

Saved by a Dog.

The captain of a small American trading vessel was the possessor of a little terrier dog named Neptune. Neptune always knew from his keen scent when land was near.

His master after a long and weary watch had retired to rest, and had requested the mate to rouse him when the ship was off a certain lighthouse. The mate and some of the sailors, wearied out with their labors, had fallen asleep, and none of the watch was awake except a young boy at the wheel.

A breeze sprang up, the ship's sails filled, and she went forward at a good rate. The boy could not see ahead because of the sails, but he kept the course the mate had laid down. Neptune knew there was danger, for he scented land. He bolted down to his master's cabin and pulled at his arm to awaken him. After several efforts he succeeded, and the captain rushing on deck, was just in time to turn the ship from a course which in a few minutes would have led upon a very dangerous rock ahead.

Lamb and Lion.

A lamb is the playmate of one of the fiercest lions in Bostock's Hippodrome in Paris. Mr. Bostock says it took nine months to bring about the friendly relationship.

"I lost a whole carload of lambs," he explains, "before succeeding—lambs of the kind children play with. I placed in the cage all sorts of toys of the animal variety—cotton sheep, horses, rabbits—in fact, a regular Noah's ark.

"Then I specialized on sheep, but it took a long time for the lion to find out that they were not good to eat. Finally a live lamb was introduced. At first the lion looked surprised, and then laid down and gently pawed the stranger. The lamb did not like this, and drawing back a pace or two, butted the lion in the mane.

"This appeared to greatly amuse the lion, who playfully rolled over on his back, while the lamb butted again.

"Now," says Mr. Bostock, "they are fast friends, and an insurance company would be justified in taking the lamb as a first-class risk."



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By AMOS M. KELLOGG.

One of the distinctive features of the *Teachers' Institute* (which was absorbed and succeeded by this magazine) was, that it aroused a spirit of inquiry. Many of the editorials and articles in it were answers to questions voiced in letters from subscribers; this gave the paper peculiar value and endeared it to thousands of earnest teachers. TEACHERS MAGAZINE desires to preserve this feature. The editor would like to hear whatever serious questions are in the minds of readers. Many of these questions will receive attention in this special department to be conducted by Amos M. Kellogg, the founder, and, for many years the editor, of the *Teachers' Institute*. Whenever desirable and possible all letters will be promptly answered by mail, provided a self-addressed and stamped envelope accompanies the question. Direct all letters to "Editor TEACHERS MAGAZINE." If information concerning subscription or business matters is desired be sure to put this on a separate sheet. Put at head of this "To Business Manager", at the head of the other sheet, "To the Editor."

I began to teach in 1848 at eleven dollars per month, and needed to know whether my control (made with but one of the trustees) was binding on the others, and so I wrote to the education department of the state of New York. I thus early learned the value of an appeal to an authority when troublesome questions arose. During the past thirty years I have written replies, and have forgotten the matter entirely, but it has been recalled at a convention (as at Asbury Park this summer) by some stranger who was thus assisted to solve a troublesome problem.

The questions I shall answer (for not all can be replied to) will (1) be typical ones—that is represent the problems, teachers of every grade, of each sex, in all sections of the country, are wrestling with; (2) be educational ones, that is relate to the work of the teacher, and not be of a miscellaneous character such as the length of rivers, or the cost of the Panama canal, etc. I would suggest to every teacher to keep a book in which he writes down his own views on pedagogical matters; such a book David P. Page calls a "Common Plan Book." I have before me as I write, one I began in 1851; on the first page appears the title, "Thoughts on Teaching." Then follows a page on "Order of Teaching Geography;" one on "Elements of Success," copied from Dickens, (this I have read over probably a hundred times); then the solution of some very difficult arithmetical problems; then "Grammar" is discussed; then "Teaching;" then "School Organization;" then "The Teacher's Spirit;" the "Teacher's Manner," "School Government," some "Troublesome Equations of Two Unknowns," (these appear to have been sent me by a teacher who was re-writing Robinson's Algebra); "Reciprocals," "New Geometrical Problems—Theorems," "Compositions," "Programs,"—these appear for several years, "Teacher's Difficulties," "Intellectual Education," "Magic Squares," "School Management," "Arithmetical Principles," "Least Common Multiple," "Greatest Common Divisor," "Singing," "Alligation," "Tardiness," "Apothegms"—these are short extracts from speeches by prominent men; "Moral Educa-



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tion," "Square Root," "Penmanship;"—this gave the ideas of Platt R. Spencer, one of the most remarkable teachers America has produced. At the time written (about 1855) these were entirely new; they are now understood by nearly all teachers.

I have given the above account because the book was of real service to me, and I think a similar book would be of benefit to every teacher. It is plain that the teacher is compelled to put his mind upon his work; he grasps the underlying ideas, an indispensable matter for one who makes teaching a life-long matter.

The Brownie Premeer, prepared by N. Moore Banta and Alpha Banta Benson, and printed in the gayest colors, comes to hand with the imprint of the A. Flanagan Co., publishers. The Brownies—Messrs. Red-Cap, Blue-Cap, Green-Cap, Red-Coat, Blue-Coat, Yellow-Coat, and their friends, tell, in very simple words, the stories of their work and play, who they are, and where they live. The book is delightful, and will be much enjoyed by the little lovers of the Brownies, either as a regular textbook for learning to read or for supplementary reading. The A. Flanagan Co., publishers, Chicago, Ill.

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Milkweed.

By S. ALTA PAGE, Minneapolis.

In a large field there grew a plant.

At first it simply did what all plants do. It smiled back at the sun day by day. It drank in all the rain that came.

It sipped the dew drops, and sent its roots deeper down to hunt for the best good the black dark earth was willing to give it.

But later it began to think, and from somewhere in the air, whis- pers came to it saying, "Do your best, my plant, I care for you, I want you to be perfect."

Now this plant was only a weed, but as soon as it heard the soft whisper, it tried to answer. It could not speak in words, but it answered in something better, in its life.

It thought, "I will watch my leaves. I have many, all up my tall stem, and every one has a companion leaf right beside it. I wonder if I could find them better food.


So it talked to the dark, under earth. It sent its strong, large root away down deep and searched and tried each day to make from the good it found the best meals a plant ever had.

At last, one day the food made a milk-white juice. The stem car- ried it quickly up to the leaves and when they tasted it they laughed and shook, it was so good.

The plant said, "I will work hard every day. My leaves shall always have this milk-white juice."

And day by day the leaves grew larger and larger. They grew glossy and soft and velvety be- neath.

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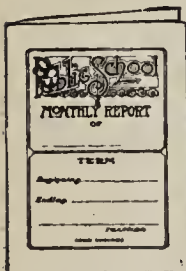
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They were so strong and so happy that they whispered back to all parts of the plant, "Let us all work, let us all work together and make—oh, we don't know just what, but something to give to this big world."

All the parts of the plant called in one sweet voice, "Let us work, let us work, let us give."

What do you think they made? Why, a little boat cradle began to grow, then another, then another and another, at last the brave little plant had five.

The cradles, too, grew larger and larger every day.

One morning, the little cradles found that many, many little people had somehow, from somewhere, come to live in them. These little folks had dark faces that grew browner and browner.

At last the milkweed brownies called loudly, "Oh, let us out, let us out, something tells us we can fly."

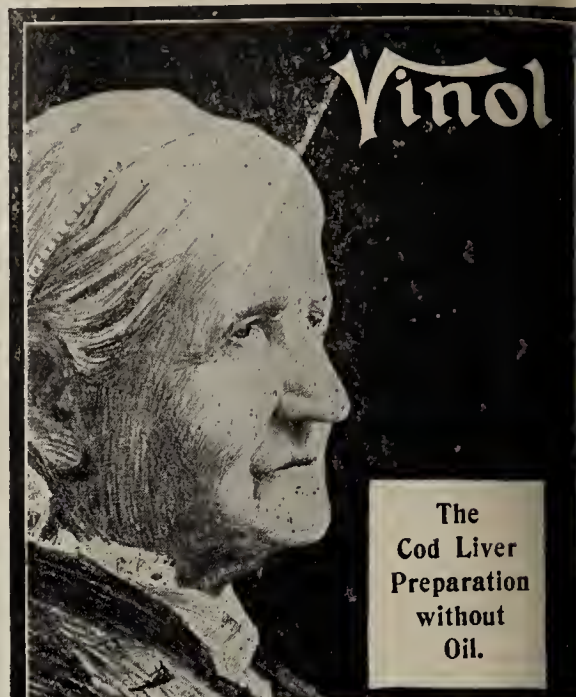
Then the cradles found that instead of being green any longer they had grown quite dry. They, too, wanted to help and do some good, so each burst open all along its upper edge.

At first the babies were frightened at all the light and noise and they lay very still, looking about them. Then one found that it really did have fluffy white wings and out it jumped calling to all the others, "Come, oh come, let us fly everywhere."

Off they went, the fluffy, dainty, white winged seed brownies, filling all the air.

The cradle boats were empty, but the weed plant watched its beautiful winged children and was very glad.

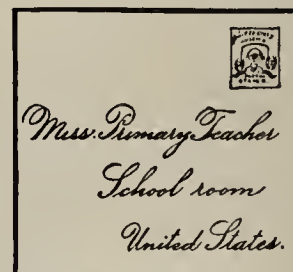
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The Bat : A Fable.
Why This Odd Little Animal Appears Only at Night.

A mouse, one time, rendered a service of some importance to one of the eagles of Jupiter. "Ask," said the grateful bird, "anything that you desire, and in the name of my master, Jove, I promise to grant it to you."

"Oh, sir," said the mouse, eagerly, "I have long felt the mortification of living among such vulgar creatures as the beasts, and have ardently desired to associate with the more refined society of the birds. If you could but grant me wings, my happiness would be complete."

"Consider well what you ask," said the eagle, gravely. "Nature has placed you in a certain grade of society, and you need not hope that wings alone will make you a bird."

"I have considered the matter thoroughly," said the mouse, "and feel certain that if I had but wings I could at least associate with those I have so long envied and admired."

"Very well," said the eagle, "be it so!" and, instantly, wings springing from the mouse's shoulders, the first bat was created.

His ambitious desires, however, were not realized, for the birds, perceiving that he still had ears and a tail and was, besides, covered with hair, would not associate with him. while, upon the other hand, his own pride had withdrawn him from his old companions.

"Alas!" said the poor, lonely animal, "why was I not contented with the humble sphere that nature intended me to fill? My very wings, that I hoped would be my pride, now prevent me from walking upon the ground, where I belong."

So mortified and disappointed was he that thenceforth he ventured out into the world no longer by daylight, but only at night, when all other creatures had retired.—*St. Nicholas* for May.

Story of a Painter.


A young Italian boy who had shown great skill in drawing became the pupil of the most famous painter of the time. He made great progress in his art, and his name became well known. He wished to marry his master's daughter; but her father anxious to spur him on to the greatest efforts in painting said, "My friend, when your skill is as great as mine, you shall have her."

Some time after this the pupil painted a fly on the nose of a figure in a great painting upon which his master was at work. The artist came into the studio, and thinking it a real fly made several attempts to brush it away. When the mistake was discovered he praised his pupil, and told him that now he could paint as well as his master.

A traveler in South Africa writes that the Boers are becoming interested in education. Since the war they have been paying particular attention to the study and purchase of educational books in Dutch, their object being to maintain their national independence. Parents are anxious to have their children receive as good an education as possible, and are sending them to the best Dutch colleges.

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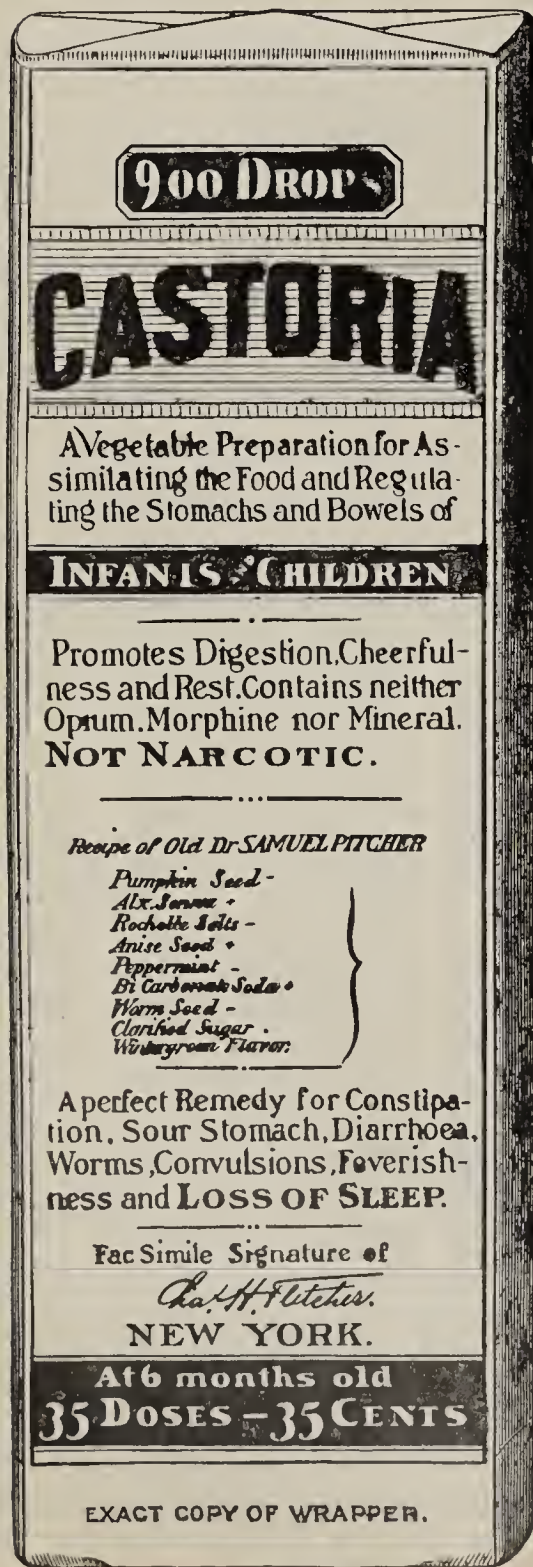
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A Well-Behaved Dog.

When Queen Victoria first attended service in the parish church at Crathie, it was noticed that the minister was followed to the pulpit by a large dog. During the service it lay at the top of the pulpit stair, and waited there until the minister was ready to come down.

One of the gentlemen in attendance on Her Majesty objected to this proceeding, and next Sunday the dog did not appear. Some few days afterwards the minister was dining at Balmoral, and the Queen, who had seen the dog, asked the cause of its absence on the second Sunday. On learning that it had been supposed to annoy her, she was vexed and said, "Let him come as usual. I wish everybody behaved in church as well as your noble dog."

Jealous Elephants.

The following story is by a man who took a young friend to see some elephants in their stables. He had with him a number of oranges.

"There were eight elephants, and I found I had twenty-five oranges. I walked slowly along the line, giving one to each. When I got to the end I turned and was about to begin the distribution backwards, when I suddenly realized that if elephant No. 7 saw me give two oranges in succession to No. 8, he might imagine he was being cheated, and give me a smack with his trunk; so I went to the door and began as before.

"Three times I went along the line, and then I was in a fix. I had one orange left, and I had to get back to the door. Every elephant in the herd had his greedy gaze on that orange. It was as much as my life was worth to give it to any one of them. What was I to do? I held it up, peeled it, and sucked it myself. It was most amusing to notice the way those elephants nudged each other, and shook their ponderous sides. They certainly would have laughed if they could."

How to Study.

One of the greatest music teachers in Italy was very friendly to a young pupil, and asked him if he had patience to persevere in a course of study he would mark out for him, however wearisome it might seem, to which the pupil agreed. A paper was ruled and all kinds of scales and groups of notes were marked on it.

This page occupied teacher and pupil during an entire year, and the year following was also given to it. When the third year commenced, nothing was said of changing the lesson, and the pupil began to murmur, but the master reminded him of his promise. The fourth year slipped away, and the fifth followed, and always the same page.

The sixth year found them at the same task, but the master added some other lessons. At the end of this year, the pupil, who supposed himself still a beginner, was much surprised when his master said to him: "Go, my son, you have nothing more to learn. You are the best singer in Italy, and in the world."

An Impressive Petition.

Any West Indian governor can show a batch of queer petitions which he has received from the natives, but perhaps the most amusing one I ever saw was received by Sir William Robinson, when he ruled over Trinidad several years ago. It ran literally as follows:

"Your Petitioner now approaches Your Excellency to solicit, crave, and implore an inestimable boon, being aware that you have been delegated, nominated, and constituted, and appointed by the united voice of the distinguished Conclave or Cabinet of our Most Gracious and Illustrious Sovereign Lady the Queen, to preside over her liege subjects as Archon or Executive in this far dependency of Her vast Dominions. Greater is Her Majesty than the famed Semiramis, Queen of Babylon, or Her the Eastern Sheba, or the Egyptian glorious Cleopatra of celebrated memory, Anthony's loved Queen. You see the Queen, thou art representative of the revel of whose drum circles the world, and Sol or Phœbus never sets on. Pardon Your Excellency for the egotistical digression, and resumes subject. Your Petitioner's son, unfortunately by name Joseph Barrow, was sentenced for unlawfully cutting canes to six months' imprisonment, but unlike Prometheus, who stole fire from Heaven, her poor son was driven or induced by thirst to take of a reed containing saccharine, along with another aqueous fluid element. Your Petitioner now humbly appeals to that clemency, and trusts that Your Excellency may be pleased to take compassion on a poor, destitute, and bereaved widow, and restore Your Petitioner's son, as did the Prophet of Jehovah, the good Elijah, at Zarepath, the other widow's son, by remitting the time imposed. Had Your Petitioner the wings of Pegasus, fly she would to Parnassus to consult the Oracle of Delphi, to know of her son's liberation from Tartarus suffering the punishment of Sisyphus or a second Tantalus."

This petition, needless to say, was not written by the poor widow herself, but by the colored schoolmaster of the little village in which she lived.—William Thorpe in the New York *Evening Post*.

Health, a weekly journal published in London, England, in speaking of anti-kamnia tablets, says: "There is no remedy so useful, and attended with such satisfactory results in the treatment of melancholia, headaches, and emotional distress. We would suggest a few tablets for the family medicine chest, in readiness when needed."

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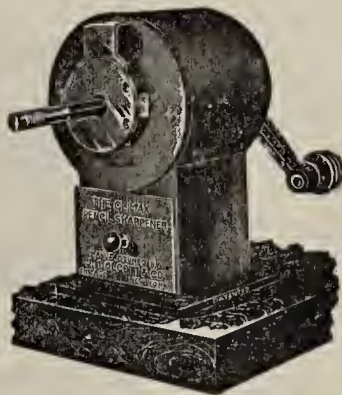
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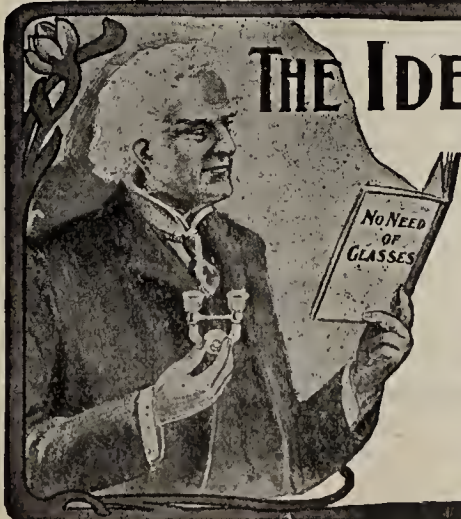
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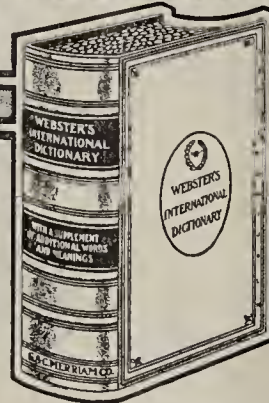
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Advertising Rates will be furnished upon application.

Publishers' Talks

TO our thousands of new readers we extend a most cordial welcome. Every mail only serves to swell our list of subscribers, and to all of such we would express a sincere hope that their familiarity with this magazine and their relations with this company may be of such an agreeable character as to speedily convert them from mere acquaintances into sincere friends. We may possibly be a little old-fashioned, but we cling to the idea that the readers of a magazine—especially a class magazine such as this—should simply be, as it were, an enlarged family circle, the members of which may differ in individuality, tastes and opinions, and yet be dominated by a loyal, sympathetic, and helpful spirit. We beg, therefore, that our new readers will make themselves at home at once, and be free to criticize our faults, commend our virtues and suggest anything that will enable us to more effectively and certainly attain the ideal which we have before us as to the possible worth, usefulness, and attractiveness of this magazine.

Our Aim.

It is our aim to make this publication so excellent in every way as to instantly rivet your attention and admiration and to gradually win your affection. Whatever sentiment may thus be stimulated by the magazine itself, will, we trust, be sustained and encouraged by relations with other departments of our business. We will not tolerate any action in any branch of our enterprise that will occasion offence upon the part of any member of our circle of friends or that will lead to any estrangement. We want this fact to be distinctly stated and to be clearly understood. If any patron feels a grievance we hope that instant expression will be given to the facts in a letter addressed to the president and general manager of the company. Do not cherish up in your mind a little difficulty, to be gradually enlarged by meditation into a mountain of fault, when you can so easily have the matter adjusted to your complete satisfaction.

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A Frank Confession.

With this statement of our commercial policy, we may as well anticipate a complaint already framing itself in the minds of our readers. We are sorry beyond expression, to have started off the beginning of the scholastic year by any tardiness in getting our publications to subscribers on time, but when you realize that the delay was occasioned by our trying to place affairs in such shape as to better serve your interests in the future, we are certain that you will be charitable enough to forgive anything amiss on our part at this season of the year. The moving of a circus is an orderly procedure compared with the moving of a printing plant. Not only have we suffered the loss of six weeks' to two months' actual time in manufacturing, but the removal from one city to another has made it necessary to employ an almost entirely new clerical force in several departments. To get things into smooth working order after such a cataclysm is merely a question of time and patience. Every day, however, witnesses steady progress, and we hope very shortly

to be in perfect shape. Our plan is to have a specified day of publication for each of our four periodicals, and to respect such dates with impartial regularity. This magazine will be ready for mailing on the 20th day of the month, preceding that for which it is issued, so that subscribers may positively count upon receiving their copy before the first day of each month.

An Evidence of Worth.

We purpose sparing no reasonable expense to make this magazine the most beautiful, entertaining, and helpful publication dealing with the subject of education. Two evidences of this purpose are worthy of special notation:

Cover Designs.

The cover designs for this magazine, as printed in colors, are calling out expressions of the highest favor. Each design has an individuality of its own and presents some subject appropriate to the month for which it stands. By this method of treatment, each issue of the magazine stands forth in attractive and appropriate attire. The work is, of course, expensive, but if it adds to the satisfaction of our readers, or stimulates a pride in the magazine upon the part of teachers, whose profession it seeks to exalt with dignity and honor, the expenditure will prove most wise and desirable. Any suggestion for a cover design for any future month which can be submitted by any reader will be highly appreciated, and if accepted for service will be suitably rewarded.

The Autobiography of a Teacher.

The editorial policy of the magazine is to utilize only articles of the greatest worth. We shall seek to give you the best reading that can be procured. It is questionable whether there will be a series of articles in any magazine published in this country during the present year, of greater merit than the series entitled *The Autobiography of a Teacher*, which commences in this number. In the judgment of many, Dr. Henderson is the equal of any contemporary writer in the keenness of his analytical mind and the exquisite character of his literary style. Probably no other educational journal has ever carried so expensive a series of articles, but Dr. Henderson appealed to us very strongly in his previous books and especially in his *John Percyfield*, and we knew he must have a message for teachers, full of richness and beauty. For this reason we sought these articles, and if they give to you the same delight in reading as they do to us in publishing them, we shall feel amply repaid.

Subscription Expiration.

To our many new subscribers and possibly to our older friends as well, it may be wise to call attention to the dates upon the label on your magazine. The date there shown is that of the last month for which your subscription is paid, and when your subscription has expired you should promptly send us a renewal or ask us to cancel. We shall always reluctantly do the latter, and we hope you will never ask us to do so as long as you teach, but you may be positive that we shall respect your request should you ever find it necessary to ask us to take your name from our mailing list. Teachers have often told us how impossible it is with some publications to compel them to stop sending the journal to their address. Such a policy is wrong. It is both exasperating to the subscriber and injurious to the publisher. We even have some strong doubts as to the wisdom of continuing a subscription beyond the date of expiration without an actual renewal. There are strong reasons, however, in favor of both plans, which we cannot ignore, and which are having

our very serious consideration, but there can be no justification for failure to stop a magazine when requested to do so. Remember, however, that it takes about two weeks to make any change in our subscription lists, so complaint should not be made if failure to make any desired change as to your subscription does not appear at once. Give us two or three weeks and then write again if your request has been ignored. The task of extending the time of expiration on our mailing list of patrons who were subscribers to more than one periodical merged into *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* has been greater than we anticipated, and these extended expiration dates may not appear on wrappers before November or December, but we wish to assure such friends that their unexpired time to respective publications no longer issued separately, will be fully liquidated.

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We are very much gratified to announce that our Book Department has been placed under the supervision of Mrs. Frances Hardin Hess, whose identification for many years with the Astor and Lenox libraries and later with large commercial book interests, peculiarly qualifies her to handle this feature of our business with particular satisfaction. Mrs. Hess has such a wide knowledge of general literature and of suitable reading for the teacher's requirements as to enable her to acceptably answer any questions that may be propounded or give such advice as may be sought in the realm of books. Each month Mrs. Hess will conduct a department in this magazine entitled *Book Talk*, which will, we hope, continually grow in interest and helpfulness to our patrons. We shall seek to supply the book requirements of teachers of whatsoever nature and regardless of their source of publication.

Investment.

To any teacher desirous of laying aside a small sum out of his ensuing yearly earnings, as a source of income for the future, we unequivocally and strongly recommend the preferred stock of this company, as described elsewhere. There are three things that should be carefully observed in making an investment. They are, first, invest no amount that you cannot consistently spare from your income; second, confine your investment to activities about which you know something and which you can understand; and third, invest in nothing that offers unreasonable and improbable financial returns. Judged by this standard, the preferred stock of this company should commend itself to your consideration. In the first place, any desired number of shares may be purchased and paid for at the rate of so much per month over a period of ten months. In the second place, this business is one you can understand, in which you have sympathy and pride and the solidity of which you can foresee, since two commercial activities, each having a continuous record of twenty-five to thirty years of prosperous operation, have been merged together thus creating a volume of patronage that can only result in added strength and earning power. In the third place, we do not promise visionary financial returns, but we do know that the profits of the business should easily protect the seven per cent. dividends on the preferred stock. The president of the company had given to him many years ago as a commercial motto for him to follow, a sentiment, which while homely, is conservative. "Hope all things, expect nothing, and work like Hercules." This principle he seeks to follow, and experience has confirmed his judgment that if the fundamentals of the business are properly conceived, established and diligently observed, the results cannot fail to be substantial and agreeable. These fundamentals, of which there are many and with varying ramifications, may be briefly stated as, first, merit; second, fair dealing; third, courtesy; fourth, promptness; fifth, system; sixth, originality, and seventh, diligence. In attaining that success for this company already so clearly foreshadowed, we recognize that it will be by virtue of the support we receive from the educational forces of this country, and we naturally would like such earnings as we may realize, to return by way of dividends on capital stock to those by whose allegiance and co-operation such earnings have been made possible.

Current Events.

To every reader of the magazine interested in the teaching of current events in connection with scholastic work, we will gladly send free upon application a little booklet entitled, *The Teaching of Current Events in Schools*. It is our firm conviction that the use in the class-room of the daily happenings of the world, is in its infancy, and it is our desire to organize and develop the very best plans for utilizing such events and applying them to the routine of the curriculum.

A study becomes infinitely more interesting and helpful when it can be given a practical application of some noted occurrence of daily life. In *Our Times* we are seeking to provide a weekly periodical dealing with current events in just the form to especially adapt it to school use, and in connection with this publication it is our purpose to bring out the best ideas of our pedagogical minds by conducting, as described elsewhere in an advertisement, a series of monthly contests, with suitable prizes for the best plans offered, as to methods of using current events in the teaching of respective studies.

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The School Journal.

The *SCHOOL JOURNAL* is a weekly periodical giving a critical review of the significant Educational news, and presenting the plans, ideas, and experiences which are shaping the policy, organization, and management of schools and school systems. In its comprehensive scope is included whatever should be known to those who desire to be well informed concerning the progress of Education. It is indispensable to superintendents and principals and those who wish some day to occupy positions of responsibility in the school field. Teachers who have entered upon this work with a determination to advance ought to become regular subscribers. To high school teachers, *The School Journal* is especially recommended as the only periodical presenting the practical phases of the secondary school work in a practical form. In the current volume this latter subject is receiving more attention than ever before. A new feature will be editorial reviews of the practical workings of well known schools and school systems.

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I like to roll the ball.
Do you like to roll it?

me *me* like *like*

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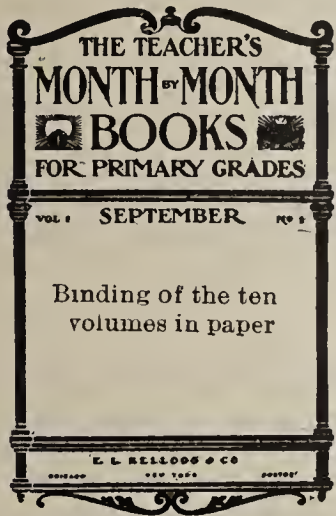
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- SECOND WEEK—DISTRIBUTION OF SEEDS. Milkweed; Methods of Seed Distribution; Forms of Expression; Bibliography; Poems and Stories.
- THIRD WEEK—EDIBLE FRUITS. Outlines for Study; The Apple; Bibliography; Forms of Expression; Songs and Stories.
- FOURTH WEEK—INSECT LIFE. The Caterpillar; The Silkworm; The Japanese; The Grasshopper; The Cricket; Forms of Expression; Bibliography; Songs, Games, Poems, and Stories.
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- SENSE TRAINING. PICTURE STUDY—Jean Geoffroy. RECEPTION DAYS.

October

- FIRST WEEK—TREES. Historic Trees, Leaves, Autumn Trees; Bibliography.
- SECOND WEEK—TREES. Buds, Nuts; Discovery Day; Stories, Bibliography, Busy Work, Poems, and Songs.

- THIRD WEEK—BIRDS. Coming and Going; King Wren; Bibliography and Poems.
- FOURTH WEEK—ANIMALS IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM. Squirrels; Picture Study; Domestic Animals—Cat, Dog, Stories; Bibliography, Poems, and Songs.
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- PICTURE STUDY. Bertel Thorwaldsen.
- A CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER. OCTOBER EXERCISES. AUTUMN ENTERTAINMENT.

November

- FIRST WEEK—VEGETABLES.—Pumpkins, Potatoes.
- SECOND WEEK—GRAINS, THE TURKEY. Corn, Rye; Harvesting; Jack O'Lanterns; Gift of Corn; The Turkey; Picture Study; Psyche. Bibliography, Poems, Songs, and Games.
- THIRD WEEK—THANKSGIVING. Thanksgiving Story; Bibliography, Language Work, Poems, and Songs.
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Book Talk

By Mrs. Frances Harden Hess

Somewhere in his writings Walter Pater says "A book is fortunate or unfortunate, owing its success or failure, to the mood the reader finds himself in." Perhaps these are not his exact words, but Pater's idea was that we get out of a book only what we are in sympathy with.

As teachers are always on the lookout for that which will aid in their work, they are inclined to approach books too much from the utilitarian point of view. This shuts out the larger horizon of the universality of Life and its vitalizing force, the love of beauty.

The way out of this condition is to keep a two-fold purpose ever in view and read not only with relation to one's profession, but also with relation to Life in its most catholic sense. In order to do this one must have tools, and this leads me to my hobby: BOOKS.

In my experience with the Book Trade, which has extended over a number of years, I have found that teachers buy few tools. Many will question this statement, but facts sustain me. Physicians buy the latest and best medical books; lawyers will not attempt to try a case until they have at hand the newest reports; ministers want the last work on theology; scientists know it is unsafe to make a single statement without consulting the most recent printed data. And so it runs thru the gamut of the businesses of Life, but teachers (as a mass and as a class) content themselves with some single journal or at best with a handful of cheap pamphlets. There will be a strong protest from some wide awake teachers, whom I know to spend a tenth of their income each year on books both professional and for general culture. There will be a strong protest from a fine body of men and women who are doing yeoman service in country schools and who have only five months' work per year at \$25 per month. But before these divisions of the profession protest, let them look about and see thousands who simply draw salaries and *negatively* get thru the year, with as little as possible of expenditure of energy or resources.

Let it be laid down as a canon that you *will* advance in your profession. And let me help you find the surest way to do this by means of the tools of your profession.

THE UNITED EDUCATIONAL COMPANY has employed me for the *specific* purpose of aiding teachers to choose these tools, and in all of my professional career I have never had anything come to me that gives me such happiness as being able to render this service.

All are invited to ask information from this Department as to any book, and all possible assistance will be rendered promptly.

Write the request on only one side of the sheet of paper and in ink; number your questions and give your name and address plainly and you will have a prompt reply.

The following books are recommended for this month:

PROFESSIONAL—The Month by Month Books which are so practical and beautiful. They are only 25 cents per number and can be adapted to any grade in the elementary school. An idea or plan is all that any intelligent teacher ever wants. When teachers follow any plan book slavishly, every particle of spontaneity disappears and the child's growth is hindered instead of helped.

The How to Teach Manuals are especially desirable at this time, particularly No. 17, which is about Trees. At this season of the year when the foliage of the trees is so gorgeous in coloring it is most timely to call attention to the whole structure of the tree and the processes that it passes thru during the winter. In connection with this book may be used Joseph Jefferson's poem "Immortality" which appears in the September TEACHERS MAGAZINE.

Taylor's (J. S.) "Art of Class Management and Discipline" needs no recommendation to those who know District Superintendent Taylor, but to those who have not had the privilege and pleasure of coming in touch with him I am very happy to offer this little book as a Vade Mecum.

Griffin's (C. S.) "Little Primary Pieces" is an ideal collection, the purpose of which is fully explained in the introduction which is as follows:

"The poems gathered together in this collection have 'been selected from every available source by a teacher

"of many years' experience with little people. They are 'intended for the youngest boys and girls. Very few of 'the poems are more than sixteen lines in length, and 'every poem is suitable for recitation in school.

"There are hundreds of collections of poems suitable 'for older pupils to speak. A few of them are for the 'very little children, most of them containing poems 'that are either too old for those for whose use they are 'intended, or else with poems that are for one reason or 'another objectionable. Great pains have been taken to 'avoid what might be open to just objection on the part 'of teachers of little folks, in the compiling of this book. 'The simple exercises at the end of the book will be 'found suitable for special days or Friday afternoons.' If it had nothing else than George MacDonald's "Where Did You Come From, Baby Dear?" it would be worth the price charged for it. And the hundreds of illustrations make it especially available for a Christmas gift to some wee friend or pupil.

Sherwin Cody's "Story Composition" ought not only to be read but *studied* by layman as well as teacher, for it is a practical exposition prepared by a practical newspaper man, who has acted as judge in a number of competitions, the most notable of which was held in 1896 by a Chicago newspaper. Manuscripts by the thousand were passed upon; and in this little manual Mr. Cody tells us why so many failed, and points the way to success. As children are compelled to write, it does seem wise for teachers to have a definite policy in passing upon the material and in directing the efforts into the proper channel. Cody gives you a touchstone.

Munson's (J. P.) "Education Through Nature Study" will serve to correlate all the nature study that now is being handed out in a desultory way in many schools. So much trumpery has been written and talked of Nature Study, that one almost feels the subject is like crazy-patchwork, but Munson clears up the field and plats it as an expert.

If you need a dialog book "Tip-Top Dialogs" (humorous) is an excellent little collection.

Read Walter Neish's "A World in a Garden." This is a novel based on Nature Study in which the development of a little boy is brought about thru his association with his uncle, an old scientist. The sweetness that this child brings into the life of the old man touches one extremely.

"An Artist Creed" is published anonymously, has an exquisite analysis of poetry, and points a lesson to the part that beauty should play in our lives. Aside from whatever lesson it has to teach, it is an excellent study in fine English.

Chester (N.) "Stories from Dante" bears much the same relation to the Divina Comedia that Lamb's Tales do to the dramas of Shakespeare. Every teacher will want to be reading something that paves the way to the world's great books. Norris has rendered a distinct service to general culture in preparing the great Italian masterpiece in story form. If this book is read in connection with a study of the Pre-Raphaelite painters, a widening vista will open up before one.

Compayre's (G.) "Abelard and the Origin and Early History of Universities" is known to many teachers, but I have only recently read it, and I am so impressed with its value as a survey of the subject, that I must again call it to the attention of the readers of pedagogical literature.

As the coral bridges the gap between the animal and mineral kingdoms, so does Andre Hofer Proudfoot's "A Mother's Ideal" unite the home and school life. I would rather have written this book than all I have written in the past, or hope to write in the future. It is not often I give such unreserved praise to any printed matter, but when this book came into my hands I knew that I held the message of a seer. Not only every teacher, but every father and mother should read this book and filter it down into the impressionable minds of their dear little ones. All life would be sweeter and better thereby.

Any of these books can be obtained thru us, at the lowest possible rates and order will be filled promptly.

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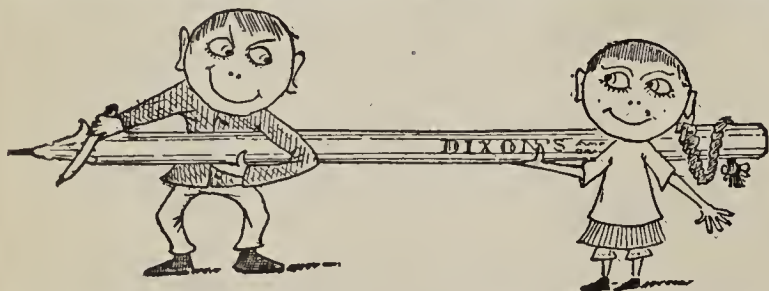
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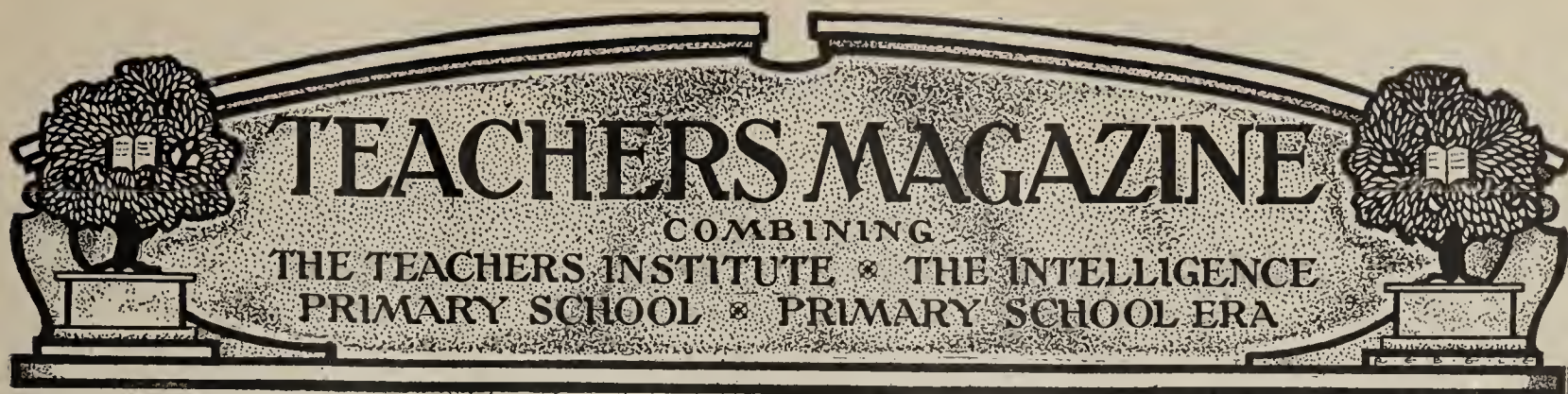
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Vol. XXVIII

OCTOBER, 1905

No. 2

The Human Need of Growth

This is the season of fruition in nature. Earth has yielded her product, and man is rejoicing in the harvest. But there the story does not end. The law of life is growth, and growth means labor. Winter is a busy season in nature's chemical laboratory. The soil is revitalized, and the juices of the strawberry and the cherry are distilled. There can be no cessation in the process of growth without risk of speedy dissolution and death. That is true of the physical world and applies with equal force to the world of the mind and of the spirit.

I know of no sorrier individual than a teacher who has stopped growing. He is to inspire the young to labor for better and ever better understanding of the world; and for greater and ever increasing efficiency; yet he himself cares not to understand and to do better day by day. His example preaches indolence. Are there many such teachers? Alas! One of them told me only a few days ago: "Before I was given a permanent position in the schools I worked early and late to qualify myself. After that, somehow, I lost interest. My work is laid out for me and I do it as well as I can. Now and then the principal or a supervisor wants things done in a particular way, and I do as I am told. My superiors seem to be satisfied, and so the thought has never occurred to me that I ought to 'grow,' as you say, for my own salvation and that of my pupils. I am ashamed to say that I have not looked at an educational paper for a year." What a sad confession for a teacher to make!

Keep growing! If the routine of the school is too obstinate to permit of the introduction of new things, there may be room for the improvement of the old. The Great Teacher did not begin His great work by destroying the ceremonial routine of the Jews and the Romans—he came not to tear down. He put the spirit of life into the old forms. Wherever a freeman is placed and under whatever conditions, he can

find opportunities for growth. But if his restless spirit persuades him that the sun is brighter in the elsewhere, then let him fold his tent and go. Yes, better give up teaching altogether than run the risk of dying from the heart outward.

Growth is a human need. Humanity dies when growth ceases. The miserable carcasses may keep on moving and even draw salaries, after the flame is burned out, but—good Lord, deliver the school-rooms of them! The morgue is a more appropriate place for them.

The beginning of the end of one's growth is self-satisfaction. It is the worst thing that can befall an otherwise moral man. In the teacher it is a sin, for it dulls his work. And dull teaching defrauds the pupil out of the best fruits of education: interest and the desire for self-improvement.

It seems incredible that any human being should be so unmindful of his weaknesses as to feel supremely satisfied with himself. There may be difference of opinion as to the direction in which growth is most needful. But there can be no question about the absoluteness of the need of growth. Striving to come to one's best is inseparable from true humanity. Can a man be a teacher who starves his humanity? *Keep growing!*

Here is a word from Matthew Arnold for a teacher to ponder: "When people are interested in an object of pursuit, they cannot help feeling an enthusiasm for those who have already labored successfully at it, and for their success. Not only do they study them, but they also love and admire them. In this way a man who is interested in the art of war not only acquaints himself with the performance of great generals, but he has an admiration and an enthusiasm for them. So, too, one who wants to be a painter or a poet cannot help loving and admiring the great painters or poets who have gone before him, and shown him the way." How about the teacher?

The Autobiography of a Teacher

By C. Hanford Henderson

TO be at all willing to write one's autobiography is, I fear, to declare oneself garrulous; and to be garrulous is the undoubted hall-mark of old age. But in spite of this damaging testimony, I shall strenuously plead not guilty. In the first place, it is well known that teachers never grow old—the women remain girls, to the very end; and the men remain boys. When they fail to do this, they cease to be teachers. Despite the relative sedateness that comes when one reaches the forties, one must keep always a boy's heart. And then, in the second place, I do not propose to write a genuine many-chaptered autobiography. It is not to be the record of a life, even of one so adventurous and interesting. It is to be the very partial and fragmentary record of one function of a life, just the teacher part of it. In my own case, and constituting I think such value as it may claim, the teaching has been only one out of several voluntary activities.

In this first paper, I am minded to set down so much of my own early experiences, acted upon by the educational process, as afterwards gave color to my theory and practice when I came to be myself a teacher.

It is of little importance where and when I was born, and so I may as well say at once that it was in Philadelphia something over forty years ago. My mother had been born in Connecticut, and my father in Virginia. So it always seemed to me very natural and proper, geographically speaking, that I should be born in Philadelphia. But if it be true, as I am disposed to think, that girls very often resemble their fathers, and boys their mothers, this geographical accident counts for much less than does the fact that I had a New England mother.

In looking at teachers' lives in general it has always interested me to wonder why those particular men and women should chance to be teachers. Was it a mere accident, or was it deliberate choice; or was it a combination of the two, part fate and part volition? In my own case, it seems to me that both forces were at work. In a very deep sense it was all fate and could not have been otherwise, since faith itself—birth and the appointed hour—determined what I am pleased somewhat inflectively to call my choice. In an equally deep sense, it was all volition, since the will, wherever it originally gets its impulses, is the admitted arbiter, the caster of all final votes. At any rate, I like to feel that I am the representative of my ancestors, their ambassador to the present year of grace, but that I have, nevertheless, such large discretionary powers as to make possible some small individual contribution.

It is the time-spirit as well as the blood that determines a man's vocation. Every New Englander has the teaching passion in him: either active or latent. But under one set of circum-

stances the passion makes him a clergyman; under another, a school-master; under a third, a writer. It was with me a matter of a generation. One generation earlier, and doubtless I should have been a clergyman. My forebears for two hundred years back had been ministers in the Connecticut colony. I am afraid that sometimes the preaching habit comes out in their descendant. I even considered for as much as a month or two at a time the propriety of taking Orders. As a young man I had come under the influence of the high church movement. My Puritan ancestors would doubtless have been scandalized by so much show of ritualism. But, looking back upon the period thru the perspective of a score of years I cannot regret that the poetry and beauty of the church service kept alive in me what a stiffer logic might have failed to keep alive—a profound sense of reverence and of worship. It is quite thinkable that these might have gone under in the stress of newly accepted scientific knowledge, and in the dissolution of the more rigid forms of orthodox belief. It happened curiously enough, that during this entire high church period I was reading Spencer and Darwin and Matthew Arnold, that I was studying the various and rather perplexing sciences which go to make up the training of a geologist, and that above all, I was fairly steeped in the creed dissolving thought of Emerson.

I cannot claim any consistency for the thought life of that period. But on the whole, I think that truth had a better chance of ultimately finding me than if I had been more defensibly established.

Religion is so large a part of the present age of a teacher that I may be pardoned for dwelling a moment upon the conditions of that period. The younger teachers of America can hardly realize the very narrow theological atmosphere which prevailed about the year 1880, and especially in so conservative, half-southern a city as Philadelphia. The theological pressure was very strong. The higher criticism was regarded as heretical and dangerous. The new scientific light which followed upon the research work of the middle of the century was held to be more than doubtful. An extreme orthodoxy prevailed in all accredited circles.

It was not the illogic of the old position which first aroused my own doubts, for as a young person I think I could not have been particularly logical. The revolt came from the feelings, from the heart. One was asked quite seriously to believe things of the divine government which no human government would tolerate and no moral individual sanction. The more alert among the younger men of a religious turn of mind were finding the church position too unaccommodating to be permanently acceptable. The doubts raised by one's own heart, and by one's growing intelligence were strengthened

by such gentle iconoclasts as Emerson. The new light was in the open. The old darkness characterized the teachings of the orthodox churches. It seemed less and less possible to rank oneself with the resisting clergy. A generation earlier, these doubts would not have been uppermost. The same impulse which made me ultimately a teacher would then have made me a clergyman. I think the same might have been said of many another young man facing the life problem with any degree of earnestness in those confusing years which began the last quarter of the past century. It was not a lack of religion which kept them out of the pulpit, but an awakened and quickened sense of religion. God was outside, in the world, in the open. Within the sanctuary there was only a memory. Doubtless, some of these objections were theoretical and transient. But I have never regretted that I was not born the one generation earlier.

In addition to this general New England bent towards teaching, there were two very special individual forces at work. These centered in the personality of my mother. As a girl, my mother's one ambition was to teach. Such an ambition was common enough to New England girls in more intellectual families, but in my mother it amounted almost to a passion. Altho somewhat delicate, she persuaded her parents to allow the plan, and to send her to the well-known normal training school at New Britain. I have often wondered what the outcome would have been had my mother continued her course. That she would have been a great teacher, I have no doubt, for she saw things with astonishing lucidity; and, in addition, she had the divine gift of making every one love her. Perception and sympathy make great teachers. As it was, my mother's normal course was interrupted,—by delicate health, I think,—and before it was resumed, fate, in the person of my father, had persuaded her to a different destiny. Her interest in teaching never waned. I believe that she never taught officially a day in her life, and seldom gave my sister and me anything like formal lessons, but she was in effect our education. The opportunity for a highly intellectual life never came to my mother, but the essential impulse was always there. In looking back upon my boyhood I marvel that with the slender means at hand, she accomplished so much. She was fond of all the larger aspects of life, of travel, of horseback riding, of steamships, of music, of the drama, of reading, of the sea, of mountains, above all, of broad-minded and interesting persons. My mother was almost devoid of fear. She was an excellent horsewoman, and rode with perfect safety animals that would have been even dangerous for timid riders. She was also beautiful, and this not only to me, an absolutely devoted admirer, but as well to less prejudiced friends. Together with these purely human qualities, my mother possessed, as befitted the daughter of a long line of colonial clergymen, a very deeply religious nature, and an abiding interest in all the things of the spirit.

In spite of her strong personality, my mother

would have had little influence over me had it not been that I not only admired all she stood for in conduct and ideals, but loved her with a devotion which I may properly describe as boundless. Between us there existed an ideal comradeship which sanctified both lives. A man can never think meanly of himself if he has known the love of a mother at once good and brave and beautiful. While I was still a young man, my mother passed quite suddenly into the undiscovered country, and for some years I remained as one paralyzed. She was but fifty, in her very prime, and had never seemed to us so perfect. When at last the tide of life returned to me, devoid of bitterness but also devoid of the old eagerness, I found that the memory of this unique comradeship came to be a motive power in all my own activities. And gradually a sense of regained comradeship has taken its place among the realities of my life. Even now, after nearly a score of years, I feel the presence of this gracious spirit, and at times can hardly persuade myself that she is no longer in the flesh.

This intimate personal and spiritual bond made it almost inevitable that I should be a sometime teacher and a constant experimentalist. In finally declining the ministry, however, I did not at once take up teaching. Indeed, at college, I remember that I expressly scouted the idea of being a teacher. I never came under the influence of a really great teacher, and was much more impressed by the dreary monotony of the life than by its opportunities. Original research seemed to me not only more interesting, but on the whole a more commendable way of spending one's days. The beauty of the teacher's opportunity has since come to me in overwhelming force, and I count myself happy to have been a teacher for a full dozen years, to have my summer work still, and to have been, I hope, something of a teacher in all my writings. But the old feeling persists that teaching should be one function of a life, not the whole life. It is better to teach intermittently, let us say, or else to teach for a period, rendering one's best contribution, and then to pass on to some other serious occupation. This may be only a modern phase of the old New England anxiety about saving one's own soul; but if so, I should defend it on the double ground that it is a man's prime business to save his own soul, and also that it is only the souls that are saving themselves that can help to save others.

I had meant when I first went to college to be an architect. I think I might have been a fairly good one, for I have some native sense of proportion. This interest in form has never died and has added immensely to the pleasure of foreign travel. I still



design my own buildings and some of my own furniture. I am not sure that these efforts would meet the approval of more thoroughgoing artists, but they have given an interest and reality to my habitations that nothing else could quite give. The sense of color is relatively less developed and more uncertain; and I have noticed a curious parallelism in matters of sound, that is to say, a keener appreciation of rhythm than of pitch. I can detect any jolting in the time more surely than any sharpening or flattening of the notes. This developed sense of form is doubtless connected with the fact that I have what may be called a visual type of mind. Life presents itself to me as a panorama. I remember in pictures. It is also the probable basis of my uncomfortable passion for orderliness. But I never put my architectural pretensions to any official test. At college I met the natural sciences for really the first time in my life, and after something of a struggle yielded to their superior attractions and broader vistas. I went, as the majority of Philadelphia boys who essayed college at all also went, to our home institution, the University of Pennsylvania. I had always wanted to go to Harvard, but it suited the family better to have me remain at home. At the university, I had the good fortune to come in contact with several men born and trained in Germany. Being myself a pronounced dreamer and idealist, this contact with laboratory methods and results was a most valuable corrective, and kept me, I hope, from the looseness of thought which sometimes goes with the dreamy temperament. It seems to me that every student, whatever his ultimate plans, would do well to go in for at least one or two stiff laboratory courses. It does not take long to master the large and pregnant facts in physics and chemistry, biology and astronomy, and they do act as a very steadying ballast when one is embarked on later seas of speculation. My own knowledge of these sciences is still very elementary, but what little I do know has added much to the delight of life, and made the world one of greater order and beauty. The moral effect, too, is bracing. An imagination which ranges over the Solar System has little bent for petty and unworthy attitudes. The great lesson which the natural sciences have to teach is an appreciation of cause and effect, and this appreciation is, I think, a fair gauge of one's intellectual progress.

I graduated a few months after I was twenty, too young I think by at least two years, but the performance was in no way remarkable and indicated no precocity. The entrance requirements were much less exacting than at present. What was of interest as having a large influence upon my own subsequent teaching work was the curiously fragmentary

preparation that preceded college. In all my life—and I was then sixteen—I had been to school but two years. This was not the result of any definite plan on my parents' part, but was rather the accident of delicate health. At sixteen, I was a curiously undisciplined person intellectually speaking, but a very alert one. For one thing I was untired. I had all the enthusiasm for study which the average boy has for play. I had been to school so little, had had so little of the dull grind which then befell the luckless schoolboy, that study was to me the luxury, and I jumped into my college life with a zest which the better-prepared but less enthusiastic boys of today can hardly appreciate. The actual work of college preparation occupied but five months. I had not been inside of a school for something over a year. I had read. I had traveled a bit. Above all, I had been with my brave and beautiful mother. I began the work in January and the examination came in the following June.

I attended the so-called university class in one of the city grammar schools. I was fortunate in having a devoted master who treated me quite as a private pupil. His assistants were equally kind. I was not, I think, a lovable child, certainly not what I should now consider lovable, and I was at sixteen very much of a child. But I probably came as a rather refreshing specimen of the untired and still enthusiastic student. My comrades of that period had been to school for many years, and the most of them looked upon the whole process of education as both questionable and dreary. They knew vastly more than I did, but as I recall their attitudes, and compare it with my own joyous, intellectual curiosity, I am humbly grateful to the kind destiny which kept me ignorant but left me alert. At that time, however, I felt it a distinct disadvantage and rather pitied myself for being such an ignoramus. In particular, I remember looking with wonder and admiration upon certain boys who could parse with some degree of assurance. Parsing was to me a veritable black art, and I never mastered its mysteries, if I ever mastered them at all, until well into the college period. I studied French outside.

At school, I had the usual English branches, together with a couple now seldom separately taught—Greek and Latin etymology and ancient geography. We studied no other Latin and Greek, and no German. In mathematics, we had advanced arithmetic, elementary algebra, and plane geometry—a fairly stiff bit of work for five months. The geometry bothered me, and so I hit upon a device which has ever since struck me as foolish beyond most boyish devices. I must have had a good memory, for I learned the first four books of Chauvenet's geometry literally by heart. My sense of form made it easy for me to memorize the diagrams. I followed the exact lettering. A modern teacher would of course have detected so dangerous a practice and put a summary stop to it. If my own literalness was noticed, it was doubtless counted admirable scholarship and stamped me as a very good little boy. By this device, I might have passed a creditable entrance examination in



geometry without knowing the first thing about the subject. As a matter of fact, I believe I did understand all the propositions but one, and that came to me after I got to college. Afterwards I became so interested in the whole subject that I went in for the prize in modern geometry, and more surprising still, won first place.

The entrance examination came the middle of June. My father meanwhile was having rather serious business troubles, and the burden of my college expenses promised to fall for the most part upon my mother. In this emergency the chance to compete for a four-year scholarship was most welcome. The examinations were in some respects a trifle more difficult than those provided for the regular matriculants, but they must have been easy enough in all conscience, for I won the first scholarship and was proud accordingly. I mention the fact, not because I am still proud, for in reality the other boys were not dull, and I assuredly was not clever. I mention it solely because of its bearing upon my later educational views. The winning of the first scholarship was really a triumph but it was the triumph of a method, not a personal triumph. Before beginning the preparatory work, I had never been to school for five months consecutively. My total school life, then less than two years, was made up of very small fragments. Yet in five months it was possible for a delicate, technically ignorant boy to outstrip boys who had been to school for six or eight years continuously. The whole secret, I think, lay in the fact that in my case the spirit was involved, the heart, and such knowledge as I possessed was vivid and real. In a word, intellectual curiosity had never been killed, and the motive power for study was still strong.

In those early days, 1878-1882, there were no such things as electives as we now understand the term. In the scientific department, we all had the same studies for the first two years. At the end of that time, we all specialized, meeting for the culture studies, but separating into groups for the more special studies of our prospective professions. The selection was made at the beginning of the junior year. I shall always remember the stress and strain of that long vacation between the sophomore and junior years. I spent the greater part of the vacation with my mother and sister among the mountains of western Maryland. I was sadly torn between the rival claims of architecture, of geology, and civil engineering. I spent many perplexing days wandering over the beautiful hill country that surrounds McHenry, or riding hard, sometimes alone, sometimes in company with my mother. The experience gave me a large sympathy for the vast army of young men, who, with wholly insufficient knowledge, are called upon to make these fundamental and far-reaching decisions.

The final decision in my own case was for geology. The feather that turned the scale was the reading of Sir Charles Lyell's "Elements of Geology." It is published in two large volumes, bound in bright green, and has ever since seemed to me a fateful book. In reading Darwin's "Life and Letters" several years later I was

interested to find that the same book had practically determined him upon a scientific career. In my own case the determining cause was really subjective. It was not alone or even mainly the fascination of geology itself. The decision resulted from a study of the requirements of the geologist as outlined by Lyell. I read with enthusiasm that to be a good geologist, one must be proficient in eleven major branches! You will find them enumerated in the early part of the book. It was highly characteristic that such a consideration should settle the matter, for I have always been more enamored of the forest than of the trees.

In many ways it was a jump in the dark. I was much too young and inexperienced to make such a grave decision. That it turned out to be a fortunate decision hardly saves it from being merely a happy accident. My own strong impulse now is to keep boys from just such premature decisions. Unless some particular bent is so remarkable as to indicate undoubted genius, the wiser undergraduate course seems to me a general balanced scheme of study of the broadest possible kind. One must taste a varied knowledge before pronouncing for or against any particular branch. Modern life is far too complex to allow a mere boy to pass sound judgment upon it and decide his own acceptable share in its activities.

The college life of that period now looks distinctly old-fashioned. Having chosen geology, the next two years were given over to the prescribed studies of the course. In view of my own inexperience, I think this was for me the best possible plan. Geology in its broader aspects, crystallography, mineralogy, metallurgy, general and analytical chemistry, physics, civil engineering, drawing, mechanical engineering, a touch of paleontology and forestry, mathematics into the calculus, together with French, German, English, logic, economics, and few paler culture studies gave us a many-sided, and I think a wholesome, introduction into the more systematic life of the spirit.

We went to the university every morning at nine and worked usually until four o'clock, sometimes until six. Saturday mornings were given to surveying and laboratory work. It was a fairly strenuous life, but I cannot remember that we were over-worked. For one thing, it went with a very simple home life. My father had a deeply rooted aversion to weak eyes, and partly on account of my not very robust health, and partly to avoid the possibility of a red-eyed son, I was never allowed thruout my whole college course to study later than ten o'clock! It seemed to me a great hardship at the time, but I have since been very grateful for it. From what I have seen of modern undergraduate life at Harvard, I think that



very little study is done there until *after* ten.

The course in geology was undoubtedly a hard course, for it involved such long hours in the laboratory and drawing-room, and homework in so many and such varied branches. It was only the great simplicity of the home life that made such an exacting regime wholesome or even possible. I studied every night except Friday, and then we often had a small company of young people at our own house. Very rarely I went to a theater or to a concert. It amuses me to recall that with such an abstemious life I should have felt it necessary to observe Lent and practice such small austerities as going without sugar or butter. On Ash Wednesdays we Episcopal boys were rather the envy of the others, for the university granted us a holiday on condition that we attended morning service. It was a simple, industrious life, and slow as it might appear to present college boys, it was on the whole, a very happy life.

The great source of my own happiness was, of course, the ideal comradeship with my mother. It was literally true that she was interested in every detail of my life. Altho quite delicate herself, she was almost masculine in her contempt for all weakness and unmanliness. Such great love as she gave me might easily have blinded her to my otherwise very obvious faults, but I cannot recall a single instance where she lowered her standards or pampered me in any way. This is the more remarkable because I was a timid, shrinking boy, and must have been quite far from her ideal of what a boy ought to be. She wanted me to be strong and brave and good, and wanted it with such intensity, that she allowed, even encouraged me, to undertake adventures which must at the time have filled her with grave anxiety and would have appalled less sturdy mothers. As a teacher of boys I have come in contact with the mother-love in many forms and have come to rank it as one of the great forces of the world, but I have also come to discriminate, and to see that there is a mother-love which makes for strength, and a mother-love which makes for weakness. The one is so deep and wise that even the teacher catches only occasional glimpses of it. The other is one of the genuine obstacles with he must reckon. My mother had never read Emerson, I think, but she literally exemplified his great doctrine and feared nothing but fear. If I am myself reasonably devoid of fear, it is due wholly to the fact that my mother absolutely declined to allow it in either my sister or me. It was, in fact, my mother's help and sympathy that enabled me to pass thru college with credit, and to win first place eight out of the twelve terms which then constituted the undergraduate four years. This comradeship remains always as the great light of those boyish days, as it was of my early manhood. One who has never known such a perfect friendship has not known what it is to live; and one who has known it, can never again be poor, for he has at least the memory.

Looking back at my own college life and regarding the current college life around me, I cannot help feeling that despite its undoubted



THE LATE FRANCES MARY BUSS

The famous English teacher whose life and labors have left a deep impression upon the education of women in her country.

A biographical sketch of her appears in *Educational Foundations* for October.

beauty, it is eminently qualified to make boys very selfish. I am appalled when I recall my own selfishness. The duties are so exacting that by common consent the college boy is practically excused from all other duties. When he is not studying, it is the current theory that he ought to be playing. I was myself safeguarded on all sides. Other members of the family saw unwelcome visitors; other members of the family attended to the necessary errands of the household; other members of the family sacrificed their own time to those numberless concessions which even a well-to-do family must make to the practical side of life, and all that I might be spared and that my own time might be harbored. I did not do my proper share socially. The hopelessness of the situation was that none of us saw it, not even my far-seeing mother. I think I counted as a model son. I mention this aspect of college life, this grave defect from my present more social point of view, because I see the same thing going on all around me. I can see very plainly now that this complete absolution from all social and family duties gave me, all unconsciously, wholly false ideas of the value of my own time, and a much too great impatience of any interruption. It has taken many years to overcome this feeling, this quite unpardonable selfishness, and doubtless it will never be completely overcome until some succeeding incarnation. It is really too bad to teach boys and girls everything except

the one supreme art, the art of daily living. As then conducted, and as now conducted, college life does tend to make young people selfish. With the growth of a more social conscience, we shall soon be obliged to be finding an effective way out of the difficulty.

But this shadow on my college life is only a shadow in retrospect. I did not see it at the time. I was conscious only of my happy home life, of my genuine delight in all intellectual matters, and of the very wonderful adventures made possible by the long vacations. But of these latter I must speak in the next paper.



Seed Collections for the Schools.

By F. L. STEVENS, North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts.

MANY people are familiar with the common forms of plants of the door-yard, garden, and neighborhood when these plants are in full foliage or bloom. Some few people can recognize these same plants in their winter condition when stripped of their foliage and thus destitute of what is perhaps their most characteristic mark.

Few people can recognize even the most common species of wild plants from the seed alone. Still from the agricultural point of view the recognition of seed is of high importance, and from the point of view of pedagogy it has fully as high a value in arousing interest, training observation, developing judgment, etc. as does any other phase of nature study work.

Seeds are beautiful; beautiful in coloring, marvelous in sculpturing, and often bizarre in form. He who is pleased to regard every beauty of earth as made for the joy of mankind will find much to explain concerning the exquisite ornamentation of the neglected and usually unseen seeds of our wayside plants.

The instinct for collecting is inherent in all children, and this instinct may be utilized to good advantage in turning the attention of the children toward seeds. Let each individual make a seed collection, and let them contribute to a school collection. Collect seeds of every plant available. In many cases it will be difficult to discriminate between seeds and fruits. In such cases save both seeds and fruit, and even the investing part.

This you will do, for example, with the oat. The oat as found on the market consists of the grain, surrounded by much chaff which constitutes the floral organs and bracts of the oat blossom, and the kernel which is really a fruit, consisting as it does of ripened ovary and its contents, (in this case a single seed.) It is manifestly impossible to separate the oat seed from the ovary which encloses it. It is likewise ill-advised to exhibit the oat grain without exhibiting also some oats as ordinarily found on the market.

With many plants it will be necessary to dry the seeds before laying them away, otherwise they will mold. This will be true of all seeds coming from juicy fruits such as the apple, grape, tomato, cucumber, etc.

Many seeds, such as those of grasses and most herbs will not need to be dried at all. In the case of small berries, like the hack berry, barberry, grape, etc. it is well to preserve with the seed a dried specimen of the fruit from which the seed came.

In every case save a specimen of the plant from which the seed is collected (unless you are definitely and certainly sure that you know the name of the plant), the date of collection, and the name of the collector. If you do not know the name of the plant assign a number to the seed and the same number to the plant, and then endeavor in some way to find out what the name of the plant is. You will find that there are very many plants which you do know and from which you can get seeds properly named without difficulty. For example, the catnip, burdock, thistle, wild carrot, clover, timothy, grass, oat and many other plants may be found nearly everywhere and are known by nearly everybody. You will be surprised upon examining the catnip to see what a beautiful seed it has.

In case you do not know the name of the plant some nearby farmer, or gardener or some one else may be able to help you. If you can not name your plant otherwise, secure a good specimen showing flower, leaves, and if possible, fruit, press your specimen and, with a few facts concerning its height, color and general appearance, send it to the Botanist of your Experiment Station. He will be glad to name the plant for you. Encourage the children to secure a collection of seeds of both cultivated and wild plants.

Practical suggestions for storing and keeping seeds will be described by Mr. Stevens in Teachers Magazine next month.



Heart Cultivation.

It seems to me that too much which is written for the aid of teachers in their work is adapted for mind cultivation, leaving out of perspective the heart cultivation. Too much stress is being placed upon "marks," "grades," "ranks" and incentives in general. These are useful, but they should not receive all the attention of the teacher, causing her to forget that she is doing a work for eternity.

The pupil, then, must see not the school incentives only. He must get a better view of his duty than the winning of a certain grade in a certain class. Let him see the beauty around him and feel that God lends it, and requires him to do his best in life. Something which will awaken the noblest attributes of the soul must be given him.

Every day some of the old folk songs should be sung in school, their sweetness mentioned and their beauty pointed out. These will awaken the sentiment. "Flow Gently Sweet Afton," "Home Sweet Home," "Annie Laurie," and many others are appropriate.

The school-room should be adorned with copies of masterpieces, and not with the meaningless, worthless pictures seen in so many rooms. The Angelus, St. Cecelia, The Sistine Madonna, The Soul's Awakening, Pharaoh's Horses, The Horse Fair,—are all highly desirable and should be

Robbie and the Others: Tales of a Real School-Room

By M. A. Grant, Denver, Col.

Chapter II.—In School and Out.

ONE morning soon after Robbie's entrance into the school, the lowest division was again on the floor, and again Anne stood before them, a crayon in her hand, intent on augmenting their ever increasing vocabulary with the word "cow." An unexpected teachers' meeting the afternoon before having prolonged the day until six o'clock, little time had been left for putting the next morning's work on the blackboard. But if there was any one thing upon which Anne prided herself more than another it was rapid sketching upon the blackboard. So with a few telling strokes she drew what she thought would do very well for an illustration of the new word, taking a rear view of the animal as being most easily drawn in a short time. Then, turning to the children, she asked, "What is this picture on the board?" The perfectly blank expression on every face was discouraging.

"Why children," she said with spirit, trying to arouse their attention, "I want you to look at this picture and tell me its name." Still the same unmeaning stare, with no sign of recognition, "Why, surely, you can remember a large animal that looks like this. Sometimes it is all red. What does it make you think of?"—speaking in her most wheedling voice, and giving a sharper finish to the points of the horns as she waited a minute for an answer, which, however, was not forthcoming. Then with decision, and no smile she said, "Now, someone must tell me right away, what this makes you think of. You are all thinking of something, I know. Tell me what it is? Tell me," repeated Anne, insisting upon some answer to her question.

At length Robbie, with much hesitation and uncertainty, for him, raised his hand.

"Well, Robbie," said the teacher.

"I think it looks like a devil," he ventured.

Very much shocked, Annie surveyed her work of art in dismay. "Oh! no! it is something I thought everyone here had seen! Isn't there someone here who has seen a cow?"

"My aunt gots such a cow in the country, whole far from here," said Robbie. "I go by her with my ma, next summer in vacation. Then I can see it."

"Well," said Anne, quickly producing a large colored picture of a cow, "This is the way it looks when you can see its face and its eyes. All look at it and try to remember what it is until you see a really, truly, live cow, all covered with short, red hair." In her earnestness, dropping into their way of speaking, she continued, "As big as a horse, with sharp, white horns in its head."

These blessed children have never seen a cow, thought Anne, as she went on with the lesson.

The calisthenics ended with a pretty march, increasing in intricacy from week to week, and much enjoyed by all, especially, when as on Fridays they each carried a flag and marched in

time to Heine Dunke's drum, Tressa Esterhazy's triangle, and Leonora Whitehead's tambourine, which held high above her head, she shook and pounded, marking the time of the music with exact precision.

Leonora enjoyed the distinction of being the only African in the cosmopolitan class. The unusual crinkles in her black hair tied in many places with gay plaid ribbons, and her large shining eyes, which she delighted to roll in a way vainly imitated by the others, together with her picturesque possibilities, made her an object of much attention, and in some ways the most attractive member of the class. She could read only a word or two out of the entire number at the command of the majority of the class, altho she was eight years old. But she could sing, dance a cake walk, and stand for a pose better than any one else, while her unvarying good nature, and obliging disposition made everyone like her.

She had special duties of which she was very proud. It was she who kept the palm watered, and could wash its leaves to a polish better than any other child. And she delighted to put the rubber bands around the flags after they had been used, and to replace them in the closet. She so thoroly enjoyed doing the things she could do, that no one laid it up seriously against her when with splints, beads, or balls before her, she informed the rest of the class that $3+3=10$, or that $6-3=8$. Leonora was devoted to the school, and would have regarded it as a sad calamity to have had to stay at home for even a day.

* * * *

Nathan Jariwonski was also over eight, but he was so small that he looked younger than some of the other children who were not yet six. It was Friday. The calisthenics were over, and the march was in full progress, when "Ouch, Ow ooo! he kicked me hull in hint!" roared Robbie, who for some time had been very docile, but apparently was experiencing a relapse. "Oh," thought Anne, "if only 'gots' and in 'hint' could be obliterated from the vocabulary of this school!" Only that morning a girl in the hall from a higher class had asked her how to spell "in hint."

"Taint so, he lies," promptly spoke up the boy behind Robbie.

"What is it? What is the trouble?" inquired Miss Howard, leaving the piano and coming nearer the storm center.

"He all the time kicks me in hint," repeated Robbie.

"Taint so, at all," declared the other boy.

"Did you touch Robbie in any way, Nathan?" asked the teacher.

"Only shust a little, like dis, see!" My shoe went so, like sliding, and I couldn't help touching him."

"Well, Robbie, Nathan will have to be more careful," said Anne. "But I am sure he did not hurt you, did he? and then, just stepping a

little on your heel is not like kicking you, is it? Try it again and be more careful."

So the march went on, and with it Nathan, and the rest.

For some time, Robbie had lost no opportunity of convincing his teacher of the complete revolution that his mind had undergone in regard to his liking school. From being an outsider, and a newcomer, he seemed to consider himself established in a position of a sort of commander-in-chief of the host. Some of the other children resented the superior air with which he took possession of the field, and almost daily. Anne was called upon to settle difficulties arising from something he had done in the halls or on the play-ground.

The principal of the school soon made his acquaintance, as again and again the other boys reported Robbie for "trunning" them down, or "trunning" them with stones, or, more and worse than all the rest, "pushing a kid by the squirt wagon," it being a high crime and misdemeanor to run after any wagon, or ever to "catch a hitch," and to be pushed along where a water wagon was doing its full duty was an indignity not to be overlooked. So the principal "talked loud" to Robbie, but being unwilling to punish, or severely reprimand so diminutive a specimen of humanity, sent in to Anne, wisely judging that she could better enforce discipline or settle any trouble in that quarter than anyone else.

As in most primary classes the real government of the children indoors, and on the playground, usually devolved upon the class teacher. In a more advanced grade a child would be punished, suspended, or possibly expelled for approximately the same trying behavior that in a class of younger children would have to be met, and successfully coped with, by the teacher. This is perfectly right, and as it should be, but occasionally, when some child, ill-tempered or nervous, and ungoverned at home, showed by his conduct inherent "ways that were dark," for a time a cloud would dim the bright vibrating atmosphere of the school, and sorely try the soul of this resourceful young woman.

But as for Robbie, on this occasion he was not a bad boy, he was not even naughty. The boy he had so unceremoniously laid low, and inflicted with an application of water from the "squirt wagon," was much older and larger than he, and one who had made a point of bothering him, calling him "baby," knocking off his hat, and in other ways teasing him, until Robbie lost no chance to retaliate in the best manner that presented itself. It happened that in a moment of good fortune he was close behind his tormentor, who was venturing as near as safety would permit to investigate a watering cart then in a momentary state of inactivity. The boy had intended to jump out of the way in time to avoid a ducking, but somehow Robbie pushed him, and he fell just right to get the full force of the water as it came bursting from the retreating cart. When he was able to think, Robbie was well out of reach, and Reinhold was fairly drenched. The principal soon knew

that he had a duty to perform. Robbie was sent into his teacher, and with him the boy with the grievance and wet clothes.

Robbie was most fairly dealt with on this occasion. Reinhold was pretty well known to other small boys besides Robbie. This was by no means his first appearance before Anne, who now proceeded to make unpleasantly pointed remarks to him about the effect of the little boy's conduct on one day certainly coming back to him in unexpected ways on some other day, well rounded off with good advice to both.

Somehow the impression left on Robbie's mind was that Teacher was good to him. He felt that his rights were being protected, even while she was vigorously reproofing him, and using the golden rule to emphasize her remarks and make them clear. The watering cart episode, together with what teacher had said to Reinhold about ever again interfering with him at any time or place, settled future safety for Robbie as far as that boy was concerned. For though Teacher was kind and pleasant to the children, almost never being cross to any of them, yet when there arose a sufficient cause it took a very little time to have a boy's mother sent for. This was very apt to be followed by painful moments for the boy, for mothers do not always exclusively practice moral suasion, however strong may be their approval of that method, and Teacher had said the very next time she knew of Reinhold's molesting Robbie, or any of the boys in her class, she certainly would send for his father to come. Now in both boys' estimation fathers could be much more dangerous to one's personal comfort than even mothers, and the children said Reinhold had such a "heavy father."



Paper Cutting: Fable of the Crow and the Fox

What the Woman Teacher Needs: A Term Away from Home

By MRS. R. A. GRIFFIN

[Daughter of a Teacher, ex-teacher, wife of a teacher, and mother of three teachers.]

These eminently practical suggestions as to what a teacher needs to carry with her when she goes away from home were written by a woman whose daughters have many times had to be made ready for their work; she has tried it for herself as well, and knows from personal experience exactly what is required. Altho the article was received too late for insertion in September, it is given this month, for Christmas vacation will soon be here, when another term must be prepared for, and several of the suggestions can be carried out in leisure minutes outside of school hours.

SUMMER vacation is over for the prospective teacher and she must form her plans for her year of hard work. When she receives her notification of her appointment to a position that she has longed but hardly dared hope for, she feels that anxiety is all over for the present, particularly if she is entering upon the work for the first time. She has passed successfully the day of her graduation, her teachers' examinations, and the trying ordeal of getting a situation. All that is before her still is to make her work a success.

The position seems a lucrative one, for she has never had the care of providing wholly for herself and cannot know how expenses multiply when one is away from home. Now that preparations must be made, she finds that there are problems yet to be solved. What must she take with her to her new place of work to make herself comfortable and respectable, and how large a sum of money will be required till the first instalment of salary is paid?

She may have spent some years of her preparation at a boarding school, and may have ideas about the adornment of her room, and what is necessary for her wardrobe, but many girls have received their education at a high school and are leaving home this year for the first time. For such these suggestions are especially intended.

The first thing for you to decide is what you will need for your room, to make it as homelike and cheerful as possible, for here you must spend most of your sleeping and waking hours when not engaged in school-room work. You will feel when you have entered the room that is to be yours for the whole year, and have shut the door, that all the joy and brightness of the past are shut out forever, but you will soon feel that it is home, and will enjoy the quiet and seclusion after the annoyances of the day.

I would advise taking as many as possible from your own room at home of the little adornments that can be carried in your trunk; also, if you can, a low, easy rocker and a small book-case, or book-rack, that can be sent by freight for a small sum; or perhaps a folding book-rack packed with your books and other necessary articles that cannot be crowded into your trunk, in a box to be sent by freight.

Be sure to have at least two sofa pillows, for if you are not fortunate enough to have a couch in your room you will find them very restful when you are too weary to sit upright while at

work; or perhaps slipped into a pillow cover, they will serve for use at night, to replace or supplement pillows too large or too small.

If you wish something dainty and fresh for bed, bureau, and commode, and that can with care be used thru the whole term without laundering, get fifteen yards of white dotted muslin. This can be bought at the upholstery departments for twelve and a half cents a yard. A whole piece of lace edging can be bought for fifty cents. Make the bureau and commode covers for large size, bureau forty by eighteen inches, and commode thirty-two by eighteen inches. If a little too large, they can be folded under at the back. Sew a ruffle three inches deep across the front and sides, with the lace edge stitched onto the ruffle (by machine, so as to make the work as little as possible).

Take two widths of the material for the bed cover, making it sixty inches wide and two and one-eighth yards long; and sew a flounce fifteen inches deep around three sides. (If yours should be a box bedstead, the flounce at the foot would not be needed.) Leave it open at each side of the foot. Then make a flounce to cover the pillows twenty-seven inches deep and forty inches long. Turn down four inches for a hem at the top and stitch the lace edging all around. Run a tape across the top, leaving a heading three inches deep, and gather it up the width of the bed. A colored cambric under muslin makes it very dainty and pretty.

The addition of a few pictures, even cheap copies of famous works of art, and the photographs, pin trays, and little bric-a-brac from your own room at home, will make as attractive and homelike a room as you can wish, whatever the original furnishing may be.

The Teachers' Wardrobe.

The wardrobe is next in order. If you have been very conscientious and economical, and



have spent your summer at home "brushing up" in the studies you expect to teach, you will find the task before you an easy one. Your spring outfit will serve you very well for the autumn, with the addition of one tailor-made suit of smooth, one-toned material for church and street, and if possible two dark shirt waists, one of inexpensive silk, the other of soft wool of serviceable color. The cotton shirt waists of the summer will be needed for the early fall, but for dull and cold days you will find the dark waists comfortable, and they will reduce the laundry bills, an item of importance to a teacher.

If, as is the case with most girls, you return from a summer trip with your one tailor-made suit too shabby to be worn outside your own town, I would advise the purchase of an inexpensive jacket. With this, one tailor-made skirt and jacket, and one wool shirt waist suit you will manage very comfortably until the next vacation. Your summer silk or a dainty lawn or muslin, or your graduating dress, if this is your first year of teaching, will be suitable for any evening company you may be expected to meet. If you are fortunate enough to be able to do your own sewing, your expenditures for dress will not be very heavy.

The low prices of ready-made underwear make that item one easy to dispose of, except that you will bear in mind the carelessness of laundresses and the lack of the "stitch in time," which only mothers take note of till one learns its importance by the experience born of necessity. All that remains to be considered of your necessary preparations is the neckwear, and let me urge upon you the importance of keeping that immaculate. The necessary stocks and collarettes can be made very inexpensively by purchasing the materials and making them yourself. The item of laundry can be greatly reduced if you can send the collarettes home each week, with your handkerchiefs, to be done up with the home washing.

A square of heavy cardboard covered with outing flannel will be of great service to you for pressing or ironing little things in your room. Perhaps you may have a kindhearted landlady who will occasionally loan you a heated flatiron. If you have gas, you can easily heat an iron for yourself, or you can purchase a small alcohol lamp in which you can burn wood alcohol, which

is cheaper than the common alcohol, but unsafe for any internal use. This would enable you to save a few pennies by laundering your own collars.

The subject of dress may seem to you unimportant, in comparison with what will be expected of you in the matter of education, natural ability to teach, etc. But pupils, especially the younger ones, take more notice of their teacher's dress than she is aware of, and often their first likes and dislikes, before they have learned to love her, depend upon her personal appearance, and more upon the little accessories than upon the dress in general.

A successful teacher of experience said she had never worn a gray dress in the school-room since she began teaching, for the reason that the teacher with whom she spent the first few years of her school life always wore gray. She could never think of her without the association of that hated color. She said she always kept a good supply of bright ribbons, and seldom wore a new one without seeing a sparkle of delight



in the eyes of some of her little folks.

You must keep your own self-respect. The knowledge that you are neatly and appropriately dressed at all times will be of more moral support to you than high mental attainments with careless manners and an untidy appearance.

Visits to Teachers' Workshops

A School Cottage.

DOWN at Augusta, Georgia, the pupils of one of the public schools have a little house all their own. There the girls can "housekeep" and learn to be tidy little housewives, while the boys are taught gardening in their own little garden, or carpentering in making repairs and doing "odd jobs" that need attention inside the house or out.

Mr. Lawton B. Evans, superintendent of the Augusta schools, says of this home, which is the property of the Fifth Ward school:

"Just in front of the public school building we have rented a house that was formerly occupied by the family of a mill operative. The plan of the house is this: three rooms, one behind the other, and a wing-room off from the middle room.

"The front room has been fitted up as a reading-room, with a book case and a table of magazines and games, comfortable chairs and a cosy corner, appropriate pictures on the walls, dainty, simple ornaments, windows with white swiss curtains and white shades. The children love to come to this room, because it is "pretty," as they say, and because there are interesting books to read and games to play. Here they are unconsciously being trained in the proper conduct of a broader social life than they have before known.

The room just back of this is the dining-room. It is fitted with china closet, buffet, table, and

chairs, and a few well-chosen pictures and ornaments. This room is a delight to the children and here they are trained in the art of laying and serving a table, and in graceful conduct at the table.

"The rear room is the kitchen; cut off from one corner is the pantry, and here are kept the groceries. In the kitchen is a small coal stove, a sink, a large table, covered with white oil-cloth, and a few chairs. At the window is a



The School Cottage.

muslin curtain, and the walls are white. Here the girls are trained in cleanliness, economy, and practical cookery, with a foundation of the scientific principles that it is wise for all to have. The object of this department is to give the proper ideals for wholesome, simple living, and to make the work educative, to develop the *why* as well as the *how*.

"The wing-room is the sewing-room. In this a machine, a cutting-table, chairs, and work cabinet. Here, thru the medium of practical sewing, the children are developed intellectually, and trained in manual skill.

"In the small garden around the house the boys have had some training in horticulture.

"The boys have been the problem. In the school building some work with sloyd tools has been done, but the equipment is far from adequate, and it is here that much thoughtful experiment will be necessary.

"In a word, the object of this enterprise is to establish an ideal



A Group of the Cottagers.

home for the children in this section, an ideal towards which they may hopefully aspire, and thru this ideal to develop a more wholesome and intelligent citizenship.

"The teachers in the Fifth Ward building have undertaken to give instructions to the boys and girls of the upper grades in certain simple but valuable household and industrial matters. The house is open every afternoon of school days and the teachers take the classes in turn. Girls are taught plain sewing and cooking, and the pro-

prieties of the table. The boys are taught wood work and gardening. The reading-room is open for reading magazines and books, and for playing simple games. It is intended with simple things to teach the lessons of cleanliness, hygiene, daintiness, and beauty, not providing more than the average man and woman can have in their dwelling. The pupils have responded to the work of the home with great delight, and its progress has been highly satisfactory.

Mary Kingwood's School.—Story of a Teacher's Success

By Corinne Johnson, Pennsylvania.

(Continued from last month.)

The First Month.

IT was never a matter of concern to Miss Kingwood to find something to talk about. One child had a pet at home, another had seen a squirrel in a tree top the day before, this one had been to the brook and had seen the little fishes swimming in the clear water, and that one had some equally interesting experience to relate. Every one was eager, and some of them insistent, that he or she might express that which was urging for utterance. And the teacher so wisely directed this all-inspiring interest that it bore no semblance to that interest (?) which formerly hung over, and in some schools yet abides with, the everlasting story of the cat and the rat, whether those in themselves interesting creatures be in the hat or on the mat, or elsewhere.

In short, every "general information period," as one judge of good schools sneeringly called these sessions of "the congress of the children," as a more far-sighted one put it, was a period of most valuable legislation. In this congress hour Miss Kingwood might well be counted a child in her simple manner, but wisdom in simplicity marked her every action. It was an hour of intense interest, and everyday when this congress was in session, the living, urging interest was so intense that "mats" and "hats" had no place in the deliberations, at least the reports and the speeches bore no trace of the influence of such inactive objects.

Miss Kingwood ventured the explanation to me that this was because there was too much of the real thing in their cat stories and rat stories to allow conventional situations to enter into the discussions, and the way she said it, led me somehow to feel that she knew what she was talking about. She told me that once in a formal school she had asked a six-year-old boy if he could spell "cat," and he replied with just a bit of disgust in his manner, "certainly I can, I learned that years ago."

When this term of school of which I am writing began, the flowers were

in bloom, many of the lovely fall varieties. The fruits were ripening, and here and there a leaf had received the tints which always carry with them a tinge of sadness.

Miss Kingwood one morning told them that these tints were a wireless message from a very old and respected king called Jack Frost. This was only at the beginning of the vague talk of sending wireless telegrams, but it serves to show how this teacher lived in the present and linked the living realities with the beautiful imageries ever so dear to the human heart. She said that only very wise people could read the message in the colors of the leaf, but that when one became wise he could always find in them the words "cold weather is coming," and little Tom Baker immediately wrote on his tablet an order to "Mister Santa Claus," that he needed a new sled this winter.

This letter, coming to the teacher's attention, became common property by her writing it in large letters, correctly spelled, on the blackboard, so that all might see and understand, even if they could not spell out the words. Miss Kingwood told so kindly how the child heart uttered its desires to the good old saint, and the



Boys at Work in the Garden Connected with the School Cottage at Augusta, Ga.

little ones did not need to know the letters, for universal language is not confined to Roman script, and every child in the room put into this universal language a message that went up from the leaping heart to the source of every good and perfect gift. Paradoxical as it may seem not one of these messages had a trace of Tom Baker in it, yet every one of them was all Tom Baker.

Tom himself had a copyright on the letter, which he kept ever after among his most treasured possessions, but every child grew in this hour by eliminating "sled" from the equation and substituting "doll," or "hood," or some other ideal gift that filled the life that created it.

The teacher's way of putting it was that she would rather improve an opportunity to draw the child gently away from his desires by putting things in relation as nearly as may be,

formal instruction was about the apple, because the teacher preferred to be practical rather than poetical. She approached this lesson on the presumption that all children know something about the things they eat and wear, and out of which houses are built, "but," said she, "some of these dear little ones have not yet been touched by the wand of beauty. Some of them know only the animal needs, and I must of necessity talk to them of food, clothing, and shelter, but by and by you will see them climbing the heights.

That was a favorite expression of hers when she witnessed their aspirations. "Climbing the heights!" To hear her speak those words was to be thrilled thru and thru and she said them often to the children and somehow they seemed to understand. Indeed, I believe it was a phrase for her to conjure by.

But the apple, I almost forgot about it. It was round, red, and smooth. It served for food lessons, for a geography lesson, and before they were thru with it, for a temperance lesson, too. Miss Kingwood in speaking to Tom Baker one day, said, "Don't worry about strong drink, Tom. Be sure you know exactly what Tom Baker is worth and you will not have any time to think of hard cider."

It happened that day that Miss Kingwood was standing near Tom's seat and somehow his eager sparkling eyes were looking deep into hers. As she was about to give Tom the message, both her hands were brought lovingly to the sides of the curly head as she pressed his rosy cheeks, and by that act pressed home to the little heart the worth of Tom Baker. Tom got the meaning—rough, rollicking Tom, unruly Tom, who knew little of kindness, looked into the teacher's eyes again and said, "Not what goes into the mouth, but what comes out of the heart," is that what you mean, Miss Kingwood? And as something bright spark-



Part Owners of the School Cottage at Augusta, Ga.

than to set a hard and fast rule that December and not September, is the time to teach about Christmas, and that since the Christmas lesson is in the December plan there is where it must be taught. "True," she said to me one day, "it is somewhat easier to give the lesson on corn in the June time when the corn is growing in the fields, but sometimes things don't fit, and I would sooner make a corn field in an old box than to spoil a lesson by fixing a special date for it. Nature does not give us advance notice of our great experiences, and to me it seems that the spiritual growth of children must come without any pre-arranged plans. Pre-arrangement is all right for the multiplication table, but multiplication is another thing, don't you think?" And I did think so, wouldn't you? I said to the teacher, "You must believe in the new method called nature study," and she replied, "What else can a child study?" And I thought some more. I referred to the ripening fruit. The children brought in apples. The first lesson which in any manner took the nature of



A Sewing Class at Work in the School Cottage, Augusta, Ga.

led on the teacher's eyelashes, she replied, "That is it, Tom, and the beauty of it is that what comes out of the heart determines what shall go into the mouth. It is the heart, Tom, that I was thinking about."

Tom understood, and so did every other child in the room for had they not already learned that these messages were for them as well as for Tom?

The formal work of the school was not neglected, and of course the reading of the script on the blackboard was a most important and interesting exercise of every day's work. The teacher used the idiom "I see" very often, because she said it was the individualizing of the child after all, that was the work of the school. A long list of names and words used for names were learned in connection with these words, and the forms of the nouns, pronouns, and verbs were changed according to the various modifications of those parts of speech; but no child in that happy company ever saw those grimy skeletons labeled "noun," "pronoun," "verb," or any of their hideous brood.

Back in the busy workshop of her brain the teacher was shaping plans which she knew would bring into the consciousness of the little ones the living principles which she recognized as "parts of speech" and which she knew they would recognize when the time for their appearance should come. In this language work the one thing always present in the ideal child-student is the need felt for means to communicate with an absent friend. Miss Kingwood held this to be fundamental and to give this feeling of need to her pupils she brought them in imagination to commune with papa, mamma, baby, the birds and all that myriad of absent beings with which the child felt that he held fellowship.

The song, the poem, the story were ever at her call. She felt that the means for growth were largely stored in the songs, stories, and poems of long ago. These must be at the child's command. They were kept in books. Miss Kingwood read from books. She read well. Her reading inspired the children and everyone wanted to get for himself out of the books the things with which she had thrilled them. Oh, how they needed to read! And how soon they learned to read.

One day she told them a story. Oh, she often told them stories, that was a part of the great plan, but the day to which I refer she told them the story of the three bears. Why this story? Because Miss Kingwood believed that the work of the school is most effective when it continues the work of the home, of the right kind of a home. Every home worthy the name has a story-telling of some kind along the way, and to continue the development begun in the home the teacher should know the stories current in the homes. So she told the story of the three bears because it was a "neighborhood story." Nearly everyone in the school knew the story and could have told it thru, but as Miss Kingwood told it, how they lived thru the experiences of the growling papa bear, the

grumbling mamma bear, and the whining baby bear.

The play element so prominent in the child was utilized with this story. This element is strong in the child at this early age, and the teacher believed in directing force rather than in restraining it. Children have large powers of imitation. They act well, and in order to develop this power Miss Kingwood agrees with the children that the story should be acted out by certain ones of their number, and she wisely permitted them to make choice of certain parts to be taken by this child or that; and they, little philosophers, selected the teacher for a part.

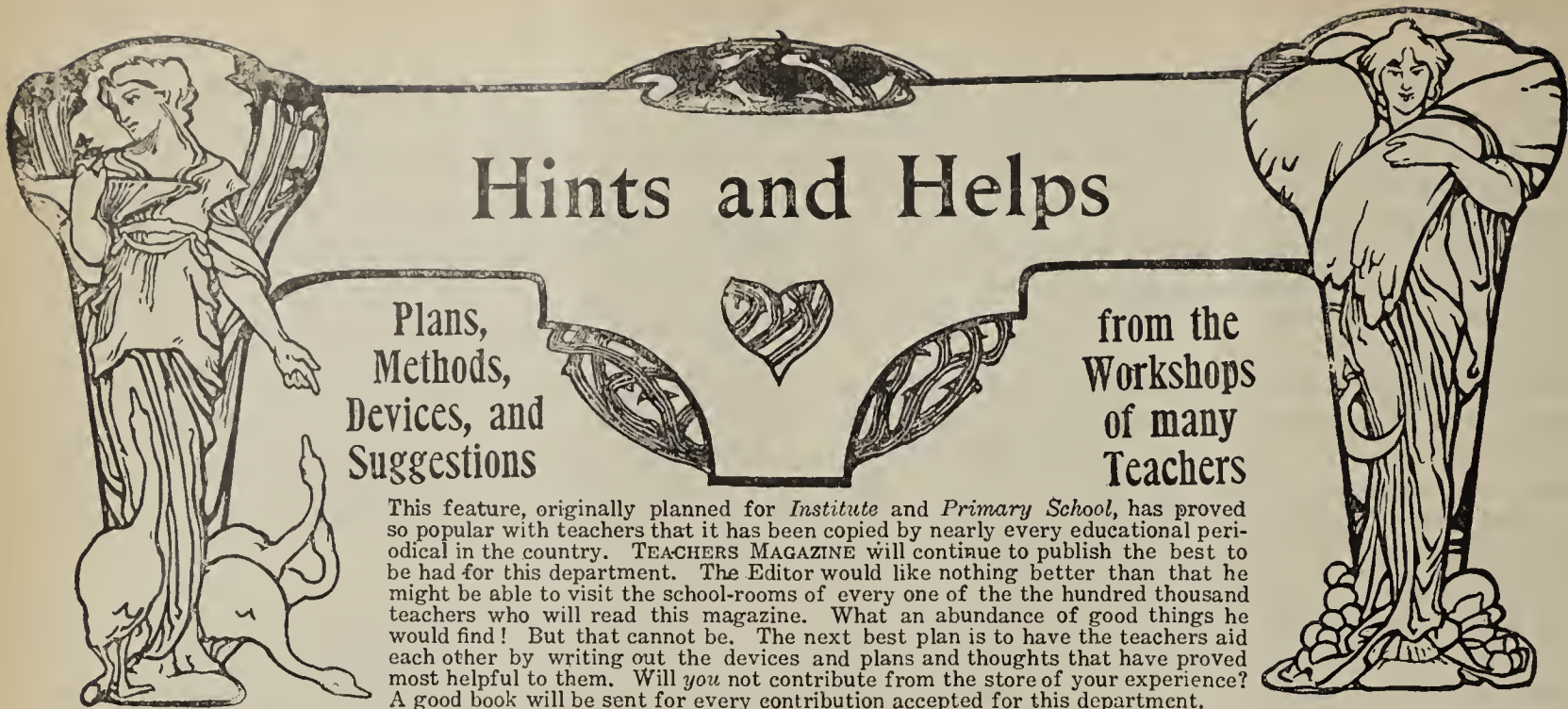
"The play's the thing," said Hamlet, and it is just as certain to reveal the bear as it is the king-killer. This bear play was a delight to the children, and they often asked the privilege of playing the bear story. This experience was a means of taking an inventory of stock in trade, and the teacher improved the opportunity many times. Her observations were of especial value in the succeeding months of the term. After acting the story, the children read it, read it by the whole sentences without missing a word, and this to Miss Kingwood's way of thinking was a very significant comment on all the "scientific" patent processes of teaching reading.

She always sought to create a feeling of need for the words and sentences, and somehow they always came when needed. Her explanation of the ease with which the children learned to read was, "When I need certain articles to do a piece of art work, and know where to get the articles, I go after them. I think that is the way with a child learning to read. When she feels that she needs words with which to read and knows where to find them, she will go after them. I believe in getting the child to go after things, and we must not forget that she gets words from others as well as from the teacher."

Thus the month went on. It drew to a close. But what a month! Noon hours and recesses were as fruitful if not more so than the hours of the sessions. The teacher joined in the plays of the children. They learned to know her better thru the play, and she them. In the games, they gave the place of honor and the place of difficulty to the teacher, and when the month closed she had won the hearts of the children, and she felt that by coming in contact with their pure lives she had become a nobler woman and a better teacher.

I observed also that her weekly visits to the other rooms were not without effect. She assumed no air of superiority. She met the other teachers as a learner and never as a critic. They were friends.





Plans,
Methods,
Devices, and
Suggestions

from the
Workshops
of many
Teachers

This feature, originally planned for *Institute* and *Primary School*, has proved so popular with teachers that it has been copied by nearly every educational periodical in the country. *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* will continue to publish the best to be had for this department. The Editor would like nothing better than that he might be able to visit the school-rooms of every one of the the hundred thousand teachers who will read this magazine. What an abundance of good things he would find! But that cannot be. The next best plan is to have the teachers aid each other by writing out the devices and plans and thoughts that have proved most helpful to them. Will you not contribute from the store of your experience? A good book will be sent for every contribution accepted for this department.

How to Win Pupils.

If we wish to do anything for boys and girls we must first get them where they feel that we are trying to do something for them. Let them feel that we are here to help them.

I believe that this spirit can be secured nowhere so easily as on the playground. In the first place do not excuse the pupils at noon or recess and say to them, "Now, children, you must not go across the road," or "You must not swing on the fence," or "You must not throw rocks over in Mr. R's cornfield."

Let the children care for it, drive it, ride it, and play with it as they desire.

The accompanying pictures were taken in the spring months of April and May. In picture No. 1 we had just returned from our nature study, which we had at noon, (on account of a crowded program, which is a disadvantage in a country school.) We often went several miles, hunting for flowers, birds, and insects, and studying their habits and characteristics. The children often enjoyed themselves riding, as in picture No. 2. When the playtime was spent in this way I found that I had no trouble at all to get the pupils interested, when they came in for study. ALVA WILLIAM DRAGOD.
Illinois.



Return from a Nature Study Trip.

Your place, instead of in the school-house, at these periods, is on the playground with the pupils. Introduce games, teach them how to fly kites, make whirligigs and weather vanes. Teach the girls to weave doll cradles and mats, out of raffia and rattan. (I am quite sure some of our readers teach in the country, so do not have time for this work in school hours. The problem of manual work can be worked out in this way.)

There is nothing a boy likes better than a kite or a whirligig. If you have a good, gentle horse, as I have, bring it to school with you.

Autumn Suggestions.

Place a large number of different leaves in a pan outside the school-room door, and send out one child at a time to bring in a certain leaf, as oak, orange, etc. If he does not find the right one



Riding "Teacher's" Horse.

another can try, making it of the nature of a game. The teacher talks about the leaves and shows their difference.

Leaves and flowers can be easily pressed at school, by having two cloth-covered boards and

a large sack of earth or sand to give a uniform pressure.

Cut colored vegetables from a seed catalog and paste at the top of sheets of manila paper, for the children to write all they know about them.

To see what the child's idea of color is make outline pictures with a duplicator, on cards, of common objects that he is familiar with, and let him color them with crayon pencils. This will do also for busy work.

Books for story writing may be made by cutting manila paper and placing outline pictures on each page. These the children can color and write about. A fancy cover design also pleases them, and can be made on plain paper with a duplicator.

MABEL KIMBALL.

California.

An Idea for Public Exhibition Day.

In preparing the program for the commencement exercises of the Santee (Nebr.) normal training school, the officials decided to abandon the usual program of essays, orations, and music, and use the occasion for demonstrating before the parents and friends of the pupils the practical work that the school actually does day by day.

Last year, writes Mr. F. B. Riggs, the editor of *The Word Carrier*, the official organ of the school, "an epitome of some subject that the class had studied was presented by a student of the graduating class, in the form of a simple recitation, a popular demonstration, with simple apparatus in the case of a laboratory subject. This year the idea was carried a step further, apparently with great success. The laws of physics as applied to the practical management of common stoves, economy of fuel by proper regulation of drafts, were demonstrated by apparatus that was partly diagram and partly working model.

"Cultivation of the soil to prevent evaporation was demonstrated by four boxes of earth. Each contained the same weight of earth, and the same amount of water had been added. The surface of the earth in one box had been covered with a stone for several weeks and still the earth proved to be damp below. A covering of straw gave the same result in another box, illustrating the advantage of much culture in gardening. And a covering of pulverized dry earth made by simply scratching the surface of the earth in another box, showed the same results in conservation of moisture, and contrasted greatly with the earth in the fourth box which had cracked and dried like a brick on account of having had no cultivation of the surface. The loss of moisture from the soil thru transpiration from the leaves of weeds was visibly demonstrated by exposition of plants used in the laboratory to prove the weight of water drawn from the soil for each pound of dry matter produced in the plant. For instance, it was shown that sunflowers take more than twice as much water from the ground per pound of dry matter as corn, and mustard four times as much water as wheat. Our pupils' farmer parents listened to these demonstrations with the most rapt attention."

School Scrap Books.

We are spending an hour each week on our school scrap books. On Saturday I make clippings from the various papers that have fallen to my lot. Keen is the interest in our pasting hour when the little pieces are handed round for final clipping and classification. Then as they are ready they are passed on to the pasters who are kept hard at work. The children take the pasting by turns, so all share in every way in making the reference library a success. We have now finished six books: Animals of all kinds, Fishes, Birds, Trees, Flowers, Miscellaneous Topics of Interest.

MARGARET K. TAYLOR.

Manila, Philippine Islands.



Raising Money for Library Books.

As a method of raising money for the school library, I can recommend a book social such as was given the pupils of our high school. It required comparatively little effort or expense in preparation, and netted a goodly sum for the fund.

An admittance fee of fifteen cents was charged and a literary and musical program well worth the price of admission occupied the first hour and a half of the evening. In addition to this feature each pupil (there were some seventy-five in all) represented by his or her costume a well-known book. This served as a basis of a guessing contest later in the evening.

The pupils also furnished light refreshments, the boys levying a ten-cent contribution on each of their number, with which they purchased choice apples and unpopped corn, popping the corn themselves and putting it in individual paper sacks of generous proportions, while the girls furnished ham sandwiches of home make, a uniform size and shape being agreed upon and each being daintily wrapped in waxed paper.

At the close of the literary program the refreshments were passed and an hour was given for conversation, during which time the pupils were passing among the audience in all parts of the room and acting out where possible the title of the book represented, to give all a good chance at the guessing.

When the audience was called to order again the pupils passed across the stage one by one, while all present wrote their guesses as to what book each represented on slips of paper. The papers were numbered one, two, three, etc. After the guesses had all been written, the papers were signed and exchanged for correction, the correct list of titles being read by the teacher in charge. A handsomely bound book was given to the lady and to the gentleman having the most correct answers, the prizes being bought with a five-cent contribution from each pupil.

Care was taken to select only standard works by well-known authors, and while many of the titles were easy to guess, others were correctly guessed by only a few, while no one had the entire list correct. A few of the titles chosen will serve as a suggestion. The list is easily en-

larged to fit the needs of any number of participants, and, as will be seen, many of the titles require little in the way of costume.

Among the girls—Under Two Flags, (tiny flags crossed in hair); A Girton Girl, (mortar-board and gown); A Border Shepherdess, (shepherd dress and crook); The Old-Fashioned Girl, (in costume of fifty years ago); In Silk Attire, (silk dress); A Golden Butterfly, (yellow butterflies on hair and shoulders); In Black and White, (black and white dress); Bow of Orange Ribbon, (wearing same); The Lilac Sunbonnet, (same hanging over shoulders).

Among the boys were—The Last of the Mohicans, (dressed as Indian); The Man in Black, (all black costume); The Professor, (high collar, spectacles, etc.); The Red Axe, (carrying same); The Train Boy, (with basket of literature, fruits, etc.); With Fife and Drum at Louisburg, (carrying fife and drum); Man of Millions, (laden with coin sacks stuffed and marked \$1,000,000).

A. M. BENSON.

Colorado.

The Reading Problem.

The teacher and the librarian were talking.

"The children do not patronize the public library," the librarian complained, "in spite of the fact that we do everything in our power to make it attractive to them; and when they do come, they ask for trash, not literature."

The teacher went home thinking. And when she had thought long she concluded that what the librarian inferred was true—the education was at fault. The children could glibly name the works of the standard authors, tell the particular excellencies of each, quote from them, but of literature they had absolutely no comprehension. They had learned to analyze parts of it, but not to love it in its entirety.

Friday afternoon she had an announcement for the class in reading.

"You will notice that I have copied the names of twenty-five books on the board. They are all in the public library. Each of you may spend as much time on any one of them as you are accustomed to spend on Monday's lesson, and be prepared to give an account of your reading to the class."

She then emphasized the value of the public library, explained the method of obtaining books, and recommended her pupils to patronize it.

Did the children spend a study period on Monday's lesson? To be sure they did; and



when that period was over they had become so engrossed in the book that they could not leave it. What boy could part with Tom Sawyer when once he had made his acquaintance? What girl could resist following Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy thru their whole interesting career in "Little Women"?

Monday morning, all enthusiasm, these little men and women met.

"You should have read 'Little Men,'" said one.

"It couldn't beat 'In Darkest Africa,'" sang out another.

"'Tanglewood Tales' is fine," spoke an imaginative little fellow, "and there is another book of the stories called the 'Wonder Book.'"

The teacher smiled.

"They will each one read the whole list," she said to herself.

R. P. FARQUARSON.

Detroit.

Reading Helps.

I enclose one dollar for my subscription to TEACHERS MAGAZINE. I don't believe I could get along without it. I get a great deal of help from the suggestions which the various teachers send in.

In my primary reading class (primer) we have a very nice little game for learning new phonetic words. The children stand while I write a word on the board, putting in all marks. The first one who tells what the word is sits down, and so on until all are seated. I can go around a class of ten three times in ten minutes.

In my second grade and advanced first grade we sometimes have a "guessing game" on Friday afternoon. Two members of the class stand with their backs to the board. A word is placed on the board (always a noun), then the other members of the class describe the object for which it stands. The one who guesses correctly sits down and another takes his place, and so on until the game is finished. These are very simple suggestions, but perhaps some busy teacher like myself can make use of them.

Maryland.

EVA W. WRIGHT.

Marking Down.

I have received the first issue of TEACHERS MAGAZINE, and the second weekly issue of *Our Times*. I think the change a great improvement, altho both papers were excellent before and have been a great help to me in my school work.

My mother, who is now eighty-four and was a teacher in her younger days, is much interested in these magazines and always reads nearly every article in them, often before I do myself. She says she would have appreciated them in her teaching days. She says that in those days the newspapers were full of politics and religion. Not much attention was given to methods in teaching.

Now a few words about my work. I have succeeded in overcoming the habit of whispering in my school in this way: At the beginning of each month I write the names of the pupils on

the board with bright colored crayon, and 100% opposite each name. If a pupil whispers or is disorderly in any way I put a cross against his name, and at the close of the school reduce his standing one per cent. for each cross. He has also lost his pretty bright color, and I write his name in plain white.

At first a few of the pupils did not seem to care much about this marking, but I find in every case that after they have lost a few per cents. they then begin to try to keep a good standing. It seems to be an advantage to have their names where they can see them. These markings help in making out the per cent. of deportment on report cards at the end of each month.

As I have not a very large school, I have blackboard room to use in this way.

Iowa.

PRUDENCE S. JACKSON.

Crude but Useful.

I have taken several different educational journals, and have always saved them. After I have received the June number I arrange the papers in order, beginning with September of the previous year. I press them together tightly, punch several holes thru them, and tie thru the holes with strong cord. Then I tie on a cover of pliable cardboard, and my binding is done.

These back numbers help me a great deal in planning entertainments, and still more in my daily school work.

ANNA McLANAHAN.

California.

Dissected Map.

I find the dissected map of the United States of much value to beginners in geography. We have great fun seeing who will make the best time in putting it together. So interested have the children become that several have purchased copies of the map, and now we engage in most exciting contests. I also have my pupils outline each little block, and soon they acquire a clear idea of the shape and size so that they readily draw from memory any state that I call for. Some of the maps in colored crayon are quite a success.

MARGARET H. TAYLOR.

Manila, Philippine Islands.

The Writing Lesson.

The letters sprawl in all directions ; run up hill and down ; are big and little—no wonder the children are not ambitious to be good writers !

Their attitude changes remarkably after this little story it told :

Children, do you know what I play when I am writing ? I play that each letter I make is something—I wonder if you know what it is ?

I call the letters all soldiers, and I make rows and rows of them, and if there are a great many I say that they are my army and I am the general.

You may all march around the room and show me just how straight and nice soldiers look.

Now I am going to make some writing soldiers on the board, and you may watch and see if they are good or if they run up and down hill. Here is a "t." We will say it is a soldier carrying a flag.

The children start their writing again, and as the work progresses I go about among them and remark to this boy that he is not a very good captain, for his men look as if they were running away from him. Many other things can be suggested by the teacher as the writing continues, and the children get fairly enthusiastic about it ; meanwhile their writing is certainly improving.

JESSIE M. ALEXANDER.

Illinois.

A Phonic Game.

I found that children enjoy this game, and it is also very instructive, in that it causes them to observe carefully and to become more familiar with the new words.

After we have thoroly sounded the words which are placed on the board, one child passes to the board, and while the others are blinded, erases some word. At the signal "Ready !" the children look at the board and see what word has been erased. The child who raises his hand first is called on to give the word. (Sometimes we sound the word as well as pronounce it.) If correct this child goes to the board and erases another word. In this way we continue until all the words have been used.

Vermont.

SADIE CRAIG.



School Entertainment

The Harvest Carnival.

By WILLIS N. BUGBEE.

THE stage may be decorated with gaily colored autumn leaves, strings of horse chestnuts, fruits, flowers, or other symbols of autumn and the harvest time. In the center of the stage may be built a pyramid of fruits, flowers, and grains. At the opening of the play, however, only the framework of the pyramid is seen, the display to be arranged as the play progresses. The framework may be made by placing a large tub, bottom up, upon the floor. Upon this is placed a cheese box, and upon this a small pail or keg. The whole may be covered with bright cheese cloth or crepe paper. The display may be arranged as follows: Pumpkins placed equally distant apart on the floor around the front of the pyramid; shocks of corn stalks equally distant leaning against the tub; ears of corn, braided together by the husks, hung from the edge of the tub; on the second tier small sheaves of grain and small measures filled with shelled corn and other grains. The third tier is devoted to fancy baskets filled with fruit, with a place reserved for miniature loaves of bread and johnny-cake, gifts of the housewives. At the top is a bouquet of goldenrod, asters, or other autumn flowers. Other decorations may be added to suit the taste.

The number of boys or girls in each group may vary to suit the requirements of the one presenting it.

Enter two boys at right and two girls at left bearing jack-o'-lanterns.

All: Oh, ho! Oh, ho! for frolic and fun!

No more of work for lad or lass.

Boys—We know a secret!

Girls—So do we,

Both—And pretty soon 'twill come to pass.

1st Boy—For Uncle John,

2nd Boy—And Brother Ned,

1st Girl—And Cousin Sal,

2nd Girl—And Sister Sue

All—Are coming here this very night

To sing, I guess, and speak to you.

Hark! Here they come! They're coming now!

Oh, jolly! This will be great fun!

Let's set our jack-o'-lanterns here

And wait until the speaking's done.

Enter huskers, two girls wearing wreaths of corn husks and each carrying several ears of corn braided together.

Huskers—We are the huskers of the corn,

And a merry set are we;

We blend our work with laugh and song,

In the jolly husking bee.

Place corn as indicated before. Enter gleaners, two girls dressed in white with small sickle at the waist, and

bearing small sheaves of wheat. Whittier's "Corn Song" may be recited by one of the girls.

Gleaners—We are the gleaners of the field,
We bind the ripened grain,
That stronger arms which follow us
May load it on the main.

Enter fruit girls, bearing small baskets of red apples and other fruit.

Fruit Girls—Oh, see the ripe and luscious fruit!
No better gifts than these
Has generous autumn given us—
Our varied wants to please.

Enter farmers, dressed in frocks and overalls, and bringing small shocks of corn stalks.

Farmers—We are the farmers who plow the
ground,
And sow the seed in the spring,
And tend it well, that the autumn time
Will a bountiful harvest bring.

First Farmer—Just a word or two about corn, my good people. It is native to America, and America raises by far the most of it, Iowa being the banner state. Some one has figured out that if all the corn raised in America in one year were put into big two-horse wagons, it would make a procession 150,000 miles long. What do we do with it all? Why, use it to fatten cattle and hogs, of course, and once in a while the old lady makes a johnny-cake for us.

Second Farmer—In the matter of wheat, altho not native to this country, yet America leads the world in its production. If you could see one of the big wheat farms of the West where most of the work is done by steam you wouldn't wonder at it. Some of it is sent to those countries that do not raise enough for their own use, and the miller and good dames who follow will tell what is done with the rest.

Enter threshers, two boys wearing dark-colored or red blouses and short dark aprons, if desired. They bring small measures of corn and wheat.

Threshers—We are the threshers; when the
grain
Has all been garnered in,
We thresh it from the straw and chaff,
And store it in the bin.

Enter millers, wearing white blouses, caps and trousers, and short white aprons. They carry small sacks, opened at top to show the contents of flour and meal.

Millers—We are the jolly miller men,
With our busy waterwheel,
We grind the wheat to fluffy flour,
The corn to golden meal.

Enter housewives, with plain dresses and large work-aprons, bringing small loaf of bread and one of johnny-cake.

Housewives—And we the busy
housewives are,
We sweep and sew and bake,
The flour we turn to snow-
white bread,
The meal to johnny-cake.

All—And so, you see, that each
of us
Has a certain task to do,
With joyful hearts and willing
hands
We toil the whole day thru.

All—Sing to the tune or
"Marching Thru Georgia,"
and form in a ring while doing
so.

Ho! ye merry harvest work-
ers, gifts of autumn bring,
Fling away your cares and
sorrows, join our festive ring,
And to Him who gives us
plenty, we will praises sing.
Glad is the time of the
harvest.



Chorus.

Hurrah! Hurrah! The harvest
time is here,
Hurrah! Hurrah! We come
from far and near!
Singing songs of gladness,
that shall fill our hearts with
cheer,
Glad is the time of the
harvest.

Come ye lads and lasses, with
the health glow on your
cheek;
Come fair youth, both gay and
modest, maidens blithe and
meek,
Autumn's wreath has all been
garnered, let us pleasure
seek,

Glad is the time of the
harvest.

Other recitations and songs, as
"The Farm Yard Song," "The Mil-
ler of the Dee," "The Huskers,"
etc., may be added to lengthen the
program.

Song Games

Songs with Actions for the Younger Pupils.

First to Fourth Years.

Translation and arrangement of both songs are copyrighted.

Tick Tack.

Words by WUCKE.

Music by FR. ARTES.



1. The clocks, you know, dear children, They never stop to rest; In
2. The church clocks in the stee - ple, So high up in the air, No
3. The clocks that in the kitch - en Hang tick - ing on the wall, They
4. The lit - tle watch - es hur - ry, As if their task to - day Were



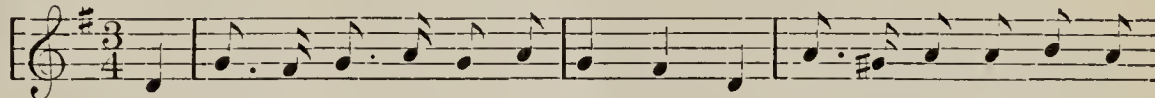
summer and in winter, They tick their very best. Tick tack, tick tack, tick tack.
matter what the weather, They tell the time with care. Tick tack, tick tack, tick tack.
go a little faster; Let's count the strokes that fall. Tick tack, tick tack, tick tack.
thousand miles a minute; And stead-i-ly they say, Tick tack, tick tack. tick tack.

Actions for "Tick Tack" Song.

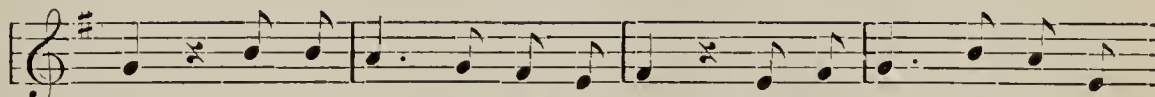
The children stand in a circle. They imitate with the right hand the movement of the pendulum, following the time of the song. The second stanza, representing the church clock, is sung slowly. The third stanza is sung with somewhat more speed, and the fourth is sung very fast, to the great enjoyment of the children. In repeating the song-game let the children swing the left arm, or, interchangeably, the left and right arms.

I Wish I Had a Little Fiddle.

Words by HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN.



1. I wish I had a lit - tle fid - dle, A fid - dle I would like to
2. A lit - tle fid - dle plays so sweet-ly, I like it bet - ter than a



have; Ev - 'ry ev' - ning I would play Three, four pie - ces light and
drum; All the chil - dren in our street And my dog would swing their



gay, And I'd dance and I'd sing, and I'd be mer - ry al - way.
feet, And they'd dance, and they'd sing, and they'd be mer - ry al - way,



We de we de we de we de wum dum bum, We de we de we de wum; wum.

Actions for "Little Fiddle" Song.

Two rings are formed, one inside the other. During the singing of the first stanza, girls form the outer circle, boys the inner circle. During the singing of the words the boys walk around, one behind the other, imitating the playing of a violin. When the "We-de-wum" is reached the boys stand still facing outward, while the children of the outer circle hold hands and dance side ways. The boys continue to imitate violin playing till the girls enter the circle with the second stanza. There need be no confusion in the changing of the children from inner to outer circle. A little practice will show how to arrange the change.

Mr. Turkey's Enemies.—Great Fun for Everybody

By Harriette Wilbur, Wisconsin

THIS exercise requires ten or twelve small boys, from three to eight years of age. Each one wears a cap and carries an immense hatchet made of tin or pasteboard. The blade of the latter may be covered with silver paper and the handle covered with red paper. If made of tin they should be strengthened by being tacked to pieces of lath, and the handle wrapped, or the boys may wear red mittens. They should also wear stocking caps or soldier caps.

The hatchets are carried over the right shoulders thruout the drill, unless otherwise designated. The boys walk briskly, stepping high at first, then rapidly, then they fairly run.

An essential actor in this would-be tragedy is "Mr. Turkey," who is heard, but not seen. He is, in reality, seven boys who can "gobble" well. They are stationed at various places behind the scenes—one at the rear, one at the rear left, one at the rear right, one at the center left, one at the center right, one at the left front and one at the right front.

The boys always march toward the place where Mr. Turkey is heard gobbling. To make the "gobble" sound far away, the boy puts his hands over his mouth.

The pianist plays quick music, but not too loudly, and pauses after each change and waits until the gobble is heard before beginning to play.

I. Prolog.

Curtain rises, disclosing the hatchet boys drawn up in line across the front of the stage. They stand with feet far apart and hatchets over shoulders, grasped with both hands.

The pianist strikes a chord and all raise hatchets high above their heads. At the next chord they bring the hatchets down to the floor with a great show of bravado and strength. On the third chord they raise hatchets to shoulders again; fourth chord they raise caps and bow. (Curtain.)

II. Drill.

Curtain rises showing stage clear. A far-away gobble is heard at the rear left and the line of boys enters at the rear right and marches across rear and off at rear left.

Gobble is heard at center right. Boys enter at center left and march across center to center right.

Gobble is heard at left front. Boys enter at right front and march past front and out at left front.

Gobble heard at rear right. Boys enter at left front and march diagonally across stage and off at rear right.

Loud gobble heard at center left. Boys enter at rear right and march diagonally across to center left.

Gobble heard at right front. Boys enter hurriedly at center left and march across to right front.

Gobble heard at rear left. Boys enter at right front and march diagonally across stage to rear left.

Gobble heard at center right. Boys enter at rear left and march across to center right.

Gobble heard at left front. Boys enter at center right and march across to left front.

Gobbles heard at left front and right front. Boys enter at rear and march up center brandishing hatchets. Head boy goes to left front, second boy to right front, third boy to left front, and so on.

Gobble heard at rear. Boys enter from left front and right front and march hastily to rear, falling into original line.

Gobbles heard at center right and center left. Boys enter at rear, brandishing hatchets, and hastily march off at sides.

Gobble heard at rear. Boys enter from sides and go off at rear in line.

Gobbles heard at center, sides, and front sides. Boys enter at rear. Head boy goes off at left center, second boy at right center, third boy at left front, fourth boy at right front, fifth boy at left center, and so on.

Gobble heard at rear and boys run back, falling in line as they go.

Gobbles heard from all sides and boys run in, brandishing hatchets and rush about distractedly. Here and there they slip about the stage, keeping time to rapid music, while gobbles are kept up loudly.

Gobbles stop, except the one in rear. The boys wave caps and hatchets and tumble out at rear.

Repeat the gobbles, the boys running about waving caps.

III. Epilog.

Curtain rises disclosing stage empty. Boys march in from left front, and form line. Pianist strikes chords and they repeat the prolog several times. Suddenly the gobbles break out everywhere and boys break ranks and run about in every direction (Curtain).

Play Like Land.

LUCIA B. COOK, Greenville, S. C.

Carol and Jonathon, hand in hand,
Wandered one day into Play Like Land.
In this wonderful country the very trees
Are covered with dollars, and in the breeze
They shake imploringly, "Pull me, please."

In this beautiful land is the brook a sea,
And bits of bark are the sailors wee,
And lumps of mud are tarts for tea.
A mountain grand is the wood-pile high,
And over the fields the fairies fly.

To grown-up travelers, sand is sand,
But Carol and Jonathon, hand in hand,
Have a golden carpet in Play Like Land.

The Teaching of English. II.

By Emma L. Johnston, Principal of the Brooklyn Training School for Teachers

Spelling.

PERHAPS the most debatable point in connection with spelling is the proper treatment of prefixes and suffixes. There are at least four theories regarding the teaching of etymology in the 5B grade, where the subject is introduced. The first theory would have the elements of words classified according to the languages they come from and so presented to the pupils. The second theory demands that the prefixes and suffixes be classified according to meaning—for instance, “one who,” “state of being,” etc.,—and so presented. The third theory—this Professor Laurie endorses—is that instruction in etymology should not be given formally but must arise casually from the daily reading.

In my opinion the first two of these theories are not applicable to the teaching of pupils in the fifth and sixth grades. The third theory presupposes more knowledge of etymology than

the average teacher possesses, and it leaves to chance instruction in a very valuable subject.

According to a fourth theory the pupil’s linguistic possessions and his linguistic needs are the guides to classification. Altho words are presented in series, not casually but systematically, thru the method of presentation they are made to widen the thought and to enrich the vocabulary of the learner. In applying the theory the 5B teacher begins in some such way as this: She opens her unabridged dictionary to *re* and makes a list of words beginning with this prefix, selecting those which her pupils know already, and those which it would be desirable for them to learn in this grade. She rejects all words consisting of the prefix *re* joined to syllables that cannot be used as words; for instance, she rejects *reflects*, but retains *recall*. Perhaps her complete list consists of twenty or thirty words; such as *recall*, *rearrange*, *rebound*, *reclaim*, *re-echo*, *reinforce*. Her

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method of presentation is about as follows: She writes on the board a familiar word, *e. g.*, *enter*. Pupils use the word. Then she writes *re-enter*, and the pupils use the word. She repeats this process with other familiar words. Pupils discover and give the meaning of the prefix. Now she writes other familiar words. Pupils discover and give the meaning of the prefix. Now she writes other familiar words to which pupils add the prefix and then use the new words thus formed. Where it seems advisable she may teach unfamiliar words having the prefix.

If the teacher understands the simple principle of selection illustrated above, and the general method of presentation she may be trusted to teach all the etymology that should be presented in a 5B grade and to cultivate in her pupils a taste for word study; and this she may do well without knowing any Latin or Greek or Anglo-Saxon.

It is because I believe that the lists of words used in the study of etymology should be made in the way just illustrated that I am glad there are no lists given in the syllabus.

Reading.

The course of study prescribes reading to the pupils during their first four years in school. Fortunately, it does not state that all this reading must be done by the teacher. Here is a chance for the pupils of the upper grades to practice under perfectly natural conditions a fine and useful art. In a certain girls' school an experiment was tried with such success that I venture to suggest that it be tried by other girls' schools. I see no reason why, with some modification of the point of view given to the pupils, it would not be a good thing for a boys' school also.

In an informal talk with the girls of the 8B grade it was made clear, first, that no matter what their occupations or their positions in life might be in the future, they would probably as young women or as older women be called upon frequently to do three things; namely, to entertain children, to comfort the sick, and to minister to the aged. Secondly, it was shown that in many cases any of these three things could be done by one who had learned to read aloud well. After the girls had become properly impressed and enthusiastic they received their reading books, their programs, and their instructions; and then the affair ran itself during the whole term. Once a week, at two in the afternoon, two 8B girls would enter one of the primary classes, to be received with smiles and nods by the children. While one of the girls and the teacher sat in the rear of the room the other girl would read to an extremely attentive set of children. At the end of ten minutes the two girls would exchange places and the reading would go on for ten minutes longer. If the children's teacher had a criticism to make or a suggestion to offer she would politely invite the girls as they were leaving the room to call on her some time after school, and when they called the teacher would criticise—always from the standpoint of the effect on the audience, never from

the standpoint of the reader's art as a thing to be considered for its own sake. Such criticisms as the following were made:

"Read more slowly next time. Not all my children hear English spoken at home. It is therefore difficult for them to follow unless one speaks very slowly."

"Here is a list of the words you mispronounced to-day. My children believe that what you big girls say must be right, so you see you ought to be careful not to make mistakes for them to imitate."

"Next time stand erect and hold your head up. Then the children will follow the story with less effort."

That the plan succeeded was shown by these among other results:

1. No 8B girl grew tired of the exercise, and none ever slighted the task.

2. The children showed plainly that they considered themselves defrauded whenever the big girls failed to appear at the time appointed.

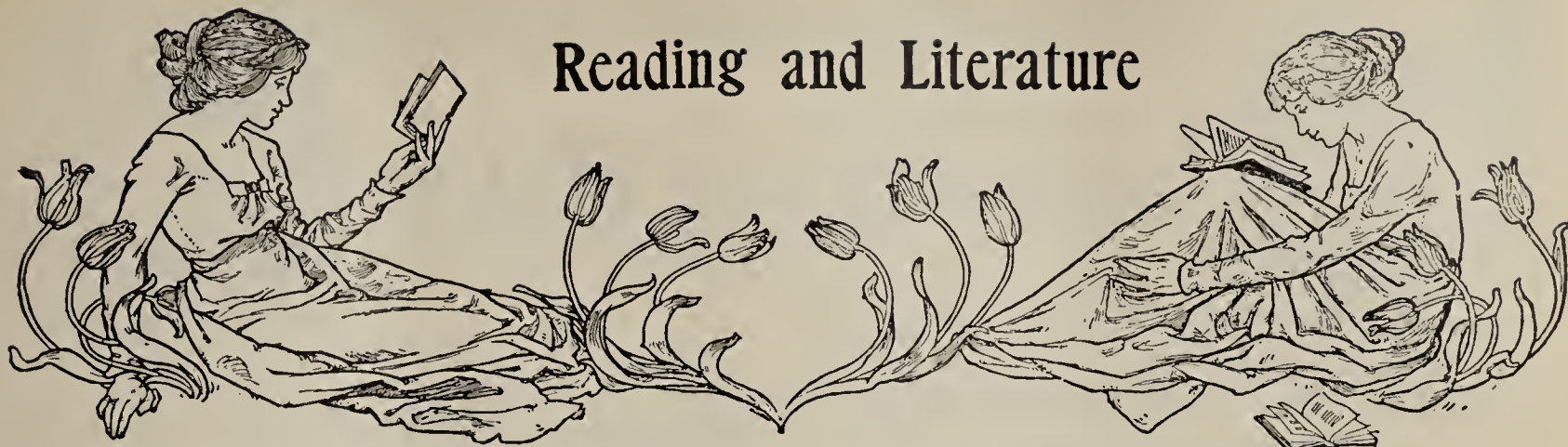
3. The teachers of the children testified that the 8B girls, almost without exception, improved from week to week in pronunciation, enunciation, use of voice, and general bearing.

In all grades of the elementary school, but especially in those of the first four or five years, teachers should regard the training of the children's voices, of their organs of speech, as a part of the regular course in physical education. The two-minute exercise in voice training should come as frequently as the two-minute setting up exercise. It should ~~come~~ be a relief to children who have been obliged to be silent while the teacher has done the talking.

Each school should have its graded exercises in phonics, exercises arranged to meet the special needs of the pupils. Each teacher should pass on to the teacher of the class immediately above hers her list of phonic exercises just as she passes on her spelling lists; and when teachers and principals judge of a child's fitness for promotion they should consider his enunciation and his pronunciation as well as his ability to recognize words at sight and to write them from dictation. In a recent number of *Educational Review* (March, 1905) we find the following: "If colleges refuse to admit boys who write *beleive* and *seperate*, and who punctuate ill, how can they accept those who say *comin'* and *gov'ment*, and *becus*, and who speak not thru their mouths but their noses? Point for point and letter for letter, is not one set of errors as gross and unworthy of a properly trained boy as the other?" "So far, however," concludes the writer, "unfortunately, colleges have not taken this stand." Neither have the elementary schools taken this stand." I respectfully suggest that we take it.

(To be continued next month.)





Reading and Literature

Literature in the District Schools.

By DAVID FRIAR.

THERE is no doubt about the progress we are making in educational work. Teachers, directors, and superintendents are working together to make the schools better every year. But there is one point on which I am far from being satisfied and there are many more of my opinion. This point is the reading matter for our children. Reading matter of some kind the average young persons must and will have, and if their minds are directed to it early enough and in the proper manner they will take the best, something that will be of lifelong benefit to them. If this is not done they will take what they can get and usually this will be anything but beneficial.

This is a matter which primarily concerns the parent, but which to a certain extent involves the director and teacher. I am speaking now of district schools, a branch of the educational system which is not receiving the attention its importance warrants. I say importance, for it is in the district school that the majority of our population begin and end their school life.

The parent manifestly neglects this duty of

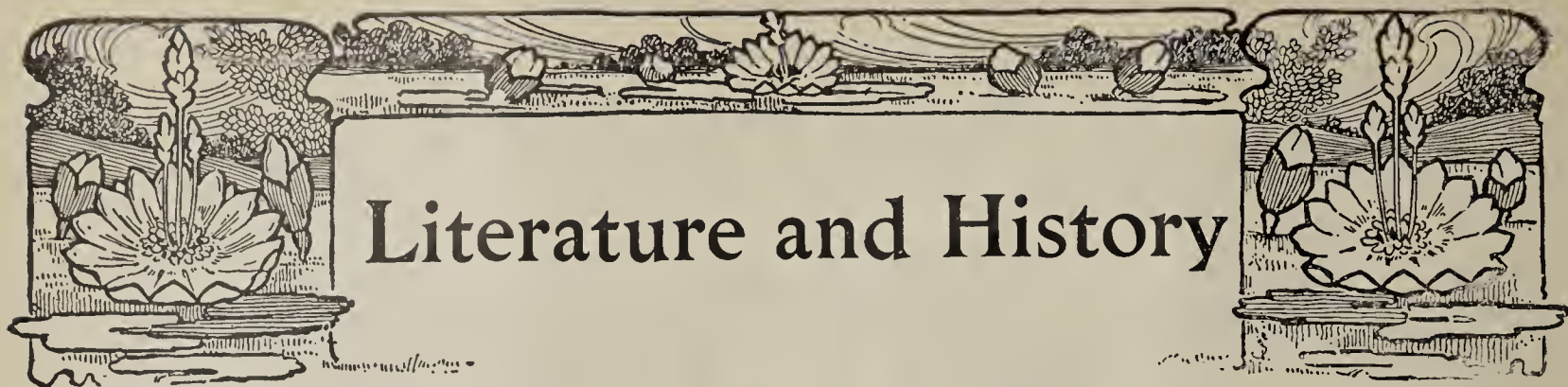
providing proper literature for his children. This, I believe, throws more of the responsibility upon the director, but I am sorry to say the director either shirks or fails to see this responsibility. If it is the latter it can easily be remedied. Now it is not merely a question of reading for the schools. It is a question of making the schools pleasant and attractive, and it is a question of good lessons, too. It is not an easy matter to make clear to a twelve-year old boy or girl the benefit to be received a dozen years hence from memorizing a lesson of definitions or *the spelling of a long column of unrelated words.*

But if that boy or girl sees at the end of that column of words a half hour with a book in which he or she is interested, how much quicker and better the task is performed! With the opportunities that this system would give, our boys and girls at sixteen would have a greater knowledge of literature than many now acquire during life.

Many a boy goes to reading trashy detective stories and five-cent novels simply because he has nothing else to read. He has a craving for literature and satisfies it, not with what he should but with what he can. Can you blame him?



Glimpse of an Up-To-Date School Room.



Study of the "Children's Hour."

By MELVIN HIX, New York City.

Aim.—A thoro understanding and appreciation of the poem. To bring out the ethical content of the poem.

Preparation.—Look up the meaning of the following words: Lower—grave—raid—turret—banditti—scaled—fortress—dungeon.

The Poem.

How many remember about the little Indian boy, Hiawatha? Who wrote the poem called Hiawatha? We are now going to study another poem by the same author. What was his name?

Who was Longfellow? Where did he live?

What, so far as you know, was his occupation? What other poems of his have you read? Recite some of the poems.

Tell the story of the Bishop of Bingen. On what river is Bingen? Where is the Rhine? For what is it noted? (Castles—legends—scenery.)

Presentation.

Read the poem entire. Tell, in your own words, the story of the poem.

What custom of the Longfellow family is mentioned in the first stanza? When was it? Why? What two lines tell when? What one word means nearly the same thing as these two lines?

What did the children do at that time? Did the father enjoy it as well as the children? Select the lines or stanzas which make you think so. (Stanzas 2-9-10, etc.)

What kind of a girl was Alice? How do you know? (Grave.) Allegra? How do you know? (Laughing.) What is the meaning of Allegra? What do you know about the appearance of Edith? (Golden hair.) What does the last line of second stanza indicate about all of these children? (Voices soft and sweet.)

Think the poem thru the fourth stanza. What does the father pretend his study is? What words show this? (Castle wall—turret—scaled—fortress—dungeon—round-tower.) What is he then? (The garrison.) What are the children? What words show this? (Plotting—surprise—rush—escape—surround—banditti—scaled.) What does the father intend to do? (Escape.)

What story is Mr. Longfellow thinking of? Does Mr. Longfellow really resemble the Bishop? In what respect is his situation like that of the Bishop? (Surrounded—cannot escape.)

What is the meaning of "such an old mustache?" (An old man—not woman.)

What is the meaning of the next to the last

stanza? (Loves them with all his heart.) What is the meaning of the last stanza? (Will love them as long as he lives.) What is the meaning of the last two lines? According to Mr. Longfellow's "make-believe" the walls here spoken of are the walls of what? (His castle.) What do we call such an expression? (Figure of speech.)

Why does Mr. Longfellow love these children so much? Do you think they came into his study at all hours of the day? Why not? What does that show about the children? (Obedient—well brought up.) Do you suppose these children left their books on the floor, and their clothing anywhere it happened to fall? Do you suppose they did their work helter-skelter? What makes you think they did not? (Because they had an exact set time for the fun; so also they probably had a time and place for everything and tried to do things at the right time and put things in the right place.)

Do most families have Children's Hour? Why not? (Father and mother have to work too hard.) Would every father and mother spend an hour a day with their children? Why not? (Children disobedient, rough, peevish, quarrelsome, saucy, selfish, etc.)

Where father or mother have to work very hard, what can the children do so that all may have a good time together in the evening?

How must children behave so that their parents and other people will be willing to have a good time with them or help them to have a good time?

What rule in the Bible means just what we have said? (The Golden Rule.)

What other lesson can we learn from this poem? (Have a time for everything and do each thing at the right time.)

Application.

We have been talking about "Children." Does what we said apply to us? How should we behave if we want others to join in our games? What should we do for our parents if we want them to help us to have a good time?

Suppose one of us goes home and finds that mother wants us to run on an errand, what should we do? How should we do it? Should we scowl and frown and pout and sulk? Would one of Mr. Longfellow's girls have done that? How would you like your little girl or boy to act if you were mother or father?

If we want anyone to be nice to us what should we do? If we want people to love us, what should we do? If we want people to forgive us when we do wrong, what should we do?

Read "Father is Coming," by Mary Howitt.
Read "My Mother's Grave," by Mrs. Sigourney.

The Children's Hour.

Analysis.

1. Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

In the Longfellow household there is a time set apart for fun.

2. I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

When this time comes the children put aside their work and their playthings and prepare for it, quietly. The father hears them. He enjoys the play time.

3. From my study I see in the lamp-light,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra.
And Edith with golden hair.

They go down the stairs. There are three of them.

4. A whisper, and then a silence.
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

They plan to surprise their father who is probably yet busy. He pretends not to see them.

5. A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden rush from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded

Thru three doors they rush into his study which they pretend is a castle

They enter my castle wall!

6. They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

and climb upon his chair

7. They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwined,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

and almost devour him with kisses which make him think of the Bishop of Bingen.

8. Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

But he is a match for them all.

9. I have you fast in the fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

He loves them with all his heart and always will

10. And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And molder in dust away!

so long as he lives.

— HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



Log School House in the Mountains of Colorado.

History and Civics

The English Colonists in America.

By SUPT. G. P. COFFMAN, Illinois.

THE English were a liberty loving people. They took the lead in all matters of reform. In the crusades they learned much about travel and the commerce of the East. They early began to study the art and literature of Greece and Rome.

They commenced to demand more freedom both in state and church. The religious move came with more force and power than did the state. It spread all over Europe. It was known as the Reformation. Side by side with this move we find the English parliament growing in power and influence. The people held on to their ancient Teutonic rights which they had obtained in the German forests. The constant struggle between parliament and the king caused all classes to broaden their knowledge of governmental affairs.

The struggle of the church to free itself went hand and hand with parliament, until the Renaissance spread all over Europe. In Spain and France, the pope and kings were able, for a time, to hold back the wave. They were able for a time to keep the common people from thinking. But in England the wave was too strong. It flooded every nook and corner of the kingdom. It fired the souls of every class.

The Reformation caused the church of England to become divided. Many beliefs sprang up as the struggle went on. Many Englishmen were persecuted and thrown into prison on account of their belief. But the spirit of freedom was so deeply rooted in them that the prison did not cause them to relent. Some were even burned at the stake, but they steadfastly held to their faith to the last.

This persecution caused so much dissatisfaction that the dissenters commenced to think of leaving England. Accordingly, a little band was organized and went to Holland. They lived there about twelve years and then concluded to go to the New World. They called themselves Pilgrims. This story is familiar to every school pupil. They hoped to find in America a place where they could think and worship as they pleased.

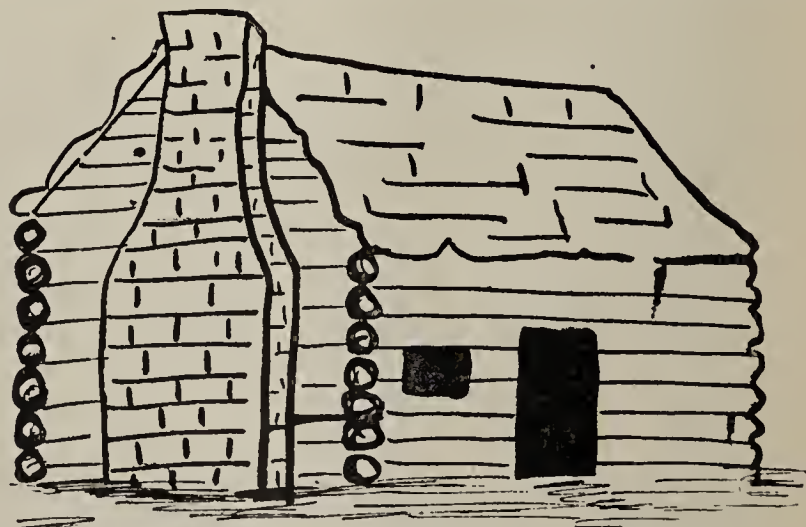
This little band was made up of about one hundred of the middle class of people. They all knew how to work. Some were mechanics, some farmers, and some merchants. They were all Separatists, that is, they did not believe as did the church of England. They hoped to plant this new spirit in the new soil. Before landing

they elected their own officers and took the Bible for their law.

Many differences are noted between the English colonies and the Spanish and French. In the English they came of their own accord; sometimes the king refused to give them a permit to go. In the Spanish and French colonies they were sent by the king. In the English colonies they did not come for furs and gold, but to find better homes, where they could be free from the tyranny of the Old World. They made their own laws instead of having them made for them. They elected their officers instead of having them sent to them. They did not come over for fame and glory as did the Spanish and French.

The Spanish and French sought gold and honor, the Pilgrims sought a home and a place to worship and be free. To prove this spirit, they went to work, they built homes, they established schools and churches and cleared the land for farming. They made such laws as would promote the best interest of the colony. In the English colonies the people made the laws for the people; in the Spanish and French colonies the king made the laws for the king.

This little band of Pilgrims laid the foundation for the English settlement in America. It was fed by the dissatisfied element in England, mainly the Puritan element that did not like the English church. In a few years many other settlements were made in that part of the country. All sects and creeds and beliefs flocked



A First Home in the New Country.

to this part of the New World, until dissention arose among themselves. The same spirit that came up in the Old World came up here. They were unwilling to grant others the same freedom they took. They commenced to forget the object in coming to America. But their theory or ex-

planation was that each church should have a separate settlement. They felt that it was right for them to exclude other denominations.

Roger Williams was the central figure in this controversy. He claimed the right to worship at any place according to the dictates of his conscience. He was banished, and founded another colony where he carried out his convictions. Providence became a place where all could worship as they pleased.

Another thing tested the earnestness of purpose of these pilgrims. The soil was not adapted to farming. It was covered with stones and was not fertile. It was impossible to lay out big farms and commence to cultivate them as they did in Illinois. Their farms were small. Many of them came over in bands, often led by their favorite pastor. They settled near one another on small farms. This gave them the opportunity of using churches and school-houses in common. It afforded them the opportunity of protecting themselves against the Indians, as the Indians were hostile and refused to give up the land to the settlers. Thus the people early learned to sacrifice personal desires for the sake of the community in which they lived.

The school boy should be permitted to take a peep into one of these settlements, some Sunday morning, and see the steady old Puritan going to church, accompanied by his wife and family, and, for protection, carrying a flintlock gun. He should see the little church, surrounded by a board fence to keep away the Indians. He should see the people in the church at worship. (Sometimes they stayed all day).

He should see the farmer clearing his farm, and the carpenter building the houses. If he makes an exploration of the settlement he will find that all are at work. When he sees all of these things he will be able to forgive them for some of their peculiar beliefs. He will remember that Luther and Calvin punished reformers who wished to reform faster than they.

Principles of liberty are like century plants—they grow slowly. The Puritan, having come to the New World for liberty, had not enough of it, at first, to give to others that which he demanded himself. But this

dissention gave liberty a chance to grow. It caused Roger Williams to establish a colony where worship was free to all, the only such colony in the New World. It was the first nail in that constitution which says, "Congress shall make no laws respecting the establishing of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

While the principle of free religious thought was slowly growing, the same freedom of thought was being developed in governmental affairs. The people were of the middle class and hated distinction. They therefore refused to recognize titles of nobility or rank. As the settlements were largely made up of groups, led by their pastors, these groups formed the unit of government. In England, such divisions were called townships, and the same name was given them here.

The township had a local government and elected representatives to the colonial govern-

COMMON SCHOOL HYMNS

TEACHERS MAGAZINE gives each month at least one hymn suitable for the common schools where children of all religious beliefs are gathered together. These hymns have been selected with great care, and the editor feels confident that they will prove a welcome collection to teachers everywhere. If you know of any favorite hymn which might be included please tell us about it. We want all the best things to be had in this magazine.

God Bless Our Native Land.

GIARDINI,

1. God bless our na - tive land! Firm may she ev - er stand,
2. For her our prayer shall rise To God a - bove the skies;

Thro' storm and night; When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of
On Him we wait. Thou who hast heard each sigh, Watch - ing each

wind and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might.
weep - ing eye, Be Thou for - ev - er nigh— God save the State.

ment. This the English people had been doing for a long time.

The Building of a Democracy.

The New England township was governed by the town meeting. In early days this meeting was in the church, near the center of the township. Near the church was the common, with the school-house and the blockhouse or fort. All male church members twenty-one years old could vote, but in Rhode Island and Connecticut all males twenty-one years old could vote.

All the voters assembled once a year to make the laws and regulate the affairs of the township. In early days they were compelled to attend these meetings or pay a fine. In this meeting they elected their officers for the year, voted taxes, provided for education, arranged for the building of roads and for the care of the poor. This body also elected representatives of the colonial body.

This same body looked after the building of school-houses, the appointment of teachers and selecting subjects to be taught. They even compelled the parent to provide for the education of his children. A parent who refused to make this provision was fined. So we can see that compulsory education is not a new thing. People who visited the New England colonies were surprised to find that almost every person could read and write. In England, half of the people were deprived of this privilege. The fact that the schools were for all made it a common problem. They were brought together on common grounds, and the children were placed on equal footing. So, day by day, they were learning to spell out the Declaration of Independence and learning to write the Constitution of the United States.

Could we have journeyed over New England about 1750, have seen the prevailing extent to which every man owned his own farm, and observed the honor in which labor was held, we should have concluded that there was the same equality in industry as in religion. It made no difference about the degree of his education or the office that he held or the social position, in every walk of life he was a gentleman.

Difference in Spirit.

How different was the life in the Spanish and French colonies! There the laborer was almost driven to work and was allowed to share but little of the proceeds of his labor. He was regarded as an inferior being and was not allowed to associate in the best society. He was not in line for governmental positions. He could look forward to nothing but hard work. Therefore, he just existed. Is it any question why the Englishman made the best soldier, when it came to fighting for his country? The one had patriotic feeling for his country and was anxious to defend it; the other had to be driven into the fight.

An Aristocratic Colony.

In Virginia there was marked difference in the class of settlers, and some difference in the form of government. The men who settled in Virginia were gentlemen who came across the ocean to get rich and then return. They expected to find

plenty of gold for their trouble. Finding no gold they were forced to go to work. The soil of Virginia was good and produced excellent crops. Therefore, the settlers went to farming on a large scale. The Indians taught them the use of tobacco and they devoted the most of the time to raising it. There was a good market for it in England. Slaves were introduced and became profitable. They were used to work on the large farms and plantations as these were called. Out of this grew two classes, the laboring class and the gentleman. Society was divided, and one class was not allowed to associate with the other. This held down all classes of persons who labored.

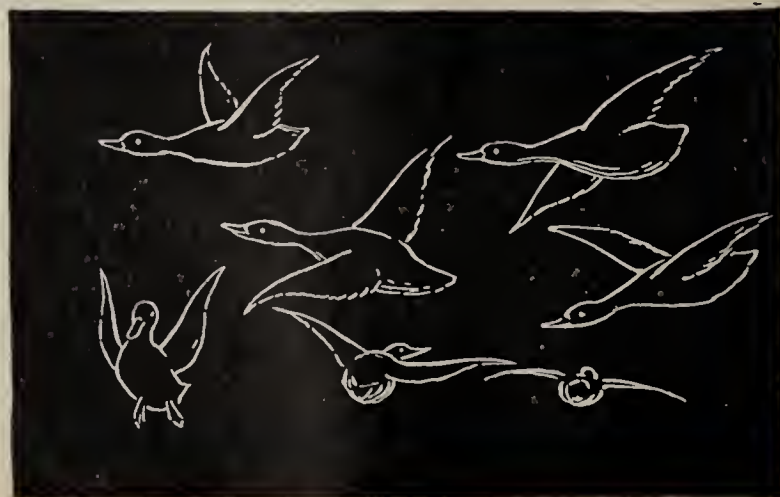
Only the aristocratic people of Virginia took part in making the laws. As there were but few of this class the township system was not practicable. The county system was inaugurated. However, they had what was called the Court Day, which took the place of the town meeting. The people of every class came from far and near and gathered on the courthouse commons. Here they mingled together, settled their debts, made contracts, rented lands, and had a good time.

The county system recognized the county as the unit and held yearly meetings with but the higher class as representatives. The lower class was excluded. While the lower class was neglected, the higher class was trained thoroly in patriotism and was taught to love freedom. This was exemplified in Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Madison, and Monroe. When the rights of the colonies were taken away no one saw it sooner than these brave Virginians. It was here in Virginia that the first representative body met in America.

Free schools were neglected in Virginia. Only the rich could afford to send their children away to school, or furnish a private teacher for them, so we can see that it was only the wealthy who were educated. While the South had liberty loving people, they could not see that this liberty should extend to all classes. Church restrictions were not so great, but all were taxed to support the English church.

If the student can be led to see the spirit of the whole movement in the colonial life in America, it will not be hard for him to see why Spain and France were crowded out and why England was victorious on the field of battle.

NOTE.—Miss Helm's valuable series on the teaching of citizenship in the schools will be continued next month.



Saved by Fried Chicken

THAT fried chicken should have been an important part of the American Revolution seems almost an absurd idea, and yet a dish of the toothsome dainty helped greatly to tide the country over a crisis. The story is preserved in the annals of the Walker family of Virginia. In the year 1781 the Virginia legislature moved from Richmond to Charlottesville. Colonel Tarleton, of the British Army, started with a large force of soldiers to capture it. He halted for breakfast at the plantation of Dr. Joseph Walker, some twenty miles from Charlottesville, his destination. Rations were given to the men, and the plantation cook set to work to prepare a real Virginia breakfast for the colonel and his staff.

Meanwhile a messenger started off in hot haste for Charlottesville to warn the legislature and Thomas Jefferson, then governor of Virginia, of the coming of the British force. Mr. Jefferson was at his home at Monticello, a short distance from the town.

Twice, Dinah, the cook, made ready a delicious dish of fried chicken with cream gravy—not at all hastening in the preparation of it—and twice when her back was turned some of the hungry British soldiers dashed into the kitchen and carried it off.

As Colonel Tarleton was very hungry, he became furious at the delay. The host explained the cause of the delay and offered to have a breakfast served at once, if the colonel would be satisfied with what there was. But under the circumstances, he added, fried chicken would be impossible unless he “set a corporal’s guard to protect the cook.”

Tarleton was more or less a glutton. He thought an instant and then concluded: “I am going to have fried chicken whatever may happen, and I will wait for it. Adjutant, set a guard over those rascally thieves.”

The guard was set, and in due time the chicken was fried and eaten. The delay had, however, enabled the messenger to reach Charlottesville and give the alarm. Both Jefferson and the legislature had escaped from the town before Tarleton with his men reached there.

The capture of the Virginia legislature and Gov-

ernor Jefferson would have been a stunning blow to the fortunes of the young republic.

American Policy According to Washington

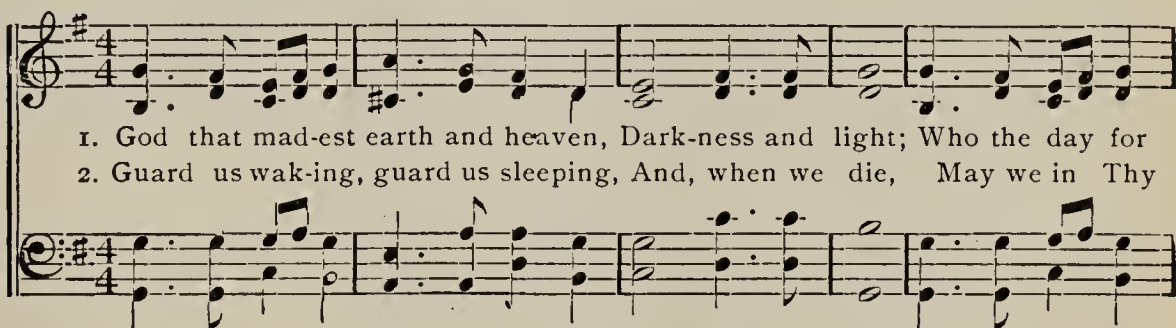
After peace had been formally proclaimed in the American Army in 1783, General Washington addressed a letter to each of the governors of the several states of the Union. He believed four things to be essential to the wellbeing of the nation. These essentials, he said, were: “An indissoluble union of the states under one general head; a sacred regard for public justice; the adoption of a proper peace establishment, and the prevalence of that pacific and friendly disposition among the people of the United States, which will induce them to forget their local prejudices and politics, to make those mutual concessions which are requisite to the general prosperity, and, in some instances, to sacrifice their individual advantages to the interest of the community. These,” he added, “are the pillars on which the glorious fabric of our independency and national character must be supported.”

COMMON SCHOOL HYMNS.

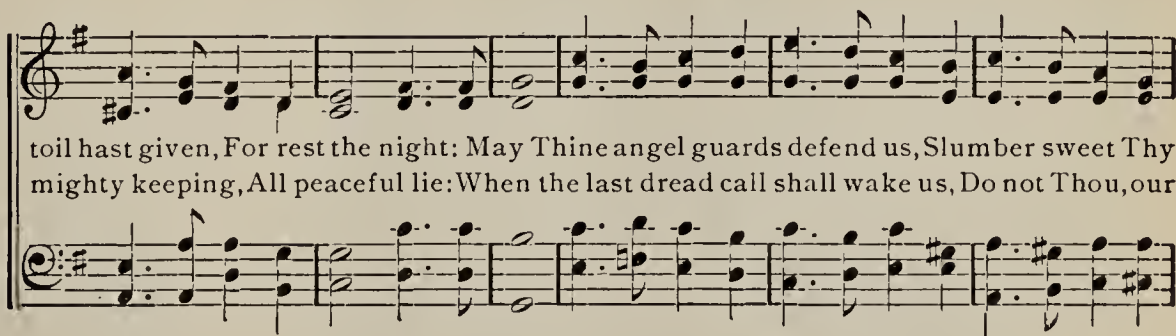
God that Madest Earth and Heaven.

Words by BISHOP HEBER, 1827; rev. by ARCHBISHOP WHATELY, 1855.

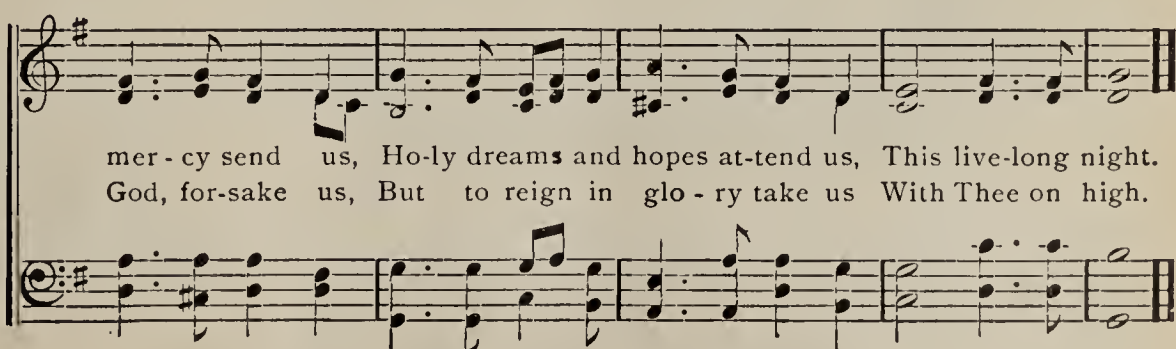
Old Welsh Melody.



1. God that mad-est earth and heaven, Dark-ness and light; Who the day for
2. Guard us wak-ing, guard us sleeping, And, when we die, May we in Thy



toil hast given, For rest the night: May Thine angel guards defend us, Slumber sweet Thy
mighty keeping, All peaceful lie: When the last dread call shall wake us, Do not Thou, our



mer-cy send us, Ho-ly dreams and hopes at-tend us, This live-long night.
God, for-sake us, But to reign in glo-ry take us With Thee on high.

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Little Talks on School Management. III

By Randall N. Saunders, Hudson, N. Y.

Getting to Work.

I ASSUME that you agree with me that little of permanent value can be accomplished in school work without good order. The secret of obtaining this without being "cursed for a tyrant or kicked for a tool" is almost as difficult of discovery, for those who have it not, as the fabled philosopher's stone; and those who have become possessors of this magic property of turning all to bright and pleasing gold find it as difficult of description as it was of discovery. Yet this power can be attained, and quickly, by one who has a natural endowment for leadership, and also by one who is under good self-control and practices exactly what he preaches.

In a well regulated school the pupils come in quietly when the bell rings, without laughter, giggling or talking across the seats. After the opening exercises there are two ways of getting to work: One of a careless, noisy, petulant preparation, a hunting up of books, a sharpening of pencils, the doing of a hundred things that should have been done before school and that keeps the room in an uproar for from five to fifteen minutes, while the teacher stands helplessly rapping for calm; the other, of a quiet, orderly taking up of the implements at hand for use in the tasks of the session. For the attainment and maintaining of this latter condition we must strive.

What a shock it gives a school undisciplined to have an order compelling teacher take control! How injured the big boys look when they find they cannot go for the neglected pail of water! How dreadfully uncomfortable the hot, fussy, red-faced children look when they find they cannot spend ten, or fifteen minutes quarreling and splashing like greedy ducklings about the water pail, each in order or rather in disorder, to guzzle down a dipperful of water for no other purpose than to kill time! How they make blunt pencils squeak! How they will idle for want of the book for which they are not allowed to turn the school-room topsy turvy, and how the tardy ones open their eyes to find their lost time charged up to them to be made up out of play time—in short, how these little obstructionists will squirm and kick until they are satisfied that order is inevitable, and that the teacher is as kindly and inflexible as the power that brings in the days and the seasons with benign and undisturbed regularity.

It takes but a short time to create a "new heaven and a new earth" out of such a little chaos—a new regime of neatness, quiet, and punctuality that enables the teacher at five or ten minutes past nine to view his little charge silently at its individual tasks.

You demand that everything be in readiness. Desks in order, books arranged, pencils sharpened, hair combed, hands washed, thirst assuaged—everything in readiness for taking up

the work of the session; and, when this condition has been attained, there is nothing under the sun left to do after the opening exercises but to go to work.

Boys and girls are not infallible, neither is it to be expected that they will always be thoughtful, and, as one does not wish to seem unreasonable and may even desire to be indulgent, I have found that a warning bell rung five or ten minutes before the final call is an excellent means of reminding all of duties unperformed, while it removes often the necessity of speaking, and leaves no possible excuse for the pupils' not being prepared for work at the proper time.

Perfection in any condition will ever remain an ideal, yet it is worthy of a persistent attempt at attainment. There will always be the boy or the girl who dislikes school, and is forever tardy; there will ever be the innocently forgetful to deprive whom of some prized pleasure will bring tears to your own eyes; there will ever be the persistent one who spends the largest part of the time inventing excuses for breaking in on the regular order; but, by witchcraft (I have grave doubts about the value of switchcraft at any time), you may get these discordant elements harmonized—inspired with your own zeal for the general good, and make of them aids instead of hindrances in your plan, plea, and progress for good order.

There will ever be lots of little things to keep the school-house about seven doors below Paradise; but with the good Persian, you can walk the bridge Chinvat, which is said to be a hair in width, and ever strive with the Divs and the Jinns of disorder for the peace of your soul.



The Story of a Wee Gray Mouse.

BY ELLEN RUBY PERRY.

A wee, gray mouse wished to see the world. So he left the nest, in the warm barn, and ran through the yard to a wood pile.



When he heard a step he hid, and when no one was near, he ran up and down the pile of wood to see what there was that would be good to eat.

Soon he heard the old white hen, and this was what she said: “Cluck, cluck, cluck!” (it meant, “Come, come, come!”) and then “Cluck, cluck, cluck!” once more. Just one wee chick came and stood by the old white hen.

The gray mouse could see that she was buff, and that she looked like a soft ball with a head and two feet. The old white hen scratched, and scratched, and made the dirt fly, and the buff chick ate the worms which she dug out.

Then the gray mouse thought he would like a bit of good food, but he did not wish for a worm. He was not fond of worms.

Soon he saw a bird fly down to the foot of an old tree near the wood pile. He ran to see what the bird would do. Two doves, with their soft “Coo-roo-coo-roo,” were there as soon as he was, and he saw what they tried to reach.



Corn, as bright as gold, lay on the ground, and the gray mouse thought he would try to eat it. But when he got so near that he could pick it up, the bird and the doves drove him off.



But, oh, worse than birds, with stiff wings that can hurt so when they strike, was the old white, barn cat, named Tip, so close to him that he could feel her hot breath. Where could he, where should he go?

How would it feel to be held fast in those sharp claws? "Squeak, squeak, squeak!" cried the gray mouse, which meant, "Oh dear, what shall I do?"



"Bow, wow, wow, Bow, wow, wow!" he heard, and then old Tip spit at Gyp, the pet dog of the house, and he felt safe while they fought. Where could he hide?

An old hat lay half way up the wood pile, that John the hired man, threw off one day when he went to town to sell the cream. It saved him for that one time, but Tip knew, too well, the taste of a fat, young mouse. She would catch him soon, if she could.

The wee gray mouse had such a fright, when he found that Tip would try to catch him, that he made up his mind to find some other home. He ran up the road, when the moon shone that night. He wet his feet in the dew, but he felt safe from Tip, so he did not care.

He slept in a pile of grass and leaves till the sun shone bright. Then he heard a voice singing a sweet song. A little girl in a blue dress, was singing as she walked along. She had a bright tin pail in her hand, and the wee, gray mouse felt sure that there were good things to eat in it.



The girl, whose name was Ann, was on her way to school. She was but eight years old, yet she must walk a mile to get there. The wee gray mouse thought it would be quite safe for him to go, too. He did not lose



The small pictures may be used to illustrate compositions on Thanksgiving, Farm Life, the first page of his composition.

For the lowest grades sentences may be written on the blackboard, about the Cow and Milk written lesson.



ow or Butter-Making. Cut the pictures from the page and let each child have one to paste on
g. The very wee folk will enjoy, most of all, having each a picture at the top of his own

sight of her at all, but he had to hide when he saw a cat or a dog. At last, he reached the house where the school was kept.

The boys and girls were at play in the yard when he got there, so he had to wait till Miss Day rang the bell that called them in. Then he ran close to the house and kept still till there was a chance for him to go in.

The small room which he saw was the hall where the boys and girls left their coats and hats. He saw ten tin pails, like Ann's, hung there.

High up on the wall was a long shelf, and on this shelf, was an old box. In this box the wee gray mouse hid to hear what the boys and girls did in school.

They were so noisy, that it made his head ache. His back and legs ached too, from his long run, and so he went to sleep, and slept so hard that he did not know when the boys and girls went home.

When he woke up, he saw that the big door was shut. As he heard no noise he got down for a run. He ran through a wide crack, and there he was in the room where the boys and girls had made so much noise.

He could smell bread, and fruit, and cheese, and meat, and cake. So he ran round to find them. Oh, such good crumbs! The wee gray mouse was sure that he should stay in such a fine home a long time.

For more than a week the wee gray mouse did not dare to come out when the boys and girls were at school. But one day the room was so still, when they wrote in their books, that he thought he would take a run to the back of the room and find what was there.

No one saw him at first, but soon a big boy spied him and laughed. Then the teacher looked, and she too saw the wee gray mouse.

Miss Day told the boys and girls to keep still, for the mouse could not hurt them, and she would like to tame him and keep him at school. So she put down some crumbs on the floor, and no one turned round.



By and by the wee gray mouse ran to the crumbs and picked up one. It was sweet, and it smelled of clove, so he picked up the next one, and the next, till all were gone.

Then he ran back to his place in the box on the long shelf on the wall. Not a boy or a girl saw just where he went.

One day a cat ran by the house. A boy who sat in front of the door asked Miss Day if he might shut it, as he feared the wee gray mouse would see the cat and run off. Not a boy or a girl would hurt or scare the gray mouse.

They tried to tame him, and they did. One day he ran up on the big globe by the side of Miss Day's desk. He sat there a while, and looked quite wise.

The boys and girls said that he loved school more than they did, for he stayed there all the time. They named him Nib.

But there came a sad day for Nib, when the boys and girls took their books, and their bright tin pails, and went to their homes for a long rest. Miss Day went off in the cars to her home.

Then the wee gray mouse found it very dull. He went out to the grove of green trees near the school, to find some mouse friends, with whom to spend the long, warm days.

When the boys and girls came back to school, the next term, they looked in the box, they put down nice crumbs, they called, but no Nib came.





COTTON PLANT SHOWING LEAVES,
FLOWERS, CLOSED AND OPEN BOLLS
AND ROOT.

H. G. WILSON



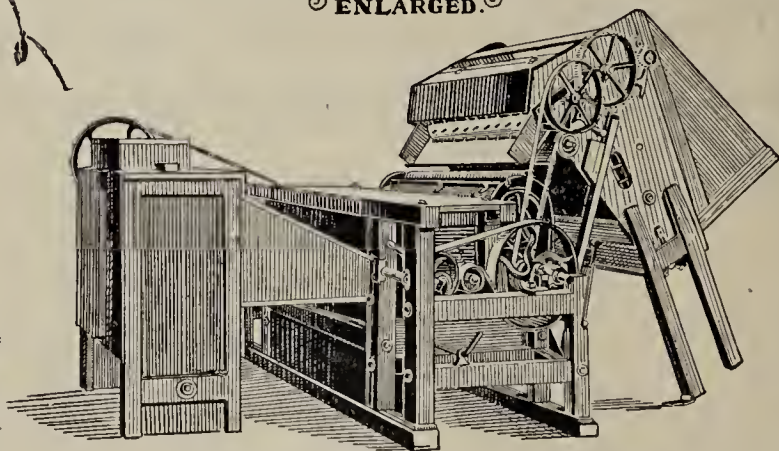
A COTTON SEED
WITH FIBRE ATTACHED,
ENLARGED.



COTTON BOLL



BLOSSOM
ENLARGED.



SAW GIN WITH FEEDER.

COTTON

The cotton plant is cultivated in almost all warm countries.

The best quality is raised in the southern part of the United States.

As each flower drops from the plant a seed pod takes its place.

These pods are three-sided, and are about the size of a walnut. When ripe burst open, showing the cotton stored within.

Nature Study and Geography

A Lesson on Cotton.

Fair befall the cotton tree
Long may it grow,
Bearing in its seeded pod,
Cotton, white as snow.

THE cotton plant, from which we obtain the cotton that is made into so many articles of clothing, grows in the hot parts of the earth. Large quantities are raised in the southern states of our own country.

The plant grows wild in Asia, Africa, and also in America. In Asia, the countries where it is cultivated in quantity are Egypt, China, and India; in Africa, the region in the neighborhood of the Senegal and Niger.

Cotton is grown in America, in Mexico, and the West Indies, as well as in the United States. The best in the world is raised in Carolina and Georgia. It is called "Sea Island cotton" because it is grown in the sandy districts near the coast.

All varieties of cotton require a dry, sandy soil. It will thrive where the ground is too poor for any other crop. It likes to be near the ocean, because the salt water and mud from the marshes are a help in its growth; yet too much moisture will destroy the crop.

In general appearance the cotton plant is similar to the holyhock. Some species are very large, but the kinds in general cultivation grow to a height of from two to three feet.

The leaves are dark green, shaped much like those of the sycamore tree. (A picture of the sycamore leaf, blossom, and fruit is given in this magazine.)

The flowers are pale yellow, and purple in the center. They are shaped like the blossoms of the hollyhock.

The fruit has three cells or compartments. It holds a large number of seeds. When it has grown to about the size of an English walnut it bursts, exposing to view a soft, white material—the "cotton."

How Cotton is Made.

Before planting, the land on which cotton is to be raised is plowed into ridges and drills about five feet apart. Along the tops of the ridges the seeds are sown.

Soon after the first leaves appear above ground the plants are thinned out, so as to allow plenty of room for the strongest and healthiest. They are hoed and weeded continually.

The greatest danger to the growing plants is a destructive caterpillar, which eats into the stem. Sometimes a whole crop is ruined by the ravages of this worm.

The harvest is gathered in from five to six

months after planting. In some places the pod is gathered with the cotton, but the husk is brittle, and the bits break off and mix with the raw cotton, making this difficult to clean. People are accordingly usually hired to take out the cotton and seeds from the husks. To do this, they wait until the pods open. As some pods open later than others, several weeks are required for the harvesting.

The cotton is usually picked in the morning, because if left until the middle of the day the sun would discolor it. The gathering must be done in dry weather, for moisture would turn the cotton moldy. The picker carries a bag, suspended from his neck, in which he places the cotton.

The seeds are separated from the cotton wool by a gin such as is shown in the large picture. After being cleaned the "wool" is then packed in large bundles called "bales." The cotton is pressed very closely together to form the bales, usually by "hydraulic pressure." Pupils of the upper grades will enjoy studying up, from the cyclopedia or text-book on physics, just how work is done by hydraulic pressure, and the principles upon which it depends.

The following vivid description of a cotton plantation was written by an English visitor to America:

"Here I am in the land of cotton. As I look out of my window I see the fields all around me. The cotton fields of these southern states of America are among the finest of the world.

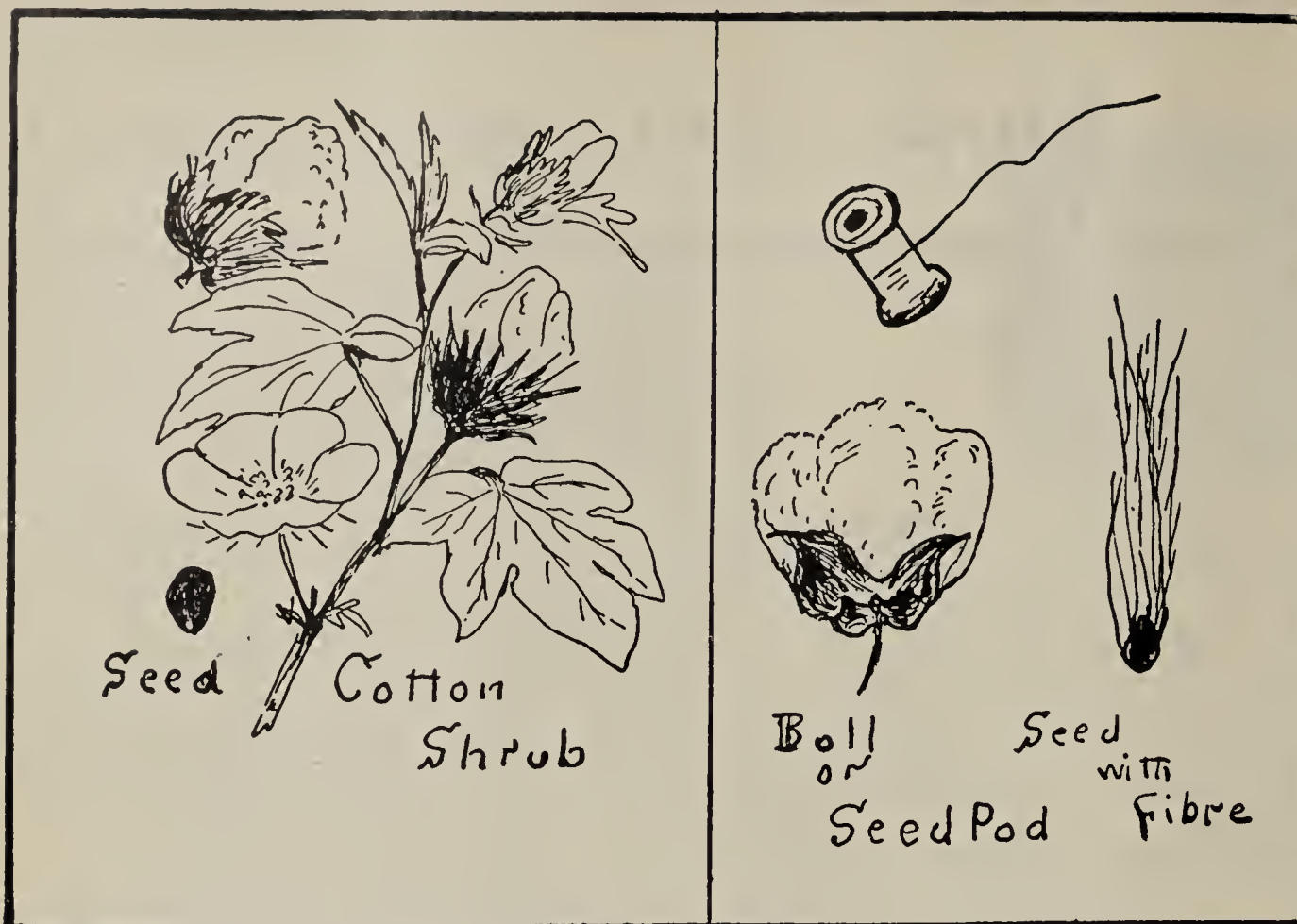
"The harvest is ready, and the soft white cotton is being picked by the negroes. I can lift up my head and see their black shining faces peeping over the great baskets filled with their snowy loads.

"We speak of the cotton plant; it is really more like a tree. Think of a field of currant bushes planted in rows, and you will have some idea of it, tho the bush sometimes grows seven feet high.

"The bolls which hold the cotton open when ripe, and out puffs the white down. You would think that the bushes were covered with large, white flowers.

"If you look very closely, you will find little seeds all thru the cotton. These must be removed before the cotton is fit to be spun, or woven into cloth. It was a long and difficult task to remove them until the cotton gin was invented. This is a machine that takes the seeds out very easily and quickly.

"These seeds are not the ones which are planted; there are others for that purpose. But these ground, and pressed, make fine oil, and what is left after the oil is out makes good food for cattle."



A great deal of raw cotton is shipped to Liverpool, England, the greatest cotton port in the world. Much of it goes to New England, to be made into cloth or thread in the mills of Fall River and Lowell, Mass., or Manchester, N. H. Large quantities are spun or woven in mills in the states where the cotton is raised.

A Dictation Lesson.

Cotton is the downy covering of the seeds of the cotton plant.

The cotton plant grows in hot countries, such as the southern part of North America, Egypt, and India.

Cotton is picked by hand out of the pod in which it grows. The seeds are separated from the cotton wool by a machine called a gin.

When the cotton wool has been freed from the seeds, it is pressed into bags or bales.

The cotton wool is twisted to form thread or yarn. Several yarns twisted together form sewing cotton.

Much of the cotton yarn is woven into calico.

Autumn Leaf Study.

By SARAH H. WILLIS New Jersey.

The early autumn, before they begin to change color, is the best time to study leaves. There is an endless variety of forms, but with young children a careful study may be made only of the most simple.

Children will readily respond if asked to bring in as many different shaped leaves as they can find. These may be selected according to their general shapes, as lance-shaped, oblong, heart-shaped, arrow-shaped, or shield-shaped. Differences will be noticed in the apex of the leaves and also in the margin, whether entire or toothed. Some will be found to be cut sharply, like the teeth of a saw, while others are scal-

loped. Then, too, there will appear the leaf that is lobed, like the hepatica, or one that is divided, as the clover.

The parts of the leaf are the stem, the blade, and the stipules. Not all leaves do have all of these parts. In some leaves the blade rests on the main stem of the plant. Many leaves do not have stipules.

It is interesting to study the veining of the leaves. The children will be

able to find leaves of parallel veining, as the lily-of-the-valley and Indian corn. The maple leaf is a good example of the radiate-veined leaf. The main ribs that radiate from the base of the leaf may be discovered, and the veins that branch off from these.

As the leaves are brought in and talked about it will be well to press them and mount them upon card-board, thus making a chart for our leaf study.

Making Blue-Prints.

Before mounting the leaves it is interesting to make a set of blue-prints of the various kinds. This work will be very much appreciated by the children, and some of the older pupils can assist in preparing the leaves. The blue-print paper is not expensive, and a frame costs only a few cents. If one wants to be truly economical, the blue-print paper may be easily made.

A plain white paper, not too heavy, is best for the purpose. The chemicals necessary are sixty grains of iron and ammonia and forty grains of red prussiate of potash. These should each be dissolved in a half ounce of water and when ready to apply to the paper the two solutions should be mixed together. With a small brush wash the paper with the solution and allow it to dry in a dark room.

To make the print place the leaf in the frame next to the glass. Then slip in a sheet of the blue-print paper and fasten the spring on the frame. Place outside of a window in the sunlight for ten or twenty minutes, according to the strength of the sun. (This can best be learned by experimenting.) Remove the paper from the frame and wash carefully in running water or allow it to stand in a bowl of water for a short time, changing the water frequently. Dry between blotting paper and let the blue-print remain in a book or under pressure so that the paper will be perfectly smooth when dry.

The Turkey.

By CLARABEL GILMAN, Boston.

A RECENT authority on American game birds calls the wild turkey the "largest and most magnificent game bird in the world, and one of the best, if not the best, of food birds." The common domestic turkey can hardly be called handsome, with its back and wings of a dull grayish bronze, and its head so small that the body looks heavy and clumsy. But whether beautiful or not, as the largest and the only purely American bird among our domestic poultry, and as inseparably connected with Thanksgiving and Christmas festivities, it is one of the most interesting subjects of the kind for study in our schools.

Striking Characteristics.

With the head and upper part of the neck entirely bare of feathers, the dewlap on the throat and the curious outgrowth on the crown, and the conspicuous tuft of long, hair-like feathers hanging from the breast, the turkey is indeed a strongly marked bird. To these striking points we must add also the broad, rounded tail of fourteen to eighteen feathers. While all fowls are easily recognized by the stout, solidly built body, the rather small head and long neck, in turkeys the disproportion between the head and the body is carried so far as almost to seem like a deformity, but the plumage is so fine in some varieties that one almost forgets this lack of symmetry.

Varieties.

The principal varieties of the domestic turkeys are Bronze, Narragansett, White Holland, Buff, State, and Black. The Narragansett is the variety so long raised in the state of Rhode Island that it became famous as the Rhode Island turkey, and the buff turkey is often considered the most beautiful, but the bronze turkey is the largest and hardiest, many two-year old birds weighing from thirty-five to forty pounds.

How Turkeys are Raised.

Wild turkeys roam widely in search of food, and the wild nature is still so strong in the domestic bird that it cannot be kept on small farms or in gardens, but is at its best only when allowed a wide range over pastures and cultivated land. Turkeys would only die in small yards where hens and chickens thrive. At the Rhode Island Experiment Station, where the best methods of raising turkeys have been carefully studied, the young birds have been found to do best when allowed to run on high, dry pasture with short grass and no trees—the old ones enjoy roosting in trees even in the severest winter weather and are much healthier if allowed this freedom than if housed in a comfortable shed.

Wild turkey hens have for so many centuries exhausted all their ingenuity in hiding their nest from the crow, which watches their movements and in their absence eats the eggs, that the instinct of secrecy is strong in the farm bird. A few dry leaves in a hollow that she scoops out in the ground serves her as a nest. Or she will

take advantage of a barrel that her wise owner has thoughtfully turned on its side in some secluded spot. Half-wild turkeys will often hide their nests so skilfully that the first indication that they have made them will be their appearance with a flock of little poults. Turkey hens lay more eggs than they can sit upon, so the first ones are placed under hens and only the last given to their rightful mother. Exactly four weeks are required for the hatching.

So delicate are very young turkey poults that for the first few weeks of their lives they require the most devoted and tender care. Lice, dampness, and filth are their worst enemies, and they must first and last be kept dry. To insure this, the coops should be often moved to fresh ground, and the little birds should not run thru tall, wet grass or be exposed to showers until they have a thick covering of feathers on their backs. A drenching may be fatal unless they are a once taken into a warm room to dry.

It is said, however, that "neglect to exterminate lice causes more loss among little turkeys than any other cause." This danger may be warded off by killing the pests on the mother before she is set, then putting her and the poults into a clean coop, dusting them three times a week with insect powder, and rubbing lard on the top of their heads.



Fig. 1. Pure wild gobbler bred in confinement. As the bird had to be placed in a small pen in order to get any picture of him at all, it was impossible to represent his naturally free carriage. It should be carefully noted that the beak is not open, but the comb falls over it in such a way as to look in a small picture like the upper jaw. (From Bulletin No. 25 of the Rhode Island Agricultural Experiment Station.)

cooped, they must have plenty of green food, such as chopped onions and lettuce, to keep them healthy, and they must be able to get fine gravel, bits of charcoal, and crushed shells whenever they wish.

Wild Turkeys.

The study of turkeys in their wild state would be most fascinating, if only we could have the living bird before us, strutting majestically in the sunlight, which gives to his bronze feathers a rich metallic sheen and plays over them in changing tints of red, deep purple, blue, and green. Not only is the wild turkey much hand-

somer than the tame bird, its flesh is also much more delicate for the table. The effect of the long warfare waged against wild turkeys by hunters has been to produce a race of splendidly developed, hardy birds, keen and alert in the continual presence of danger, and with their wits sharpened to a high degree of intelligence. But it has been no part of the hunter's plan to produce this noble race, and his only aim now is to shoot as many of them as possible. Hornaday says it is doubtful if a single flock of wild



Fig. 2. Trap for wild turkeys, made of logs, twelve or fourteen feet long and about four feet high. A trench a foot and a half wide and dug deep under one side of the pen leads into the enclosure. Indian corn is scattered in the trench and inside the cage, and a few grains are dropped here and there in the woods near by. The turkeys, eagerly looking for corn, pass thru the trench into the trap with their heads down; but when they have satisfied their hunger, they never think of searching for the narrow path by which they entered, but try in vain to force their way out thru the top and sides of the pen. — (From *Turkeys and How to Grow Them*, edited by Herbert Myrick.)

turkeys exists in the north anywhere west of Pennsylvania, and "the gunners of the cattle ranches are fast killing them off in Oklahoma and Texas."

Perhaps the most striking difference in the appearance of the wild and the domestic turkey is the just mentioned keenness and alertness of the former, its bright hazel eyes gleaming with suspicion and intelligence. To this we must add a development of chest, a breadth of shoulder, and a firmness of step, which, with his alertness of appearance, stamp the bird at once as the untamed child of the forest. Like other forest dwellers, whose food is at times uncertain, he has developed the power to thrive on less food than the domestic bird. The unrelenting persecution of the gunners has changed the wild turkey from a bird so tame as to be called stupid to the shyest and wariest of fowls, and the French Canadian saying, "As stupid as a turkey," is true only of the farm bird. When our Pilgrim fathers inaugurated the New England Thanksgiving feast, their boards may well have been graced by gobblers weighing nearly sixty pounds, but it has for many years been unusual to find

them of more than twenty-five pounds. When fully grown, they are about four feet high and weigh from fifteen to twenty pounds, though they may increase in weight later, while the hen weighs from nine to fifteen pounds.

There are two species of wild turkey, one found in the United States and Mexico, and the other in Honduras. The domestic bird is the descendant of the Mexican turkey.

Crosses between wild turkeys and the farm birds used to be very common in the days when the wild birds were plenty. A gobbler marching in from the woods would coolly take possession of a flock, killing the male in charge if he dared to resist. The young of such flocks are so much healthier and hardier that the crossing has often been brought about by catching young wild birds and bringing them up with the tame ones or by finding a nest in the woods and hatching out the eggs with the farm dwellers. The birds from these eggs are very gentle and more fearless than tame birds, but if frightened in any way they are quickly made shy and wild again, and they refuse to roost with the other turkeys, choosing the woods or the top of a house or barn for their perch. Wild birds brought up in this way on the farm are very seldom attacked by disease, and when wild turkeys are crossed with tame ones it is said that "the wild blood gives the cross an astonishing ability to care for themselves."

When North America was settled, wild turkeys were found everywhere in the east, and in Audubon's day they were still abundant throughout the Mississippi valley, migrating from one district to another as they needed in order to obtain food. The following account of their migrations is condensed from his writings:


Early in October the birds assemble in flocks, which move towards the rich bottom lands of the Ohio and Mississippi; the gobblers by themselves in parties of from ten to one hundred, the females advancing singly, each with its brood of young, then about two-thirds grown, or in connection with other families, forming companies of seventy or eighty individuals.

These bands are all intent on shunning the old cocks, which even when the young have reached this size, will fight them and often kill them by repeated blows on the head. Old and young, however, all move in the same course and on foot, unless a river has to be crossed or the hunter's dog forces them to take wing. When they come to a river they remain for a day or two on the highest points of land near it, the males gobbling, calling, and strutting about, as if trying to raise their courage to the proper pitch, and the young and females running round each other and taking extravagant leaps. Finally, all mount to the tops of the highest trees, the leader gives a single cluck, and the whole flock takes flight for the opposite shore, the old and fat birds easily flying across a river a mile wide. If the younger and weaker ones fall into the water, as they often do, with wings close to the body and the tail spread out as a support they strike out vigorously for the shore. If they find it too steep for a landing, they float down

the stream to a more accessible part, where they generally manage by a violent effort to raise themselves out of the water. After crossing a broad river in this way they wander about for a time as if bewildered and are then easily shot by the hunter. Once on their feeding grounds they separate into smaller flocks of both sexes and all ages mingled, and devour everything they can find, even sometimes entering stables and corn cribs in search of food. Audubon tells an interesting story of a wild gobbler which he caught when it was not more than two or three days old, and which became so tame under his care that it would follow any person who called it, and was the favorite of the village. Tho so tame, it would never roost with the domestic turkeys but regularly took up its perch on the roof of the house, where it remained till dawn. When two years old it began to fly off to the woods, where it would spend a large part of the day, returning home at night.

“It continued this practice,” he says, “until the following spring, when I saw it several times

fly to the top of a high cotton tree on the Ohio, from which after resting a little it would sail to the opposite shore, the river being nearly half a mile wide, and return towards night. One morning I saw it fly off at a very early hour to the woods in another direction, but took no particular notice of the circumstance. Several days elapsed, but the bird did not return. I was going towards some lakes near Green River to shoot, when having walked five miles I saw a fine large gobbler cross the path before me, moving leisurely along. Turkeys being then in prime condition for the table I ordered my dog to chase it and put it up. The animal went off with great rapidity, and as it approached the turkey I saw with much surprise that the latter paid little attention. Juno was on the point of seizing it, when she suddenly stopped and turned her head towards me. I hastened to them, but you may easily conceive my surprise when I saw my own favorite bird and discovered that it had recognized the dog and would not fly from it, altho the sight of a strange dog would have caused it to run off at once.”



November

Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.

A Calendar Suggestion for the November Blackboard.

Studies of North America

A Series of Lessons Outlined by Adelaide R. Pender, Connecticut

(To be used in geography.)

Drainage of North America.

LET us see what the relief map of North America has to tell us about drainage. Turn to the map in your geographies, and tell me what your first impression of the river system of the United States is, of North America. Draw your fingers down over a wide section where there are few mountains or none. Why are there so many rivers in this wide belt? Lay your hand across a section where the rivers seem to divide—some flowing north to the Arctic ocean and others south to the Atlantic waters.

Close your eyes and try to see a height of land in the central part of the continent which is a barrier to the river systems. Rain which falls on the north slope of this height will run down and form rivers that flow into the Arctic ocean, and rain which falls on the south will form the rivers that flow into the Atlantic ocean or the Gulf of Mexico.

Names—Lengths.

Let us turn to the supplement in our geographies and find the names and lengths of some of the North American rivers.

Missouri-Mississippi, 4,200.

Mackenzie, 2,400.

St. Lawrence, 2,000.

Yukon, 2,000.

Nelson, 1,800.

Rio Grande, 1,800.

Columbia, 1,400.

Colorado, 1,100.

Story of a River.

Turn to the relief map of the United States. Let us see what story the Missouri-Mississippi has to tell us. Find with your pencils a place where the farthest branch of this river rises. Your story of surface tells you that it is very high in Montana. Here is a question to consider. Why did not this little stream flow toward the Pacific ocean? If the relief had been such that it could, what river would it have joined? Why did it flow north instead of south? Account for its numberless tributaries in this state alone. Close your eyes now and think the picture of the Missouri-Mississippi. Keep your pencil on the extreme end of the farthest tributary, in other words, one of the sources of this big river. High up in the mountains there is a little spring, there may be or there is a little mountain lake fed by numberless springs. Your story of springs and their formation will help you to think this picture.

The little stream flows thru magnificent scenery; great mountain walls tower over it or off in the distance. It hurries thru the wildest kind of country, with rocks, waterfalls, steep cliffs. Perhaps it passes by a few of those mountain sheep that are fast disappearing from the Rockies. Perhaps a great grizzly fords our

little stream, or wildcats, or deer, or other animals of this section are encountered in its rush down steep declivities ever lower and lower and ever larger and larger as other streams dash out from their gorges to join it. It flows by the dwelling of man frequently, when the valley is reached. And so on, ever deeper and wider, it sweeps across the great state of Montana until the more level lands of Dakota are reached. The soil is fertile and vast acres are under cultivation. The river grows more and more useful, it carries boats on its surface, but on it flows to meet the sea. Close your eyes and listen to my story of the river after it is joined by the Mississippi.

Teacher.—Paint vividly the story of the Mississippi down to the sea—the levees, serpentine route, steamers, marshes, and bayous at the mouth, vegetation, animal life in the bayous, jetties in the gulf, all afford material for a series of beautiful word pictures.

Soil.

To the Pupils.—Thru what kinds of soil does this long river flow? Your knowledge of soil study under surface will help you to read your map understandingly here. Where is there rocky soil, sandy, alluvial soil, marshy or swampy soil? Did you ever see a place where a river or stream took its rise? What kind of soil was there? What kinds of soil are near the river in your own town?

Vegetation.

Begin with the source of the Missouri-Mississippi and mention any kinds of vegetation on the way to the mouth. Where shall we find cotton fields? Trace this section on the map with your pencils. Trace the wheat, corn, rice, sugar-cane sections. Trace the forest region.

Make a list of the trees and plants that grow along the river near your home. Would you see any of these along the Missouri-Mississippi?

Occupations.

What occupations do the people along this river follow? Mention all of them. Are they similar to any followed by the people who live near the river in your own town or state?

Mention all the uses of this river to the people of the United States. How is it useful to people in other countries? How is it at times a menace to the people who live upon its banks?

To the Teacher.—Study each large river in this way—always comparing it with the river that the child has seen or lived near all its life. Thus the connection between his own environment and that of far-away people and places, will seem closer.

Pictures.

Have the pupils make a list of the river pictures of North America in their geographies and in supplementary geographies, with the pages, and then see that they are memorized in detail. This furnishes splendid home work.

The following is a suggestive list:

Mississippi and Tributaries.—Jetties of Mississippi; New Orleans; Cincinnati; Cleveland; Scene at St. Louis; Falls of Yellowstone; Falls Yosemite; Falls Shoshone; Falls of Niagara; Rapids of St. Marys; St. Lawrence; Dalles of Wisconsin; Palisades of Hudson; Canyon of Colorado; Erie canal; Platte river and canal.

Many more will be found among the geography pictures which have been collected from time to time.

Literature.

There is a delightful description of a river scene in the early pages of "Mosses from an Old Manse." Read "Beaver Brook" and some of Wordsworth's poems on the Yarrow, Rhine, and others. Tennyson's "Brook" should be learned, for its beauties will be appreciated and applied to streams with delight in all the after years of one's life. Other poems are "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," "Lady of Shalott," "Horatius at the Bridge," Bryant's "Green River," and perhaps best of all that charming story by Fouque, "Undine."

Among the novels that furnish graphic descriptions of river scenes are "Lorna Doone," "Mutual Friend," which gives us the seamy side of the river Thames, "Mill on the Floss."

Read these descriptions to the children and have them try to see the beautiful word pictures that follow, one after the other.

Falls, Mountains, Bridges.

In connection with the river study it is well to include a close study of pictures of falls and some literature bearing on this phase.

It is easy to collect pictures from geographies or elsewhere on falls in the Yellowstone, Yosemite falls, Niagara falls.

Among the poems the "Cataract of Lodore," by Southey, should be studied and learned. Then develop the beauty of falls; ask the children to try to think some of Southey's poem whenever they see a cataract "leaping in glory," to change Tennyson's words.

Study Herring's "Three Members of a Temperance Society" and also his "At the Pump" for fountain pictures. Among Meyer von Bremen's pictures are appealing ones with rills tumbling out of pumps like fountains.

A study of bridges is another topic that develops many interesting features. There are pictures of Brooklyn bridge, the Natural bridge in Virginia, and others in geographies. For literature read "Horatius at the Bridge," "Bridge of Sighs," Longfellow's "Bridge," and stories of bridges used for toll.

Descriptive Terms.

One of the most effective exercises for oral training in expression is to have the children describe a brook or river. The following words will help them to weave their thought into beautiful and graceful language. Words which describe the sounds that the brook makes: Chatters, murmurs over stony ways in little sharps and trebles, is music blent, low, faint beating on the rocks, is wild music gushing out, sings and chants, is

silent water, frets the tranquil banks, is a rumbling of mighty floods, has an eloquence deep.

The stream splutters, basks in the sunshine, beams in the sun's caresses, capers, caresses the flowers, dances, dips into hollows, flickers, flashes, flings out arms, follows little curves in the bank, leaps, hurries, pauses, rests, turns, twists, tumbles, weaves, wanders, sparkles bright in a luxury of sunny beams, has a cool, sweet brink. The breeze lingers idly, sunbeams dance on foamy flakes and silvery water.

Word Pictures from Notes.

One of the best exercises for strengthening the memory and furnishing vivid pictures of the country studied is to have the children read a few standard geographical books, making notes as they read. Then when a chapter is completed a summary of the pictures is made by means of the notes. At the conclusion of the entire book a summary is made of the whole, chapter by chapter.

The following notes were taken from Carpenter's "Geographical Reader" on North America, when the chapter on "Up the Mississippi" was read. Carpenter begins with the Gulf.

Cypress trees, moss, series of lakes, swamps, broad and extensive.

Thru Mississippi jetty to New Orleans, South Pass, soil of delta, how much silt brought down, James B. Eads and his work, how made the jetties, ships laden with cotton, grain, sugar, can see over city, cemeteries, houses, streets, size of cotton bale, cotton wharves, describe four pictures, Canal street, Natchez, Vicksburg, Memphis, windings of river, what Mark Twain said, 1,800 of levees, how mend break, floods, rafts, lumber from Red river, barges or flat boats, St. Louis.

Notes with pages where subjects were treated were also taken; these likewise suggested pictures.

Words like the following were used as the keynote to open up the series of pictures presented by Carpenter: Cotton bales, sugar, ships, levees, cemetery, population of New Orleans, houses, wharves, rice field, sugar field, cotton field, forests, animals, plants, cypress, steamers, and so on.

Scientific.

How may the geographical subject of rivers be used in the science talks? What scientific topics may be associated with rivers? Let us see. A river is a liquid, one of the three great divisions of matter. Motion, energy, momentum, velocity are all part of a river's story. Friction against banks and bed, erosion, science of pebbly bottom in swift currents and muddy bottom and shores of slow currents, salts and minerals that are carried in solution in rivers, why a river moves faster in the hill than in the level country, pressure of water in rivers, science of reservoirs, springs and their science, why people may not swim in Great Salt lake, how vessels float on rivers, color of water, and so on. The list of applicable topics here is long.

Morals and Manners

Autumn Work for Character-Growing

By LOUIE HENDERSON, Kansas.

HERE are a few things for children to do that will help to develop character: First of all, plants, green things agrowing. They have a softening influence over even the rudest boy. Chrysanthemums are a good flower for the school-room; have a few in buckets.

Some evening detain a couple of your largest boys and ask them if they will go by way of your house in the morning and help you carry over some flowers for the school-room. Be sure to ask for help, and if the boys you ask are the worst boys in the school, so much the better. With these leaders once won over as flower friends the rest will be easy.

That morning give a chrysanthemum talk as part of the opening exercises. Have some of the beautiful colored plates which are sent out by the seed companies; show the children the pictures and tell them which ones our flowers will be like when the tiny buds open. Have a general talk about the care which these beautiful fall flowers require, find out all the children know about chrysanthemums and let them tell it in their own way, then hold an election and elect two florists for the coming month. It shall be the duty of these florists to take care of the plants.

The teacher will, of course, advise and make suggestions, but let them do the work. The florists shall also keep a vase of fresh flowers on the teacher's desk. Wild flowers linger long in the fall, and sunflowers and golden rod brighten up a dingy school-room wonderfully, and after these are gone we still have the beautiful autumn leaves, and before the snow and sleet have overcome these, a winter bouquet may be gathered that will last almost until spring. If chrysanthemums are not your favorite flower any other flowering plants will do as well, only they should be in bud with no other flowers yet open, as the buds will arouse the curiosity of the children.

I know you wish to distil into your pupils' minds the very essence of kindness to dumb animals. Let it never be said that a pupil who attended your school, and so was under your influence for eight or nine months, ever abuses one of these helpless creatures who look to us for protection.

Begin with Bird Day, plan for it, get every pupil in your room interested, have some canaries

in cages if you can borrow them; let your artist pupils draw birds on the black-board with colored crayon,—not merely figures of birds, but certain birds, as blue jay, robin, and meadow lark. Invite the other pupils to bring pictures of birds, and you should furnish some nice large ones which can be put up around the room in various tasteful ways.

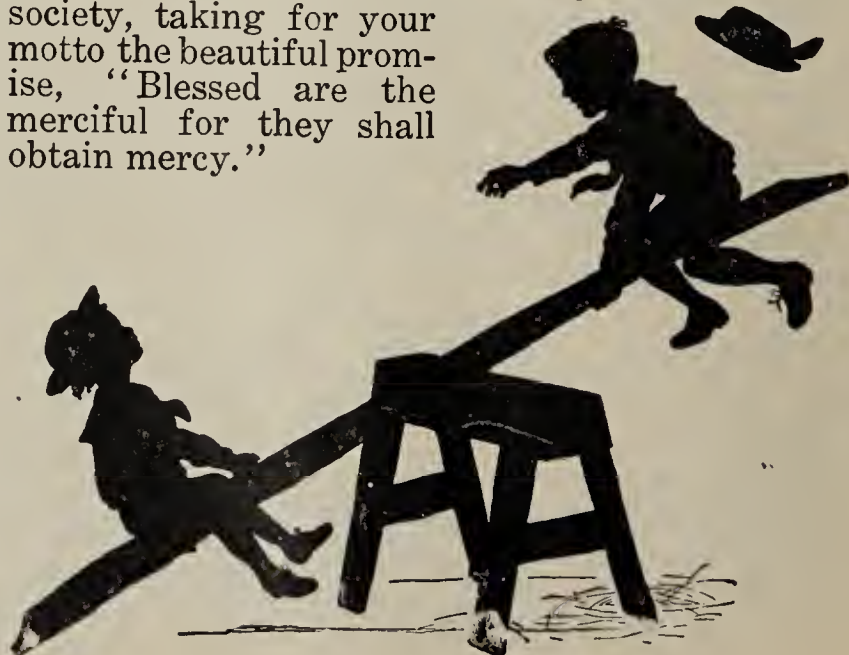
Let the pupils do the work and ask for suggestions from them. About a week before the program is to be given have a general talk about birds. You should prepare yourself thoroly for this talk, then ask one of your older girls to write an essay on "The Killing of Birds for Ornamental Purposes."

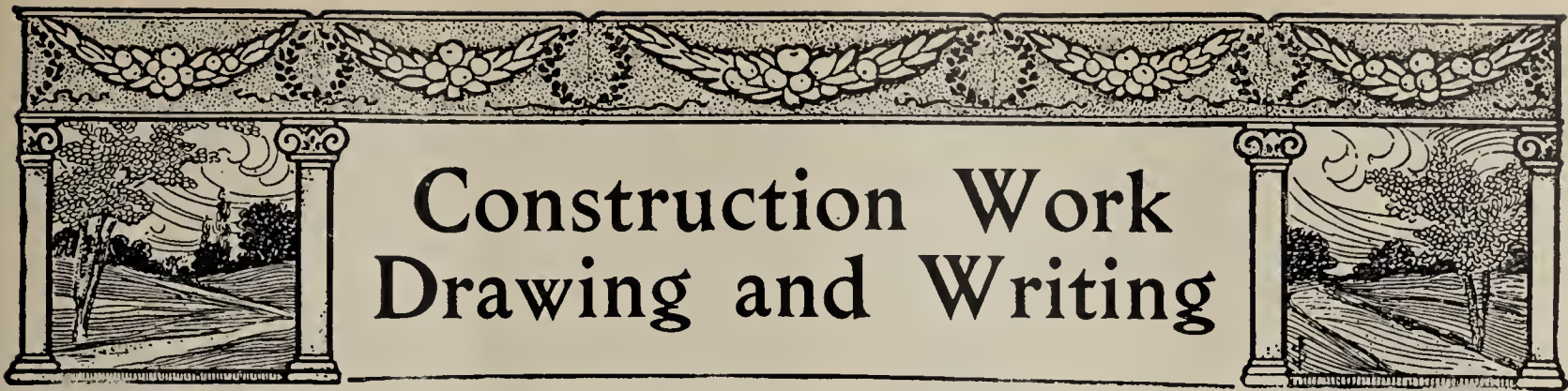
Appeal to your girls never to wear a hat the trimming of which has cost the life of a little feathered songster. It will be well to bring a few good farm journals to school and distribute them among the older pupils. Of course, you will select those numbers that contain articles on the bird question. These journals have great weight with farmers' sons. After reading and discussing the articles, some of the older boys will be willing to prepare a paper on "Birds as the Farmers' Friends."

Don't forget your little people. Many sweet little bird pieces can be found for them to recite.

Just one more suggestion. Organize the strong, sweet voices of your musically inclined pupils into a glee club, to furnish music for this and other entertainments. If you cannot drill them yourself get someone else to do so.

Bird Day comes in the spring, but you can have a Snow Bird Day any time this winter, and it will be a good foundation for the organization of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and by all means organize such a society, taking for your motto the beautiful promise, "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."





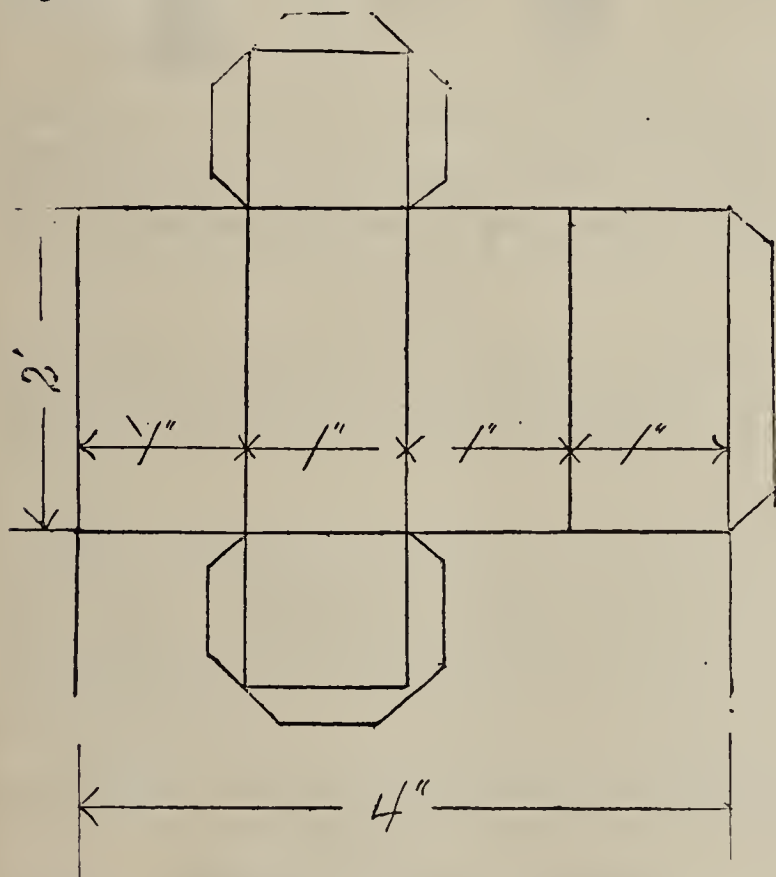
Construction Work Drawing and Writing

Work for Autumn Days.

By ANNA LINEHAN, Supervisor of Manual Training,
Asheville, N. C.

In the following exercises work will be suggested for each month, consisting of two lessons a week, of one half-hour each. If more time can be given, however, much better results will be obtained. All the lessons have been tried and found to be within the ability of the average child, and they are so arranged that at least two-thirds of the pupils will finish the work carefully and well.

Where a teacher has to give much assistance to a class, either the lesson is too hard for the grade, or the children have not been properly prepared for the work.

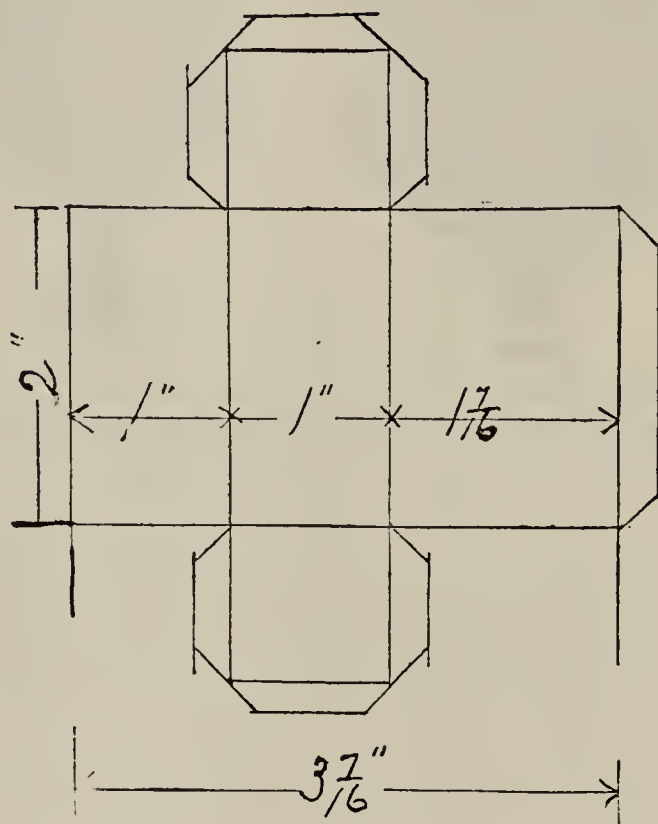


As manual work is a relaxation after that which is purely mental, it is best to have the lessons at the last part of the morning or afternoon session. This will benefit the teacher as well as the children, for it will give her an opportunity to collect the material. Except in the case of careless work or disorder, a child's work should not be destroyed in his presence.

It is more satisfactory to preserve the work for an exhibit to be held at the end of the year, rather than to have the child take it home each week. It means more to parents and children to see the results as a whole. Of course this does not apply to special work for the holidays

when the children have been happy making gifts for the home people.

Children are always pleased to have their work help in the school-room decoration, and



this can be done effectively in using the paper-cutting to make posters. This subject will be taken up later.

A good understanding of the sphere, cube, cylinder, etc., as type-forms, helps the children to classify objects, and prepares them for the work in perspective and geometry done in the upper grades. Language and imagination can be developed in these lessons in form study, if carried on systematically.

Having learned that the sphere is round, they are pleased to find other objects like it, and in the stories they have to tell, complete sentences should be insisted upon. The best results are obtained when the child's imagination leads him away from the environment of the school-room for objects like the model. This is also true in the color lessons.

In preparing the following lessons it is supposed that the grades above the first have already become so familiar with the type-forms that it will not be necessary to spend any time on them, but no opportunity should be lost to give quick reviews on the terms, vertical, horizontal, and oblique; also, circular, square, and oblong faces, as well as the angles as they appear in the making of any object.

We will proceed psychologically by working from solids to surfaces, then to lines, and this plan should be adhered to, especially in the lowest grade.

As clay is the easiest medium to manipulate we will start with that, for the satisfaction derived from having made something gives a child courage to greater effort. Molding the solid in



clay fixes the form in the child's mind, and he is the more ready to make the flat representation of it either by paper-cutting, painting, or drawing.

Illustrative work and pose drawing should be encouraged from the first, and the child should be allowed perfect freedom until he draws easily and naturally, when his efforts should be directed. It is in the same way that a child is encouraged to talk before any effort is made to correct his language.

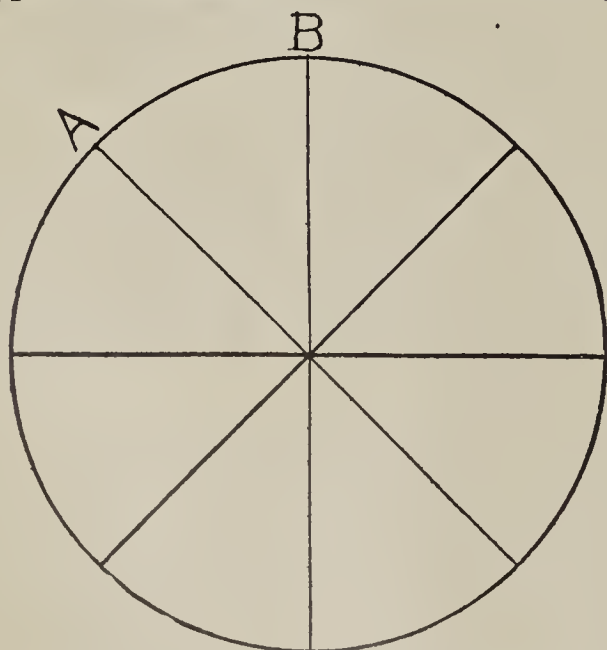
It is better to leave the drill in drawing circles and straight lines until the second year in school.

Work for October.

GRADE 1.

1st Week.—Lesson on sphere. Model same in clay. Also model apples.

2nd Week.—Lesson on the color—red. Paint red apples from nature.



3rd Week.—Folding red circles for umbrella.

4th Week.—Illustrating some familiar story.

Fold circle in halves, quarters, and eighths, calling the children's attention to the divisions as they fold. Section A B is to be cut out and the two edges of the remainder of the circle pasted one on the other, to give the droop to the umbrella. A tooth-pick fastened to the center with mucilage will answer for a handle.

GRADE 2.

1st Week.—Cutting trees from green paper.

2nd Week.—Cutting trees from manila paper and painting some green, others touched with red and yellow, to represent trees in autumn.

3rd Week.—Learning to recognize the six colors—red, blue, yellow, orange, green, and



violet. Making washes in water color to produce the last three.

4th Week.—Make hollow square and triangular prisms, pasting the latter on the former for houses. Save for future drawing lessons.

GRADE 3.

1st Week.—Cutting and coloring leaves to represent autumn tints, each child having a leaf to study. Afterwards these can be mounted, forming a background for a calendar for the month.

2nd Week.—Review twelve colors in order of red, red-orange, orange, orange-yellow, yellow, yellow-green, green, green-blue, blue, blue-violet, violet-red. Making charts of same with colored crayons, colored papers, or water colors.

3rd Week.—Modeling cone; also coffee-pot or tall pitcher.

4th Week.—Illustrate some story relating to Hallowe'en either with color or pen and ink.

4TH, 5TH, AND 6TH GRADES.

Have the children of the 4th grade gather, press, and mount grasses. It is surprising the variety that can be found, and the children are interested in learning the names of the different specimens. If the work of the class is done on uniform sheets they can be made into a book, the cover having a design of grasses, and the whole fastened with a piece of raffia.

The 5th grade can press and mount leaves, making a book like the 4th grade, having a color design in color of leaves.

The 6th grade will be interested in making a design for a calendar for the month, from the fall flowers that they collected and pressed.

Penmanship.

By CHAS. T. LUTHY, Peoria, Ill.

THERE is and there can be only one correct writing. This is not mine; I have simply discovered its principles.

Penmanship, as to its forms, is a mathematically exact art; that is, the literal forms are geometrically exact. Why, for example, the small *g* is made with an initial small *a* attachment and a lower loop, and not of some other combination of parts, I am not prepared to state, possibly the selection of this particular form to visibly represent the vocal *g* is an arbitrary matter; but this form, the small *a* attachment and the loop, when understood, are mathematically as exact, and physically as unalterable as are the forms and parts of an inch circle and an inch square. While out of one thousand persons not one makes the letter correct and no two make it exactly alike, the correct letter behind them all is simply the exact center of the target at which all shoot, and tho not one exactly hits the center, their very scattering shows the perfect design, the common aim, and the one thousand errors.

The literal forms are based on, that is, correspond with movemental, visual, and geometric principles. As my work is not yet copyrighted, I am not yet at liberty to publish a geometric analysis of a letter, and I will, therefore, attempt to make myself understood by explaining another geometric form, viz., a right angle. This figure is composed of a straight line meeting, at one end, the end of another straight line, perpendicular to the former. If we further assign to the line's length, making them, say, one inch long, the figure is geometrically exact. Not a dimension, not a proportion, not a relation can ever be bettered; if mechanically, correctly made, the figure is, geometrically, absolutely perfect.

But while in its dimensions, proportions, and lineal relations this angle is geometrically perfect, the letters are forms of a higher order, and they, therefore, in addition to complying with geometric principles, further comply with esthetic—that is, with visual principles. Let me explain:—

Each eye has six muscles to move it: one on the top and one on the bottom of the eye move it in a vertical plane; one on the left side and one on the right side move it in a horizontal plane. These two planes are the central planes of vision, which, because the eye is constructed with these muscles to move it, and because the eyes are moved by these muscles, functionally establish in the mind the direction of these two planes as no others are established. These two planes divide the field of view into four triangles, viz.: the upper left, upper right, lower left and lower right. When one looks north, north is in front of him; when he looks east, south or west, north is not in front of him. But no matter where one looks, the upper left, upper right, lower left and lower right are always in front of him. Vision has its positions. Now, while geometrically a right angle is a right angle

no matter how it is turned, to comply with visual principles, a right angle must be made with a vertical and a horizontal line, and there are and there can be, therefore, only four visually correct right angles, viz.: those corresponding with the upper left, upper right, lower left, and lower right quarter-fields of view. Therefore, while geometric principles establish geometric right angles with rectangular lines tilted in every direction, the visual factors of positionality and directionality accept only the four. No others conform to visual principles; no others are correct.

Let us keep on. The letters, in addition to being geometric and visual forms are also movemental forms—that is, comply with movemental principles. Movement leads us to think of both arms—bilaterality—and this points out dextrality. I pass briefly. In its normal position, the right arm hangs loosely at the right side. The natural lateral movement for this arm is not to the left, but to the right. Upward movement of the arm is not easy, because it opposes the force of gravitation; downward movement is easy, because it works with that force. Now, of the four visual triangles only two can, connectedly, be made downward and to the right or to the right and downward, viz.: the upper right and its opposite the lower left, both of which are chirographically appropriated in the figures four and seven, respectively. No others are movementally correct.

While the foregoing explanations converge towards the point that, as to penmanship forms, there is and there can be only one correct writing, to bring it to a focus would require an explanation of the make-up of the letters and the application thereto of the underlying movemental, visual and geometric principles in their



THE FRINGED
GENTIAN.

THOU blossom, bright with
autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own
blue,

That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs,
unseen,

Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

various ways. This, for the reason alluded to, I cannot yet enter into.

The foregoing also tends to show that form and execution correspond. To show further, briefly, and in a general way, that, as to execution also, there can be only one correct writing, I will state: a correct process produces a correct result; an incorrect process produces an incorrect result. How can one expect a chirographically incorrect movement to produce a chirographically correct letter, for practice on an incorrect form-exercise to produce a correct movement habit? Correct form and correct movement correspond.

There is and there can be only one correct writing. This is not mine; I have simply discovered its principles.



A sample of Children's Work in Paper Cutting. Made by a pupil in a primary school of St. Paul, Minn.

My preceding article tended to show that the mathematically correct form of a letter was unalterable; that is, that behind the multiforms of each letter there is an ideal which is geometrically, visually, and movementally perfect, and which it is a physical impossibility to take from, add to, or change in any way whatever, and still have it correct.

The claim that in penmanship, as to execution also, there is and there can be only one correct writing seems incorrect. Let me state that there is only one *best* method of execution. This brings the proposition nearer to the usual conception of what precision of a manual operation is. But does that not, practically, amount to the same thing? The result to be obtained by the execu-

tion is a letter; that is, a form which is mathematically exact. Now, surely, the execution that makes an exact letter cannot be less exact than the letter, and that is mathematically exact. And does it not require a nice adjustment of position, holding the pen, and movements to produce, chirographically, a literal form that is mathematically exact according to its design, and that is esthetically, or visually, perfect? I cannot descend into the details of execution, for, as I stated in the preceding article, my work is not yet copyrighted.

Let me explain the matter in this way. Execution is a process which produces a letter. A correct process produces a correct result; an incorrect process produces an incorrect result. Result and process correspond. It cannot be otherwise. Twelve is the product of *multiplying* three by four. You cannot add to nor take away from the process and still have it produce twelve; neither can you add to nor take away from twelve and still have it be their product. Likewise, a correct letter is the result of the correct combination of position, holding the pen, movements, etc. If the process is incorrect the letter will be incorrect; if the letter is incorrect, the process was incorrect. Form and execution correspond.

I have accordingly found, among the basic, geometric forms which compose the letters, characters which are also fundamental movemental forms. These characters, when used as practice exercises, will develop actions in their naturally correct directions; and, if consistently followed for a sufficient length of time, will confirm correct movement into a life habit. Further, when one from predisposition or improper use has acquired an incorrect movement habit, such practice tends to draw him back into the right channel, and, if persisted in, will confirm correct movement into a second habit. This exercise is positive in its results. In a practical test made, I found that the exercise compels correct movement.

As correct movement is a habit, correct form begets correct movement and correct movement begets correct form. Therefore, when scholars in the fourth and fifth grades in the school write better than later, as is now said to be the case, it is because both the form and execution which they are learning are wrong, and the further they so proceed the worse they write, until they reach the low level of their bad form and execution. The exceptions simply prove the rule. Form and execution should both be correct; if either is wrong, it usually subverts the other.

As behind the multiforms of each letter there is an ideal which agrees with the principles of movement, vision and geometry, so behind the various movements there is a movement which is correct, because it agrees perfectly with the letters and with the principles of physiology.



How Ruth Ellen Learned to Read.

RUTH ELLEN sat on the floor completely absorbed in her play with a box of blocks. She had reached the age of two years, and the blocks had come to her in commemoration of that auspicious event.

It happened that each block had on one side a letter of the alphabet, and on the other the name of some object beginning with that letter, together with a picture of the object. One had "C," for example, with the word "cat," and a picture of a cat. The set of blocks had been purchased because of its cheapness, there being no educational motive whatever in connection therewith.

One day when Ruth had been rather fussy, for the sake of attracting the child's attention her mother picked up the block with "O" on it, and said, "Big, round 'O,' can little Ruth say 'O?'"

Ruth smiled, and echoed the "O." When mother had placed the "O" block on the floor with the others, Ruth Ellen picked it up once more, again saying, "O." This was repeated several times during the day, until before her mother realized the fact, the baby recognized the block whenever she saw it.

The mother was a busy woman, but Ruth Ellen was a good baby and often played with the blocks for an hour or two at a time. Hardly conscious that she was teaching the child, her mother picked up several of the blocks and called the name of their letters, or told little stories about the cat on the "C" block, or the nice dog on the "D" block, and first she knew Ruth Ellen could pick out nearly all the blocks as their letters were named.

Before the child's third birthday, she had learned the delights of scratching up sheets of paper with a lead pencil. One morning mother found the baby making a "C" on her paper, a crude, many-angled "C," to be sure, but copied from the block, and properly named by the delighted young writer.

From that time educational advancement was rapid. Ruth Ellen learned to recognize her own name, from the envelopes on the numerous letters from grandma and the spinster aunts. She insisted that her mother write "Ruth," for her to copy.

Thus, without apparent effort on the part of either mother or child, the little one had learned her letters, and to read and write her own name. To read the names under the pictures on the blocks, of the cat, dog, top, and pig, about which she so loved to hear, and to tell, stories was another art unconsciously mastered.

Then came the opening of a new epoch. Ruth Ellen came into possession of a copy of the "Arnold Primer," written by an aunt who knows the tastes of other little nieces and nephews, as well as those of her own. Ruth was perfectly carried away with both the pictures and stories in this charming book. She never wearied of hearing about Kate, and the cow, and playing at school, and Christmas—tho sometimes her mother did! Always she leaned

over the book while her mother read the stories, until she knew many of the words herself.

On her fifth birthday, Ruth Ellen sprung a surprise on grandma. She could read! It wasn't knowing the Primer stories by heart; she could really and truly read them. And she had learned without serious mental effort, with no tears and no sighs. It was all fun, and the best kind of fun. She was just a rational little five-year-old girl who had used her eyes, her wits, and her common sense to good purpose.

She was graduated from the Primer into Ellen Cyr's "First Reader," and then she was ready to conquer all sorts of worlds. The linen-covered books of "Cinderella," and "Mother Goose," and "Little Red Riding Hood" had a new lease of life. They could be read instead of listened to.

Ruth was six years old last May. She reads the stories on the Children's Page of *The Youth's Companion* nearly every week, and she has this



Ruth Ellen at the Age of Five.

summer been enjoying a nature story book called, "The Rock Frog." She writes interesting and very readable letters, asking no advice as to what she "shall say next," nor how letter or envelope shall be addressed. She insists upon writing with pen and ink.

Just now she is busily mastering the multiplication table, tho she thinks she is only playing a very delightful game. She writes on one side of bits of paper such hieroglyphics as these: $6 \times 7 =$; $4 + 2 =$; $10 \div 5 =$; $9 - 4 =$. On the reverse side of each slip she writes the answer to the problem she has propounded. If she is not sure of the correct answer she asks her mother, and then writes it down. Her game consists in seeing how many answers she can give correctly out of the whole number of slips she has written.

Ruth has learned by the "natural method," because it is the method she has unconsciously

worked out for herself. She has been neither restrained nor forced in her desire to learn, because of her interest in what she saw and heard.

Her tools were such as are available in every school-room—a box of cheap blocks, pencil and paper, a primer, and the heaven-born interest in

life, which was allowed to develop naturally, instead of being stifled.

Primary teachers, with their thirty, forty, or fifty Ruth Ellens, need only to lead in the beautiful game of learning. The children, with the aid of their watchful eyes and eager fingers, will do the rest.



This charming design may be placed on the blackboard, and after the story of Ruth Ellen has been read, the teacher may tell how the little folks of long ago all learned to read and write by themselves, with a little help from mother.

CHILDREN OF OTHER LANDS

Plays and Games in Japan.

By DOROTHY WELLS, New Hampshire.

CHILDREN play in Japan, just as they do everywhere else. And there is a lesson which American boys and girls could learn from them—they never quarrel about their games. They are taught at home the rules of the various games, and when there is any doubt as to who came out best, or who reached goal first, the oldest child decides, and that ends the matter.

When anybody gives a child sweets, he never eats them without first asking permission of father or mother. When permission has been given, the boy or girl smiles, then passes the sweets to those present before eating any.

At three years of age the children put on the kimono and girdle, just like the dress of their parents. Play in such garments is very difficult, but the little folks do not seem to mind. The girdle worn by the boys is about four inches wide, but the girls' sash is a foot wide and ten feet long. This great sash is passed twice around the waist and tied behind in a large bow. No woman or girl is ever seen out of doors without the sash, and learning to tie it properly is part of a girl's education.

But the boys and girls have plenty of pocket room for stowing away their playthings. Handkerchiefs, charms, fan, pen and ink and all sorts of treasures can be tucked into the folds of the sash, and then there are the enormous sleeves, that reach nearly from the shoulders to the bottom of the kimono. The lower part of sleeve is a real bag, large enough to hold all the toys a child will care for in a day.

When they are out of doors the little folks, like everybody else, wear high clogs made of wood and held on the feet by a strip of leather which passes between the great toe and the others. As the foot cannot be raised when one walks in these shoes, they do not allow much romping. Instead of stockings, foot mittens of white cloth are worn, with a separate place for the great toe.

The babies are often carried "pick-a-back," and when the girls have no small brother or sister to carry, they often have a doll strapped to their backs in similar fashion.

Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop tells, in her "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," about two boys whom she saw playing with beetles. They harnessed paper carts to the backs of the beetles with

gummed traces, so that eight of the insects drew a load of rice up an inclined plane. The other children looked on with admiring eyes, but never a thought of interfering with the play.

Instead of canary birds, katydids are kept in cages as pets. The children delight in feeding them. In almost every garden there is a small pond or tank for gold-fish. There are many shops in Japan where nothing is sold but gold-fish food.

Water flows at the sides of some of the streets, and this turns many toy water-wheels which in turn keep in motion various kinds of mechanical toys.

The Japanese boys are very fond of flying kites. The kites are made of tough paper on a bamboo frame. They are square, and on most of them huge faces are painted. Mrs. Bishop tells about a very interesting contest between two kites, which she watched when she was in Japan. The string of each kite, for thirty feet or more below the frame, was covered with pounded glass, made to adhere very closely by a strong glue. For two hours each kite-flyer tried to get his kite into proper position for cutting his opponent's kite-string in two. At last one was successful, and the severed kite became his property. The victor and the vanquished then bowed low to each other three times, and the contest was over.

A very popular game with the children is played with cards. One card has on it a proverb and a second card has a picture which illustrates it. Each proverb begins with a different Japanese letter. The cards are divided among the children, and one is appointed the reader. He reads the proverb from one of his



cards, and the player who has the corresponding picture calls out. The one who gets rid of his cards first wins the game; the one who has the last card is beaten.

Some of the Japanese proverbs, translated into English, are given in Mrs. Bishop's book.

Here are some of them :

"Speak of a man and his shadow comes."

"A tongue of three inches can kill a man of six feet."

"A small-minded man looks at the sky thru a reed."

"The putting-off man sharpens his arrows when he sees the lion."

"For a woman to rule is for a hen to crow in the morning."

"Many words, little sense."

"Let the preaching suit the hearer."

"To be over-polite is to be rude."

"The doctor cannot cure himself."

"There are thorns on all roses."

"The fortune-teller cannot tell his own fortune."

"Inquire seven times before you believe a report."

"He is a clever man who can preach a short sermon."

"A cur barks bravely before his own gate."

"Treat every old man as thy father."

"A good son makes a happy father."

"A wise man keeps his money."

The dog is greatly honored in Japan, and no one is allowed to kill one of these animals. Those which have special owners wear a wooden label, but there are a great many that are half wild, picking up food where they may, and finding a place to sleep for themselves.

On the fifth of May there is a special festival for boys, called "The Feast of Flags." Toys are bought for the youngsters imitating all the implements used in war, and the boys march around carrying flags.

The boys like to walk on stilts. Battledore and shuttlecock is a favorite game of the girls. All the children enjoy blowing soap bubbles. There are certain street stalls that delight the little girls very much. A man sells all the materials necessary for a cake, and then allows his little customers to make the cake and cook it on his stove.

There are many, many sweetmeat and confectionery shops in Japan, and the boys and girls there are as fond of sweets as American children. Some of the finer kinds of candy are made in the form of flowers. Men, women, children, drums, dogs, and many other objects are made in the cheaper coarse sugar.

The children often go shopping to do the errands or with their mothers. These are some of the things they buy: Dried fish, on sticks; cakes, made of rice, flour, and very little sugar; roots boiled in salt water; white jelly made from beans; ropes, straw shoes for people or the horses; straw rain-coats, paper umbrellas, hairpins, toothpicks, paper handkerchiefs, and other household necessities.

The people are very fond and very proud of their children. Sometimes in the early morning one can see ten or a dozen men sitting along a wall, each with a child or two, showing off to one another the smart sayings or deeds of their own little ones. Parents take their children with them to picnics and festivals, and never seem to be content anywhere without them.

Here is a picture of a Japanese school, as given



by Mrs. Bishop, in "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan": "At seven A. M. a drum beats to summon the children to a school whose buildings would not discredit any school board at home. The children looked very uncomfortable sitting on high benches in front of desks, instead of squatting.

native fashion. The school apparatus is very good, and there are fine maps on the walls. The teacher, a man of about twenty-five, made free use of the blackboard, and questioned his pupils with much rapidity. The best answer moved its giver to the head of the class, as with us.

Obedience is the foundation of the Japanese social order, and with children accustomed to unquestioning obedience at home the teacher has no trouble in securing quietness, attention, and docility. There was almost a painful earnestness in the old-fashioned faces which pored over the school books. The younger pupils were taught chiefly by object lessons, and the older were exercised in reading geographical and historical books aloud, a very high key being adopted, and a most disagreeable tone. Arithmetic and the elements of some of the branches of natural philosophy are also taught."

The older children prepare their lessons for the following day after they get home from school late in the afternoon by reciting them aloud. At dark the paper windows of the houses are shut, or outside wooden shutters are used, the lamp is lighted, and supper is eaten. Then the children play quiet games for a little while.



Pieces to Speak

for the
Young and Old.



Give.

See the rivers flowing
Downward to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Bountiful and free:
Yet to help their giving
Hidden springs arise;
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies!
Watch the princely flowers
Their rich fragrance spread,
Load the air with perfumes,
From their beauty shed:
Yet their lavish spending
Leaves them not in dearth,
With fresh life replenished
By their mother earth!
Give thy heart's best treasures,—
From fair Nature learn;
Give thy love—and ask not,
Wait not a return!
And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty
God will give thee more.

—ADELAIDE PROCTER.

Sunshine.

If the day be dark and dreary
Look for sunshine.
If you're feeling sad and weary
Look for sunshine.
You will always find a path of blue
Where the sunbeams sparkle thru
If you look for sunshine.
Friends are falling every day
For want of sunshine.
Help them up along the way,
Show them sunshine.

If you help the world in seeing
You are always sure of being
In the sunshine.

—LOUISE PYE.

Conscious Ignorance.

I'm only ist a little girl,
An' w'en I want to play
An' Mamma says don't go outside
Our yard this livelong day,
An' w'en someother girls, they come
An' pester me to go,
It may be wrong, but I'm so young,
How does she s'pose I know?
An' 'en she goes out somet'imes
An' says: "Now go to bed
At eight o'clock this very night,"
I'member what she said.
But w'en the mantle clock strikes eight
An' I don't want to go,
It may be wrong, but I'm so young,
How does she s'pose I know?
An' when she says: "Now don't go near
The cookie jar this day,"
I want some cookies awful much
An' try to stay away.
But all the time I m hungry for
Some cookies, an' I go—
It may be wrong, but I'm so young,
How does she s'pose I know?
I'm only ist a little girl
Not mor'n six year old,
An' my, I always try to do
E'zactly as I'm told.
But w'en I make ist one mistake,
My Ma ought not to go
An' punish me, 'cause I'm so young,
How does she s'pose I know?

—J. W. FOLEY in *New York Times*.

A Moon Song.

"O Moon," said the children, "O Moon
that shineth fair,
Why do you stay so far away, so high
above us there?
O Moon, you must be very cold from
shining on the sea;
If you could come and play with us, how
happy we should be!"

"O Children," said the moon, "I shine
above your head,
That I may light the ships at night,
when the sun has gone to bed;
That I may show the beggar-boy his way
across the moor,
And bring the busy farmer home to his
own cottage door."

"O Moon," said the children, "may we
shine in your place?
They say that I have sunny hair, and I
a sparkling face,
To light the ships and beggar-boys, we
greatly do desire;
And you might come and warm yourself
before the nursery fire."

"O Children," said the moon, "we have
each allotted parts;
'Tis yours to shine by love divine, on
happy human hearts;
'Tis mine to make the pathway bright, of
wanderers that roam;
'Tis yours to scatter endless light, on
those that stay at home."

—From "*Poems Written for a Child.*"



Verses for Children.

There are books and books of poems for children, collected from various sources. Some of them are poor, more are indifferent, and a few of them are really good. In the latter class is *A Book of Verses for Children*, most of them old English, gathered and selected, evidently with great care, and certainly with wisdom and good taste, by Mr. Edward Verrall Lucas. From this collection the following verses are taken, with the suggestion that the book contains many others fully as interesting and valuable for teachers to have at hand. The book is published by Henry Holt & Co., New York city.

Golden Rules for the Young.

In batting, hold your bat upright,
Play every ball with all your might.

In bowling, never exceed your strength,
Keep straight, but vary pace and length.

In fielding, put two hands to the ball:
A butter-fingers is worst of all.

—From *The Boys Own Paper*.

Two Apple-Tree Songs.

I.

Here stands a good apple tree.
Stand fast at root,
Bear well at top;
Every little twig
Bear an apple big;
Every little bough
Bear an apple now;
Hats full, caps full,
Three score sacks full.
Hullo, boys hullo!

II.

Here's to thee, old apple tree,
Whence thou may'st bud, and
whence thou may'st blow
And whence thou may'st bear
apples enow.
Hats full, caps full,
Bushel—bushel—sacks full,
Old parson's breeches full!
And my pockets full, too!
Huzza!

Mine Host of "The Golden Apple."

A Goodly host one day was mine,
A Golden apple his only sign,
That hung from a long branch, ripe and
fine.

My host was the bountiful apple tree;
He gave me shelter and nourished me
With the best of fare, all fresh and free.

And light-winged guests came not a few,
To his leafy inn, and supped the dew,
And sang their best songs ere they flew

I slept at night, on a downy bed
Of moss, and my host benignly spread
His own cool shadow over my head.

When I asked what reckoning there
might be,
He shook his broad boughs cheerily:—
A blessing be thine, green apple tree.

—THOMAS WESTWOOD.

The Plum Cake.

"Oh, I've got a plum cake, and a fine
feast I'll make,
So nice to eat all to myself;
I can eat every day while the rest are at
play,
And then put it by on the shelf."

Thus said little John, and how soon it
was gone,
For with zeal to his cake he applied,
While fingers and thumbs, for the sweet-
meats and plums,
Were hunting and digging beside.

But, woeful to tell, a misfortune befell,
That shortly his folly reveal'd;
After eating his fill, he was taken so ill,
That the cause could not now be con-
cealed.

As he grew worse and worse, the doctor
and nurse,
To cure his disorder were sent;
And rightly you'll think, he had physic
to drink,
Which made him sincerely repent.
And while on the bed he rolled his hot
head,
Impatient with sickness and pain,
He could not but take this reproof from
his cake,
"Do not be such a glutton again."

—ANN and JOHN TAYLOR.

Looking Forward.

If no one ever marries me
I shan't mind very much;
I shall buy a squirrel in a cage
And a little rabbit-hutch.

I shall have a cottage near the wood,
And a pony all my own,
And a little lamb quite clean and tame
That I can take to town.

And when I'm getting really old,
At twenty-eight or nine,
I shall buy a little orphan girl
And bring her up as mine.

—LAURENS ALMA TADEMA.

The Greedy Boy.

Sammy Smith would drink and eat
From morning until night;
He filled his mouth so full of meat,
It was a shameful sight.

Sometimes he gave a book or toy
For apple, cake, or plum;
And grudged if any other boy
Should taste a single crumb.

Indeed he ate and drank so fast,
And used to stuff and cramb,
The name they called him by at last
Was often Greedy Sam.

—ELIZABETH TURNER.

Politeness.

Good little boys should never say
"I will," and "Give me these;"
O, no, that never is the way,
But "Mother, if you please."

And "If you please," to Sister Ann,
Good boys to say are ready;
And, "Yes, sir," to a gentleman,
And, "Yes, ma'am," to a lady.

—ELIZABETH TURNER.

The Sad Story of a Little Boy That Cried.

Once a little boy, Jack, oh, ever so good,
Till he took a strange notion to cry all he
could.

So he cried all the day, and he cried all
the night,
He cried in the morning and in the twi-
light;

He cried till his voice was as hoarse as a
crow,
And his mouth grew so large it looked
like a great O.

It grew at the bottom, and it grew at
the top;
It grew till they thought that it never
would stop.

Each day his great mouth grew taller
and taller,
And his dear little self grew smaller and
smaller.

At last the same mouth grew so big
that—alack--
It was only a mouth with a border of
Jack.

—From *St. Nicholas*.

The Wind in a Frolic.

The wind one morning sprang up from
sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic, now for a
leap.

Now for a madcap galloping chase,
I'll make a commotion in every place."
So it swept with a bustle right thru a
great town,

Cracking the signs and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking, with merciless
squalls,

Old women's bonnets and ginger bread
stalls.

There never was heard a much lustier
shout,
As the apples and oranges trundled
about;

And the urchins that stand with their
thievish eyes
Forever on watch, ran off each with a
prize.

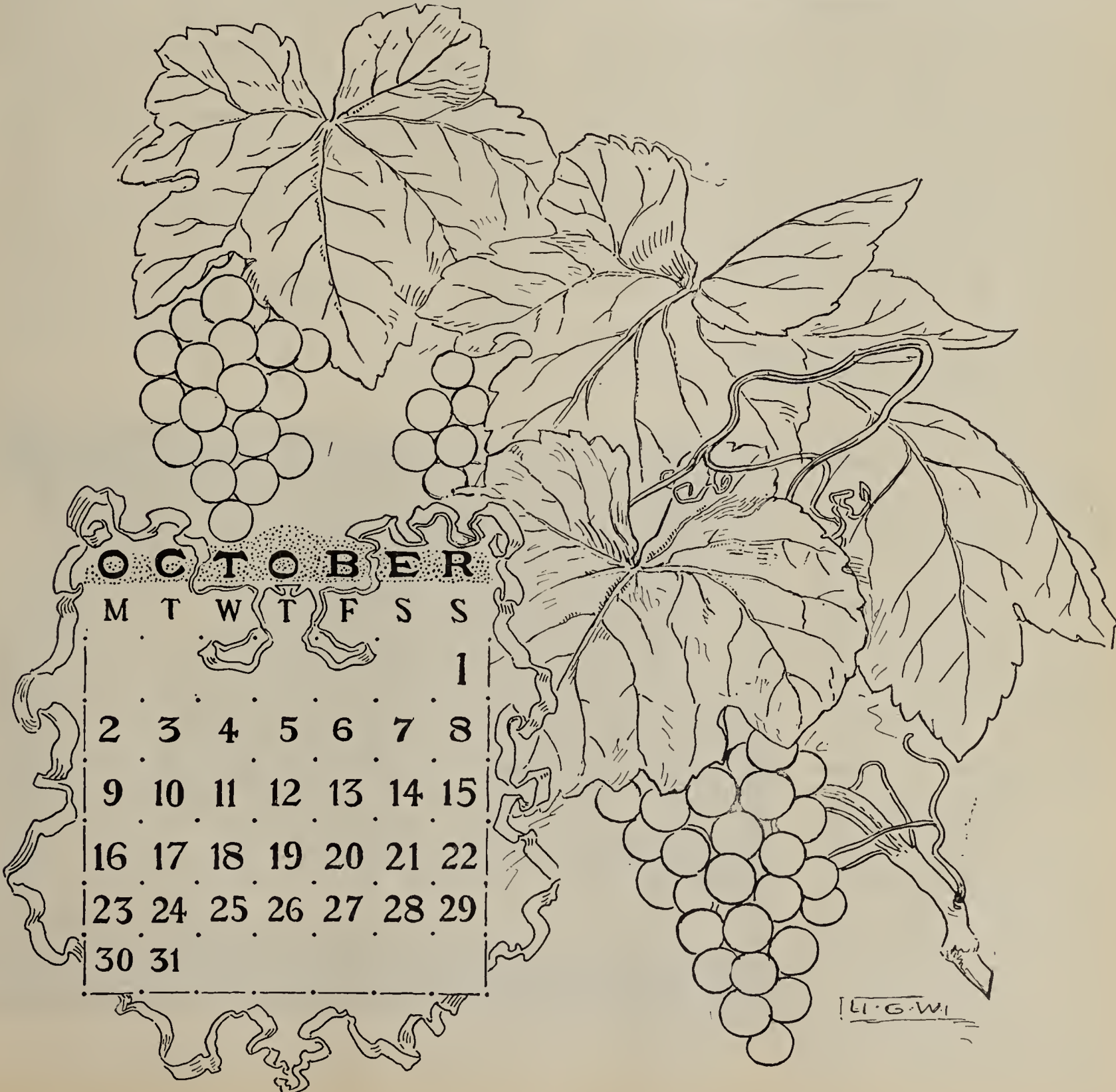
Then away to the field it went, bluster-
ing and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever
was coming;
It plucked by the tails the grave matron-
ly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all over their
brows;
Till, offended at such an unusual salute,
They all turned their backs, and stood
sulky and mute.

So on it went capering and playing its
pranks,
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's
banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the
spray,
Or the traveler grave on the king's high-
way.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty
rags;
'Twas so bold that it feared not to play
its joke

With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's
cloak.
Thru the forest it roared, and cried
gaily, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow."
And it made them bow without more
ado,
Or it cracked their great branches thru
and thru.
Then it rushed liked a monster on cottage
and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden
alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsum-
mer storm:—
There were dames with their kerchiefs
tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from
mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese
screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified
crowd;
There was rearing of ladders, and log
laying on,

Where the thatch from the roof threat-
ened soon to be gone.
But the wind had swept on, and had met
in a lane
With a schoolboy, who panted and strug-
gled in vain;
For it tossed him and twirled him, then
passed, and he stood
With his hat in a pool and his shoes in
the mud.

Then away went the wind in its holiday
glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea,
And the lordly ships felt its staggering
blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro,
But, lo, it was night and it sank to rest
On the sea-bird's rock in the gleaming
west,
Laughing to think, in its fearful fun,
How little of mischief it really had done.
—WILLIAM HOWITT.



Home Bookbinding.

By I. BROOKE-ALDER.

Very often teachers own long-cherished books that from long use become worn out. No new copy will ever seem the same as that arithmetic or history that had its place so long in the old desk in the little school-room where it was studied in years gone by. Yet the covers are loose and the pages fall out unless they are handled with great care. Here is a remedy.

BOOKBINDING is easy to learn, does not require the exercise of strength, nor demand specially artistic gifts. Neat-handedness and a fairly acute sense of proportion are really the only necessary endowments; the rest is only a matter of practice. Further, in bookbinding there is not the smallest excuse for injury to the hands, nor for the general "messiness" which is the inevitable accompaniment of some pursuits indulged in by amateurs of various arts and crafts—photography, for example—neither is there any serious amount of noise entailed, as when metal work is in course, and it does not necessitate a studio nor a vast array of implements.

Do not waste time and materials trying to find out for yourself the secrets of the craft, but take a few lessons from a really practical bookbinder to get the fundamental facts properly demonstrated. That done, you can strike out for yourself, taking just what line may appear most attractive, and following it with success to the farthest possible limit. The simpler these introductory lessons the better, for until they have been thoroly well-digested and subsequently put in practice, it is useless to acquire the more complicated elements—the elegancies of the craft.

Six lessons, given by a really competent teacher, would be quite enough to leave the amateur bookbinder in possession of all salient points, fully equipped for the conquest, in excellent style, of all the home belongings.

The list of necessary implements for the beginner is short—a bookbinder's hammer, large scissors, similar to those used by dress-makers for "cutting out," folders (rather like a blunt handleless paper knife), and a press. In regard to materials it is equally simple—mill board, binder's cloth, tape, needles and thread, paste and glue.

The process consists, roughly speaking, of four divisions, or, as somebody once said of it rather appropriately, "The play is divided into four acts, and the title is, 'New Books for Old; or, Many Words and One Blow.'" They are as follows: repairing, technically known as "guarding," the loose leaves

sewing them together; glueing sewn sections; and uniting leaves to cover. The first act comprises the repairing of any torn margins by the application of narrow strips of thin paper carefully matched in color to the tone of the dishevelled pages.

The second act (sewing) demands some little care, both in the precise amount of leaf edge that is taken on the needle at each stitch, and in the tension given to the tape that serves as security all down the back. The tightness of tape and of the threads that hold it to the leaves has much to account for in the future life of the book; be it overdone or underdone, the result is equally fatal. The leaves can be sewn while lying at the edge of an ordinary table (backs outwards, of course) and held firmly in position by the left elbow of the operator. But to those who would prefer an even easier method, one would recommend the use of a press.

The third act consists of glueing up and rounding the back of sewn sections, and it is a very important item of the undertaking, necessitating considerable care. Indeed, it is this act which decides the fate of the play—its triumph or its failure—for when the leaves are united by the glue the book is either made or marred. This it is which gives to the book the air of professional adept, or the deplorable aspect of bungling amateur. The signs that are the enviable privilege of the former are that the book opens well, does not crack, has a rounded (not a wedge-shaped) back, and that the lines of print run straight across the pages. The means whereby the amateur will learn to appropriate them are: care as to tightness of sewing; right use of glue in preparation of cover; accurate direction of blows when hammering the back, and proper placing of finished book in the press.



Young gardeners at work in an Attleboro, Mass., school garden. Mr. W. P. Kelly, now at Meriden, Conn., was Superintendent here last year.



Poems for the Teachers



The Gospel of Brotherhood.

I come to preach on the text of love
From the gospel of brotherhood,
To help if I may in finding a way
That leads to the higher good;
To picture the light that is shining bright
On the Future's upturned face;
And to whisper a hope whose breadth
and scope
Is as wide as the human race.

It is this: the hour is almost here
When the races shall rise as one,
And shall all join hands from the thous-
and lands
That are kissed by a common sun;
When the cannon's roar shall be heard
no more
And the war-flags shall be furled;
When the lily-white banner of peace
shall float
O'er a union of all the world.

There are glimpses of glory in Paradise,
But they all are not so bright
As our own dear earth will be, if we
Can open the reign of right;
If we, as brothers, will love each other,
And work as best we can
In the glorious labor of lifting our neigh-
bor
And helping our fellow man.

—J. A. EDGERTON.

The Two Mysteries.

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep
so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the
cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, tho we
may call and call;
The strange white solitude of peace that
settles over all.
We know not what it means, dear, this
desolate heart-pain;
This dread to take our daily way, and
walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere the
loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor
why we do not know.
But this we know, our loved and dead,
if they should come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?"
not one of us could say.

Life is a mystery as deep as ever death
can be;
Yet oh, how dear it is to us, this life we
live and see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones
—and blessed is the thought:
"So death is sweet to us beloved! tho
we may show you naught;
We may not to the quick reveal the mys-
tery of death—
Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mys-
tery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with
knowledge or intect.
So all who enter death must go as little
children sent.
Nothing is known. But, nearing God,
what hath the soul to dread?
And as life is to the living, so death is to
the dead.

—MARY MAPES DODGE.

Wanderer's Song.

There will be, when I come home, thru
the hill-gap in the west,
The friendly smile of the sun on the fields
that I love best;
The red-topped clover here, and the
white-whorled daisy there,
And the bloom of the wilding brier that
attars the upland air;
There will be bird-mirth sweet (mellow
none may know!)—
The flute of the wild woodthrush, the call
of the vireo;
Pleasant gossip of the leaves, and from
the dawn to the gloam
The lyric laughter of brooks there will
be, when I come home.

There will be, when I come home, the
kindliness of the earth—
Ah, how I love it all, bounteous breadth
and girth!
The very sod will say—tendrils, fiber, and
root—
"Here is our foster-child, he of the wan-
dering foot.
Welcome! welcome!" And lo! I shall
pause at a gate ajar
That the leaning lilacs shade, where the
honeysuckles are;
I shall see the open door—O farer over
the foam,

The ease of this hunger of heart there
will be, when I come home!

—CLINTON SCOLLARD, in *The Outlook*.

Sweet Content.

Sweet are the thoughts that savor of
content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber
spent;
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry
frown:
Such sweet content, such minds, such
sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.
The homely house that harbors quiet
rest,
The cottage that affords nor pride nor
care,
The mean that agrees with country music
best,
The sweet consort of mirth and modest
fare,—
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss:
A mind content both crown and kingdom
is.

—ROBERT GREENE.

Thoughts for Saturday.

It never will rain roses; if you want
more roses, you must plant more rose-
trees.

—GEORGE ELIOT.

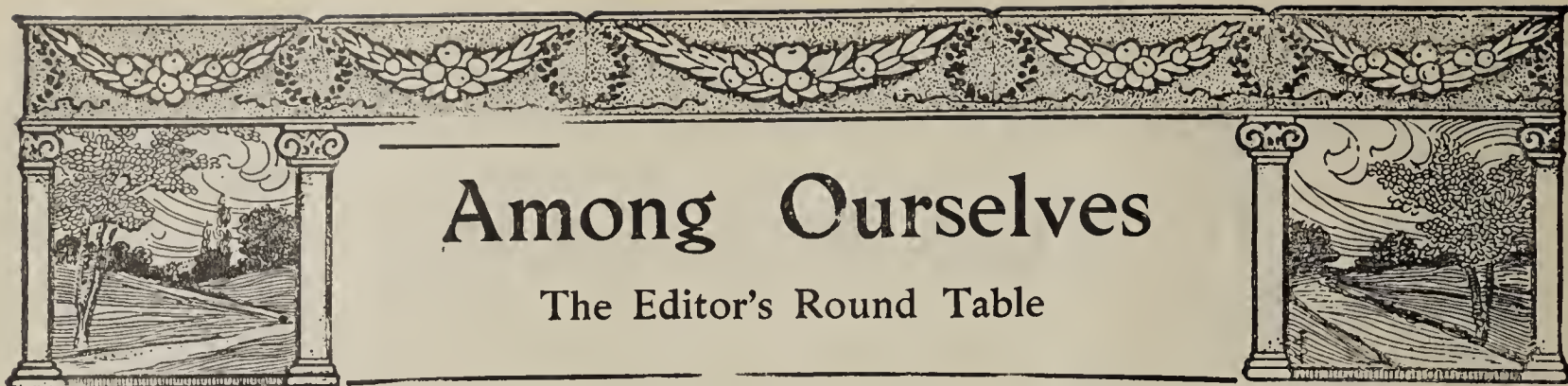
Step by step lifts bad to good,
Without halting, without rest,
Lifting better up to best;
Planting seeds of knowledge pure,
Thru earth to ripen, thru Heaven endure.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Be strong to *hope*, O Heart!
Tho day is bright,
The stars can only shine
In the dark night.
Be strong, O Heart of mine,
Look towards the light!

Be strong to *bear*, O Heart,
Nothing is vain;
Strive not, for life is care,
And God sends pain;
Heaven is above, and there
Rest will remain.

—ADELAIDE PROCTER.



Among Ourselves

The Editor's Round Table

Never exact work of your pupils which you do not purpose to examine with as much care as you expect them to put into it. Many teachers sin here unconsciously. Work must be regarded as something worthy of respect. If time cannot be found to look over the home tasks assigned to the pupils, let those tasks be reduced or do away with them altogether rather than permit the product to be slighted. The young people need the training in accuracy, neatness, and conscientiousness which strict educational supervision supplies. Care in the examination of children's work is a mighty educational force.

With the loyal devotion of the pupils to aid her, the teacher can accomplish wonders. "How to win the pupils," that is the problem. Mr. Dragod gives some excellent suggestions on page 116. The teacher need go but a short distance, if the heart is tuned aright, in making the first advances, to have the child heart respond. There are as many ways as there are teachers. One wise woman eats her noon-day lunch sitting in the shade of a large oak tree surrounded by her pupils. Another shares with her young folks her knowledge of the nature folk-lore in which children take such delight. A schoolma'am in a boarding school invites half-a-dozen girls to afternoon tea every Saturday. But whatever is done there must be a heart that beats for the children and something more—heartiness. That's it! Heart and heartiness.

For a barrel full of healthy fun, good measure and running over, let me commend to you Miss Wilbur's little exercise, "Mr. Turkey's Enemies." Very little effort is required to "stage" it properly. And it will be nip and tuck whether the audience enjoys it best or the actors. The small boys who "can't learn poetry to save their lives" will be found to be adepts at either gobbling or hunting the king of the barnyard. Here is a grand opportunity for them. The treat will long be remembered. Try it!

The story of "How Ruth Ellen Learned to Read," is the story of a real little girl! The portrait, too, is a true one. I am going to share another secret with you. The writer of the article on what a teacher needs for a term away from home is Ruth Ellen's grandmother. This grandmother well illustrates a significant remark in Dr. Henderson's charmingly written

autobiography to the effect that all New Englanders are born with a teaching instinct: she is the daughter of a teacher, wife of a teacher, and mother of three teachers; some day she may be the grandmother of teachers, who knows? Ruth Ellen is in the primary school, and she has two first cousins, both of them girls. So there are three probabilities.

I am sorry that Miss Flora Helm's article on civics was received too late for publication this month. It is as helpful, bright and interesting as the instalment published in June. Miss Helm is a master—or ought I to say mistress?—of the subject. History, civics, and literature are her favorite subjects, and she has an original way of presenting her ideas. She has been for several years assistant principal of a large Chicago public school, and knows well what will prove of greatest benefit to teachers. Civics will occupy an increasingly important place in the school programs. The wide awake teacher is preparing for the day when training for citizenship will be the chief anxiety of the schools thruout the land, from the first year up thru the high school.

One difficulty has been, heretofore, that the teachers did not know how to present civics to the younger children, and so many have concluded that the subject is beyond the elementary school, more especially the primary years. Miss Helm shows the groundlessness of the conclusion by showing how to make use of the materials near at hand: study about the baker, the farmer, the grocer, the policeman—and lo, we are in the midst of civics, while the children think they are playing games, singing delightful songs or molding in clay. Miss Helm's suggestions will pave the way over many rough places. Her series will prove an effectual means in spreading abroad intelligent teaching of citizenship.

It is not given to every teacher to win laurels as an artist in blackboard sketches. But any normal human being this side of ninety-four with senses, muscles, and fingers unimpaired can learn to draw simple designs. Like swimming, this kind of drawing is learned quickest if you feel you must learn it. Even if you never had a drawing lesson in your life you may do some pretty creditable work by going about it in the right way. Don't be afraid that your work will fail of appreciation as utterly as did the "cow drawn back to," described in

the "Robbie" story for this month. There are to be found in every number of *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* an abundance of simple outline drawings which any teacher with persistence can learn to transfer to the blackboard. However, the teacher does not necessarily have to do the work himself. A pupil may be found who will be delighted to be honored with the privilege of drawing on the board. If the design for an October calendar, on page 151, proves too complicated, it may easily be simplified by reducing to one bunch of grapes or even a single leaf. The paper cutting of the fox and the crow, on page 109, can be reproduced in white crayon by an amateur, and yet be greatly enjoyed. Draw—or let a pupil draw—a couple of upright stalks enlarged at the end (see page 144) and the imaginations of the children will do the rest. The same will be true of a log cabin copied from the one pictured on page 128. The plan of letting apt pupils take a hand at the blackboard sketching will be found most acceptable in many ways. Have you tried it? The "Hints and Helps" department is wide open for practical suggestions from teachers.

In the death of Hezekiah Butterworth, author of the well-known "Zig-zag Journeys," and for many years one of the editors of the *Youth's Companion*, the educational world has sustained a sad loss. Mr. Butterworth was an educator in every sense of the word. His whole life was given to teaching, by the spoken as well as by the written word. He was never too busy to leave his desk to give words of encouragement to young people preparing for life's work in the schools, and many a country boy owes to him the first awakening of an ambition to do, and to be somebody of value to the world. No boy ever appealed to him for assistance in vain. Had the schools been in session on the day of Mr. Butterworth's death, the flags on the schools might well have stood at half mast, for it was owing chiefly to his tireless efforts that the flags are there. He lived until his ambition was almost fulfilled—to see the day when the stars and stripes should float from every school-house in America. The school flag will always remain—the best monument to Hezekiah Butterworth's work. A sense of personal loss came over me when I heard of the death of this true patriot. He was a friend whose interest in the literature for teachers, especially in *THE SCHOOL JOURNAL* and *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* was inspired by the noblest motives.

The joy of going back to school is one of the new springs of happiness in the world. Here is a story from the *Youth's Companion*, which teachers might well read to their pupils in every school-room in the land:

On the first day of school in September a year or so ago the city editor of an afternoon paper in Chicago sent one of his newest reporters out to get a "story" of the event. After a tour thru the downtown wards the reporter wrote a description of happy, care-free children, dancing back to the reopened school-houses with all the gayety and delight of so many urchins going to a candy pull. When the article was in proof the managing editor sent for him.

"Here," he said, "this thing won't do. Children don't go to school that way. They lag. They loiter. It's like going into prison. All summer this first day of school has loomed ahead like some future punishment. It's the end of all happiness. I know. I was a boy once."

"But that is not true now," protested the reporter. "Here in the city, among the poor, vacation is the punishment and school the release from it. It may be that they find more to interest them there than outside; it may be that the teachers have learned the secret of inspiring them; it may be partly that they have so few pleasures at home. Anyway, they were the happiest children I have seen in a long time—just because they were coming back to school. Why, sir, half of those children were studying voluntarily till the middle of August in the 'vacation school.'"

The managing editor, growing interested, went and saw for himself, and the story "stood." It should have an inspiration in it for other boys and girls, and for their teachers, too. For these children who were going so merrily to the class-rooms were for the most part foreign-born themselves or the children of immigrants, who were turning to study with the avidity of those long deprived of all such privilege. The managing editor was just an American boy, and believed he was a typical one. Was he right? Every boy and girl who goes back to school after the long vacation might well ask whether he or she is as appreciative of that privilege as were those less fortunate urchins from other lands.

The American creed is that the safety of our institutions rest wholly upon the universal education of the people. The more generously the individual citizen is educated the better for the democracy. The development of the country's resources is wholly dependent upon education. Liberal provision for the extension of educational advantages is, therefore, nothing more nor less than a wise investment of the people's taxes. The future belongs to the resourceful mind, the trained intellect, the skilful hand, the man and woman who can master a situation. The State which fails to grasp the full significance of its educational duty is defrauding posterity out of a just portion of its dues. Not only should the State provide opportunities in the shape of schools and teachers and apparatus, but it should try in every possible way to induce the young to take advantage of them. Professor Giddings has suggested that it would not be unreasonable to compensate poor parents of gifted and industrious children to let these children continue at school after the compulsory education limits have been reached. He is right. The State can well afford to be liberal in the encouragement of universal education. This is practically recognized by every enlightened people, France and Germany, in particular.

But there are still many blind leaders of the blind who do not see this. The *New York Times* said recently: "The taxes of the many are now expended on the few to give them privileges of which the many are absolutely deprived." To be sure, why expend any money on West Point and Annapolis? Why? The many are going to be only soldiers in the ranks anyway, so why maintain schools for officers? Is it really so hard to see the point?

The penmanship problem is practically solved in its more essential phases by insisting upon care in the preparation of written work followed by rigid examination. Home work—if such there be—should receive special attention.



VERTICAL SECTION OF A HEAD OF FRUIT.

L. G. WILSON.

One day; early in the summer, a New Jersey teacher presented to TEACHERS MAGAZINE the leaf, blossom and seed from a sycamore tree that grew near her school, saying that her pupils were very much interested in the manner of growth. The editor had this drawing made, for the benefit of pupils and teachers elsewhere.

Summary of the Russo-Japanese War.

1903.

July.—Negotiations between Russia and Japan regarding Korea and Manchuria.

1904.

February.—(6) Diplomatic relations broken off. (8) Japanese torpedo boats attack Russian fleet outside Port Arthur, disabling two battleships and a cruiser. (10) Japan declares war; (11) United States declares neutrality; (12) China declares neutrality. (21) Kuropatkin appointed commander-in-chief of the Russian forces in Manchuria. (25) Japanese naval attack on Port Arthur repulsed. (26) First land action of the war, at Pingyang, Korea.

March.—(4) More than 20,000 Japanese troops landed at Chemulpo, Korea. (6) Japanese warships shell Vladivostok at long range; Russian forts make no reply. (8) Vladivostok bombarded without effect. (12) Kuropatkin leaves St. Petersburg for the front. (22) Japanese fleet again bombards Port Arthur. (27) Kuropatkin arrives at Mukden. (31) State of siege declared in the Port Arthur district.

April.—(7) Japanese supply ships enter the Yalu. (12) Japanese ships strew mines outside Port Arthur. (13) Russian battleship sunk by Japanese mine off Port Arthur, Admiral Makaroff with officers and crew to number of 674 being drowned, and another battleship injured. (27) Third attempt to block channel at Port Arthur fails. Fighting begins on the Yalu. (29-30) Battle of the Yalu. Japanese army under Kuroki forces the crossing of the Yalu near Wiju, and defeats Russians, capturing 28 guns. Loss on both sides about 4,000.

May.—(4) In a fourth attempt Japanese sink five merchant ships at entrance to inner harbor at Port Arthur, but do not seal port. (7) Japanese army cuts the railroad and telegraphic communications with Port Arthur at Polandien. (15) Japanese battleship Hatsuse sunk by striking submerged Russian mine outside Port Arthur; 480 officers and men killed. Battleship Yashima also sunk by mine. Japanese cruiser Yoshino rammed and sunk by sister ship Kasuga; 232 officers and men drowned. (24) Japanese bombard Port Arthur. (30) Japanese occupy Dalny, securing valuable property; docks blocked by sunken ships.

June.—(7) Russians driven from Samaltsa and Sin-yen after hotly contested battles. (14) Russian destroyers make a sortie at Port Arthur, but are driven back by Togo. (14-16) Battle of Vafangow results in decisive victory for Japanese. Russian losses, 3,426; Japanese, 1,193. Russians lose 16 guns. (15) Vladivostok squadron sinks Japanese transports Hitachi and Izumi, and disables the Sado in sea of Japan. (23) Russian fleet makes sortie from Port Arthur, declines battle with Togo's fleet, and is attacked in outer harbor by Japanese torpedo boats. Kuropatkin takes charge of Russian army in person. (26) Japanese capture Russian positions near Port Arthur.

July.—(4) Russian attack on Japanese in Motien Pass repulsed with loss of 200 men; Japanese loss, 60. (14) Announcement that the Baltic fleet will sail for the East. (24) Japanese push Russians from positions south of Liao-yang. (28) M. von Plehve, Russian minister of the interior, assassinated by a bomb at St. Petersburg.

August.—(5) Sea and land attack on Port Arthur. (10) Admiral Togo attacks ships, seriously damaging five battleships. Russian vessels take refuge in neutral ports. (16) General Nogi demands surrender of Port Arthur, offering safe conduct for non-combatants. (17) General Stoessel refuses to surrender Port Arthur. (19) First general attack on Port Arthur. (22) Left flank of Kuroki's army closes in on Liao-yang. (24) Assault by Japanese on Keekwan forts repulsed by Russians. Japanese losses in six days of first general assault on Port Arthur exceed 14,000 men; attempt as a whole a failure. (26) Japanese drive Russians out of positions on Pigeon bay, west of Port Arthur.

September.—(3) Kuropatkin orders general retreat. Japanese torpedo boat destroyer Hayatori sunk by mine off Port Arthur. (4) Russian rearguard evacuates Liao-yang; Japanese enter. Russian losses, 14,000; Japanese, 17,500. (7) Kuropatkin reaches Mukden. (18) Japanese gunboat Hei-yen strikes mine and sinks. (26) Railway around Lake Baikal opened.

October.—(10-14) Heavy fighting. Russians driven back losing 33,000 men; Japanese loss, 16,000. (15) Baltic fleet sails from Libau. (17) Baltic fleet anchors off Danish coast. (20) Baltic fleet moves toward North sea. (21-22) Baltic fleet fires, at midnight, on Hull fishing fleet. One vessel sunk, two fishermen killed. (25) The czar sends message to King Edward expressing regret. (26) Baltic fleet reaches Vigo. (28) Announcement that an International Commission of Inquiry is to be constituted to inquire into North sea matter.

November.—(2) Sir Charles Hardinge submits the British proposals for constitution of North sea Commission of Inquiry. (5) Russia accepts the proposals of Great Britain, but later, difficulties are raised. Baltic fleet leaves Tangier. (10) Admiral Alexieff arrives in St. Petersburg. (12) Admiral Rojesvsky at Dakar. (25) Anglo-Russian convention agrees to submit North sea matter to International Commission of inquiry. (30) Capture of 200-Metre hill. Russian loss, 3,000, Japanese (perhaps) 12,000.

December.—(3) Guns of Japanese naval brigade open fire on Russian ships in Port Arthur. (22) North sea Commission of Inquiry meets in Paris, and adjourns to Jan. 9. (22-25) Japanese dislodge outposts at Port Arthur.

1905.

January.—(1) General Stoessel proposes surrender of Port Arthur to General Nogi. (2) Capitulation agreement signed. (5) Surrendered garrison reported as 32,207 prisoners and 15,000 sick and wounded. (6) Prisoners march out of Port Arthur. (9) International Commission of Inquiry resumes sittings. (19) First public sitting of commission. (22) Strike riots in St. Petersburg. Troops fire on rioters. (25-29) Battle of Heikontai. Russians forced to retire. Russian losses, 10,000. Japanese, 9,000.

February.—(26) North sea commission holds Russia responsible for damage to British fishing fleet. (28) Oku's army of the west advances.

March. (6) Oku's progress checked by Russians. (7) Kuropatkin orders a retreat. (10) Japanese enter Mukden. (16) Japanese enter Tie pass. (21) Japanese occupy Chang-Tu.

April.—(8) Baltic fleet sighted off Singapore. (12-14) Rojesvsky reaches Kamranh bay. (20) Japanese minister at Paris calls attention to the reported stay of Russian vessels in Kamranh bay. (22) Rojesvsky leaves Kamranh bay.

May.—(1) U. S. government urges upon China wisdom of enforcing neutrality of Chinese Harbors. (14) Baltic fleet leaves Honkohe bay for the north. (18-25) Fighting in Manchuria. Japanese successful. (27-28) Battle of sea of Japan. Togo destroys Baltic fleet, captures Rojesvsky and Nebogatoff. Prisoners, 8,000; many killed and drowned.

June.—(8) President Roosevelt sends dispatch to Japanese and Russian governments urging negotiations for peace. (9) Escaped Russian cruisers interned at Manila. (10) Japan agrees to President Roosevelt's proposition to appoint peace envoys to meet similar envoys from Russia. (12) Russia accepts the proposal. (15) Washington selected as place for peace conference.

July.—(2) Announcement that Muravieff and Rosen will be Russian peace envoys, Komura and Takahira, Japanese. (7) Baron Rosen, new Russian ambassador, reaches Washington. (10) Portsmouth, N. H., navy yard chosen as scene of treaty negotiations. (13) Witte appointed in place of Muravieff.

August.—(5) Russian and Japanese envoys formally received by President Roosevelt at Oyster bay. (8) Envoys received by United States and New Hampshire authorities, and installed in Hotel Wentworth. (10) Credentials of peace envoys exchanged and found satisfactory. Japanese present twelve conditions essential to peace treaty.

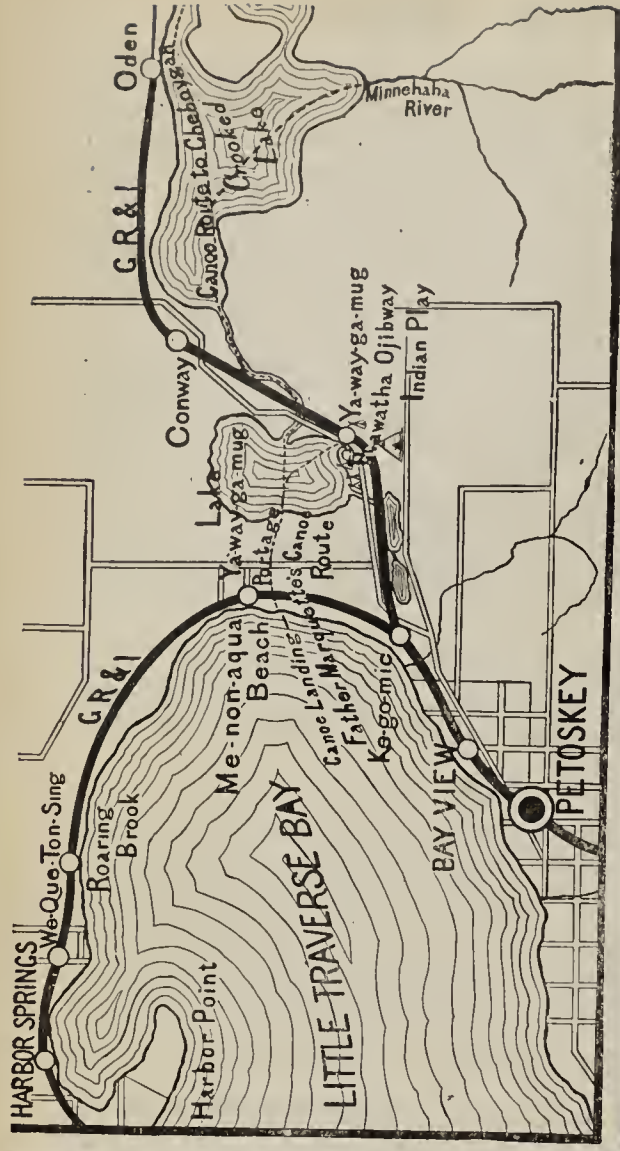
September.—(5) Treaty signed, ending war between Russia and Japan. (For terms of treaty, see *Our Times* for Sept. 2 and Sept. 9, 1905.)

For pimples, blotches, bad complexion, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine to take—it has established this fact.

Scene from the Indian Play of Hiawatha. [See Centre Pages of TEACHERS MAGAZINE for September.]



"Pleasant was the journey homeward:
All the birds sang loud and sweetly,
Songs of happiness and heart's ease."



Seat Work Cards===For Silent Occupation

Write the names of five of your schoolmates.

Write the names of ten married women you know. (As, Mrs. Brown. Mrs. has a period after it.)

Write the names of ten things you can see.

Write five times each: An apple; an egg; an ox.

Write two numbers that, when added together, will make 14, 12, 10, 8, 16.

Put + 8 after each of the nine figures, and add. (As, $1 + 8 = 9$.)

Put - 4 after each of the nine figures, and subtract. (As, $6 - 4 = 2$.)

Write, five times: I saw one goose. I saw two geese.

Write five statements like this: I saw one lady. I saw two ladies, etc.

Write the names of ten men you know. (As, Mr. Brown. Mr. has a period after it.)

Write five questions about the hen.

Write ten describing words before the word girl. (As, A good girl.)

Put your hand on the desk and write five statements about it.

Write, in a column, ten words of three letters each, from your Reader.

Put 5 after each of the nine figures, and subtract. (As, $9 - 5 = 4$.)

Write the names of the days of the week in a column.

Copy the names of the months, each one five times.

Write your name, the name of the place you live in, the day of the week, of the month, of the year. (As, Frank Smith, Watertown, Tuesday, June 25 1905.)

Write a statement about each of the four seasons.

Put a book on the desk and measure it with a ruler. Write a statement about it.

Draw ten lines each one inch long. They must be neat and straight.

Draw eight squares each one inch on each side, and draw across them straight lines.

Draw five oblongs, the bottom line of each two inches, the side lines one inch, and draw over them straight up-and-down lines.

Draw ten level lines one inch long. Across them draw ten up-and-down lines.

Draw twenty slanting lines one inch long.

Draw an oblong two inches long and one inch high, and divide it into eight squares.

Questions on Current Events

(These questions will be found valuable for school-room use, as well as the teacher's own review of the world's progress. If more complete answers are required they will be found in late issues of OUR TIMES. The figures refer to the pages.)

On what points did the peace envoys agree? A. That the Russian and Japanese armies should be withdrawn from Manchuria; that Port Arthur and the Liao-tung base be transferred to Japan; that Chinese civil administration be re-established in Manchuria; that Japan should have part of the railroad leading northward from Port Arthur; that Japanese fishing rights on the coast of Siberia be recognized. 3.

On what points did they disagree? A. Russia objected to the payment of an indemnity, to delivering the interned ships to Japan, to limiting Russia's naval force in the Pacific, and to ceding Sakhalin to Japan. 3.

How did they come to a final agreement? A. Baron Komura abandoned his demands for the interned ships and the limitation of Russia's naval power in the Pacific. The mikado and his advisers waived the indemnity, and Russia agreed to cede the southern half of Sakhalin to Japan. 3.

Why are some Japanese dissatisfied? A. They believe that matters have been left in such a state that Russia may renew the war at some future time. 4.

Where were expeditions sent to view the eclipse of the sun? A. To Spain, Tripoli, Algiers, Tunis and Egypt. 4.

What are some of the results expected? A. Astronomers wish to get more definite knowledge in regard to the



Map Showing Changes of Territory Brought About by the War.

At The Parsonage.

COFFEE RUNS RIOT NO LONGER.

"Wife and I had a serious time of it while we were coffee drinkers.

"She had gastritis, headaches, belching and would have periods of sickness while I secured a daily headache that became chronic.

We naturally sought relief by drugs and without avail, for it is now plain enough that no drug will cure the diseases another drug, coffee sets up particularly, so long as the drug which causes the trouble is continued.

"Finally we thought we would try leaving off coffee and using Postum. I noticed that my headaches disappeared like magic and my old "trembly" nervousness left. One day wife said, "Do you know my gastritis has gone?"

"One can hardly realize what Postum has done for us.

"Then we began to talk to others. Wife's father and mother were both coffee drinkers and sufferers. Their headaches left entirely a short time after they changed the old coffee for Postum. I began to inquire among my parishioners and found to my astonishment that numbers of them use Postum in place of coffee. Many of the ministers who have visited our parsonage have become enthusiastic champions of Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a Reason.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville" in each package.

the sun's corona, and to find out if there are other planets between Mercury and the sun.

What plan was presented at the Interparliamentary congress in Brussels? A. A plan was submitted by an American for an international parliament. 4.

Why did Lord Curzon resign as viceroy of India? A. On account of a disagreement with Lord Kitchener in regard to the control of the army. 5.

Who succeeded him? A. Lord Minto. 5.

How did the Norwegians vote on the question of separation from Sweden? A. They were almost unanimously in favor of it. 6.

What celebrated churchman died of yellow fever? A. Archbishop Chapelle. 8.

What two authors died recently? A. Mary Mapes Dodge (8) and Hezekiah Butterworth (25).

Who lately petitioned for a cotton bureau? A. The Southern Cotton Association asks for one on account of the great importance of the cotton industry. 23.

What were the main events of the war just ended? A. Togo's first attack on Port Arthur, battle of the Yalu, taking of Nanshan hill, battle of Vafangow, battle of Liao-yang, battle of the Sha river, fall of Port Arthur, battle of Mukden, and battle of the sea of Japan. 20.

What important object is attained by the new Anglo-Japanese alliance? A. It serves as a check to Russia, Germany, and the other powers that have sought a division of China. 20.

What power is the Russian national assembly to have? A. Very little except advisory power. 22.

Replies to Questions

By AMOS M. KELLOGG.

Shall I continue in teaching? This question began to come in letters in February, more in March, still more in April, May, and June, showing that the writers were thinking seriously of ending their work in the school-room with the school year. It is probable that this was the first year for many, and it had not proved profitable pecuniarily, or unexpected difficulties had made their appearance.

There are few teachers but have asked themselves this question at some time in their lives. Let me recall my own experience. I graduated from the Albany normal school in the spring of 1851 and was employed in the junior department of the Palmyra Union at a salary of \$25 per month. Before the year closed I was offered \$40 per month and expenses to travel for a patent window fixture company. It was a temptation. I wrote to my Albany teacher, Prof. D. G. Eaton, for his advice. In his reply he said: "You must ask yourself whether you would be as happy in the other field of work as in teaching. And then bear in mind that you have just begun; as you acquire skill you will command better wages."

The first point decided me; my heart was in school-room work. I consented to go on. The senior department unexpectedly became vacant, and I was put in charge of it at \$40 per month. The answer to the question in nearly all cases will be found to turn on the point of personal preference. It is exceedingly dangerous for a man who has spent time and labor in fitting himself for teaching, and who likes the work, who sees that he is doing good and feels a desire to do good to his fellowmen, to turn aside into another and different field of labor.

I know a teacher in a normal school who left his work to get double the salary by introducing a patent steam engine. In a few months he hated his new work; threw it up and sought a place at his old salary for the reason as he said, "My whole thought is about teaching." He became noted afterward as a principal of a great state normal school; in this field he continued all his life.

I knew a most genial principal of a city high school who was tempted to undertake life insurance and thus double his earnings. A year's trial made it plain that all his preparation, experience, thought, associations, reading, and pleasures were connected with the progress of young persons in knowledge and character, and he gave up the new business, tho he had met with a good measure of success in it. But he never got back into a really good position again; he visited pupils to fit them for college.

Of course in these cases the teachers cited had had considerable experience, but the basal principle will govern in cases where experience is lacking.

Power to teach is an instinct. Adam at once undertook to impart to Cain his knowledge and experience, tho not successfully. All have some teaching power, some possess a great deal. Such find their happiness in the school-room; the remuneration is a secondary matter. The desire to do good enters into the question, in many cases, largely. So does the acquired knowledge and preparation.

Let us take the case of a young man who had graduated from a high school, in ordinary courses this requires twelve years of study. He is eighteen or nineteen years of age. He desires to be of use to the world, to benefit his fellowmen, and begins to teach. After a year thus spent he is offered work as a conductor on a trolley car at a larger compensation, and he hesitates.

He ought to proceed with caution. 1. He will have different companions. 2. He will not be employing the knowledge he has acquired; it is a pleasure to impart knowledge—for the genuine teacher. 3. He ought, in two years from now, if a man of energy and purpose, to occupy a place paying twice, possibly thrice, what he now gets. 4. He has the respect of a community of people and is often a leading member of it. 5. He has a long vacation period each year. 6. He is where he can guard his health—teachers are long-lived. 7. He is able to feel that he is doing a positive good to the world.

There are those who have drifted into the profession solely for the dollars; such are advised to leave as soon as the chance to better themselves occurs; better if they went before. They do not ask any one for advice. But there are very many who are tempted by larger pay, who hesitate. Such should look deeply into themselves. They should weigh their abilities, tastes, and qualifications. If they feel willing to increase in qualifications they can increase the remuneration accordingly. The time and effort may be required.

This shows that the question must be looked at largely; it is a life question.

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PRACTICAL

Books on Drawing

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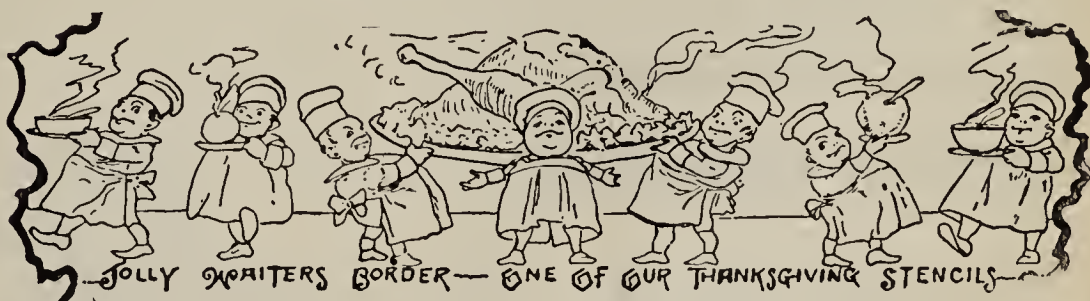
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Tommie Bate's Thanksgiving Idea.

Altho Tommy Bates had listened attentively to all that his teacher had said about sharing his Thanksgiving goodies with children less favored, he still felt mystified, and as he trudged homeward alone he fell into a certain habit which he had of talking to himself when in trouble.

"There's Johnny Pratt, now. He doesn't have any Thanksgiving to speak of. At least, he didn't last year. Of course I might give him a big piece of pumpkin pie. Ma cuts them in quarters, Thanksgiving Day. Wouldn't he smack his lips, tho? I don't know but she would give him a whole one, but that wouldn't be real giving, it wouldn't cost me anything. Teacher said that pumpkin pies and turkeys, and ma's and grandpa's, and all good things, were blessings, and everybody had them in some way. But if Johnny Pratt has any, I'd like to know what they are. He hasn't any ma, nor grandma, nor grandpa, and no pa to speak of, and of course he hasn't any good things to eat, 'cause there's nobody to get them for him.

"I know what I'll do about things to eat. When pa says, 'Will you have another piece of white meat, my boy?' I'll say, 'No, thank you,' not because there will be any need of it, for there's always more'n enough to go round, and when ma offers me the second piece of pie I'll say, No, ma, guess I'll take a piece of bread.' That will be 'getting into the spirit of it,' as teacher said. But there's the folks. Pa and ma, and little Bettie, and dear old grandpa and grandma, I can't share them with Johnny. Oh, dear! what shall I do? I wish Miss Brown hadn't talked so nicely to us this afternoon. It sounded good, but there's no way. How mean it would be to pass out pies and turkeys, when, of course he's enough sight hungrier for some one to love him than he is for something to eat."

It was of no use, Tommy could not think it out, and he did his chores in such a listless way, and hurried off to bed so quickly after supper, that his mother and grandmother wondered if he was not coming down with the measles or something. He could not sleep, but tossed from one side of the bed to the other, wondering if it was not almost morning. But just as the town clock struck half-past nine a solution of the problem came into his mind like a flash, and in a moment he was in dreamland.

He was awake early the next morning, and came down to breakfast with a face as rosy as the dawn. As soon as he could screw his courage up to the speaking point, he voiced his resolve in the question, "Would you people be willing to trade boys with Mr. Pratt?"

Teachers, don't narrow your lives by reading only professional literature, nor squander your time on desultory reading. Take up some of the splendid reading courses and get your associate teachers to join you for a reading club. If your leisure is limited, you will find the courses of the BAY VIEW READING CLUB just right. Nothing could be more delightful than its travel courses, with systematic studies on the history, art, literature, and institutions of the lands taken up. J. M. HALL, Boston Boulevard, Detroit, Mich., can tell you all about them.

To say that the family were surprised would not be doing them full justice. Grandfather found his voice first.

"And what should we trade boys for, pray? Our own boy suits us very well."

"For how long a time?" inquired father, wondering what Tommie had on his mind.

"Oh! just for Thanksgiving Day. You see, I have things good enough for Thanksgiving every day in the year, and there's Johnny, who never has anything really good, and I thought"—Here Tommie grew very red in the face, ashamed to let his left hand know what his right hand was trying to do.

"Tommie," said his mother, seeing his confusion, "I will see that your friend has a thanksgiving dinner that will astonish him."

"But, mother,—don't you see?—that isn't all of it." Why couldn't they understand without being told? If a boy only might be permitted to do things without explaining. "Dinner isn't all. Johnny needs folks more'n anything, and I thought"—

Again the young philanthropist found it difficult to speak what was in his heart.

"I see what the young man is up to," interposed the father kindly. "He wants to change places with Johnny Pratt that he may have the privileges of home for one blessed day. It is a grand thought, my boy!"

Tommie's face was scarlet. It was so hard to be praised right before them all. There was a suspicious moisture in his mother's eyes as she helped grandpa to his second cup of coffee, and the old man's hand shook even more than usual as he reached out his hand to take it.

"The dear boy," said grandma, under her breath.

"I wants my own Tommie," whined Bettie, understanding just enough to make her afraid that some untoward event was to take place.

Antikamnia tablets have become a favorite for pain, such as headache and neuralgia. They are used only internally. To stop pain, one tablet is administered at once; twenty minutes later the same dose is repeated, and if necessary, a third dose given twenty minutes after the second.—Hugo Engel, M. D., in the Boston Medical and Surgical Reporter.

Thanksgiving Day was spent according to Tommie's plan. Johnny came and took his place in every possible way. His chair at the table, his part in the work, and particularly his share in the games, were Johnny's remarkable good fortune. Mr. Bates always said "my boy," and grandfather placed his hand upon Johnny's head several times during the day, and called him "a noble lad," evidently forgetting that he was not speaking to the boy whom he so much loved.

Mother Bates, like the brave woman that she was, seemed to put her own boy quite out of mind, treating Johnny exactly as she would have her own, never, by any little act, reminding him that he was only a guest.

Poor little Bettie could not take in the situation so readily, and ran away to grandma's room several times during the day, and, throwing her arms about the old lady's neck, shed a few tears upon the soft cheeks. Upon the whole, however, the day passed pleasantly at the Bates homestead, and all rejoiced in the sacrifice which their dear boy was making.

It was really more of a sacrifice than they knew, for Tommie had spent the long day with a querulous old man who could not get out of his chair, and who never did anything but eat and smoke and find fault. He was, if possible, a little more cross than usual, and asked to have his pipe lighted just twenty-five times, for Tommie counted them. He had never been used to tobacco, and the vile scent which filled the room was a poor exchange for the savory odors which he knew were a pleasant part of the day's festivities in his mother's tidy kitchen.

Tommie had given strict orders that Johnny was not to come home until the evening's merry-making was over. There were several cousins about Tommie's age who always spent the day with them, and stayed until late into the evening. This was the best of all, and Tommie had certainly got "into the spirit of it" when he willingly gave up this part of the day's pleasure.

The sacrifice brought its reward, however, as heart sacrifices usually do. This was the beginning of a great friendship between the boys, and the foundation for many a good time. In the pleasant sunshine of kindness Johnny's character blossomed out into that which was quite worthy the friendship of even so noble a boy as Tommie Bates.—Susie E. Kennedy in *The Sunday School Times*.

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Teachers Magazine—Oct.

Thanksgiving Cut-Up Problems

1. Grandma made two mince pies for Thanksgiving dinner. Each pie was cut into 5 pieces. There were 8 people. How many pieces were left?

2. In the bottle of mixed pickles there were 10 cucumbers, 3 onions, 6 peppers, and 4 string beans. How many in all?

3. The turkey had 1 head, 2 eyes, 2 wings, 2 feet, 1 tail, 1 bill. How many in all?

4. Mother had a plate of fruit. There were 5 apples, 3 oranges, 2 bunches of grapes, and a peach. How many in all?

5. Grandpa, grandma, father, mother, Aunt Helen, Uncle John, Bess, Harry, baby and I sat at the table. How many of us were there?

6. My pudding had 7 plums in it. I ate five. How many were left?

7. There were ten plates, with a knife and a fork beside each one. How many knives and forks altogether?

8. Each of the 10 people ate 1-2 a slice of bread. How many whole slices were eaten?

9. The children counted the seeds in their apples. There were 6+7+4. How many seeds?

10. Mother let each of the three children have 2 nuts and 1 piece of candy. How many of each did they have altogether?

11. In the evening the ten people played Pilgrim. The six grown-up people were Pilgrims, the children were Indians. How many Indians?

12. The day after Thanksgiving the 4 children were sick. If there were ten people in all, how many stayed well?

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November and "Thanks" Quotations.

We'll light our hearts these gloomy days
With sweet contentment's cheerful rays,
For mercies prove our thankfulness
By useful lives, that help and bliss.

Little songs, all full of joy, little lips
can sing;
Little voices, soft and sweet, may their
tribute bring;
Little verses can express what we wish
to tell
Of a loving care that keeps little folks so
well.

Autumn day, fruitful day!
See what God hath given away!
Orchard trees with fruits are bending,
Harvest wains are homeward wending;
And the Lord o'er all the land
Opens wide His bounteous hand.
Children, gathering fruits that fall,
Think of God, who gives them all.

God gives us with our rugged soil
The power to make it Eden-fair,
And richer fruits to crown our toil,
Than summer-wedded islands bear.
—J. G. WHITTIER.

But let the good corn adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
And let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God.

Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
That soils my land,
And gav'st me for my bushel some
Twice ten for one,
All this and better, Thou dost send
Me, to this end,
That I should render for my part,
A thankful heart.

—ROBERT HERRICK.

For summer's bloom and autumn's blight,
For blended wheat and blasted maize,
For health and sickness, Lord of light,
And Lord of darkness, hear our praise.
—J. G. HOLLAND.



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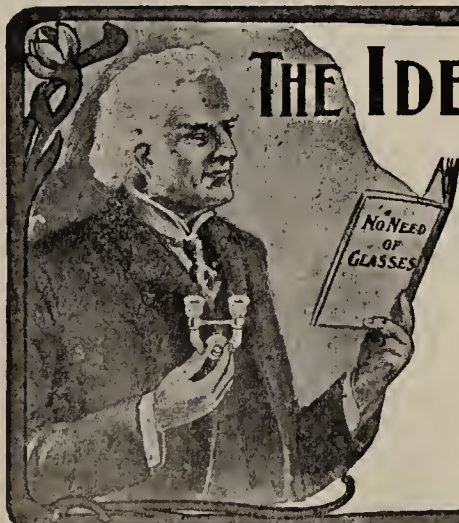
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Nobody sees the baby grow,
Baby dear with the laughing eyes,
Who came to our house a year ago,
Looking ever so wrinkled and wise;
But every day of the happy year
He has taken upon him some beauty new,

And as for growing, why this is clear,
He's never had anything else to do.
Grandmamma says: "When he's asleep,
Then it is that the baby grows."
Close to the crib we often creep
To watch, but we don't think grandma knows.

Never a fringe of the golden hair
Clustering soft around his brow
Lengthens the least while we are there,
And yet it is growing—the wonder, how?

Nobody sees the baby grow,
But over his rosy little face
The prettiest dimples of laughter flow,
The dancing dimples merrily chase,
And tiny feet are learning to walk,
The rounded limbs are growing strong;
The lisping tongue is learning to talk,
As cheerily pass the days along.

Nobody can explain it all,
But one thing to our thought is clear,
God, who sees if a sparrow fall,
Sent our beautiful baby here.
And mother cares for him day and night,—
'Tis easy enough when she loves him so,
And God, whenever she puts out the light,
Just looks in and makes him grow.

—Selected.

The Babes in the Wood.

My dear, do you know
How a long time ago,

Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away

On a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood,
As I've heard people say.

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,

The sun it went down
And the moon gave no light!
They sobb'd and they sigh'd,
And they bitterly cried,

And the poor little things,
They laid down and died.

And when they were dead,
The robins so red

Brought strawberry leaves,
And over them spread;
And all the day long,
They sang them this song—

Poor babes in the wood!
Poor babes in the wood!

And don't you remember
The babes in the wood?

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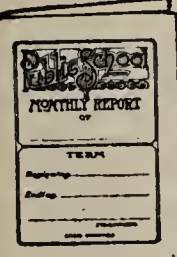
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Eyes to see the earth and sky,
Ears to hear my friends rejoice.
2. I have lips to tell each thought
In my busy bosom wrought,
Hands for work and hands for play,
Feet to aid me on my way.
3. "I see," says the eye. "I can look on all the pretty things which God and man have made."
4. "Without me," says the eye, "the day might as well be dark like the night, the flowers might be all of one color, and no pictures could be drawn or painted."
5. "I hear," says the ear. "I catch all the sounds that are borne to me on the air. I listen to the voices of those around me, and I enjoy sweet music."
6. "Without me," says the ear, "the human voice might as well be silent, the birds need not sing, and all music would be useless."
7. "I smell," says the nose. "I know which of the garden flowers have the sweetest scent. I also know when the air around is not pure and not fit to breathe."
8. "Without me," says the nose, "the perfume of the rose, the lily, and the violet would be wasted, and bad air might cause much sickness and death."

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9. "I taste," says the mouth. "I know what food is nice and pleasant. I can tell the sweet apple from the sour one, even when the eye does not know."

10. "Without me," says the mouth, "no one would know what was bitter and what was sweet. No one could tell whether there was sugar or salt in the tea."

11. "I feel," says the hand. "I can tell many things about an object by the touch. I can do my work in the dark as well as in the light."

12. "Without me," says the hand, "no one would know what things were hot and what were cold. Nor would any one know the difference between what was hard and what was soft, and what was rough and what was smooth."

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The eye sees and tells when it is day and when it is night.

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The mouth tastes, and the hand feels.



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The Boyless Town.

A cross old woman of long ago
Declared that she hated noise ;
"The town would be so pleasant, you
know,
If only there were no boys."
She scolded and fretted about it till
Her eyes grew heavy as lead,
And then of a sudden, the town grew still ;
For all the boys had fled.

And all thru the long and dusty street
There wasn't a boy in view ;
The baseball lot where they used to meet,
Was a sight to make one blue.
The grass was growing on every base,
And the paths that the runners made,
For there wasn't a soul in all the place
Who knew how the game was played.

The dogs were sleeping the live-long
day—
Why should they bark or leap ?
There wasn't a whistle or call to play,
And so they could only sleep.
The pony neighed from his lonely stall,
And longed for saddle and rein ;
And even the birds of the garden wall
Chirped only a dull refrain.

The cherries rotted and went to waste—
There was no one to climb the trees ;
And nobody had a single taste,
Save only the birds and bees.
There wasn't a messenger boy—not one—
To speed as such messengers can ;
If people wanted their errands done
They sent for a messenger man.

There was little, I ween, of frolic and
noise ;
There was less of cheer and mirth.
The sad old town, since it lacked its boys,
Was the dreariest place on earth.
The poor old woman began to weep,
Then woke with a sudden scream,
"Dear me!" she cried, "I have been
asleep,
And, oh, what a horrid dream!"
—St. Nicholas.

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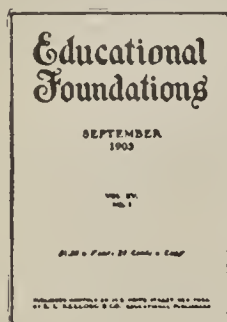
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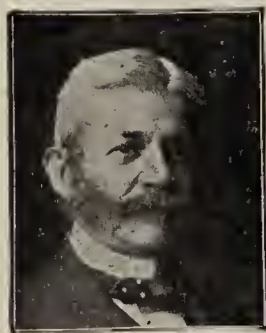
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- 1st. Recommend OUR TIMES to your fellow teachers and neighbors.
 - 2nd. Give (or loan) them your copy occasionally.
 - 3rd. Send us the names of those you think will be or ought to be interested and we will write them.
 - 4th. Form a CLUB; it's easy work. Let us start you. Just ask for the literature and the suggestions; we will promptly or gladly furnish you an outfit free.
 - 5th. Send us the name of a bright boy in your school or your home.

"WE WILL DO THE REST."

Here are some of the reasons why we urge you to become enthusiastic in spreading the good news that OUR TIMES is *THE* paper to teach CURRENT EVENTS in the school and home:

A Concise Weekly Needed

Every intelligent person readily recognizes the importance of a reliable, unbiased, concise and thorough digest of time, the direction of thought, and the news of the day. In the saving of interpretation of present-day history such a paper performs a service invaluable to its busy patrons. Of no class is this so true as of those who teach and are taught in our schools.

The Usual Newspaper not adapted to schools

Unquestionably the daily newspaper offers the greatest source of information on Current Events, but it is not adapted to school use. All wide-awake, up-to-date educators recognize the necessity of a paper specially suited to this purpose. Many public schools now follow the practice of utilizing Current Events in illustrating Geography, History, etc.

Teaching "Current Events" A means not an end

The first and most important thing in connection with the introduction of the study of "Current Events" is the point of view. They may be TAUGHT, or they may be used as a means of teaching. To use them as a MEANS rather than an END is by far the more fruitful in results, and such use does not increase the daily program or disturb the course of study. Considered as a means rather than an end, the use of Current Events touches school work at many points, and adapts itself to almost any study.

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"Our Times" is especially adapted to school use because—

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7. It is easily within the reach, financially, of every teacher and home.
8. It comes to them at the close of the week's studies, A TREAT.
9. It is simple enough for the child, vigorous enough for the adult.
10. It soon becomes a vitally active bond between the school and the home, which no one study can ever supplant. Talk of "School" and the pupil and parent both weary at the end of the week; talk of "Current Events" and everyone is interested and every study

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Many paragraphs in "Our Times" relating to Botany, Zoology, Astronomy, Meteorology, etc., help to add zest to the study of these sciences.

Special Use of "Our Times"

The uses to which "Our Times" may be put in the school room are various. Its subject matter—Current Events—furnishes the foundation for a most helpful "quiz" on the news of the day just before regular school work begins. "Our Times" may also be the medium by which specially-appointed pupils act as news correspondents at various supposed centres, such as New York, St. Petersburg, Washington, etc., each one gleaming the news for his designated country or city. "Our Times" as a "Monthly Review" affords a most profitable exercise for the cultivation of the memory.

"Our Times" in the Home

Most families subscribe for a local paper, but to many, a metropolitan daily is too great a luxury. "Our Times," however, gives all the world's news of an entire week for less than two cents and puts this news in such a terse, simple, forceful way that ALL members of the household are benefited; besides, the little ones at school find in it a ready answer to the many questions constantly asked by their teacher concerning the news of the day. "Our Times" in the home, therefore, serves a DOUBLE purpose—it brings the latest news and it binds the school still more intimately to the home. As a home paper, therefore, it is inexpensive, it is intelligible to the children as well as to adults and it is free from all that is objectionable, and so, well-calculated to become the ideal paper for many thousand homes.

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TEACHERS MAGAZINE

Published Monthly, September to June, inclusive, by the
UNITED EDUCATIONAL CO.

Successors to

E. L. KELLOGG & Co. *Founded 1874*

E. O. VAILE *Founded 1880*

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OSSIAN LANG, *Editor.*

Discontinuances Any subscriber wishing to stop his paper must notify the publishers, otherwise he is responsible for payment as long as the paper is sent. Subscribers should not depend upon their Postmaster or anyone else to order their paper stopped for them.

Change of Address Subscribers must notify us of any change in their address giving both the former and present address. Postmasters no longer forward papers unless prepaid.

Missing Numbers Should any subscriber fail to receive his copy by the tenth day of any month, notification should be sent us and another copy will be mailed.

Advertising Rates will be furnished upon application.

Publishers' Talks



ONE of the pleasing features of the publication of so beautiful and attractive a production as TEACHERS MAGAZINE is the desire which it stimulates among subscribers to have other teachers, with whom they are acquainted, receive the benefit of its help. We venture to assert that among the thousands of enthusiasts who have been charmed by this magazine, there are very few who have not mentally said to themselves as they have read its pages, "I wish so and so could see this periodical." Well, why should they not see it? If you will do your part this can be accomplished to the satisfaction of your friend and to your own benefit. Buy a double postal card and write to a few teacher friends, and ask them if they are taking this magazine. They will reply on the return postal card. If they are not taking it, send us their names and we will send them a sample copy. Upon receipt of information that your friend is not a subscriber write at once stating how much you prize the magazine and urge a subscription thru you. For every new subscription you send us we will extend your own subscription two months. We want to increase our subscription list fifty thousand this year, and from the way new subscriptions are rolling in, this does not seem an unreasonable expectation. If our efforts to produce a magazine that shall be a pride to the profession is worthy of your co-operation we hope you will give us the benefit of your help.

A Double Magazine

We have implicit faith in the general magazine covering all grades of work from the Kindergarten to the High School, and we are positive the more teachers come to know such a publication the more fully they will prize it. There is every reason why a teacher in one grade should be conversant with the character and quality of material which appeals to her fellow co-worker in another grade. All grades are closely inter-related. To successfully prepare a class for a higher grade should involve a knowledge not only of that grade's requirements, but of the foundations already laid for her class by the lower grade teacher. The independent teacher is obsolete; she has no place in the present day educational structure. A successful teacher *must* recognize the method and principles which have been employed in preparing her incoming class, as well as those which are to

be observed in fitting her class for reception to a higher grade. For this reason we are firmly of the belief that one magazine for teachers in all grades is not only a financial desideratum to the teacher herself, but a very essential factor in our educational system. Furthermore, any ambitious teacher looking forward to her own advancement in higher class work, or eventually to principalship, owes it to herself to keep constantly in touch with her co-workers in other and lower grades. In no way can this be done more enjoyably and profitably than by a periodical such as the TEACHERS MAGAZINE. A primary teacher will pay one dollar for a distinctively primary paper of forty pages or thereabouts, whereas this magazine gives equally as much primary material in quantity and many people say much better in quality, and in addition, gives just as great material of a higher character and with which the primary teacher should be familiar. As great care is taken to satisfy the requirements of both the primary and higher grade teacher as tho we were publishing two separate magazines. Neither is neglected in quantity or quality, but we are covering both needs in one magazine which is being appreciated by thousands. The TEACHERS MAGAZINE is the largest and most attractive magazine upon education published anywhere in the world. It is bound to make friends and to hold them.

A Few Don'ts

DON'T fail to give both your old and your new location when requesting that your address be changed. We cannot comply with your request without both, as our lists are not arranged alphabetically but geographically.

DON'T complain if the date on your wrapper is not changed within two weeks after sending us your remittance. At this season of the year it may take three or four weeks to do this because of the heavy character of our mail.

DON'T fail to notify us if you have sent in your subscription from one address, and you were a subscriber at another address to some one of the four journals amalgamated into this magazine. In such case the publication may be going to both addresses at double cost to you.

Is an Educational Paper Club Advantageous?

We notice a growing tendency in some sections of the country for teachers of a given community to club together and subscribe for a large number of educational papers and then exchange among themselves. This may be an admirable arrange-

ment for ascertaining the merits of different publications, but it will be positively derogatory to the best interests of education in general and the teacher's individual advancement in particular, if it is permitted to interfere with the ownership of one or more papers for the teacher's own personal use. We have known teachers to give up taking a paper for themselves because they had joined a club of this character. Such a plan encourages superficiality. The teacher glances at a great deal, reads but little thoroly, and mentally retains still less for her advancement and practical work. There is nothing that the teacher can call her own, which she can keep at hand for ready reference, which she can cut up for her indexed scrap book, or which she can take to school for the delectation of her pupils. If she wants to read a given magazine carefully she is refrained from doing so lest she may keep it from others who have an equal right to its contents. It is a hodge-podge arrangement that can give satisfaction to no one, and principals and superintendants should discourage such a plan as inimical to the best educational work. School libraries should purchase various periodicals, but the individual teacher should have her individual magazine.

Autobiography of a Teacher

Are you reading the "Autobiography of a Teacher," by Dr. C. Hanford Henderson? Do not miss it. Certainly it will appeal to you strongly by the beauty of style and the charm of narrative. You will find it difficult to lay aside after you begin to read, and it can be readily understood why the books of Dr. Henderson are so widely read and why he has so many admirers.

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ment. It is a field of activity that they know about, in which they are interested, and in which they can find a peculiar gratification. Even those who can only afford to save *one dollar* a month should take advantage of this chance. There need be no fear of our discouraging such a subscriber merely because the amount of the investment is small, for the larger the number of our stockholders, and the more widely they are scattered the better it is for us from a commercial standpoint. This can be readily understood. We want this stock held by those concerned with education, rather than by mere financiers. It is as safe and attractive for one as for the other, but it is educators who help us make our profits and it is educators that we want to share the profits. The joint business of the amalgamated enterprises was sufficient to produce enough earnings to insure the dividends upon the preferred stock. This business we are not only holding in a remarkable manner, but we are largely increasing our business thru the generous patronage of new friends. We invite and welcome applications for this investment of whatsoever volume from one share upwards, and will satisfy such applications so long as the stock lasts. Applications, however, should be made promptly.

Are You Teaching Current Events?

If you want your pupils to take a keen interest in their studies, you must, as far as possible, bring the important world occurrences into close relationship with the daily class-room work. There is hardly a study in which this is not practicable. Send for our booklet "The Teaching of Current Events in Schools" which can be had for the asking. Hundreds of subscribers voluntarily assert that *Our Times* since it has been converted into a weekly is the best publication in existence for dealing with this situation, especially as it is so splendidly adapted to school use. Desirable rates for school clubs.

Are You Reading the Advertisements?

Do not fail to do this. You will find them very interesting and suggestive. You will not buy anything unless you want it simply because the advertisement is in this magazine, but when you do want a given article buy it from those who have advertised in this journal. The advertisers are helping us to produce a magazine of unusual attractiveness and which we could not do if we were compelled to rely only upon subscription revenue. These advertisers are entitled to your consideration and we hope you will at least look over what they have at considerable expense placed before you.

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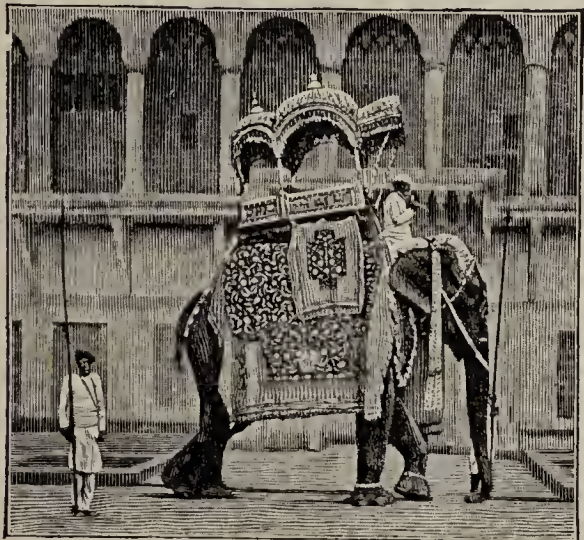
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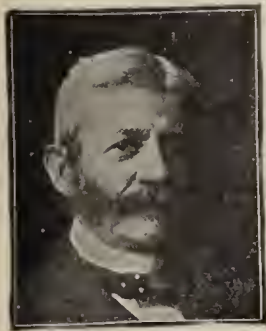
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Successors to

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Book Talk

By Mrs. Frances Hardin Hess

Never before in my experience as a purveyor of information of "What to Read" and "How to Read It" have I been so embarrassed by such a wealth of really good books as at the present time. Fortunately the book reviews eliminate the new publications and I can fall back on Emerson's dictum of recommending such as have stood the test of a year's use, or even longer.

Among the purely professional I want to call attention to the *Month by Month Books* once more.

Here is a new up-to-date series of books of Nature Study correlated with Reading, Literature, Language and Drawing Lessons, one for each month of the year from September to June inclusive, based on the best and most approved methods of teaching, and conforming with any course of study. The authors are well-known as experienced and skilful primary teachers. They have embodied the plans and suggestions of Dr. Edw. R. Shaw, Supt. C. B. Gilbert, Miss Ada Van Stone Harris, Prin. D. B. Corson, and other well-known authorities, and have produced a series of most helpful volumes.

Altho especially designed for the use of teachers in primary grades, the series will be welcomed in ungraded country

What Books Are Most Read.

Ossian' Lang's *Outlines of Herbart's Pedagogics* is a compact statement of the educational theory of Herbart. I read all around the subject until I found this "Key to Deeper Studies." I am sure there are many teachers who feel this help as much as I did. With the "Outlines" as a key the door will be open, and the whole structure will be of easier access.

Next we come to the field of English for High and Preparatory schools. This is a field so tempting that one hardly knows how to choose from the wealth of available material. It is wise to select books that are well illustrated. I have used with much success the following:

Ward (H. S. and Catherine Weed);

(a) Real Dickens Land;

(b) Shakespeare's Town and Times;

(c) Canterbury Pilgrimages.

Mrs. Ward is the grand-daughter of Thurlow Weed, and probably the most notable woman photographer living. She is a graduate of Vassar college and identified with educational affairs in England, where she now lives. Mr. Ward is well known in English literary circles, and his text in the *Canterbury Pilgrimages* is not only a real contribution to the



The Young McKinley: "I order you, Colonel, in the name of General Crook, to follow the ravine."

Courtesy of D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

schools where systematic nature study is most needed. The country teacher who wishes to awaken her pupils to an interest in the processes of nature will find in these volumes a wealth of suggestive material.

There is probably not a teacher who has not at some time consulted Sir John Lubbock's (or Lord Avebury as he now is) "List of the 100 Best Books," but not every teacher has come in touch with the little volume which we publish containing letters and quotations on the subject by the following notables:

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S FIRST LIST.

Letter from Professor Bryce, Lord Coleridge, Hon. E. J. Phelps, John Ruskin, Mr. Swinburne, William Morris, Lady Dilke, Miss Braddon, Mr. Burnand, Wilkie Collins, Henry Irving, Mrs. Lynn Lynton, James Payn, Canon Farrar, Rev. Edward White, Rev. Samuel C. Green, Dr. E. Warre (of Eaton), Dr. J. E. C. Weldon (of Harrow), Prof. Max Muller, Prof. J. S. Blaikie, Edward A. Bond, R. Harrison, A. W. Black, Bernard Quartich, Henry M. Stanley, Gen. Wolseley, A. Presmer.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S FINAL LIST.

Notes from Duke of Argyll, Prof. Jewett, Mr. Froude, Sir Frederick Leighton, Mrs. Craik, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer.

subject, but an addition to the English literature of the 19th century.

In the October *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* I mentioned N. Chester's "Stories from Dante," and in this number I want to call attention to Gassiot's "Stories from Waverley for Children." They serve the good purpose of getting children interested in Scott.

Binding Literature, Nature Study and Art together comes Anna E. McGovern's charming volume entitled "Type Lessons for Primary Teachers." In her preface she says:

"The aim of Nature Study is two-fold: First, to cultivate the higher nature of the child and lead him to his Creator; and, secondly, to develop his intellectual powers and lead him to acquire a knowledge of his physical environment.

"The guiding principle in language is, first, impression; then expression, that is, to translate forms of beauty into thought and thought into words."

Thus is prefaced a most charming complication that all thru is invested with the personality of a true teacher.

I wish I might go on and call attention to many volumes that lie at hand, but time and space forbid.

All of the above books can be had thru the United Educational Co.

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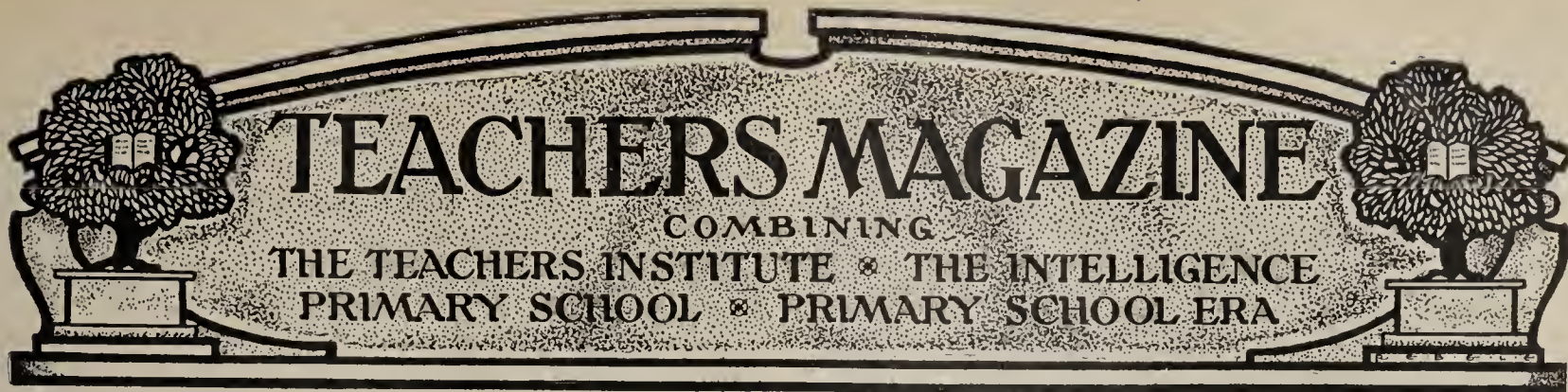
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Vol. XXVIII

NOVEMBER, 1905

No. 3

Some Thanksgiving Thoughts



ACH year in November the President of the United States issues a proclamation appointing a day of thanksgiving. It is the nation's public profession of its belief in God as the giver of all good. As such it is also an annual reminder of the dependence of the country's welfare upon the All-Father who cares for us. Pious hearts overflowing with gratitude originated the day in Plymouth colony, and loyalty to the principles of the founders of our democracy established it as a national festival.

The American celebration of Thanksgiving is marked by religious services, family reunions and social festivities. These help the mind to realize how much it is blessed. The going to grandfather's house and all that is implied in that homely phrase is one of the most precious memories clustered around the day. Even if it is impossible for one or the other to spend the day with those most dear to him there still remains the privilege of spiritual communion with them. "Thank God for friends!"

To be sure the Thanksgiving may be quite perfunctory and very like a London 'bus conductor's "thank you" on collecting your fare. It devolves upon the homes, the schools, and the churches to cultivate the spirit of gratitude. The school's special prerogative is to lead the young to the fountains of life, to point out to them the way to self-knowledge, to help them find their place in the world, to inculcate in them right views of happiness. Right views of happiness—that is the key to a grateful heart. Contentedness with one's present lot is not necessarily a commendable state of mind. Indolence, conceit, and self-satisfaction often cloak

themselves in it. There is a divine discontent. The contentedness that makes for gratitude accepts conditions as they are, interprets them in the most favorable light, and strives for the greatest achievements possible upon that basis. To be gratified, not satisfied, that is the point. Gratification is a form of gratitude.

The principal studies by whose aid the school may best cultivate the spirit of thanksgiving, without nurturing self-conceit, are history and geography. The former when rightly viewed inspires faith in humanity, in the victory of truth over falsehood and error, and in the power of noble purposes in alliance with intelligence and a determined will. Geography properly handled promotes love of the physical and social environment in which one is placed. Whatever turns the searcher for sources of joy back upon himself and to his soul is helpful to the growth of a spirit of thanksgiving. Let the solicitude become what to make of one's self, rather than what to get for one's self.

Children are very impressionable. The atmosphere around them is a momentous educational influence. The personality of the

teacher ought to be, and frequently is, a strong factor. It is meet for the teacher, therefore, to look well to his own heart. The cultivation of a cheerful disposition is essential to real success. Keep alive the spirit of thanksgiving in yourself!

It would seem to be easier for the teacher than for almost any one else to be thankful every day of his life, thankful not like the Pharisee of the parable, but like King Hezekiah of old. If love is the most wonderful thing in the world, then doing good is the best work that a man can be engaged in. The greater the opportunities for helping others, the more cause there is for



O God, my God, give me a heart to thank Thee; lift up my heart above myself, to Thee and Thine eternal throne; let it not linger here among the toils and turmoils of this lower world; let it not be oppressed by any earth-born clouds of care or anxiety or fear or suspicion; but bind it wholly to Thee and to Thy love; give me eyes to see Thy love in all things, and Thy grace in all around me; make me to thank Thee for Thy love and Thy grace to all and in all; give me wings of love, that I may soar up to Thee, and cling to Thee, and adore Thee, and praise Thee more and more, until I be fitted to enter into the joys of Thine everlasting love, everlastingly to love Thee and Thy grace, whereby Thou didst make me such as Thou couldst love, such as could love Thee, O God, my God—Amen.

C. B. Pusey.



again the teacher is unusually favored in being placed in a field where search for truth and the building and refining of character are ever present aims. It is a thousand times harder for a bank clerk to keep his soul alive in a work that exhausts the mind without nourishing the soul. Has the teacher cause for thanksgiving?

Two special rewards are held out to those who teach children: one is that they may keep young longer than people in other occupations; the other is that they may live in the memory of grateful thousands and exert an influence in the world long after the body is bedded in the grave. What greater boon can a man ask for the conscientious and wise fulfillment of his duty on earth! "He who studies and teaches others possesses treasures and riches," says the Midrash. Truly, blessed is the teacher. Then let your heart be joyous, giving thanks always for all the wealth that is yours.

The world has not been in the past very heedful of the heroes who fought and suffered for the ennobling of humanity. It makes much of statesmen and warriors, but seems to care little for the achievements of its teachers. Yet to its educators the world owes its civilization, its greatness, and nobility. A more enlightened generation will be more just. The history of the future will be the history of the real progress of mankind and that is the history of education. Instead of memorizing the names and recounting the doings of presidents, kings, generals, and statesmen the children in the schools will listen to the self-sacrificing labors of the men and women who labored for the advancement of the higher interests of humanity. That is our hope.

The schools are the true temples of the humanity of to-morrow. Great opportunities entail great responsibilities. Teachers and school officers, therefore, should be the representatives of noblest manhood and womanhood. Better that knowledge be lacking,—for the world has a surfeit of cyclopedias,—than that conduct reveal the slightest taint. Integrity is *sine qua non*. The example of a dishonest superintendent is of fearful consequence for the system. School boards that fail to inquire minutely into the past conduct, character, and moral reputation of a candidate for an educational position,—superintendent, principal, or teacher—is guilty of criminal neglect. Yea, the choice of a caretaker, too, should be well considered.

Thanks to the ingenuity of District Superintendent Elgas there are now displayed all over New York city large posters announcing the work of the evening schools. It was a happy hit to place in the center of the poster this quatrain from Longfellow:

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight:
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night."

thanksgiving. Who will deny that teaching the young offers almost limitless occasion for serving mankind! Thank God for your opportunities by making the most of them!

It is of little consequence whether the teacher has faith in the power of his personality or not. The influence itself is undeniable, and the responsibility for its quality cannot be shaken off. I attended last month the funeral of a simple-minded old man whose character and daily walk have left behind them a deep impress upon many lives. I know, tho he could not have known in the flesh, that something of Joe Tomlinson lives on in me. He was poor, very poor, but he did not fret; perhaps he did not even admit it to himself. His pride and his joy was to be useful in the humblest stations. If "Uncle Joe," as the townspeople affectionately called him, could carry a banner or sweep out a public hall or look after the comfort of visitors he felt that he enjoyed a precious privilege. The simplicity of his appreciative heart has been a daily benediction to many who mourn his death. Who can calculate the work wrought by one's personality! And if unconscious influences issuing from a life and spreading abroad as the fragrance of the tuberose can accomplish great things, how much more can be done by an intelligently directed educational force!

Next to doing good I know of nothing better to labor for than growth in the knowledge of eternal truth. This latter is really part of the former. The more I possess of truth the more efficiently can I serve mankind. Inversely, the less seriously I attend to my own progress in understanding and in sweetness of life, the less will my influence be worth to the world. Here

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

By MATTIE GRIFFITH SATTERIE.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON rises, grand and strong, as the great central figure of that brilliant group of literary men and women for which New England is famous. I read the other day this statement, "Emerson was the embodiment of absolute thought and in consequence of this fact, his influence was vague, as he never formulated his theories in a practical manner." Be it so that Mr. Emerson typified "absolute thought in vague theories" then those vague theories assuredly had a most practical hold over the intellectual life of the world.

When a child, I spent one never-to-be-forgotten summer in that quaint old historic village of Massachusetts, Concord. I had the great pleasure and privilege of seeing, almost daily, the "Sage of Concord," as the admirers who came to the dear old village to see Mr. Emerson always called him. His personality was delightful. He was as simple as a child, tender and kind to all, and yet there was a gentle dignity, a sweet aloofness, if I may use that expression. This peculiarity gave him a greater charm, which, added to his kind geniality, made him a most delightful companion. In his beautiful old home, about a mile from the village, he was particularly charming.

The Emersons were very hospitable in a pleasant, unostentatious manner. *Everybody* was welcome to their pretty home. They possessed the rare gift of making all visitors feel perfectly at their ease. To appreciate Mr. Emerson thoroly one should have seen him in his home. He was an ideal husband and father, and a delightful host. Every Sunday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson held their simple informal "At Home." Hither went all the townfolk and the "strangers within their gates." The pretty shaded library will ever live in my memory, when I recall those pleasant Sunday evenings.

I was not permitted to attend more than three of those delightful receptions, and then only by special request of sweet, motherly Mrs. Emerson, as my mother wisely thought the best place for a girl of twelve years, after eight o'clock in the evening, was her bed. Just about a week before we left Concord, Mrs. Emerson came one evening to visit my family at the little cottage we made our temporary home. As we were to leave the village in so short a time, I was allowed to realize that proudest treat in a child's life, namely, that of "sitting up late."

I can see that little cottage room, on that well remembered evening. It was a glorious September night, the moon was streaming with silvery beauty over all. The bare little room was taxed to its utmost to hold its distinguished visitors,—the well beloved sage Mr. Emerson and Mrs. Emerson, Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, her sister, Mrs. Horace Mann, May Alcott (Louisa Alcott's sister), and Judge Hoar, afterwards United States senator from Massachusetts, and who has but recently died, full of years and honors. Our family at that time num-



CHARLES LORING BRACE, philanthropist and organizer of the charity system in New York City. He was also the inspirer of the Children's Aid Society which supports a number of excellent schools in the same city. Miss Satterie is a teacher in one of the best of these schools.

bered seven, and all these made a goodly group.

I as the only child present, seated myself on one of the broad shelf-seats in an open window. Mr. Emerson in a few moments turned to me, he was always tenderly mindful of children, and holding out his hand to me, he said, "Well what has this little woman been doing with herself all these sweet summer days, spent here in old Concord?"

I said quickly with much pride, "Reading your Essays, Mr. Emerson."

"Really," with a smile and surprised look. My mother said, laughingly, "Yes, she was brought up on your books." My aunt added, rather proud of my precocity, "When other children learned 'Mother Goose' she memorized your poems. At seven years of age she repeated 'Good-bye proud world, I am going home,' and it was her own choice, too."

Mr. Emerson turned to me, and said, with a smile, "What a poor substitute, my child, for the dear old nursery rhymes. Now you must go right to work and commit 'Mother Goose' to memory."

Before the evening was over Mr. Emerson again gave me his kind attention by asking, "What is this little girl going to be after she has grown to be a fine young woman?"

I said, "Oh, I shall be a teacher."

That kind smile we all knew so well played round his finely cut lips, and he replied, as he placed his hands on my black braids, "A noble choice. There was never greater work than that of the teacher. It is great, because it demands that self should be effaced. Yes, teaching, is a grand vocation." Years have passed since that evening, but ever in my memory rests that little room, bathed in moonlight, and I always hear Mr. Emerson's tender benediction upon our profession.

The Autobiography of a Teacher. II

By C. Hanford Henderson

Study and Vacation.

IN any retrospect, however honest the intention, it is not the whole that comes to mind, but only the parts, and the parts themselves are determined, not so much by the events and their relative importance, as by the temperament of the reviewer. Being myself an optimist both by birth and subsequent experience, I realize that in this attempt to recall college days I naturally forget the shadows,—the monotony and pettiness and fatigue, and remember only the high lights. Making all proper allowances, however, it still remains true that these four years were years of genuine delight. My love for the intellectual life came only second to my love for my mother. and in these golden days I was gaining the one and had the other. There were fewer distractions then than now, and in my own case fewest of all, for the family was still feeling the pressure of the financial difficulties which had befallen my father and I hesitated to make demands upon my mother's modest income. Had I been a more capable and enterprising lad, I should doubtless have earned something for myself, but I do not think that it ever occurred to me. For one thing, there were fewer opportunities for making money by tutoring and other gentlemanly occupations, and such occupations as may have been open were probably against our social traditions.

I often regretted the lightness of my purse. Undoubtedly it did keep me out of some things that would have been of large advantage, for I went in for the intellectual life with a single-hearted devotion that might not otherwise have been possible. I doubt whether any modern collegiate dissipation,—athletics, automobiling, cycling, photography, theatricals, yachting, even the best of such society as is commonly open to undergraduates can yield the absolute thrill that comes to a lad athirst for knowledge when he realizes in all honesty that he is actually getting it. It is so devouring a passion that it seems to me not wholly impious to compare it to the emotion of a lover. It is a high pleasure even to recall the experience, the heightened pulse, the burning cheek, the kindling eye, all the physical heat that went with this ecstasy of enlightenment. I loved the fruits of study, even the operation itself, and for the simple reason, I think, that it had never been made flat, stale and unprofitable by being prematurely forced upon me.

In looking back, it amuses me to recall the exciting causes of all this fervor, for in so many cases they now seem a trifle inadequate. Some of the occupations were certainly prosaic enough,—drawing metallurgical machinery, assaying silver ores, making tedious analyses in the chemical laboratory, developing elaborate crystal forms in mineralogy, studying the dry facts of economics and logic, and doing a lot of other things that could hardly be called in themselves amusing. What saved these occupations from

being drudgery was, I think, the fact that with all of them I mixed the leaven of imagination. There are few tasks which will not yield to such alchemy and get transmuted into pleasures. One would not wish to live in an unreal and impossible world however delightful the sensations it aroused. The enemies of imagination doubtless have this danger in mind when they count the imagination as little better than intellectual hashish and will have none of it. But there is a much broader and more helpful way of looking at the faculty than this, a way which properly makes of the imagination a most precious, even a divine gift. Benjamin Franklin in reviewing his own life in that incomparable autobiography which I might almost say is now the despair of every student of English, calmly and dispassionately recalls his various performances,—he was eminent in nearly a dozen lines,—only to add that of all his accomplishments, the ability to write good, clear English had been quite the most useful. Doubtless I should say the same thing, if like my distinguished fellow-townsmen, I possessed this same ability. As it is, I can truthfully say that of the several natural gifts bestowed so sparingly upon me at birth by the traditional fairy godmothers, I have valued most persistently their gift of imagination, and because of it have almost forgiven their many and serious omissions. It is a great boon to feel the splendor of life and to picture even a small measure of its superb possibilities.

The unimaginative are prone to pair off fact against imagination, and to count the two as antithetical. But in reality the seeker after facts needs no food quite so imperatively as just this same imagination. This is particularly true in science. It is common to say that we have only so much science as we have arithmetic; and so far as this means that in its complete statement, science must be quantitative, it is undeniably true. But it is equally true to say that we have only so much science as we have imagination, for the man who enlarges the boundaries of knowledge must be able to see things that have never been seen before, to hear things that have never been heard before, to touch things that have never been handled before,—in a word he must be able to marshal possible facts from the abyss of the hitherto unknown. Valuable work has been done by mere plodders, and apparently will be done until the end of time, for there seems not to be enough imagination to go all around, but their multitudinous facts are only humanly precious as they become the raw material out of which the more imaginative construct a coherent, scientific universe.

I have even read that lack of imagination is the potent cause of human immorality, and I am prepared to believe it. An inability to put himself in another's place makes a man cruel and selfish and unjust. My own failures in morality seem to me to have been mostly failures in imagination, failures to see below the surface,

to see things in their proper relations and values. Nor can I dismiss the comprehensive reflection that given our three dimensional world as we have it to-day,—earth and air, fire and water, apparently the same world to each participator,—and the worth and beauty of the drama we construct depend upon the ideas which we bring to the adventure, much more than upon the seemingly stubborn elements themselves. I am conscious that in my own case the magic which changed the dull college work-rooms into invisible gardens of delight was the rich imaginative life that paralleled their own more prosaic realities.

I should not claim, for a moment, that this imaginative life was always profitable. On the contrary I am quite sure that it was not. I invented fountains that would not work; a steel process so little practical that my good professor of metallurgy begged me to get it out of my head at once lest it bring me into later trouble; an ice-cream freezer that required neither ice nor cream, but gave a product too costly for ordinary consumption; and many other absurdities that it might be humiliating to recall. But this only means that like everything else, the imagination needs discipline and training.

In the more human studies of the course I found this lively imagination a very practical help. Coupled as it was with a distinctly visual type of memory, I turned everything into a gorgeous panorama, and sat like an interested spectator at the play. We had little time, in so crowded a scientific course, for history and other narrative studies, but such work as we had afforded me very brilliant pageants. I did not so much hear or read as I actually saw. I much preferred no illustrations, unless they were actual photographs of buildings and persons. If they had to be imaginative, I preferred to do the imagining myself. I even took delight in the less juicy subjects of the course, such as economics and logic (less juicy as then given) for they all offered a certain free play for the imagination, which gave as keen pleasure as a more muscular gymnastic does to persons somewhat differently constituted. I was quite dull at language, but the French always gave me more pleasure than the German, for the French presented a series of brilliant pictures, while the German only offered an amorphous collection of ideas. This preference still remains, and I have come to believe that for persons of my own type of mind, a knowledge of French and some familiarity with the literature are a distinct help towards clear expressions in English, while the German may even have a contrary effect. As French is so much easier than German, I should be sorry to have this argument used as an excuse for laziness. My little generalization would doubtless not hold for persons of a different mental make-up.

It is hardly necessary to add that this visual habit of mind was of great help in mathematics. It naturally made geometry much easier than algebra and other less graphic forms, and solid geometry the easiest of all, for the geometric solids hung before me in mid-air; generalizing themselves from moving lines or surfaces,

intersecting at any required angle, or transforming themselves quite at my pleasure.

I have since learned that this panoramic habit of mind, and the visual type of memory which goes along with it, are extremely common, and I have also learned that they have marked disadvantages as well as marked conveniences. One of the disadvantages is that certain authors are closed books to me. I cannot read them. For some reason,—probably a distinctly different habit of thought,—their sentences do not call up distinct images, and so fail to be intelligible. I can dig out the meaning, but the process is so slow, and the resulting impression so evanescent that I have had to conclude regretfully that it does not pay. As Louis Lambert would say, they



do not belong to my heaven. Sir Leslie Stephens is such a treasure-house with closed doors. I have read his "Science of Ethics" twice, but it would puzzle me to give the barest account of it. I have also met persons who stand spiritually and intellectually on the opposite side of just such impassable gulfs. I realize, of course, that this failure to communicate may come from other causes,—from a different outlook on life, from alien motives, from defective literary style, but there still remains a goodly array of cases where I am forced to believe that an altogether unlike habit of mind leads to a form of expression which fails to touch or enlighten a pronounced visualist. It would be humiliating to admit that I do not know what under the sun these people are talking about, were I not partially spared by the reflection that I am probably equally unintelligible to them.

Some apology would surely be demanded for this wide digression if it did not lead very directly and certainly to the matter in hand—to education. I am not sure that I use the word imagination quite as more exact psychologists employ it, but using the term to cover this play of thought about all experienced realities; this re-arranging of them into new and untried combinations; this intellectual curiosity which is forever peering into the unknown without removing its feet from the solidly known, and it seems to me that a scheme of education which kills the imagination is distinctly criminal; that one which disregards it, is curiously unwise,

and that one which strengthens and makes use of it is alone defensible and rational. My own reverence for the imagination is so great, for this restless intellectual curiosity which is at once the most idle and the most industrious of all human faculties, that to its outspoken cultivation in children I would willingly sacrifice any number of premature and, as yet, useless facts. Facts lie all about us. They can be picked up any day. The important thing is the tool to apprehend and utilize them.

It would be highly unfortunate to have children live in an essentially unreal and impossible world, just as it would be to have men and women substitute imaginary exploits for genuine performance. We all grant that. But my point is that the performance of real value must needs be perceived and rehearsed in that more intangible world of the spirit before it can flower into action and become the chronicled event. And this necessity is not done away with by the fact that there is such a thing as an unwholesome imagination—an imagination which re-arranges the wholesome elements of life into new and morbid combinations, or out of unreal material builds a fantastic and sickly world. It is easy here as elsewhere to draw the line between the wholesome and the unwholesome.

One reason why my own imagination was so vivid—and, I am bound to believe, so helpful—was doubtless because I was born so; but then most children are so born. It was only that in my own case the imagination was happily never killed. On the contrary, it was distinctly cultivated by my somewhat unusual mode of life, by the fact that I went to school so little, that I read and traveled so much, and above all, perhaps, by the rich emotional life which centered in my beautiful mother. I do not know whether love begets imagination, or imagination begets love, but at any rate there seems to me an essential parallelism between them. Given both, and life is wholly worth while. Given neither, and life is an arid desert. Believing this, it seems to me of far greater importance that our children should have this full life of the spirit, this divine happiness of love and exuberant fancy than any amount of utilitarian facts and business-like accomplishments. We are here very near to the source of power in every human life. It is in the round tower of the heart that battles are won and lost. If the heart be strong, if the power be there, it is an easy matter to create the necessary machinery for transforming power into useful work. But in the absence of power no mechanical equipment, however elaborate, is at all worth while.

So it seems to me overwhelmingly true that the tasks of childhood ought to appeal to the heart of childhood, ought to appear to it both desirable and possible, and that no standard is rational which leaves in its wake despair and weariness in place of hope and inspiration. In reality there are no such things as isolated, impersonal tasks. The world is much too personal and subjective for that. Tasks are not good or bad in themselves. They are good or bad solely with reference to persons. I wish that we could feel this all along the line. It would bring into

question, and then into social condemnation, many of the so-called exploits of our too-impersonal civilization. The truly significant facts in life are largely those which we create, not those which we find ready-made. In the sensitive child-life, these human subjective facts are more vital and vastly more fertile than the whole world of outer, objective information. I have come to believe that the proper object of the teacher's care is the child's spirit, the child's attitude toward the outer world; and that the proper work of child education is to vitalize and energize the spirit, to make it passionately hungry for knowledge and the larger life, and only quite incidentally to supply the knowledge itself. Education is essentially an inner process, a change of heart, a revelation.

Working in this belief, it now seems to me that the instruction commonly given to children is largely a mistake, a premature feast forced upon them before appetite, and the digestion which waits on appetite, have at all been aroused. The first fifteen years of life can be better spent if they are frankly given over to three things—to the cultivation of the affections, to the cultivation of the imagination, and finally to the cultivation of the body as a serviceable tool for the carrying out of the purposes of the spirit. None of these are abstract tasks. In proportion as they are successful, they are concrete.

The first thing that children need is to be loved, and with a warm, human love that they can see and feel. The essence of such a love is comradeship. It has nothing in common with that sentimentality which pets and spoils the child by shielding him from the natural results, the wholesome unhappiness, following upon wrong-doing. Every teacher sees so much of this poor counterfeit on the part of both fathers and mothers, that he is tempted to go, at least outwardly, to the other extreme and be unduly severe. What is needed is that larger emotion which sees straight, but sees also with sympathy and kindly toleration. In such an atmosphere there are few children who will not respond. In the intimacy and sacredness of this life of the affections are to be found the best possibilities of the human spirit.

And the second thing children need is just that cultivation of the imagination, which touches with rose and gold the grayest days and envelopes all life with genuine poetry and romance. The most hopeless children that the teacher is called upon to deal with are the apathetic and unimaginative ones. But the more I see of children, the more I have come to believe that such cases are abnormal. Your healthy, normal child has a warm heart and an imagination which outruns Andersen or Grimm. It is quite possible, however, to kill this splendid play of fancy, and this we too often do. We kill



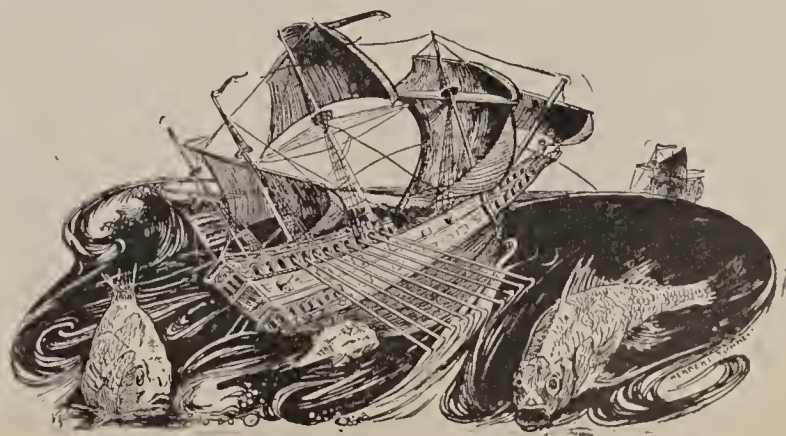
it by an avalanche of impertinent facts, by malnutrition, by too great literalness, above all, ridicule. In reality, we ought to nurture it, exercise it, train it, chasten it, expand it. One can do much by the right sort of reading. Fairy stories have a large value, and especially if they are true. For we have true fairy stories and false ones. I call them true if they are true to our best human nature, however imaginative the outer event. And there are stories of adventure—old ones from Greece and Rome, capital ones from the Middle Ages, wholesome ones from such boy benefactors as Jules Verne. But even reading can be so badly handled as to kill the spirit. It seems to me an evil thing, educationally speaking, to make a child under fifteen read anything that he does not understand or cannot be genuinely interested in. Allowed to browse at will in a good library, he will doubtless read much that he does not understand, but he will get his own meaning out of it, different, certainly, from what the author intended, yet of value. In play, in all the imaginary exploits connected with woods and waters, fields and barns, huts and tents, there is a world of fancy much too illuminating to be rudely brushed away or even neglected.

Looking back upon my boyhood, I am grateful that, in spite of its illnesses and little worries, these two essential conditions of education were amply fulfilled. It is the vivid recognition of how much I owe to them myself that has led me to place such emphasis upon the emotions and the imagination in any present educational creed. For quite an opposite reason, I have been led to place an equal emphasis upon the third requisite. In the seventies, the cultivation of the body as a tool was neglected with a thoroughness which would appall modern educators, and neglected both at school and at college. During the few months that I attended the Quaker school in Philadelphia, we were marked for our play, but no one taught us how to play better, or to get more out of it. At the university there was no teacher of physical culture, and nothing that deserved to be called a gymnasium. In the way of sense culture we had almost nothing. A very little was done in drawing, and, of course, we got much incidentally out of the laboratory work, but that more comprehensive cultivation of the faculties embraced under the general term of organic education was a thing quite unheard of. It was this complete absence of adequate bodily training together, of course, with an intellectual appreciation of its value, that led me afterward to devote so much time and energy to furthering the cause of manual training.

My mother felt very keenly the need of greater bodily development on my part, and did all she possible could, but a delicate lady living in the city could do very little, and especially for an extremely delicate boy. I learned to ride horseback, to row a boat, to walk considerable distances without fatigue, and to climb our lower and less exacting mountains. I drew a little without instruction, chiefly plans for houses; I had a few lessons on the piano, and I spent many busy hours over printing presses and scroll

saws. It was a very deficient physical education, mostly a mere fumbling about. The facilities for physical culture were almost lacking, and for manual training, wholly lacking. Even the scroll work, which looks feeble and inartistic enough at this distance, was then considered the mark of considerable mechanical initiative. I recall two promising experiments in bodily development that were made several years before I went to college, but both failed, owing, I am sorry to say, to my own lack of spirit. I was sent first to a boys' boarding school in Doylestown, in the hope that the simple country life and out-door games would make me stronger. After several weeks' trial, however, our good family physician advised that I be brought home, for he feared that the inevitable home-sickness would really injure me. Afterward I was sent to a beautiful farm in Pennsylvania and did manage to remain six weeks. It was planned that I should learn farming, as the outdoor life was thought to represent my one chance for good health. I was to go home every six weeks for a visit. At the end of the first six weeks, however, I was too ill to leave my bed, and it was only after my mother had nursed me for several days that I was able to stand the home journey. So that ended my farming. I regret both these occasions and even wish that I had been forced to persevere. They made it easier for me to relinquish other plans later in life, plans that were eminently wholesome, but not altogether agreeable. It now seems to me a grave fault to be what my boys call a "quitter," and I encourage them—and myself, too—to carry out a wise plan when it is once entered upon, even if it entails some unhappiness, or even not too serious illness. I used to believe that the spirit was willing, but the flesh weak; now I know that the flesh is only weak as the spirit is, and that those of us who have no great show of bodily strength must make up for it by the greater strength of the spirit.

More successful far were the long summers in the country with my mother and sister. These stand out as the brightest spots in my boyhood, and they not only kept my health from utter collapse, but also gave me the best part of my education. Philadelphia, as is well known, is one of the hottest of cities. It is built upon what metallurgists call the regenerative principle. The bricks of the pavements and houses absorb the sun's heat during the day and give it out during the night! I was consequently taken to the country in June, and I never returned until September, or even October. This plan came to





The Beloved Queen of the Netherlands.

[See Article on Page 250.]

seem to me so altogether natural and normal that for many years after I regarded persons who remained in town during the summer as rather queer sort of people. My mother was very fond of travel, and usually took me with her. We spent nearly all our summers in New England, sometimes in Connecticut, but more frequently in the White mountains. In those days such a trip represented quite an outing, and I passed among my playmates at home as a much traveled person. My mother found the mineral waters at Saratoga very beneficial, and went there and to the sulphur springs at Sharon many years in succession. I cared much less for such places than for the country proper, but in looking back upon these visits I see that they brought me many novel and valuable experiences. At Sharon, particularly, I was thrown in with some of the Cuban refugees, and thru them got a vivid glimpse of the atrocities of civil war. Afterward, when I came to go to college, I spent all my summers in the mountains, sometimes in western Maryland where I had delightful southern cousins, and sometimes in Pennsylvania. My father could not be with us for much of the summer, but he was an unusually good correspondent. Sometimes he wrote me in rhyme, usually describing my own adventures. I treasured one such epic for many years—four closely written pages of very fluent and amusing doggerel.

My last long vacation—the one between junior and senior year—was given over to geologi-

cal and engineering work, and was my first serious essay in the practical world. In the latter part of June our professor of geology took seven of us into the coal regions, and there we camped out for two weeks, while we made a survey of a large anthracite mine. The practical side of the enterprise was not without difficulties, for we were all city boys, little used to roughing it. We had two sleeping tents, but they were so small that the four cots in each occupied all the ground space and we had to climb into our blankets from the outside. We ate in the open air and cooked under a temporary shed. The professor did all the cooking and was really a very good cook, but he had such a heavy hand in onions that I can almost smell them now. He used to say jokingly that he would have made more money as a *chef* than as a professor of geology; but, if so, it would hardly have been in an American hotel. The first time I went into the mines I remember being very weak-kneed about it. I recovered my nerve as the visits were repeated, but I never got to like the underground part of my work. I enjoyed better the long tramps above ground. The laurel was in full bloom and turned the otherwise desolate coal country into a June garden. On one of these tramps we visited the famous Mammoth Vein, and saw men quarrying coal in the open from the doubled over seam—a clear hundred feet of shining anthracite. Many of the miners were unable to speak English. We saw one such party running in hot haste from what we supposed to be an impending blast. As we could get no answers out of them, we likewise took to our heels and ran as fast as they did, or even a little faster. Presently each miner dashed into the bushes and produced a tin pail—it was merely dinner-time.

At night we sat around a roaring log fire and either sang college songs or told stories, or received visits from the neighboring miners. One evening we were all startled by a bright light streaming over the hills. We thought at first that the Catholic church back of us must be on fire, but later found that it was in reality a brilliant comet, the fiery visitor of 1881, which the superstitious associated with the assassination of Garfield.

The camp lasted for two weeks. I was much too fastidious to enjoy the experience, but I look back upon it as about the most profitable fortnight of study that I ever had. I must add, however, that, in general, camping is too exacting a fine art to mix well with busy days spent in dirty coal mines.

A little later I had the good fortune to get a summer post on a railroad survey in western Pennsylvania. Our headquarters were at Ridgeway. I had hoped for field work exclusively, as I wanted both open air life and the experience, but I arrived in the midst of injunctions and lawsuits, and had to spend half of my six weeks copying deeds and other dull papers. I wrote at that time a round, copperplate hand, good to look upon, I hope, but very slow and laborious. The pay was a dollar a day and board at the country hotel. This was, I think, the first money that I ever really earned, and it made something of an impression

on me. My last three weeks were spent in genuine surveying work, and quite made up for the dull clerical tasks. It was a short period, only three weeks, but like the fortnight in the coal

wanting, for their little rules will not fit all cases.

My own education has been very irregular: those who disapprove of it might pardonably say, very faulty. But such as it is, it has been the

source of an unflinching pleasure and delight. So much of it has been unofficial, has come from persons, from books, from travel, from experience, from the leisure and vacation time of life, that I am, perhaps, prone to underestimate the value of more orthodox methods. The long summer vacations especially, stand out as "growing times." The memory of them has borne fruit in the summer camp work which has filled the last ten summers of my life with the best of its later comradeships. If I seem too much the advocate of the irregular in education, it must be remembered that one can only sincerely praise what has been tasted for one's self and found to be good.



Boys of Marken, Holland.

regions it was fraught with valuable results. I learned more in those three weeks than in the whole year at college, but I realize, of course, that it was the theoretical ground-work that made the field practice so helpful. I am mentioning these two occasions in so much detail because the principle involved, the turning to life and experience, came to be a part of all my own policy in education. On the railway survey I was particularly struck with two things, the superior pluck of the men on top, the thoroughbreds, and the comparative helplessness of the rule-o'-thumb men, the so-called practical people. The strong men of the party, the choppers, chain-men, and the like, were always falling ill and knocking off on some pretext or other, while the men of comparatively slender physique, who were doing the real work and bearing the responsibility, kept in condition constantly, and apparently possessed no white feather to display, however strong the provocation. Among the top men were some who had risen from the ranks and had had little or no theoretical training. I found them much less resourceful than the college men of far less experience. They did so many things without knowing why, that any deviation from the typical condition set down in the Engineer's Handbook, produced at once uncertainty and panic. And this in general has been the burden of all my experience with the so-called practical people of the world—in any emergency they are pretty sure to be found

"The pedagogical dictum, 'from the concrete to the abstract,' finds universal acceptance in this age of laboratory education. The idea of teaching thru hand and eye in manual training is being put into practice more and more, owing to the great success that has been achieved by the pioneer institutions in this line. Why should not the same principles of co-ordinate activity govern in the teaching of algebra? Can we not clear up some of the most troublesome points by making visual, concrete representations of negative numbers and of equations?"—*Scientific American*.

President Angell, of Michigan university, is reported to have said that the old-fashioned liberal college education is being monopolized by women.



Children of Marken.

[See Article on "The Children of Holland," Page 220.]

Robbie and the Others: Tales of a Real School-Room

By M. A. Grant, Denver, Col.

Chapter III.—A Bad Bargain.

ROBBBIE had respected Anne before, to a high degree, and now all debatable ground was passed. He loved his teacher, and a feeling of responsibility grew as his affection increased, and he made up his mind to be what he called "best of all." Accordingly, in school, Robbie, in an unexpected, and, to Miss Howard, a most welcome manner, abruptly began to change his ways for the better. The teacher had explained to them that the best kind of a little boy would be even more careful to make everything just right in the halls, if the teacher were away, or when she happened to be called out of the room, than when she was there looking right at him. All nice children would go right on doing their work just the same if company or the principal came in, and would know better than to talk and visit with each other in school at any time.

Up to this time Robbie had evinced a sad predilection for indulging in all such forbidden pleasures. But there had come a change. It was felt most grievously by Nathan. Before this Robbie had been such an "easy fellow," and now, annoyed and perplexed, Nathan tried to account for this improved conduct in some rational, and, to him, satisfactory manner. At recess he accosted Robbie and took him sharply to task.

"Gots you headache?" demanded Nathan.

"No sure not," replied Robbie.

"What else den? Gots you toothache?"

"No, I gots me no ache at all in any place."

"For what den gots you such a mad on me?"

"Dats not so eder, I don't gots no mad on you at all. Come on, I go by Apple Pete."

"All right," said Nathan for the time pacified by the enticing prospect of a visit to the candy store, kept by a young man who was known far and near by the different names that the school children had given him,— "Apple Pete" and "Schwiegervater" being the most popular. So they went by "Apple Pete," and as usual Robbie made Nathan happy by sharing with him his tempting purchases.

Robbie's newly adopted ethics continued to thrive. Nathan Jariwonski sat directly behind Robbie. His broad, square, stocky little figure was no taller than Robbie's. Notwithstanding the breezy beginning of their acquaintance, they had become quite chummy. They were almost daily companions at recesses and other play times. Nathan's natural characteristics led him to scent a bargain at a distance, and to pursue unerringly commercial advantages that were on his side, while Robbie, being unused to defeat in any line of business that he had undertaken up to this time of his life, usually failed to recognize the wiles that his newly made little friend universally practiced on all who came his way. And many were the marbles, larger halves of apples, oranges sucked far

more than a fair half of their intrinsic value in juice, that passed from Robbie's to Nathan's possession, before Robbie's sense of proportion became sufficiently outraged vigorously to defend his rights. Self-protection, from a physical standpoint, was a law he was fast learning to observe, being smaller than most of the boys with whom he played. After numerous painful experiences he had cultivated quite a degree of caution in his daily walk and conversation. But when it came to dealing with Nathan, he had to learn lessons of wisdom by experience.

Nathan had a pet rabbit. Twice Robbie had seen it, and his heart was filled with great admiration and a longing to own it himself. Many good offers had Nathan refused from his eager playmate. Three glass agates, a cart with only one lost wheel, two cents, a knife with one good blade left, and some gum that had only been chewed once, had he offered in exchange for it, but everything had been steadfastly refused until one day Robbie had a bright new half dime in his hand, which a man in a carriage had given him for handing him a whip which had fallen on the ground. Nathan, seeing it, looked with covetous eyes at the money in Robbie's hand, and when again Robbie offered to buy the rabbit and pay for it with his nickel. Nathan promptly agreed and took the money and at once spent it for a bag of peanuts, two pencils, lead and slate, candy, a ball of pink popcorn, one yard of black licorice. All of these treasures were wrapped in paper, and the paper bags were temptingly displayed with proud indifference to those near.

After school when Robbie hurried home with Nathan to get his rabbit, he found his coveted treasure cold in death. There was trouble then, as with feelings too deep for utterance, he looked at his longed-for possession and said, "Dats a deader! You didn't tell how it's a deader!"

"Well," said Nathan "dat's all right."

"You did tell how it could drink water, and when I saw it, it could jump whole far, and eat cabbage, and whole much odder stuff!"

"Dat was last week," calmly remarked Nathan. "It yet could eat whole much stuff then. It yet could eat this morning, but did noon not. It got dead den."

"A deader is no good," said Robbie in grief.

"Dat's why I sell it," said Nathan hurrying away as fast as he could go.

Robbie picked up his dead rabbit and started for home, but it took all the sporting blood in his system to enable him to keep to such a bargain as this without crying, altho as he could find no means of escape from it, he had to submit with what grace he could. Fortunately for Robbie he had an imagination. A funeral procession was just passing down the street on its way to the cemetery. As Robbie gazed, a light broke thru the gloom that was so heavily depressing his spirits, and he perceived a silver

lining to his cloud. There could not have been found a more fitting expression for his feelings. Funerals appealed to him, anyway. He had been taken to one once and been greatly impressed with the occasion. He had envied the boy ever since, whose grandfather's death had brought such an honor to the house, and had deeply regretted the fact that his own grandfathers had both died before he could remember, as there was no chance of having any more funerals for them.

But now the future brightened. He would go home and find consolation for his injured feelings in plans for a funeral, and the unwelcome "deader" should furnish a subject for the rites.

Rachel Schwartzberg, a little girl who sat across the aisle from him in school, was one of his neighbors. She was standing on the sidewalk as Robbie reached home, and she called to him, "Oh Robbie, where ever gots you such a rabbit? Why it's a dead rabbit! Is that for your mamma?"

"No" said Robbie, "Dat's mine, I bought it for five cents."

"Oh, what for did you buy a dead rabbit? I don't like dead ones, do you?"

"Yes," said Robbie with a surprising degree of cheerfulness, considering the emotions that had so recently been tearing his heart asunder. "Now we can have a really truly funeral and you can see it, too. Come on! I'll get my shovel, and such a box with black on it, and all things for a funeral. Will you come in our yard?"

"Oh yes, you bet! I like to go on a funeral, too. My ma always carries flowers when she goes on a funeral. I can go by my aunt and get some flowers. I dast pick all kinds without asking, but roses. Dose, I don't dast, but all odders I may. I'll go and bring dem whole swift."

"Dat's good. Make quick while I dig such a grave."

So off started Rachel, and she soon returned bringing with her a huge bunch of flowers. As Robbie in the meantime had not been idle, everything was soon in readiness for the rabbit's funeral, Rachel entering into the ceremonies with abandon and taking part with great zest as one of the chief mourners. Altogether the occasion was in every respect a success.

But for the future, bargains with Nathan were not to be considered. A coolness sprang up between the two boys. All the caution Robbie had learned to use in the street and on the playground was henceforth incorporated into his estimations where Nathan might come in, for trust and confidence in him was a thing of the past.

Josie Jirenek, a pretty, fair-haired little girl, sat in front of Rachel. She, then Sarah Schmitz, Rosina Emanuel,

Frank Hallachek, and the others sitting near, listened with interest to Rachel's thrilling description of the funeral, which was given with such dramatic effect that Robbie became quite a hero. As it rained too hard to play outside Miss Howard said they would have only a visiting recess both morning and afternoon that day. Robbie's desk became for the time a social center from which, however, Nathan was frigidly excluded.



A School Garden Report.

The Bureau of Plant Industry connected with the United States Department of Agriculture has naturally been much interested in the school garden movement. Efforts have been made to arouse interest in school gardens by means of publications, but the best work of the Agricultural Department has been thru the distribution of seed. Many million packages of seed have been distributed in this way in the larger cities.

The report of what has been accomplished in school gardening has been prepared by Mr. B. T. Galloway, chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry, and shows what may be done if superintendents and teachers are determined that the children shall have gardens. The barest of vacant city lots have been made to blossom like the rose, and under the inspiration, thousands of little hearts have warmed to the possibilities of ground, air, and sunshine, and the possibilities in themselves. Mr. Galloway tell in his report of the splendid work already done in Washington, Hartford, Boston, Brookline, Hyannis, Worcester, St. Louis, Ithaca, New York, Cleveland, Philadelphia, and at the government school in Hampton, Va. The report is good reading for teachers; especially so, if after reading it they begin to plan at once for gardens in connection with their own schools, to be started next spring.

By the kindness of the Department of Agriculture, TEACHERS MAGAZINE has received a number of fine photographic reproductions of interesting school garden scenes. These will be found in our pages in the near future.



Perpetual Motion

is not yet discovered!



Thoughts for Teachers

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

—SAMUEL S. COLERIDGE.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much.

—JOHN BUNYAN.

My God! I thank Thee who hath made
The earth so bright—
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here
Noble and right.

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Thank God for rest, where none molest,
And none can make afraid,
For peace that sits in plenty's guest
Beneath the homestead's shade.
O favors, every year made new!
O gifts, with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fulness shames our discontent.

—J. G. WHITTIER.

"Get all the good I can,
From all the sources I can,
In all the ways I can,
By all the means I can,
And as long as I can."

How to Rise.

Heaven is not gained at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we
rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted
skies,
And we mount to its summit round by
round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod,
To a purer air and a better view.

We rise by things that are 'neath our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and
gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion
slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly
meet.

—J. G. HOLLAND.

God and the Soul.

The awful shadow of His too great light
Is everywhere, and therefore everywhere
We feel his presence, tho Himself unseen.
At farthest reach of thought He says,
"Believe!"

Where farthest beauty is He cries, "Yet
higher!"

When all is won He says, "Thy all is
naught!"

Eternal, He makes longest time seem
short;

Pure light, He darkens what is not Him-
self,

Infinite He, all else seems not to be;
Essential life, where He is not is death;
Truth absolute, all else but shadowy
dream;

The only good, all other is impure;
The perfect, best, all holy, only God!
In black despair, He is the only gleam of
hope,

When all is lost, He only still remains;
He is the light that lies on silent graves;
That gleams thru heaven when stars
begem the sky,

That clothes the earth with flowers in
the glad spring.

He is the harmony of the wide world,
The music in all tender, loving souls,
Which the whole earth attunes to sweet
accord,

With their own happiness and deep de-
light.

He is the joy that swells in childhood's
heart;

He is the love that lives in mother's
breast;

He is the sadness of all happy things.
The rising sun is but his shadowed light,
The moon that leads the stars still dreams
of him,

And the abysmal heavens speak His
name!

Up toward his throne the mountains lift
their head,

And oceans ever moaning yearn for Him,
All-beautiful, All-mighty, only God.

—BISHOP SPALDING.

Joy.

Take joy home
And make a place in thy great heart for
her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish
her;
Then will she come, and oft will sing to
thee

When thou art working in the furrows,—
aye,

Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.

It is a comely fashion to be glad;

Joy is the grace we say to God.

—JEAN INGELOW.

Labor.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust
assaileth;

Flowers droop and die in the stillness
of noon.

Labor is glory! the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and
brightens;

Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou
keep them in tune.

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet
us,

Rest from all petty vexations that meet
us,

Rest from sin-promptings that ever
entreat us,

Rest from world-sirens that lure us
to ill.

Work,—and pure slumbers shall wait on
thy pillow;

Work,—thou shalt ride over care's
coming billow;

Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's
weeping willow;

Work with a stout heart and resolute
will!

—FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Work.

Blessed is he who has found his work;
let him ask no other blessedness. He has
a work, a life purpose; he has found it and
will follow it! How, as a free-flowing
channel, dug and torn by nobler force
than the sour mud-swamp of one's exis-
tence, like an ever deepening river there,
it runs and flows; draining off the sour,
festering water gradually from the root
of the remotest grass-blade; making,
instead of pestilential swamp, a green,
fruitful meadow, with its clear, flowing
stream. How blessed for the meadow
itself, let the stream and its value be
great or small! Labor is life; from the
inmost heart of the worker rises his God-
given force,—the sacred, celestial life-
essence breathed into him by Almighty
God; from his inmost heart awakens him
to all nobleness, to all knowledge, 'self-
knowledge,' and much else, so soon as
work fitly begins.

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

Mary Kingwood's School.—Story of a Teacher's Success

By Corinne Johnson, Pennsylvania

(Continued from last month.)

Second Month

THE chill and dreary rains of autumn had no depressing effect on Miss Kingwood's enthusiasm. During the month just closed she had explored new fields and found new treasures. What a month! Yes, she had met some disappointments, but her love for children as a collective representation of human growth and human possibility had differentiated into love for individual children, and thus her love for *the child* was intensified, and so was her love for her work. In the future, as she peered into it, she saw herself a successful teacher. And in her visions she saw the children a potent factor in her professional growth. She felt at the threshold of this month that the love and sympathy of the pupil is the strength and hope of the teacher.

It happened that this Monday morning was the first day of the month, and it seemed to Miss Kingwood that a review of September's work was an appropriate beginning for October. Indeed, the entire day was spent recalling the growing experience, of the past month. The best story was told again. The favorite games were played once more. The most helpful songs were sung for the good they had done, and everything that could in any way be made the basis for enlarging the lives of children was carefully talked over by teacher and pupil. Miss Kingwood led in the work of suggestion and question, but she was only one of the enthusiastic company. As the day went by she told several new stories for further use. These she had selected to the end that they might stand in relation to the work that had been done and thus stimulate inquiry and intensify interest. Her chief work for the day, however, was to take careful notice of the suggestions of children, not as a school, but she made special note of the trend of thought of each child. She said, "To know the impressions received by each child is my greatest desire."

Her greeting to the pupils was, "Last week we said 'good-bye' to September, and now we are beginning a new month. Who can tell me its name?" Of course a number knew, and she permitted all who knew to answer in concert at her signal. "October" rang out clear and positive from almost every one in the room. The fact that so many at this early age know the names of the months suggests that children in general know a great deal more concerning the things within their environment than teachers recognize. In questioning children about common things Miss Kingwood gave them a chance to "utter themselves," and in these exercises she revealed the beauty of the child's unconscious answer to questions within his experience. He comes to this service, not with fear and trembling for fear he may give the wrong answer,—the answer is nothing,—but with joy, the joy arising from growth, from en-

larging life because of the power within himself to grow.

Miss Kingwood regarded the formal work of the day as a matter never to be neglected, and she led the children to express themselves in complete sentences with the right inflections of verbs, pronouns, and adjectives as well as the best words to use. The answers to questions were always put into complete sentences before the exercise was finished, so the "favored" child was indicated by the teacher's quietly saying, "Clara may tell," and Clara promptly responded, "Miss Kingwood, this is October." The language work is the most important work of the school on the form side, and carefully, by significant look and artless inquiry, she led them to use right language.

Her influence over the little ones reminded me of the story of another teacher and a little boy naturally disposed to be rough and to play the rowdy. After the boy had been in school a short time his mother noticed that he was more thoughtful and quiet and she asked, "Does your teacher teach refinement, politeness? What does she do?" The little fellow replied, "Why she just walks around, talks with us, and we feel polite." Ah, that is the mystic charm after all! It is the way the teacher expresses herself that leads the children to the same.

"October!" What a myriad of lessons grew out of this one word! Observing the interest the child has in his home life Miss Kingwood kept the home before them in such a manner as to please them greatly. One morning she asked, "What was mamma doing when you came to school?" How anxious they were to tell! Of course, mamma was canning fruit, as many of the children remembered, so that they might have "something nice to eat during the long winter months." Another mamma was making clothes for the children, and another was helping papa pick apples to put in the cellar.

"What did you see on your way to school?"

"What birds did you notice as you came to school?" "Were there many?" This question about the birds aroused little Paul Thomas, and with eyes sparkling and voice eager, he said, in a tone which meant he was surprised to hear her ask the question, "Why, Miss Kingwood, the birds have all gone to the south, so they would not get frozen this winter." Then he told how he had watched the birds gathering and getting ready for their long flight. From Paul's conversation there arose a long discussion about which birds go south, why they go, and when they would return. One said they went away so they could get food, and another said they went because they could not bear the cold. Frank Jones said that bobolinks and swallows go first, and after talking the matter over the children concluded that birds that live on seeds and winter berries stay with us all winter.

One day, not long after, little Paul came with a list of the names of birds, poorly written it was, but to him a great text-book on ornithology, and Miss Kingwood used it to the edification of the others, and under the inspiration of the honor Paul grew. He had named only those which stay with us, and thus he unconsciously took a long step into the mysteries of natural science. Where there is a leader there are followers, and many of the school wanted to make a list. They did make one. They started the science way. Not book scientists. No, for they all agreed that they would watch to see which birds would be the last to go south.

The children as they came into the room in the morning always gathered around Miss Kingwood's desk for a morning talk before school. She said that these confidences between her and her pupils before the opening of school and at recess often suggested to her the line of work for the day, and during these periods she was able to outline the formal work of the recitation periods. But more than this, in these happy moments she was finding the royal road into the affections of her pupils. She was thus becoming one of them.

In studying her work and the children, Miss Kingwood was delighted when she found how nature appeals to the impressive and responsive nature of the child. Her nature work developed more fully in the study of seeds, grains, fruits, leaves, and birds, but the autumn rains, the chill winds,—a prophecy of winter,—and the occasional flurry of snow made rich contribution to the abundant supply. She recognized that nothing can better serve to unify the work of the primary school than the observation of the natural phenomena which fall within the field of the child's experience. This phenomena observation is commonly called "nature study," without a comprehension of the meaning of the term. Miss Kingwood had no large writ "Nature Study" labels on her blackboard, but the force and value of the process made philosophers of her pupils, philosophers that caught a glimpse of the meaning of God and immortality, while learning the sublime art of making bread.

In the collection of seeds many were brought in fresh from the fruit, and ways of drying them were devised so that they could be arranged to be kept. The principal caught the meaning and the value of the work going on, and promptly supplied small bottles in which to keep the seeds.

The topics of interest concerning seeds were their form, size, color, use, seed-pods, or cradles, means of transportation and purpose. They talked of the wings, hooks, and sails. They told how they were scattered by wind, water, beast and man. The seed of the chestnut in its burr was a great delight, and burr, shell and flesh of the nut were eagerly observed and fully

discussed. This study was marked with great enthusiasm.

The beautiful autumn leaves were brought in and the task was to find as many varieties as possible. To cheer them in their work Miss Kingwood read to them "October" by Helen Hunt Jackson. This day she began her lesson by saying, "Do you know there are artists who paint word pictures just as beautiful and wonderful as those painted with brush and colors? "While I read, you may close your eyes and see the pictures." How I wish every teacher could have heard her read that poem.

They saw the dying golden rod, they smelled the fragrant grapes, they could see the chestnuts falling and hear them. Then they took their pencils and brushes and paints and made the picture of what they saw, and without any hesitancy regarding the color of the leaves, apples and grapes. Judging from these pictures Miss Kingwood concluded that the October color is red, and she said, "Mother Nature dipped many times into the red paint pot to paint pictures for you."

The red leaves and the yellow ones were pressed and then mounted, and the pupils were filled with October and its beauties, and through these experiences had looked through Nature up to Nature's God. They had in a sense felt the poet's meaning when he sang:

"All are parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is and God the Soul."

In connection with these lessons Miss Kingwood taught the children an autumn song, "Sweet Summer's Gone Away. (Words by Allingham, From Fountain Song Book, A. Flanagan, Publisher). This increased the interest, and next she gave them the story "Seedlings on the Wing" (Cat Tails and Other Tales).

She had made it a rule of her life to try to see something beautiful every day, and it was easily kept in this glorious month of October, when "earth's crammed with heaven, and she had great opportunity to do something for somebody every day. She also noticed how the little children were putting into practice the verse they had learned, "Little children, love one another," for they seemed to derive great pleasure from doing little acts of kindness every day; little acts we say, but as great in purpose as the martyrdom of Stephen or the liberation of the slaves, only less in their field of influence.

Miss Kingwood's visits to the different rooms proved a helpful experience to her. One day when she went to Room Number Two, she was very much impressed by the attitude of the teacher. She was one among her children. Her enthusiasm in the work was unconsciously communicated to all who came in touch with her, and Miss Kingwood left her presence with a fixed determination to still greater effort.

(To be continued.)



History and Civics.

French Colonists in America.

By G. P. COFFMAN, Illinois.

THE French were slow in making up their minds that they desired a part of the New World. It was almost one hundred years after Columbus made his discoveries that France took up the idea of colonizing. But when she took hold she went at it in earnest. From the snow-fields at the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the canebrakes of Louisiana can be found traces of French settlements. Rivers, cities, and even counties have French names. The cavalier of France crept thru the natural waterway from the St. Lawrence, thru the Great Lakes, to the Father of Waters, on to the Gulf of Mexico. From this frozen country of the north, the French went forth to claim the garden spot of the world, the Mississippi valley.

No people had a better opportunity to build a great nation than had France in North America. The frozen regions of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes abounded in game, while the soil of the Mississippi valley was rich and productive. They had the best natural water routes in the world.

The men who came over were daring, resolute and brave. They came with a determination to make a name for themselves and their country. To those who wished to hunt and trade with the Indians, great fortunes lay before them. Game was plenty and the Indians were anxious to sell their furs. With but a trifle they could get furs from the Indians, when sold on the market at home, that would bring them fortunes. The St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes offered abundant opportunities for all kinds of adventures. Trading posts were set up at many places.

To the priests, whose hearts went out for the betterment of mankind, abundant opportunities were offered. The field was open to them and the Indian was all ready. Glory and renown were waiting for the men who could christianize

and civilize the wild men of the forest.

He who wished to establish a new kingdom for France had ample opportunities. The country invited settlement. The forests and

prairies were waiting to be subdued. Nature was itself teeming over with the invitation and longing for a master. From 1600 to 1750 no nation had a better opportunity to explore and settle and develop a country so vast, so productive, as did France. If France had been prepared to make use of this opportunity, she would to-day be one of the greatest nations on the globe. But like a great many men and women of to-day, she was not prepared when the golden opportunity came, and it passed her forever. It is my purpose to show wherein she was not prepared and why she failed.

France had three objects in view: (1) To trade in furs. (2) To convert the Indians. (3) To build up a government like that at home. However, the one great object of every man that came across the ocean was to get riches, or if not riches, then renown. They all wanted authority and power. The country was used directly for this end. They cared not for the development of the country and the making of homes for the subjects.

The fur trade, as I said, was very profitable. Many men entered that field. They were on good terms with the Indians, because they did not destroy the forests. It was to their interest for the Indians to have unlimited sway over the forests and hunting grounds. They furnished them arms and weapons so that they could better defend themselves and kill more game. The Indians looked to the French, even up to the Revolutionary war, as their friends. It was this that caused the Indian to take the side of France in the French and Indian war. It was this that caused some of our Indian wars after the Revolution.

France found many men who were willing to come to the New World as missionaries. They were willing to sacrifice home, and life if need be, for glory and honor at home. I might stop here and say that the main incentive that caused this sacrifice was the honor it gave the individual in the eyes of his countrymen. The actions of the priests themselves showed that they were not moved by a desire to better the Indian. It was to establish missions so that they would be honored by their fellow countrymen. In order to do this they explored the country, established posts and opened up the country for settlement. The object of the priest was to establish a name, the object of France was to open up the country and she was willing to give the name and the honor to the priests for this service.

I wish to stop here and say that the teacher will miss an opportunity if she does not cause the pupil to see the real object of both mission-





ary and government. It should be clearly shown that both were selfish and that both accordingly met their deserved end. But to get this the pupil must be led into the real every-day life of the missionary and his works. He should see that the pretended object was to save the souls of the Indians, on the principle that he is human; and second, after the Indian has accepted, he is treated as an inferior being. He is made to become the servant of the very one who declared his object to be to raise him up and place him on a higher plane. Instead of elevating him, he crushed him. He took him from a free and happy life and placed him in a closed and degraded one.

Most historians give but the missionaries' side of the story. They give only the "Glory" side of it. This is not fair, because the student can come to no correct conclusion. He misses the real object of history. If the pupil can be led into the real camp-life of the missionary and see the converted Indian there, and then be led out on the plains and see him there, it will not take him (the student) long to see why the missionary did not succeed, and why the Indian was not civilized. This is only one out of many cases in history where men were not equal to the occasion. It is one out of many cases in life where selfish motives bring unsatisfactory results.

The same spirit prevailed in the department of state. The king appointed the governor and the council. They were supreme. The officers ruled the people for the benefit of the officers. It was the duty of the people to obey and not to ask any questions. The people were servants

of the officers and not the officers servants of the people. Laws were made for the benefit of the officers and not the people.

This one central idea was closely held to by the priest, the fur trader, and all who attempted to make settlement in the New World. Let us take Quebec as a typical French colony. If we could have paddled up the St. Lawrence in a birch bark canoe, about 1725, we would have seen the old-fashioned civilization on the banks of the St. Lawrence. It was a civilization of the Middle Ages. It was planned on feudalism. The land was first let by the king to noblemen or seigniors who then let it to under men called habitants. The seigniors paid the king and the habitants paid the seigniors. This payment was usually made on St. Martin's day, at which time they brought in grain, chickens, apples, eggs and many other things raised on the farm. The working class had no home, nothing they could look to and call their own.

What a contrast when we look down along the Atlantic coast, and behold, there in Massachusetts, homes and farms owned by the laboring man. And what a contrast when we look still further in the affairs of state and find the same man sitting in council, helping to make the laws. Not only doing this but learning to think for himself, learning to do his own business; his children going to a free public school and his home happy.

On the banks of the St. Lawrence the laboring man had no hand in making the laws, had no free schools to educate his children. His religious beliefs were fixed for him. He was not expected to think. To obey was the only thing required. No free schools were ever established in the French colonies before the



French and Indian war. France brought the government of the Middle Ages to America and expected to establish it here, but she found it would not grow in this new soil.

The teacher should take the pupil on an imaginary visit to the governor's mansion. There the governor and the council met each Monday morning. There the laws were made. He should hear the deliberation. He wants to hear them planning for new roads or a church. In a few days he wants to go where the new roads or church is being built. There he will see the poorer class doing the work. If he makes inquiry, or if he remembers what he heard in the council, he will know that all such work is done by the poorer class of people. Their services must be ready at any time. They do this work without pay.

If the pupil can be made to live thru the whole scene of the making of the laws and the putting

of them in execution, he will then know the spirit of the law and the effect on the common people; he will then see why Quebec fell and why the English were triumphantly victorious in the French and Indian war. It was not the English against the French; so much as it was the Middle Ages fighting modern civilization.

France like Spain had fallen in the New World because she did not know how to build therein institutions for the people, by the people, and of the people. Her institutions were built for the king and by the king. America was not the soil in which to plant the idea that men and institutions exist for rulers, but that rulers and institutions exist for men. France and Spain refused to bring the new agents of thought and freedom to America, which had developed in Europe, so it was well for her to fall back to the Old World and give way to a nation of more modern ideas.



The Origin of Thanksgiving.

By JEANNETTE H. EYRE, Michigan.

The Thanksgiving Day which we celebrate is a composite one, being made up of parts of celebrations of that day by other peoples. We have taken the time from one, the feast from another, and the gathering together of the people from a third. Let us, then, trace its origin from the remotest era to the present century.

Picture to yourself old Jerusalem twenty centuries or more ago, lying on and among the hills, the Mount of Olives standing as a faithful sentinel over the city. On the fifteenth day of the seventh month great multitudes of people journeyed toward the Holy City, for it had been decreed that after the ingathering of the corn and wine there should be seven days of burnt offering and an eighth day of solemn communion and holy convocation in remembrance of the exodus from Egypt. Booths were built of pine, olive, and myrtle branches. Altars were constructed, upon which the sacrifices were offered by the Jewish devotee to the great Creator. Altho the glory of this great Hebrew festival long since passed away, the fundamental principle that every one should rejoice before the Lord in the fruits of the current harvest has entered into the harvest observances elsewhere.

The Greeks and Romans held like celebrations in honor of their goddesses, Demeter and Ceres. They gave thanks for the abundance of their crops and for the preservation of their lives.

Coming a little nearer to our own Thanksgiving is the English Harvest Home. The sturdy lads and lasses danced on the green sward or engaged in athletic sports, the fun and frolic continuing for a week, while religious services were held every evening in the chapels.

When the Pilgrim Fathers emigrated to this country they brought with them many of the customs of their own native land. During the autumn of 1623 Governor Bradford made preparation for a rejoicing, not instituted to celebrate a single event, but to show thankfulness to God for all the mercies of the year, for all the bounties of the harvest and all the manifold gifts of Providence, and to show a fitting recognition of the whole in gratitude which should overflow with mirth and festivity.

Massasoit, the great Indian chief, was bidden to the feast, and he and ninety of his Wampanoag braves came to the celebration. Nature had yielded a bountiful supply for this first Thanksgiving, and the pioneers sat down to a table heavily laden with waterfowl, wild turkey, venison, and the products of corn and barley. They gave thanks to God that thru his numberless blessings they were far from want.

We, standing on the borderland of the twentieth century, with all the advantages of developed industries and higher education, can scarcely realize the hardships our Pilgrim Fathers had to endure. Not a family in the little colony had escaped the ravages of death and disease or the onslaughts of the treacherous and blood-thirsty Indians. Yet notwithstanding all this, they were glad to offer praise and thanks to God for the blessings they had received.

And there in that somber woodland, bathed in the soft, mellow sunlight, and caressed by the balmy winds of the south, bringing with them the odors of the forest, was the first Thanksgiving in America celebrated.

Our Thanksgiving of to-day has taken some part from each of these different festivals. It has taken the time from them all, in the autumn, after the harvest days are over. Its charity comes from the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles. It has copied the feasts of Demeter and Ceres in giving thanks for the crops. Its mirth and festivity have a flavor of the English harvest home, and its spirit of thankfulness and religious adoration was given to it by our Pilgrim forefathers.



First Thanksgiving Proclamation.

The first proclamation of Thanksgiving day that will be found in printed form is the one issued by Francis Bernard, captain-general and governor-in-chief in and over his majesty's province of the Massachusetts bay in New England, and vice-admiral of the same, in 1767. This is the text:

"As the business of the year is now drawing toward a conclusion, we are reminded, according to the laudable usage of the Province, to join together in a grateful acknowledgment of the manifold mercies of Divine Providence conferred upon Us in the passing Year: Wherefore, I have thought to appoint, and I do, with the advice of his Majesty's Council, appoint Thursday, the Third day of December next, to be a day of public Thanksgiving, that we may thereupon with one Heart and Voice return our most Humble Thanks to Almighty God for the gracious Dispensations of His Providence since the last religious anniversary of this kind, and especially for— that He has been pleased to preserve and maintain our most gracious Sovereign, King George, in Health and Wealth, in Peace and Honor, and to extend the Blessings of his Government to the remotest part of his Dominions; that He hath been pleased to bless and preserve our gracious Queen Charlotte, their Royal Highnesses, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Dowager of Wales, and all the Royal family, and by the frequent encrease of the Royal Issue to assure us the Continuation of the Blessings which we derive from that illustrious House; that he has been pleased to prosper the whole British Empire by the Preservation of Peace, the Encrease of Trade, and the opening of new Sources of National Wealth; and now particularly that he hath been pleased to favor the people of this Province with healthy and kindly Seasons, and to bless the Labour of their Hands with a Sufficiency of the Produce of the Earth and of the Sea.

"And I do exhort all Ministers of the Gospel with their several Congregations, within this Province, that they assemble on the said Day in a Solemn manner to return their most humble thanks to Almighty God for these and all other of His Mercies vouchsafed unto us, and to beseech Him, notwithstanding our Unworthiness, to continue his gracious Providence over us. And I command and enjoin all Magistrates and Civil Officers to see that the said Day be observed as a Day set apart for religious worship, and that no servile Labour be performed thereon.

"Given at the Council Chamber in Boston the Fourth Day of November, 1767, in the Eighth Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord, George the Third, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith. &c.

Fra. Bernard.

"By His Excellency's Command. A. Oliver, Sec'y.

"God Save the King."



The Teaching of Civics. III.

By Flora Helm, Head Assistant, Robert Morris School, Chicago

Civics in Second Grade.

THE teacher of each grade should have in teaching every subject, a general purpose in view, and a special purpose.

The general purpose should be the same thruout in each subject for all the grades of any oneschool organization, this, in order that when the child has passed thru all the successive grades, a subject will have been presented to him as a unified whole. Each grade teacher has prepared the child on one phase of that subject. Collectively, the grade teachers have developed him along the whole subject. The special purpose in each grade underlies the one phase of the subject; the general purpose is the principle which underlies the subject in all its phases and ultimately unifies it to the student. The general purpose in teaching the subject of Civics should be, as quoted below from the Introduction of this series on Civics. (See TEACHERS MAGAZINE for September):—The development of the individual is reciprocal to the development of his race. Religions and philosophies of all times recognize this. So Civics, which is that branch of education which develops a child with relation to his sociological environment should be *the science of ethics*

Summary (of educational purpose of Civics): Civics is that branch of education which relates a child to the universe. It should be broad in its ultimate scope. It should be ethical in its character.

Special Purpose.

We found that in the First Grade the special purpose in Civics should be the relationship of the child to his home-life and to his immediate social life.

This diagram outlined the steps in presenting the subject of home-life.

I. Home-life mode of	(a) family life	father	1
		mother	
		brother &c.	
	(b) contributors to his subsistence	baker	2
		farmer	3
		grocer	4
		dairyman	5
		spinner	6
	(c) contributors to his general mode of life	weaver	7
		m'nuf't'r'r	8
		carpenter	9
		mason	10
		plumber	11
		dr'ssm'k'r	12
		bl'ksm'th	13

If we take this diagram as a basis to work from, in evolving the second-grade special purpose of Civics, we find that most of these subjects represent a primitive mode of life and industry.

Children of the second grade cannot of course reason backward from effect to cause, neither

can they reason forward from cause to effect.

But they can be led to infer a relationship between two things, aided by their simple experimental knowledge, their knowledge of life thru the story, and their imagination.

By calling into service these faculties, the teacher can lead the pupil to see that back of the baker and grocer must have existed the farmer. Back of the dairyman, the herder and nomad. Back of the spinner and weaver, the shepherd. Back of the manufacturer, the potter and the smith. Back of the carpenter, the lumberman or woodman. Back of the mason, the stone-hewer.

This line of inference seems to lead to the establishment of a certain relationship between the child-ego and man in his primitive stage, because of the intermediate relationship of the child-ego to those in his home-life who contribute to his subsistence.

The following diagram illustrates this point:

First Grade—		Second Grade—	
Immediate Environment.		Remote Environment or Primitive Life.	
Child-ego	baker }	farmer	1
	grocer }	nomad	2
	dairy-man.....	shepherd	3
	spinner }	miner	4
	weaver }	potter	5
	manufacturer }	smith	6
	carpenter...	woodman	7
	mason.....	stone-hewer	8

We have now evolved the special purpose of the second grade work in the subject of Civics—*the child's relationship to primitive man with his industries.*

Let us add to this list of subjects for second grade civics—primitive fire-making (stick, flint, etc.) and primitive modes of transportation (animal: horse, mule, and camel—water. boat, canoe and ship.)

This gives us ten subjects for the year.



Time

The following outline may assist in regulating the length and occurrence of periods to cover these subjects,—one lesson a week, four lessons a month, forty lessons a year. Twenty minutes to each lesson. Eight hundred minutes a year. Ten subjects in all. One subject to cover four lessons.

Subjects.

The three faculties of the child to be most aroused by the teacher in presenting this outline of topics in second grade would be

I. Experimental Knowledge or Observation.

II. Physical Activity { construction
drawing
game

III. Imagination { story-telling
child's mental
fabrication.

The best lesson would be the one involving experimental knowledge passing into the expression of physical activity and that again evolving into imagination. That is, following strictly the order of the unfolding of primitive man's industries.

The Primitive Farmer observed that the seed that fell into the soil and was moistened — grew. Observation. He planted a seed and watered it — Physical Activity.

His imagination filled the fields with the fragrance and fruition of forests—Imagination.

Let us say then that the first lesson on subject (farmer) is for each child to contribute to the class his knowledge of seeds, planting, soil preparation, fertilization, etc.

In the second lesson, he expresses his knowledge in an active way,—in other words, he plays farmer.

In the third lesson he fraternizes with other miniature farmers; the sociological play of comparative farming dominates; they compare their planting experiences and planting results.

In the fourth lesson they study the picture of The Sowers or The Gleaners and they hear the story of The Mowers,—

The sun-burnt mowers are in the swath

Swing, swing, swing!

The towering lilies loath

Tremble and totter and fall;

The meadow rue

Dashes its tassels of golden dew

And the keen blade sweeps o'er all—

Swing, swing, swing!"

And in each lesson glimmers the play of social sunshine.

1st lesson: The seed falls and matures for others as well as ourselves.

2nd lesson: We plant for others as others have planted for us.

3rd lesson: We give to others the harvests or experiences that we have garnered; we sow that others may reap.

4th lesson: The toil and suffering seen in the bent forms of "The Sowers," the joyous swing, swing and rhythm of The Mowers' song vibrate the chords of sympathy in our hearts.

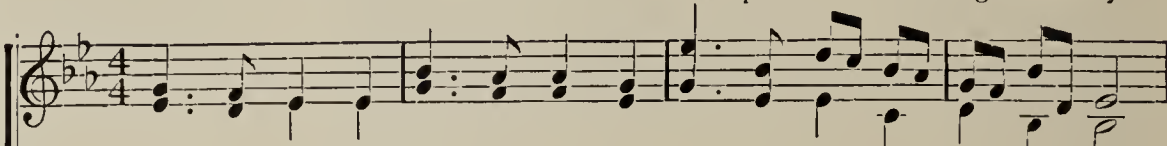
"No man liveth unto himself."

COMMON SCHOOL HYMNS

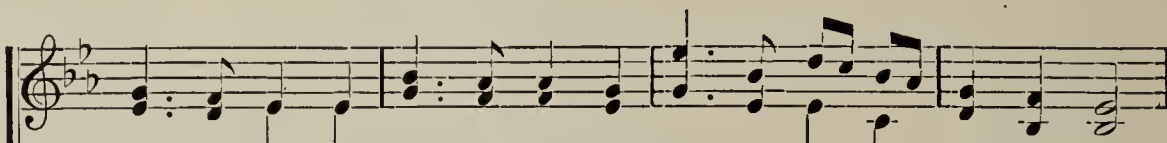
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God is Wisdom, God is Love.

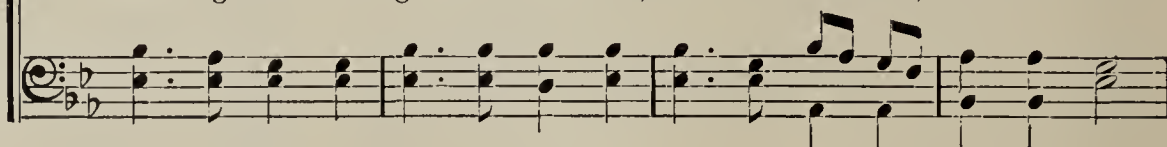
Adapted from an Old English Melody.



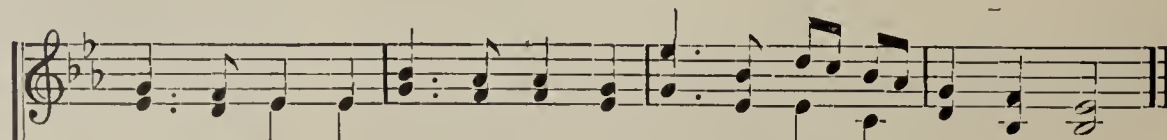
1. God is love; His mer - cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
2. E'en the hour that dark-est seem-eth, Will His changeless goodness prove;



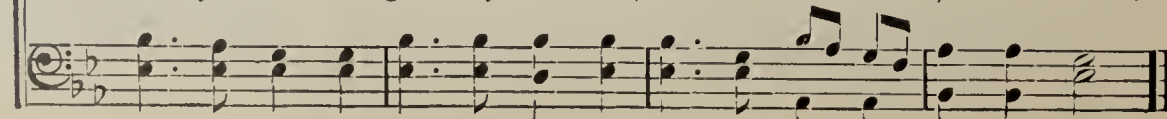
Bliss He wakes, and woe He light-ens; God is wis - dom, God is love.
From the gloom His brightness streameth; God is wis - dom, God is love.

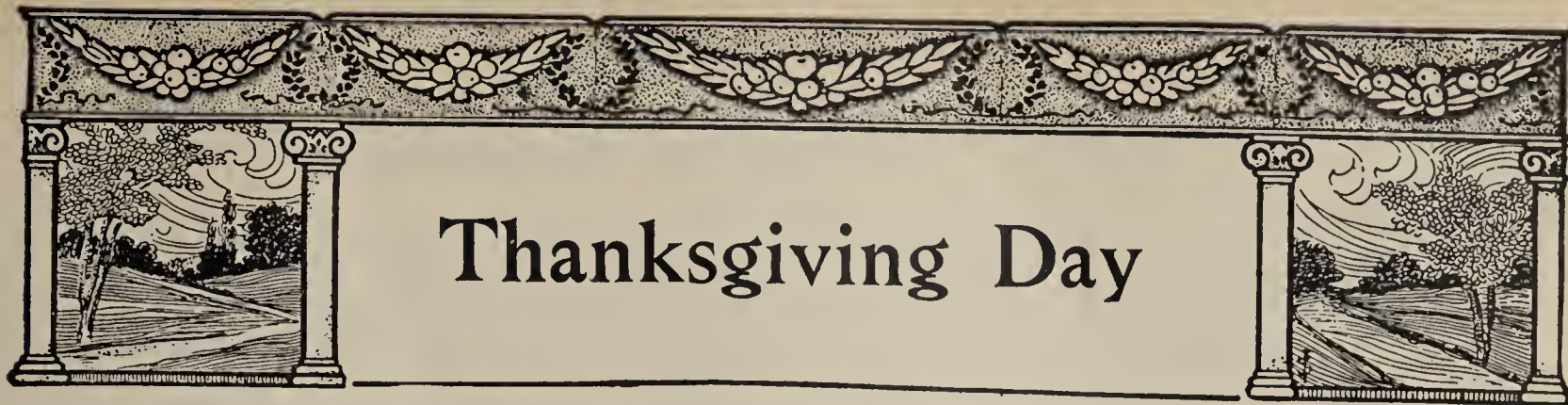


Chance and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;
He with earth - ly cares en - twin - eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove:



But His mer - cy wan - eth nev - er; God is wis - dom, God is love.
Ev - 'ry - where His glo - ry shin - eth; God is wis - dom, God is love.





Thanksgiving Day

Harvest Home.

A Thanksgiving Day Exercise for Children.

Characters represented.

Thanksgiving Day.—A tall girl dressed in a flowing white robe trimmed with autumn leaves. She wears a gilt crown with the word Thanksgiving printed upon it. A raised throne is placed for her in middle of platform.

The Harvesters.—Boys dressed as farmers. They wear broad-brimmed straw hats, and each carries a wooden rake.

Children of the Harvest.—Boys and girls carrying bundles and baskets of corn, wheat, oats, and various kinds of fruit.

(Enter the Harvesters, singing.)

Song of the Harvesters.

Air :—"The Minstrel Boy," Page 202, Harper's Favorite Songs for School and Home.)

The falling leaves all brown and red
Proclaim to earth that summer's fled ;
O'erflowing barns full harvest show,
And thanks to heaven set hearts aglow.

CHORUS.

Ho, then for Thanksgiving Day,
When grateful hearts are raising
Unto the Giver of all Good
Their meed of love and praising.

Our Pilgrim Sires first kept this day,
And we like them will praise and pray,
When fields and orchards yield their store ;—
Thanksgiving keep, as 'twas of yore.—Chorus.

Dear brothers all, in summer's heat
We still toiled on, this day to greet ;
Our work is done, we now may rest—
Thanksgiving Day, our welcome guest.—Chor.

A march is played and Children enter keeping time with the music. They march and countermarch in and out among the Harvesters, who make signs of gratification at the tokens of an abundant harvest that the children carry. During the last strains of the march, the children deposit their bundles and baskets of fruit, etc., around the foot of the throne, and arrange themselves on one side, the Harvesters grouping together on opposite side of platform. A clear space must be left in front, so that the throne and the children's offerings may be plainly seen by the audience.

Chorus of Children.

Air :—"The Watch on the Rhine."—Page 290 Harper's Songs.

In honor of Thanksgiving Day,
These fruits and flowers here we lay ;
Long live, long live fair Autumn's Queen,
Long live, long live fair Autumn's Queen !
Thanksgiving Day, thy name we greet,
As year by year we gladly meet ;
Long be the harvest-fields with plenty crowned,
Long may Thanksgiving Day with us be found !

Then spread the feast, let all be gay,
For hither comes Thanksgiving Day,—
Fair Queen, fair Queen of Autumn Days,
Fair Queen of Autumn Days !
Thanksgiving Day, thy name we greet,
As year by year we gladly meet ;—
Long be the harvest-fields with plenty crowned,
Long may Thanksgiving Day with us be found !

It is effective to have the Harvesters join with the children in singing the refrain of four lines at the close of each stanza.

Thanksgiving Day comes in during the singing of the last four lines, and seats herself on the throne. As the song concludes the music changes to a lively air. Harvesters and Children keeping step, form a ring and dance around, as in the grand chain, giving right and left hands alternately to each other. They then return to former places each side of throne, and Thanksgiving Day rises to address them.

Thanksgiving Day's Address.

I thank you, sturdy harvesters,
And you my children dear,
For all the pleasant songs you've sung,
Because I happened near.
Remember, tho a holiday
Not for itself is sent ;—
The gracious Giver of all Good
It doth but represent.

The Giver of all Good ! 'Twas He
Who sent the sun and rain,
Without whose gracious influence
The sowers' work were vain.
In vain the work that man can do,
In vain his toil and strife,
Unless the Giver of all Good—
Shall clothe his work with life.

Forget not, then, Thanksgiving Day
Has only come to lift
Your thoughts in gladsome unison
To the Giver of the Gift.
Praise Him from whom all blessings flow,
To whom alone we owe
The many, many precious boons
He freely doth bestow.

And would you please Him, children dear?—
Then take these fruits away,
Give them to earth's more needy ones
Than you, Thanksgiving day.

And you, ye harvesters, be keen,
Best crops of all to reap ;—
The blessing of the hearts you've blest,
The smiles of those that weep.

Song of Harvesters and Children.

Air :—"Vacation Days"—Page 98 Franklin Square Collection I.

Hurrah for dear Thanksgiving Day,
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !

A tribute to her wisdom
pay,—
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
With kindly deeds Thanks-
giving's crowned,
And truly thankful hearts
are found
Where love and friendship
most abound.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah for dear Thanks-
giving Day,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurra!
She bids us love as well as
pray,—
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Not only for ourselves to
care,
Thanksgiving Day would
have us share
With others and their bur-
dens bear.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Oh, comethen, let us haste
away,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Let's rightly-keep Thanks-
giving Day,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Full many grateful hearts
we'll, make—
To those that have not we
will take
These good things for
Thanksgiving's sake.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

During the singing of the last stanza, the Harvesters and the Children go out, two and two. The children carry the fruits, etc., assisted by the Harvesters. Thanksgiving Day follows, walking by herself.

A Song of Christmas.

Sing a song of Christmas,
With frost and ice and snow;
With evergreens and holly,
And stockings in a row.
Sing a song of Santa Claus,
The children's jolly friend,
With laads of books and play
things,
And goodies without end.
Sing a song of Christmas,
And the stately Christmas
tree,
With its lights and shining tinsel,
So beautiful to see
Sing a song of secrets
Securely hid away,
Which must ntt be found out
Till mesry Christmas day,
Sing a song of feasting,
of gayety and mirth,
While bells are gladly chiming,
"Peace, and good will on earth."
Sing a song of Christmas,
Oh, sing it oud and clear,
For the merry Christmas time
Is the best of all the year.
—From The Days we Cele.

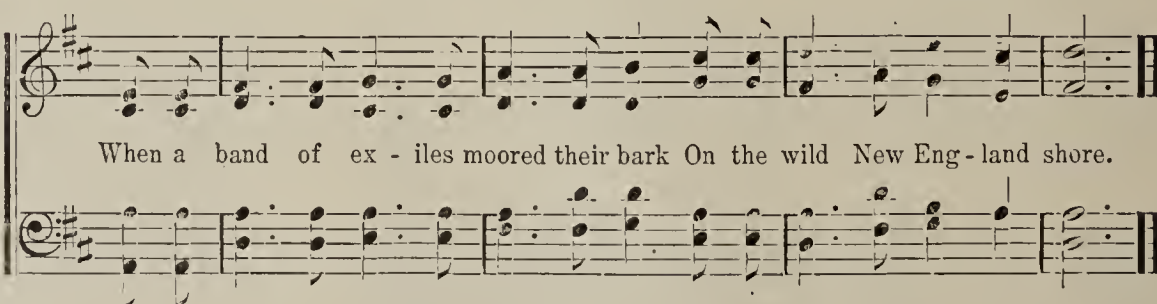
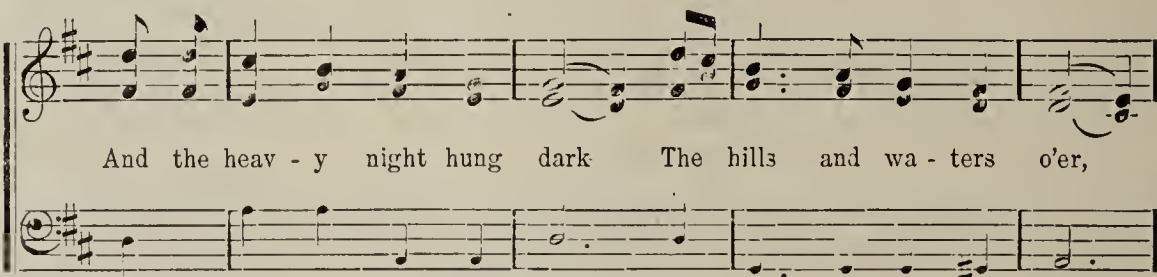
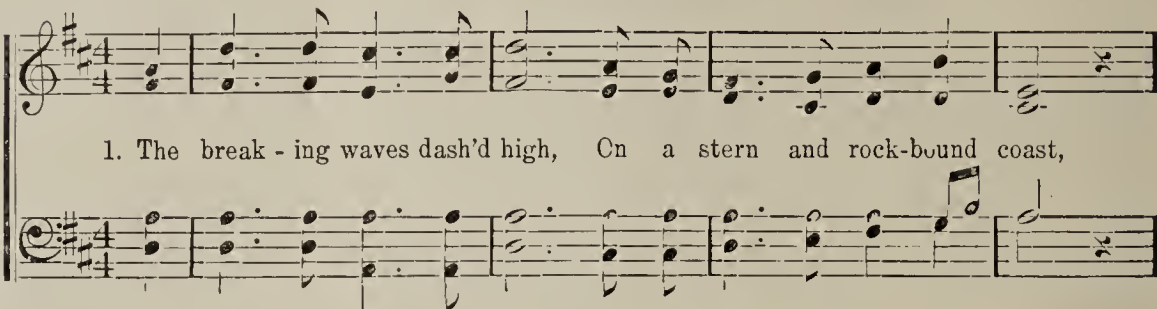
COMMON SCHOOL HYMNS

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Plymouth Rock.

Words by Mrs. HEMANS.

Music by Mrs. BROWN.



2. Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

3. Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest
roared—
This was their welcome home!

4. There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

5. What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they
found—
Freedom to worship God.
— FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

Dance of the Autumn Leaves

For sixteen, or twenty-four, boys and girls

By Frances L. Allison

This charming fancy march and drill is eminently suited to the Thanksgiving season. This drill and either the Harvest Exercise given elsewhere in this number, or the "Harvest Carnival" given in *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* for October, will form the basis for a delightful autumn entertainment.

COSTUMES.

For girls: Number them one's, two's, three's and four's. Let the number one's have dresses of green, the two's yellow, the three's red, and the four's brown. The skirts should be short, very full, low-necked, with short-waisted bodies. The hair should be worn high, with a dainty circlet of variegated autumn leaves.

For boys: Each boy should wear knee trousers and short sack coat, of the same color as his partner in the march. Let each boy wear regalia of autumn leaves.

Both boys and girls should powder the face and hair.

The materials for the costumes may be of cambric, or of more expensive goods if desired. The leaves, if natural ones can not be obtained, may be easily made of paper.

Partners should be of equal height or as nearly so as possible. Let the tallest couple lead, followed by the next in size and so on down to the smallest.

See that the couples have a light springy step, and carry themselves erect and with grace before allowing them to take the figures of the march.

Have a pianist who will keep correct time and who can play *good* music, and who can readily change from a march two-step to waltz time etc.

March.

Order of March:—Enter partner from opposite sides. March to center-back of stage. As each boy meets "his lady" let him kneel to her. She extends her right hand to him, he takes it, rises and draws her arm thru his. They march to center-front of stage, across right-front, then down the rear right hand corner, where they remain standing till the other couples are placed. When the first couple begin to march down center-front, the second couple should enter, follow suit in everything, till they have marched to center-front of stage, when they turn and march to the left instead of the right.

Make four rows of six couples in a row or four rows of *four* couples in a row. When the last couple is in place, the piano leader gives as signal a short prelude and all sing the following chorus:—

Once we were young and tender buds,
Asleep on the bare rough trees.
At spring's command, burst we our bonds,
And grew into beautiful leaves;

Chorus:

Swaying, playing, kissed by the summer breeze,
Dancing, glancing, high in the azure sky.

He did as we pleased,
High up in the trees,
And waved at the passers-by.
The years grew old, we happy leaves
Heard the winds so frostily cold.

Then shivered we on our perches high,
Nor smiled at the north winds bold.

Chorus:

Swaying, playing, kissed by the autumn breeze,
Dancing, glancing, in Indian summer's sky,

Our colors changed we,
High up in the tree,
When autumn winds came by.

DIRECTIONS FOR MOTIONS IN THE SONG GIVEN ABOVE:

When singing chorus, join hands clear across each line—keep time with feet and backward and forward motions of body while singing the first three lines. At the fourth line raise clasped hands above heads, still keeping time with the feet, and at last line unclasp hands, with both make a swaying motion from right to left, bringing them at last word of chorus down to sides.

Pianist plays the chorus softly after it has been sung the second time, while the boys and girls hum the chorus lightly and brightly, with closed lips. With clasped hand those in the first line advance still nearer the front of the stage, followed by the others. While humming the chorus, give the same motions as above directed.

At a chord by the pianist, all lines face the rear of the stage, the first couple at the center line, all couples falling into their respective places. Separate at the rear of the stage, boys to the right, girls to the left. March around back to center-front, fall into line with partners, and meet at the rear of the stage. The second time at the rear of the stage meet, come up four abreast, the next time eight abreast, then twelve abreast, then twenty-four, forming a large semicircle. If the stage is not large enough, divide into *two* semicircles. While in this position sing: "Hark! Hark, ye Winds of Autumn."

Hark! Hark! Ye Winds of Autumn.

(Solo for soprano or tenor.)

Hark! Hark! ye winds of autumn,
That tell us summer is o'er,
Ye tell of the days,
That soon will come,
Of wintry days in store.

Chorus, (all sing.)

Hark! Hark! ye chilling winds of autumn
That round our pathway roar,
Have ye no pity nor mercy
That with such fury ye blow?
List to the prayer of us autumn leaves,
Swaying upon our trees,
Change ye no more our colors,
Festive and gay now are we.
Blow ye, blow less coldly
Is the boon we would ask of thee.
(Repeat words of chorus).

The pianist strikes up a lively two-step. The leader of the girls leads off, the other girls

falling in line, and form a circle at the center of the stage. The leader of boys faces toward the rear of the stage, the boys fall in line and form a circle outside the girls' circle. March around once to the right, once to the left. Girls clasp their hands all around, kneel, while the boys, who have clasped hands all around, kneel, every other boy just back of two girls. All rise, march around once to the left, still with clasped hands. At the end of the second round each boy should find himself immediately behind his partner. All fall into line by two's and march to center-back of stage.

The leaders when advanced three good steps from the back of the stage halt and face each other. The boy tosses one end of his regalia to his partner. She catches it and together they hold it high, thus forming an archway under which the second couple passes, then following suit, so do all the others.

When the last couple is in place, the first couple, taking down regalia, march under the archway towards the front of the stage, each couple following in turn.

When the archway is complete a second time, each boy, with a profound bow, presents his regalia to his partner, which she gracefully accepts and quickly loops across her own shoulders.

The girls join hands and form a line diagonally across the stage from the left front corner to the right back corner. The boys join hands and form a line from the right front corner to the left back corner. These two lines, cutting each other in the center should form a good X. Wheel once around to the right, once to the left, girls and boys keeping the line of the X perfectly straight, halting at each corner long enough to count two entire measures, until the wheel is complete.

Next the two back diagonals close in behind their respective front diagonals until a straight line has been made across the stage, thus.—

Leader of the girls leads off and forms a circle on the left hand side of the stage, the boys forming one at the same time on the right. Wind, then unwind each circle, watching the other enough to finish about the same time.

Partners fall into line, marching to the rear of the stage, and form in couples down the center of stage, ready for the Virginia Reel or "Scotch Ramble," or "Twistification," by all of which names this old-fashioned dance is known.

(Let the music change to a slow dance time.) After doing the Virginia Reel once, let the couples group themselves in *four's* upon the stage, or in two's, some in sixes, while they join in the chorus of—

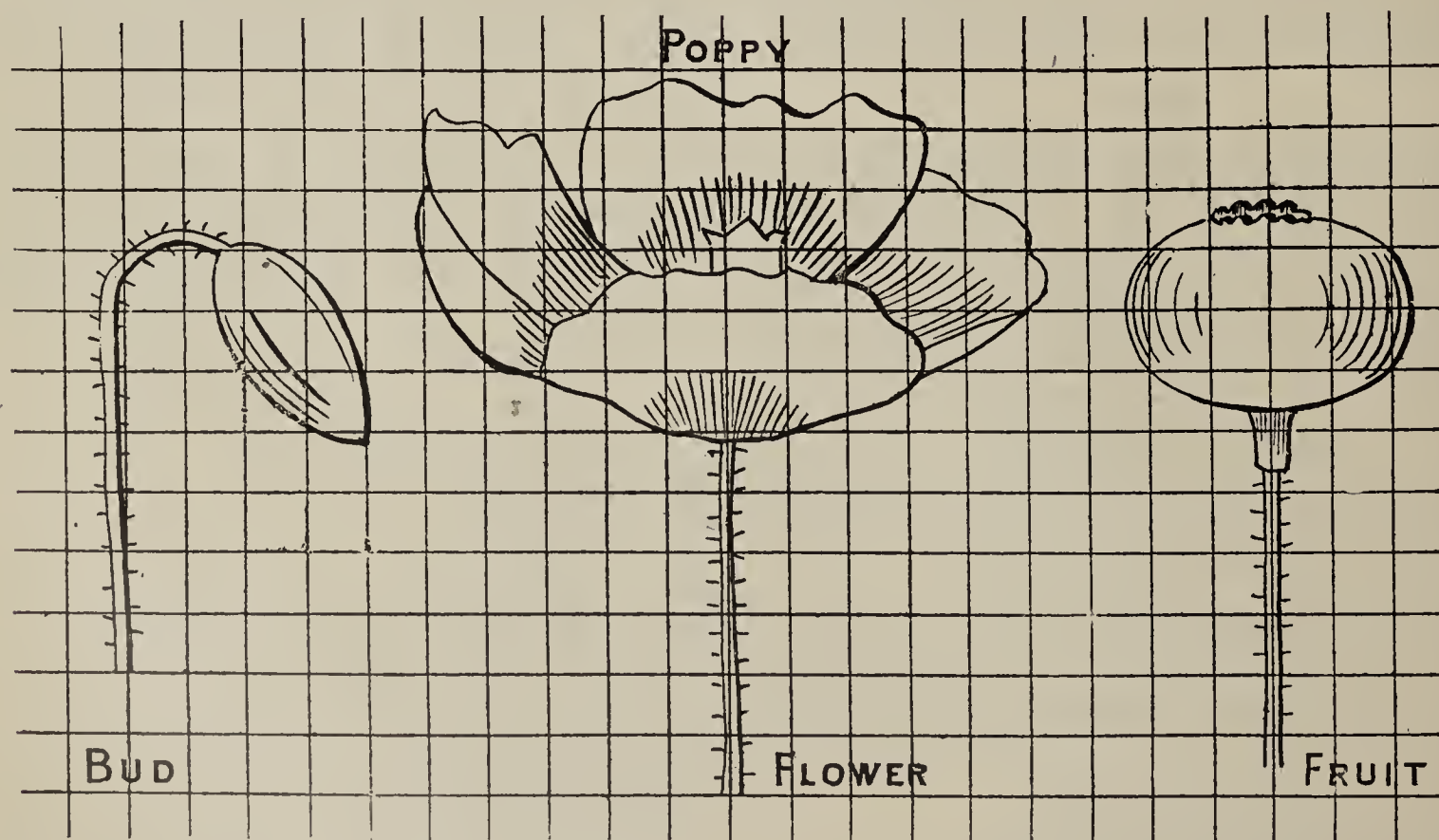
Good-by Summer.

Good-by ! good-by ! happy, happy summer,
We bid you now good-by.
Our days are o'er
Forever, evermore,
We must away to-day.
So off we go,
We've had a merry show
But now 'tis time to go.

Chorus.—Good-by, good-by, ha-ha ! ho-ho !

We must away to-day.
We've danced, we've sung
We've played and swung
On our boughs so strong and high,
But now we're off tra-la
Follow, follow not ha-ha !
For we dance, we dance away.

After singing this the music should be in very quick time. Forming circles of four's and sixes, a whirling, fast, gay movement is kept up for a few minutes, until the couple have gradually made their exit.



A simple method of drawing the poppy bud, blossom, and fruit capsule. Other outlines drawings may be simplified similarly for copying on the blackboard, by dividing the drawing into squares, and placing on the blackboard the squares enlarged, the sketching in each large square the lines that appear in the smaller squares. The guide lines may be erased after the copy has been made.

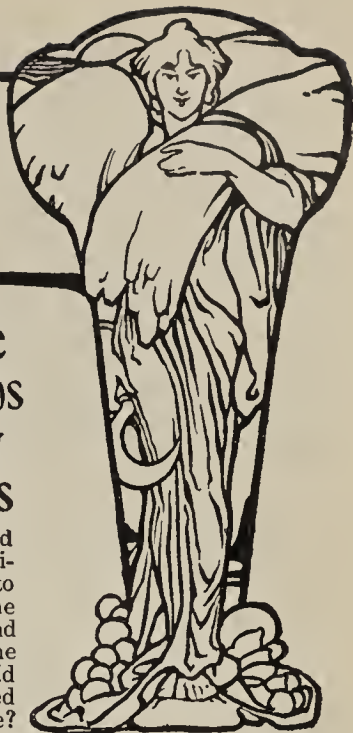


Hints and Helps

Plans,
Methods,
Devices, and
Suggestions

from the
Workshops
of many
Teachers

This feature, originally planned for *Institute and Primary School*, has proved so popular with teachers that it has been copied by nearly every educational periodical in the country. *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* will continue to publish the best to be had for this department. The Editor would like nothing better than that he might be able to visit the school-rooms of every one of the the hundred thousand teachers who will read this magazine. What an abundance of good things he would find! But that cannot be. The next best plan is to have the teachers aid each other by writing out the devices and plans and thoughts that have proved most helpful to them. Will you not contribute from the store of your experience? A good book will be sent for every contribution accepted for this department.



Autumn Leaves.

WHEN the frost had begun his magic work on the trees I found my desk laden with leaves of every description, red, yellow, brown, and various other colors. During a nature study lesson I held up several to see if the children could tell from which tree they came. I found that even the common maples and oaks were not known to the majority of the pupils.

That they might know the foliage of our trees better I obtained from them a list of the trees found in our section of Virginia, and gave each child a part in the work by assigning to each a tree from which he was to bring the prettiest autumn leaf he could find.

The next morning one would have thought that October had given a party in truth, for all the trees were represented, and the frost had done its work in making the colors beautiful.

I had obtained some white cardboard 7x7 inches, and we made the leaves lasting by rubbing white beeswax over a hot flat-iron, and then passing the iron over the leaves. We pasted the leaves on the squares of cardboard and wrote under each leaf its name. These were put up as a frieze at the top of the blackboard, and quite frequently we would have a drill on the names until the children could readily recognize the name from the shape of the leaf. In this way we accomplished the main object,

which was to teach the native trees so that the children could recognize the tree by the leaf, and we also obtained a pretty decoration for our room which was fresh and pretty after the trees had shed their leaves and were covered with snow.

Virginia.

RUTH O. DYER.

Heart Cultivation.

It seems to me that too much which is written for the aid of teachers in their work is adapted for mind cultivation, leaving out of perspective the heart cultivation. Too much stress is being placed upon "marks," "grades," "ranks" and incentives in general. These are useful, but they should not receive all the attention of the teacher, causing her to forget that she is doing a work for eternity.

The pupil, then, must see not the school incentives only. He must get a better view of his duty than the winning of a certain grade in a certain class. Let him see the beauty around him and feel that God lends it, and requires him to do his best in life. Something which will awaken the noblest attributes of the soul must be given him.

Every day some of the old folk songs should be sung in school, their sweetness mentioned and their beauty pointed out. These will awaken the sentiment. "Flow Gently Sweet Afton," "Home Sweet Home," "Annie Laurie," and many others are appropriate.

The school-room should be adorned with copies of masterpieces, and not with the meaningless, worthless pictures seen in so many rooms. The Angelus, St. Cecelia, The Sistine Madonna, The Soul's Awakening, Pharaoh's Horses, The Horse Fair,—are all highly desirable and should be carefully studied by teacher and pupil. Every other day a memory gem may be committed by the pupils and Friday afternoon should be marked by the reading of a good story. We *must* do more for the cultivation of an appreciation of the beautiful in these young lives.

Ohio.

NITA HESSIN.



Christmas Presents.

We tried a new line of work for Christmas and found the results very satisfactory.

There were mamma and papa to be thought of, then the bit of work for other little ones less fortunate than themselves.

For mamma's gift we bought some pretty Dresden ribbon at a bargain sale; some narrow lace, sachet powder, and wadding. These purchases represented five cents apiece for each pupil, which amount they all brought.

The ribbon was cut in squares, folded to a triangle, lined with wadding on which had been sprinkled the sachet powder, then sewed up and edged with lace. This made as dainty a gift as one would wish.

For papa's present we bought sheets of dark-green ingrain paper. This we cut into bells, decorating the outside with sprays of holly cut from crepe paper. The last leaf was of the same material without decoration. Between these we inserted several leaves of white papers. On the first of these were the words, "Merry Christmas," and the date, "1905," painted in holly berry colors.

The next few leaves contained a Christmas poem. The last page had upon it a copy of the Madonna del Sedia, one of the Boston edition of the Perry pictures. This bell-shaped book had a handle at the top, which we tied with a bit of red satin ribbon.

For our "Lend-a-Hand" work we made fancy paper chains to decorate the tree for the children at one of our hospitals. We also collected pictures from all sources, particularly Christmas cards, and from these we made scrap-books for the same purpose. Neither of these last ideas was new, but were well suited for the purpose intended.

It is the intention each year to keep our children in touch with others less fortunate than themselves, hoping to teach them the true spirit of Christmas.

A. M. PAXSON.

Massachusetts.

The Wide-Awake Game.

The following little device in arithmetic for the second year I use occasionally to vary the monotony of the large amount of drill work necessary in this grade.

The first child in the first row and the first in the sixth row come quickly to the front of the class-room. On the blackboard I write in large numbers some combination which has been particularly difficult, such as $6+9$, $7+8$, etc. The child who first gets the correct sum calls it in a distinct voice and her row is credited one count. Then the second children of the above-mentioned rows step forward and are given another little example. This continues until each pupil has had an opportunity to answer, when the row or rows which received the most counts are declared winners and are permitted to march out first at the close of the afternoon. We call this the "Wide-Awake Game" and play it about twice a week.

H. M. HANDRICH.

New York.

The Perfect Lesson.

A thoroly good lesson is a work of art. To witness it affords one as much pleasure as to hear a genius perform upon a musical instrument. In order that a lesson may be perfect, a number of things must be observed. Some of these things are, generally speaking (they are not always necessary), the following:

First, the aim of the lesson must be clear and kept clearly in mind thruout the lesson, so that each question may lead the child nearer to the desired end.

Second, there must be a proper development, the points must be well brought out, the essential must be distinguished from the non-essential.

Third, the development must be followed by a drill, so that the points which have been developed may become firmly fixed in the mind of the pupils.

Furthermore, the pupil must be led to compare and to classify facts intelligently, and to apply principles after these have been learned. In other words, the inductive and deductive processes must be applied in their proper places. The teacher plays upon the most delicate instrument in existence,—the human mind. To touch the proper chord with every question is a matter of great delicacy and difficulty. Simply to hear children recite lessons they have learned by heart from books is the music of the organ grinder.

KATHLEEN FOY.

Ontario.

Board Work a Privilege.

Very likely some of you have trouble in keeping the first and second grade reading pupils from bringing up "sorry lessons." I have good success with the following: When the class has good lessons I let them go to the board and write or draw. If any member of the class has a bad lesson he forfeits his place at the board. All children love board work so they strive the harder for the privilege of working on the board.

A. M. CLARKE.

Mississippi.

Stories in Geography.

One can always appeal to the love of stories in children.

In my work with fourth grade pupils, they and I took great pleasure in correlating our study of geography and English. It was my idea that both subjects would prove more interesting by such treatment. My purpose was to make the work as natural as possible and as pleasing.

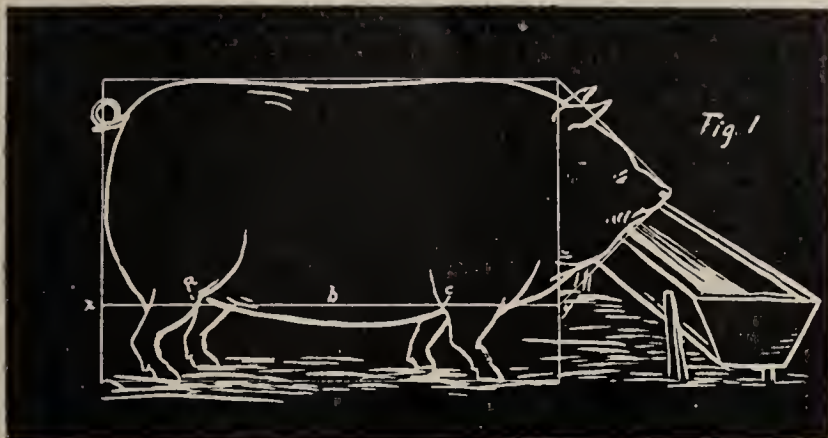
At the beginning of our study of North America, work ascribed to this grade, we had a lesson about the atmosphere. One question in particular was: "Where does the rain come from?" After explanations, talks, and tests, I asked that for their lesson in composition they write a story of the raindrops. Here is one of the stories given me:

What the Rain Drops Said.

One day as I was walking along the seashore I met a

little drop of water. I spoke to him and he spoke to me. He said, "Would you like to hear my story?" I said, "Yes, dear little Rain Drop, indeed I would, if you have time to tell it to me." So he went on to tell me his story.

"One day," said he, "as I and my brothers were in that merry ocean the sun came up. He drew some



of us gently up into the air. This made us so fine that that we were called vapor.

"At last we reached the sky. Here we gathered and formed a little cloud. And one day not long ago we fell to the earth as rain again. When we went up the air was nice and warm. You know if one of those cold winds had arisen while we were on our way up we would have fallen to the earth before this time."

Children of this grade are very imaginative and love to be given free play in expressing themselves. The fanciful attitude of former years when they told fairy stories still lingers, and 'tis so easy to throw it's glow about their beautiful ideas of our beautiful earth!

New York.

ELIZABETH BODLE.

Breathing Exercises.

Dr. John L. Davis, of California, in an article published in Hall's *Journal of Health* suggests the following exercises as of great value in developing the lungs:

Standing as erect as possible, with shoulders thrown back and chest forward, the arms hanging close to the body, the head up, with lips firmly closed, inhalation is to be taken as slowly as may be; at the same time the extended arms are to be gradually raised, the back of the hands upward, until they closely approach each other above the head. The movement should be so regulated that the arms will be extended directly over the head at the moment the lungs are completely filled. This position should be maintained from five to thirty seconds before the reverse process is begun. As the arms are gradually lowered, the breath is exhaled slowly, so that the lungs shall be as nearly freed from breath as possible at the time the arms reach the first position at the side.

By these movements the greatest expansion possible is reached, for upon inspiration the weight of the shoulders and pectoral muscles are lifted, allowing the thorax to expand fully, while upon exhalation, in lowering the arms, we utilize the additional force of the pressure upon the upper thorax to render expiration as complete as possible.

These deep respirations should be repeated

five or six times, and the exercise gone thru with several times a day.

It is hardly necessary to remark that the clothing must in no way interfere with the exercise.

In some cases this exercise is more advantageous when taken lying flat on the back, instead of standing. In this position the inspiratory muscles become rapidly strengthened by opposing the additional pressure exerted by the abdominal organs against the expanded lungs. And, on the other hand, expiration is more perfect and full on account of the pressure of these organs.

This is an exercise now advocated by several leading vocal teachers of Europe.

A Telegraph Reading Lesson.

I found that my class of advanced first grade pupils were tiring of the usual blackboard reading lessons, so I asked one morning how many in the room had ever received a telegram. No child had been so favored, so I told them I was going to send one to each child in the room. On the board was written a command or a request for each child in the room, as, "Mary, bring me a book." "John, open the door."

In a telegraph office, I explained, there was no noise. The man received a message and did what the message told him to do. If he failed to do as the message said, his place would be taken by some one else. So in our class if the one whose name was before the sentence did not act, the next one would act in his place.

When all were in position Mary quietly brought me a book and returned to her seat. John opened the door, etc. This not only served as a silent reading lesson but as a rest exercise also. The children, always showed unmistakable signs of pleasure when I announced that we would have a telegraph reading lesson.

Virginia.

RUTH O. DYER.



The Teaching of English. III

By Emma L. Johnston, Principal of the Brooklyn Training School for Teachers

Composition.

OUR critics maintain that in the elementary schools we do not teach reading, writing, and spelling. But they are mistaken. Our pupils do learn to read, to write, and to spell well enough for most practical purposes. What they do not learn so well is to speak our splendid language, without, as one writer puts it, "boorishness and vulgarity, without clumsiness and awkwardness, without throatiness and nosiness." Neither do they learn to select and to combine words and sentences so as to express adequately in oral or in written language such thoughts as they have. One reason why it is so interesting to teach composition is that we are continually experimenting; no one has shown us how to do it, or rather no one has done it. We hear very frequently that there should be much oral composition in the schools, but in how many schools is a course in oral composition being given systematically and deliberately? I am asking for information. I believe that the New York city syllabus in composition takes us as far as the best workers in the field have gone as yet. When it is incomplete or indefinite it corresponds to the lack of completeness or definiteness in the common experiences or good teachers of composition. It is full of suggestions for the teachers of the first five years, who need not postpone their lessons in composition until some one has planned a more definite course.

In the 1B grade the teacher makes the correct forms of a few of the incorrect expressions common to the class the bases of oral drills. A list of the forms so used should be passed on to the 2A teacher with the children who are promoted. This does not mean that the 2A teacher is to consider these forms taught. She knows better than that; but the list will help her to make this phase of language training systematic. She in turn will pass on the list with her additions to the teacher of the 2B grade, the 2B teacher to the 3A, and so on. No two schools will have precisely the same lists since no two schools have precisely the same errors common to their pupils. From the 3A thru the 6A certain forms commonly misused are specified in the syllabus. This does not mean that other forms are not to be taught. Nor does it mean that in teaching the use of the correct forms the technical terms of grammar are to be employed below the grade where the study of grammar is begun.

The conversation is the chief form of language lesson prescribed for the lower grades. This is the place where little real progress is made by the children. The teacher frequently lacks a definite aim. Her conversational lessons are not planned so as to form a series. Worse still, she does not deliberately make her own contribution to the conversation a model in structure and choice of words. As was said at the beginning of this paper, the teacher in the lower grades must in her conversational lessons bear in mind everything that the 8B teacher will have to make explicit

with regard to the structure of narratives, descriptions, and expositions.

Especially must she bear this in mind when giving her pupils exercises in oral reproduction. More and more is story-telling becoming an important educational factor during the child's first year in school. At present a candidate for license No. 1 is required by the examiners to read aloud, to sing, to conduct an exercise in physical training, to sew, and to draw. I shall not be surprised if presently the candidates be required to tell a story.

Altho the syllabus nowhere expressly states it there should be some story-telling on the teacher's part without reproduction on the part of the children. It is enough if the children become completely absorbed in these stories—the ruinous thing is the divided attention, the lukewarm interest—it is enough if they become for the moment the valiant hero, the self-sacrificing heroine.

A second class of story is the story of some length told for reproduction in part or as a whole. Children in class frequently tire of the reproduction of a long narrative, but they enjoy the telling of certain parts. To indulge them here will be to give them a variety of exercises in composition. For instance, instead of reproducing the whole of "The Three Bears," a child may begin with the bears' return, thus getting a chance to imitate the three voices; in "The Sleeping Beauty" he may get some exercise in description by relating how the Prince found everything and everybody in the castle before he woke the Princess.

Lastly there is the very brief story told with the expectation that pupils will, without effort, reproduce it almost verbatim and thus lodge in the memory standards of literary forms. Such narratives, even if they should not exceed fifty or sixty words in length, should strictly conform to the laws which are observed by acknowledged masters of this form of literary art. During one lesson period a teacher tells a story of this kind, four or five children reproduce it, the teacher tells another, a few reproduce that, and so on. Soon the children have in mind a stock of these short stories, and during a recitation period of twenty minutes nearly twenty children may tell each a different story. As preparation for the telling of a new short story to her class the teacher should compose it with care, write it in her day-book, and then learn it by heart. Before any one concludes that this kind of story-telling kills independence, spontaneity, let him remember that two kinds of exercises in story-telling which encourage great freedom in reproduction have already been provided for.

Written composition begins in the third year. If teachers would follow the syllabus here they would have extremely simple exercises. In many schools I believe that too much writing is done in the third and fourth years, while exercises in oral composition are not given with sufficient frequency and system. In the 3A the children write statements in response to the

teacher's questions or directions; but the construction of the group of sentences having unity and coherence, which we may call the paragraph, should be not individual, but class work, the teacher or some one else writing it on the board as the contributions to it are made. If the third year teachers would have much of this kind of work, making it really co-operative, the fourth and fifth year classes would be ready for the two steps in advance, which they are called upon to make. These are the free written reproduction and the construction of outlines. The free written reproduction begins in the fourth year; it should be continued thru the eighth. The syllabus specifies as subject matter for this kind of composition the information gained by the pupils from their silent reading, but of course other material may be used. The important thing is to allow the pupils to write freely without let or hindrance either from outline or the teacher's suggestions. Such compositions will be very faulty, but the good teacher will be blind to all errors but those of one kind,—the special error which she is making war on at the time, and which she has warned the children against.

The use of the outline begins in the 4B grade. The construction of the outline should be the most important work in written composition done in this grade. It is a great mistake to ask the pupils to write from ready made outlines. The making of the outline furnishes a training in thought organization. The first outlines—perhaps all of those used in the fourth and fifth years—should be the result of co-operative effort on the part of teachers and pupils. It is not necessary to write a composition from every outline constructed. Sometimes it is well to let the pupils, with the outline before them, compose orally, omitting the written exercise entirely.

We have come to take it as a matter of course that when a pupil writes a school composition he should not be hampered by lack of thoughts call-

ing for expression, nor by inability to spell, to write, and to punctuate. We often, however, lose sight of the fact that just as he needs preparatory training in thought getting, in spelling, in penmanship, in punctuation, so he needs preparatory training in sentence making and sentence analysis—in using consciously all the common forms of thought.

Not all teachers of the fourth and fifth years understand the significance of the fact that in the course for their grades sentence study comes under the heading composition. Their aim and their method in teaching it are the aim and the method of grammar. Then, too, they see no special reason for studying one form of thought rather than another in the beginning. They do not see why the 4A teacher should begin with the sentence whose subject is the actor, the doer, the hero. This is the sentence that narrates, the story-telling sentence, the sentence that should be repeatedly resolved into its elements—subject and predicate,—before other kinds of sentences are analyzed, so that pupils may come to believe that every subject represents a doer and every predicate what he does.

The other sentence studied in the 4A grade should record action also, for while children of this age can have narration, they will not choose description or classification. There is still action in this second sentence, there is still a hero, but it is a suffering hero. The subject represents the hero; the predicate, no longer what he does, but what is done to him. Now the 4B pupil is ready for the more difficult forms of thought—the sentence that unfolds the qualities of a thing and the sentence that places a thing in its proper class. Nothing better illustrates the misconception that teachers may have concerning the connection between sentence study and composition than the remark of the teacher who said, "I prefer to begin with the sentences of the third and fourth types because it is easy for the pupils to remember that the verb in these sentences is always some part of *to be*."



Outline Study of "The Man Without a Country"

By Maud Elma Kingsley, Maine

Preparatory Work.

HISTORY OF THE STORY.—"The Man Without a Country" was published in the third year of the Civil War, at the time when Vollandigham had turned rebel and had been sent across the border. It was intended that the story should appear in the *Atlantic Monthly* in time to influence the autumn elections, but for some reason it could not be brought out soon enough. It is perhaps the best sermon on patriotism ever written, and should form a conspicuous part of the reading done each year in preparation for Memorial Day, or some other patriotic occasion.

(In 1863, Clement L. Vollandigham, of Ohio, was tried, convicted, and imprisoned, for uttering opinions disloyal to the Union.)

OBJECT OF THE STORY.—To impress upon the young men of the time the heinousness of such a crime as that of Vollandigham's.

PLAN.—So cleverly is the story written that it seems to be the *bona fide* production of the navy officer—one Captain Frederic Ingham—who assumes to be the narrator.

First Reading.

1. ABSTRACT OF THE STORY.

Introduction.—The newspaper paragraph; the officer's reason for noticing the paragraph; manner in which the story is introduced; facts concerning Nolan derived from paragraph 1; amount of public knowledge concerning Nolan; reason for telling the story.

The Story of Philip Nolan.—His position; date of story; event which determined his career; steps leading up to his loss of loyalty; court martial at Fort Adams; great event leading up to it; climax of Nolan's trial; excuses made for Nolan by narrator; Nolan's sentence (quote narrator's summary of it; quote the sentence verbatim); effect of the sentence on Nolan; on the Court; plan adopted for the carrying out of the sentence; Nolan on shipboard—his position, mode of daily life, means taken to prevent his hearing of the United States; episodes in his life; the Lay of the Last Minstrel; the ball on board the Warren; the great frigate duel; Nolan's chance of pardon; the Portuguese slaves; on the George Washington Corvette; Capt. Ingham's acquaintance with Nolan.

Conclusion.—Danforth's letter.

2. THE CHARACTERS.

State part played by each.

3. TIME OF THE ACTION.—1807–1863.

4. PLACE OF THE ACTION.—Mackinaw, Fort Massac, Fort Adams, Cape of Good Hope, Windward Islands, Bay of Naples, South Atlantic, St. Thomas Harbor.

Require pupils to give geographical location, and to state the event connected with each.

5. TOPICS FOR SPECIAL STUDY.

Career of Aaron Burr; the Grand Catastrophe; Spanish plot and Orleans plot; Nukahiva Islands; Slave Trade Treaty; Middle Passage; Bragg and Beauregard; Maury and Barron, Tannall, "The House of Virginia."

Note.—The Orleans plot was the plot organized by Genet, minister from France to the United States, and headed by George Rogers Clark, to capture New Orleans by an army of backwoodsmen, for the French republic.

The Spanish plot, organized by Carondelet, Spanish governor of Louisiana, and participated in by prominent Kentuckians, was to separate Kentucky from the American Union and unite it with Louisiana under the nominal sovereignty of Spain, thus giving the Kentuckians the coveted privilege of a free port at the mouth of the Mississippi.

Second Reading.

1. POINTS TO BE ESPECIALLY NOTED.

Nolan's attitude toward his sentence during the first years of its execution; the point at which he begins to experience a change of sentiment; the narrator's plan for Nolan's future; age of Nolan at time of death; Nolan's profession—difference between him and other naturalists; circumstances under which the author drives home the moral of the story; (*Learn, "And if you are tempted . . . mother"*); circumstances under which the author moralizes openly for the only time in the story; Nolan's text; his epitaph; circumstances under which an allusion is made to Shakespeare's "Tempest;" fulfillment or non-fulfillment of Capt. Shaw's prophecy regarding the Bermudas.

2. DESCRIPTIONS.

Suggestion.—Require pupils to recite from memory all the details of the following: The reading of the Lay of the Last Minstrel; Nolan's question and Mrs. Graff's answer; presentation to Nolan of the sword of ceremony, Nolan's scrap books; Nolan interpreting for the slaves; Nolan's room; his map.

3. HISTORICAL EVENTS FROM 1807–1863.

Those referred to in the story.

4. LITERARY CHARACTERISTICS OF THE STORY.

Its most conspicuous excellence is its excellently sustained air of truth. It is impossible, for the moment, to believe that the story has not the slightest foundation in fact. (Point out some of the features of this story which give it its air of verisimilitude.) It is characterized by felicity of expression, shrewd and comprehensive knowledge of nature and its emotions and passions. The growth of love of country in the mind of Nolan is an excellent study in character development.



Supplementary Work.

EFFECT PRODUCED BY THE STORY.

The story gave the author a national reputation. "It was intended to create, and did create, a national sentiment. It has done much to foster the idea of national unity, of a united country as opposed to state autonomy or separate sectional interests."

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Suggestion.—A lesson on the flag is eminently appropriate in this connection.

June 14, 1777, the Continental Congress passed its memorable resolution "that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field." This flag was first displayed at the battle of Brandywine.

Mrs. John Ross of Philadelphia made the first flag, making the stars with five points after the French fashion, instead of with six as is the British fashion. The stars on our coins have six points.

Revolutionary Ensigns.—The Pine Tree Flag, the Rattlesnake Flag, the Bunker Hill Flag. (Describe each.)

Significance of stars, stripes, colors.

The idea of adding a star for every new state was not formally adopted until 1818. Present number of stars? Arrangement?

Similarity between the Stars and Stripes and the arms of the Washington family.

Themes.

1. Life and Works of Edward Everett Hale.
2. Pen Picture of Edward Everett Hale.
3. Our Country's Flag.
4. Patriotism.
5. Patriots Famous in History.
6. The African Slave Trade.
7. Aaron Burr.
8. "The Old Thirteen."
9. Most Impressive Scenes of the Story.
10. Lessons Learned from the Story.

Number One.

"I tell you," said Robbie, eating his peach,
And giving his sister none,
"I believe in the good old saying that each
Should look out for Number One."

"Why, yes," answered Katie, wise little elf,
"But the counting should be begun
With the other one instead of yourself—
And he should be Number One."

—Selected.



Illustration to accompany the story of "The Invisible Robe" in THE CHILD WORLD supplement to this number.

Little Talks on School Management. IV

By Randall N. Saunders, Hudson, N. Y.

Classes and Divisions.

IN ungraded country schools, the problem of keeping down the number of classes and of arranging divisions is one that gives the teacher no little trouble and anxiety.

The country school, offering unrestrained an opportunity for the individuality of the teacher and the individualities of the pupils as well, is likely, in the matter of classes and divisions, to assume a kaleidoscopic character,—ever changing in relation to the punctuality, ability, and application or energy of the various pupils.

In a graded school, where the teacher is a part of a mechanism that turns off so many pages in so many days, regardless of the fact that some pupils are overworking at the same task that others find mere play, regardless of the fact that the slow ones are constantly discouraged and the bright ones are forming habits of listlessness, there is no room left for the exercise of the discretion with which the rural educator attempts to harmonize these inequalities and to reconcile many an inconsistency. The smaller the school and the closer the contact of teacher and pupil, the more complex becomes the problem, until, in some instances, classes cease to exist altogether in many of the more difficult studies.

While we can not find it in our hearts to retard the progress of some exceptionally bright pupils we should not forget to stir the exceptionally dull ones to greater effort to keep pace, and even then we can scarcely avoid a division of the class which must inevitably come. At this point, when it is reached, to avoid multiplying classes, I have dropped the slower pupils into the brighter division of the class in the next lower grade,—in fact, to preserve harmony in the homes and in school, have made this measure an apparent elevation of the brilliants into a higher grade.

Complicating the problem in rural schools is the diversity of text-books, rendering special lessons necessary. After determining the grading and finding many different books in some one class, I have found that to teach without a book was a course that, while it necessitated some extra preparation, obviated the necessity for separate recitations.

To develop a recitation and not have it a mere fact-mill for a two, three, or five minutes revolution turning out dust and ashes, one must have time, and to get time a reduction of the number of classes and an increase of general exercises,—lessons in which the greater part of the pupils can join,—should be made.

With forty classes, with varying text-books, inequalities in age, attainment, and ability, and with special subjects asked and needed by special pupils,—with forty classes, or thirty classes to manage, what justice can be done to any one of them, or to any individual in any one of them? With a doubling up of some of the

classes, with a combination of correlated subjects, with a discarding of some extras that could not be continued, with a revolution that deposed some old, cherished methods from the throne beneath the popular dome of thought, I was not spared the consequences of my ignorance and mismanagement, and closed my first year of teaching with twenty classes and a case of fever that made me a better student of economy,—school and physical economy combined.

I think we should not deny ourselves the privilege, which is a duty, with the liberty we have in this country, of advancing as far as possible the brighter pupils, nor do I think we should deny ourselves the pleasure of stimulating and gratifying some natural talent of some thoughtful lad or lass with a special subject outside of the ordinary curriculum, provided we can find the time for it. The country teacher has an added responsibility not so strongly felt by the city teacher. The main burden on the mind of the average urban teacher is the passing of a certain percentage of her grade for promotion, knowing that the greater need of her pupils will be supplied in the order of their ascent toward graduation; but the rural teacher is handling all grades, and, if true to her trust, is ever yearning to awaken the spirit that is like the electric flash to the mingled but unseen gases, unrealized, uncentered, and uncontrolled powers, that it unites into a crystal drop reflecting the universe and dazzling with a brilliance more to be desired and beyond that of the diamond. The country teacher has the responsibility of awakening and centering the powers and ambitions of "the great minds, brave hearts, strong and willing hands an age like this demands," and this responsibility must not be shirked or neglected.

There is a class of pupils, the irregular ones, who multiply classes and perplexities. They are a class to which I have shown few favors, unless the pupils were unfortunately kept out of school by necessity. That being the case, they received every attention I could possibly bestow when they were able to attend. Irregularity is usually the fault of the parents, and if they do not have more interest in the future of their children than to allow them to ignore advantages, I do not believe it is the teacher's duty to retard the progress of others for their benefit.

If you become wise unto your own salvation and institute a new order, make use of every available time-saving method. You may fear the loss of popular favor; but duty to yourself and to your school may demand such a sacrifice, which will be lighter than you imagine. In fact, a gain in favor will be made if methods intelligently applied bring, as they will, results to be desired. Find comfort in Schiller's thought, as favor is accorded: "If by your art you cannot please all, content the few. To please the multitude is bad." Among "the few" count yourself the first to be contented.

THE CHILD WORLD

A Magazine of Supplementary Reading

Supplement to TEACHERS MAGAZINE, November 1905.



TWINS.

By A. L. HARRIS.

Illustrated by ELSIE BLOMFIELD.

WHEN Maud and I walk out with Nurse—it doesn't matter where—

Someone is sure to point at us, or else turn round and stare.
And sometimes you can hear them say, "They're just as like as pins,"

Which isn't to be wondered at, 'cause Maud and I are twins.

We always dress alike—our clothes are nearly stitch for stitch—

Which makes it all the harder to distinguish which is which ;

And no one knows *exactly* how to tell us one from t'other,
But Grandmamma and Uncle George and Nurse and Dad and Mother.

As babies we were so alike, I've often heard Nurse say,
In keeping us from getting mixed, her hair went nearly grey.

I can't help thinking, now
and then, how funny it
would be

If, all the while, I should be
Maud instead of being Me.

Twice one is two—I think
that's how arithmetic
begins—

So it must be correct to say
that twice one baby's twins.

At any rate, we're sure as sure
there'd not be half the fun,

If we, instead of being two,
were only one time's one.



The Invisible Robe



Many years ago there lived a king who was over-fond of fine clothes. One day two swindlers came to him. They said they knew how to weave the most beautiful robe that human eyes had ever seen. Besides, they said, that this robe had the wonderful quality that it could not be seen by any one who was very stupid.

“That must be a very uncommon robe,” thought the king. “If I wore such a one I should be able to find out what men in my service are not fit to hold the places they have. I could then tell the wise men from the fools. I certainly must have that wonderful robe. Let the men weave the cloth for me.” He paid the two sharpers much money to have them begin at once.

So the swindlers put up a loom and made believe they were weaving. They asked for many yards of the finest silk and a hundred spools of the purest gold thread. All these treasures they tucked away in their bags, while they worked away at the empty loom till late into the night.

“I should like to know how those weavers are getting on with my robe,” thought the king. But he felt a little queer when he thought of what the weavers had said. Was he afraid that he might be found stupid and unfit for his office? No, he was sure he would be able to see the beautiful cloth. Still he decided to send some one else to see how the work was getting on. All the people in the city had heard of the strange power of the cloth which was being woven for the king. Everybody was anxious to find out how stupid his neighbors were.

“I will send my honest old minister to the weavers,” thought the king. “He can judge best how the cloth looks, for he is wise and no one is better fit for his place than he.”

So the good old minister went into the room where the two swindlers sat working at the empty loom.

“Why!” thought the old minister, opening his eyes very wide. “I cannot see a thing!” But he was careful not to say this aloud.

The two swindlers begged him to step nearer. They asked him if he did not think the colors pretty and the pattern the best he ever saw. Then they pointed to the empty loom. The poor old minister stared as hard as he could; but he could see nothing, for there was nothing to see.

“My, O my!” thought he, “is it possible that I am a fool after all?” I certainly never thought so, and not a soul must know it. Or is it that I am unfit for my office? It will never do for me to tell that I cannot see the robe.”

“Well, sir, you don’t say anything about our work,” said the one who pretended to go on with the weaving.

“Oh, it is beautiful—quite charming,” said the old minister, peering through his spectacles. “What a fine pattern, and what colors! I shall certainly tell the king that I am very much pleased with it.”

“We are delighted to hear you say so,” said the weavers; and then they named all the colors and described the strange pattern. The old minister listened closely, that he might be able to repeat it to the king when he got home. And so he did.

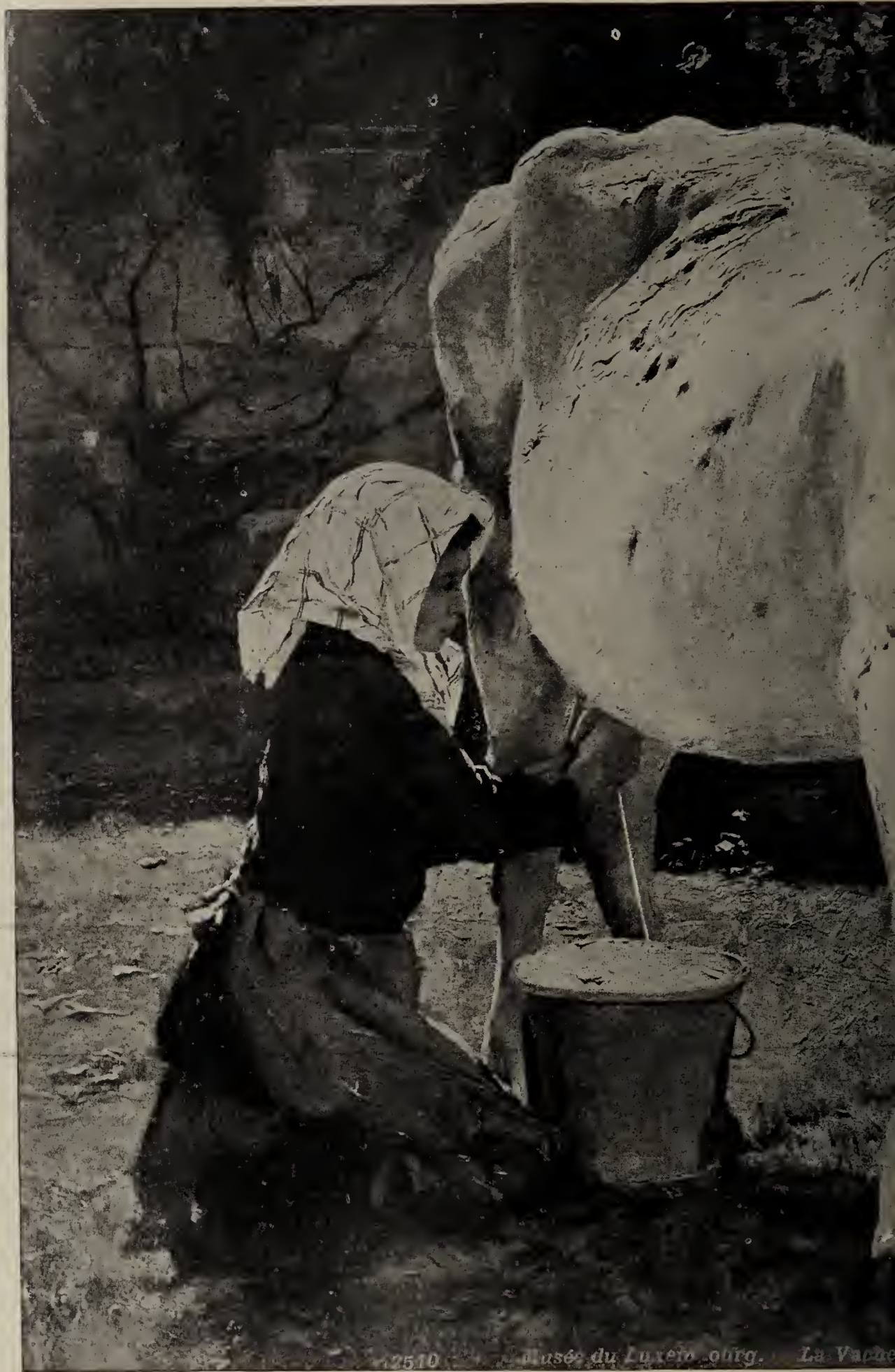
Now the sharpers grew bolder. They asked for more money, more silk, and more gold, to be able to go on with the weaving. They hid everything away with the rest of their plunder. Not a single thread was ever put upon the loom; but they kept on as before weaving at the empty loom.

Everybody in the town was talking about the wonderful robe.

Now, the king wished to see it himself while it was still on the loom. With a large party of picked men he went to the workshop of the two bold swindlers who were working away with might and main at the empty loom. The faithful old minister who had been there before stepped forward and said:

“Is not that charming? Just see, O king, what a pattern! And what colors!” And then he pointed to the empty loom, for he thought that no doubt the others could see the cloth.

“What is this?” thought the king. “I see nothing at all! That is



THE WH

The accompanying small pictures may be used to illustrate composite pictures from the page and let each child have one to paste on the first Child World last month. The large picture is suitable for board work.



THE COW.

From the painting of Julien Dupré.

on Thanksgiving, Farm Life, the Cow or Butter-Making. Cut the
 page of his composition. There were thirty of these pictures in the
 mounted on cardboard it will be found worth framing.



awful. Am I a fool? Am I not fit to be king? That is the most dreadful thing that could happen to me."

"It is very pretty, to be sure!" he said aloud, "I am well pleased with it." Then he nodded in a satisfied sort of way, as he gazed at the empty loom. He would not tell for anything in the world that he saw nothing.

The people who were with him looked and looked, but they, too, saw nothing. Nevertheless they all said, "Yes, it is very beautiful!" They begged the king to wear the wonderful robe in the great procession that was just about to take place.

"It is grand, magnificent! Never was there such a robe before!" So the word passed from mouth to mouth. Everybody praised the weavers.

The whole night before the morning on which the procession was to take place, the swindlers sat up burning sixteen candles. That was to make the people believe that they were hard at work upon the king's new robe. They pretended to take the cloth off the looms; they made cuts in the air with big scissors; they sewed away with needles without thread in them. At last they said, "Now the king's new robe is ready!"

The king came himself with the highest officers of his court. The two swindlers raised up their arms as if they were holding something, and said, "Here is the robe! It is as light as a spider's web. One would think one had nothing on, but that is just the beauty of it."

"Yes," said all the court officers; but they could not see anything, for there was nothing to see.

The sharpers pretended to tie and to pin and to button the garment, and the king turned round and round before the mirror.

"How well his Majesty looks! How well the clothes fit!" said all. "What a pattern! what colors! That is a magnificent dress!"

"I am ready," said the king. "How well the clothes fit me!" And then he turned again to the mirror, for he wanted it to seem as if he saw all his grand things.

The pages who were to carry the train of the king's robe stooped down

and pretended to lift it from the ground, then they walked away with their hands in the air. They did not dare let it be known that they could see nothing.

The king walked along in the procession under the gorgeous canopy. All the people in the streets and at the windows said, "How fine the king's new clothes are! what a splendid train his robe has! how perfectly the clothes fit!"

Nobody would tell that he could see nothing, for that would have shown that he was very stupid and was not fit for his office.

"But he has got nothing on!" said a little child.

"Listen to that innocent child!" said his father; and one whispered to another what the child had said.

"He has got nothing on; a little child here says he has got nothing on."

And at last all the people said: "That is right. He has nothing on."

That made the king very angry, for now he knew that they were right. But he thought, "the procession must go on." And on it went. He held himself a little stiffer than ever, and the pages followed holding up the train which was not there at all.

And the swindlers? They left the city very quietly with their ill gotten gains. They are now making invisible clothes for other people.

[Adapted for The Child World from a well known fairy tale.]





'Saw the rainbow in the heavens
In the eastern sky, the rainbow.
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"

Seed Collections for the Schools.

By F. L. STEVENS, North Carolina College of Agriculture, and Mechanic Arts.

(Continued from last month.)

Now as to the storing and keeping of such a collection. Secure small vials about one-half an inch thick and two inches long with corks. They will be admirable, and are inexpensive. Possibly you can get them at no cost.

Put the seeds in the vial, place a label outside in such a position as not to obscure the view of the seeds, and arrange them all in a box where they can be inspected.

A very neat way of mounting seeds is also shown in the accompanying illustrations. The seed holder may be described as a piece of pasteboard mounted between two pieces of glass, and fastened together by passepartout paper. Secure a piece of pasteboard say four or five inches square, and quite thick, if possible 1-5 of an inch or more, if need be use two thicknesses. Upon both sides of this pasteboard paste a good quality of white paper to cover the crudities of the pasteboard. When dry and smooth mark off the central points of holes to be cut with a gun wad punch. You may buy the punch at a cost of a quarter or better still some of your boys inclined to hunting will probably have one they will be

little pit of which the glass will constitute the bottom. Place the seeds in these pits, lay the other plate of glass on top, and bind the whole thing together with passepartout paper, resulting in a mount similar to that shown in figure 2.

Such a mount may be either hung upon the wall or in the window as a transparency. It is exceedingly handy to pass about the class-room



Fig. 2. Seed mount.

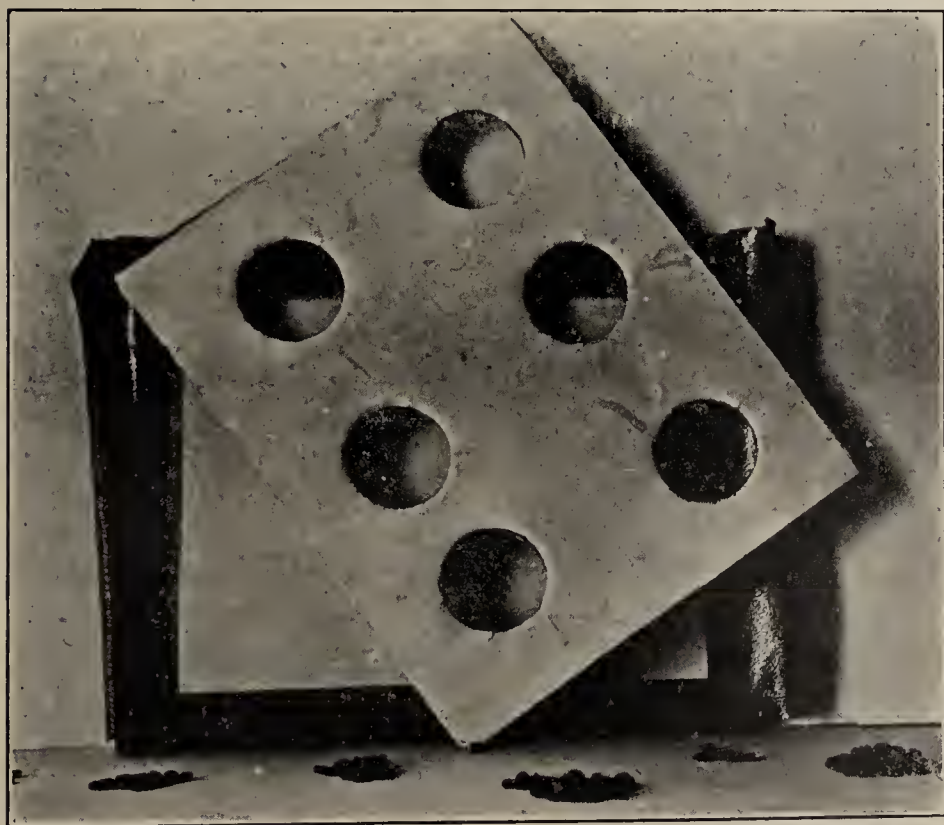


Fig. 1. Glass and passepartout paper.

able to loan to the school. With this punch make the holes in the pasteboard as indicated in the illustration.

Now get your seeds together, write under each hole the name of the seed to be placed therein. Prepare one sheet of glass with passepartout paper as in figure 1. Lay the pasteboard on the glass. Each hole will then form a

for class inspection of the seeds. The seeds are in excellent position for observation with a small hand lens.

Glass for such mounts can frequently be procured from some of your pupils who are interested in photography and who have discarded negatives which can be cleaned up. Ordinarily the cost of the whole mount is very small. A four by five glass will accommodate comfortably about six samples of seeds. Larger glass may of course be used, placing more specimens in the same mount. In connection with all seed study it will be very useful and very desirable to have one or more small magnifying glasses such as can be purchased for about 30 or 40 cents. The one which I personally like best is known as the QR. lens and may be procured from Arthur H. Thomas & Co., 12th and Walnut streets, Philadelphia, Pa., or Bausch and Lomb, Rochester, N. Y., for 35 cents.

The rapidity with which a large seed collection can be gotten together is astounding to any one who has not tried it. The making of a seed collection is to be highly commended in all schools where agriculture is to be taught or where nature study plays a part.



Drawing and Constructive Work

By Anna Linehan, Supervisor of Manual Training, Asheville, N. C.

Plan of Work for November.

Grade 1.

1st week.—Lesson on cube. Likeness, faces, corners, edges; modeling same in clay.

2nd week.—Folding square basket, or bench, if preferred.

3rd week.—Modeling pumpkin. Call atten-

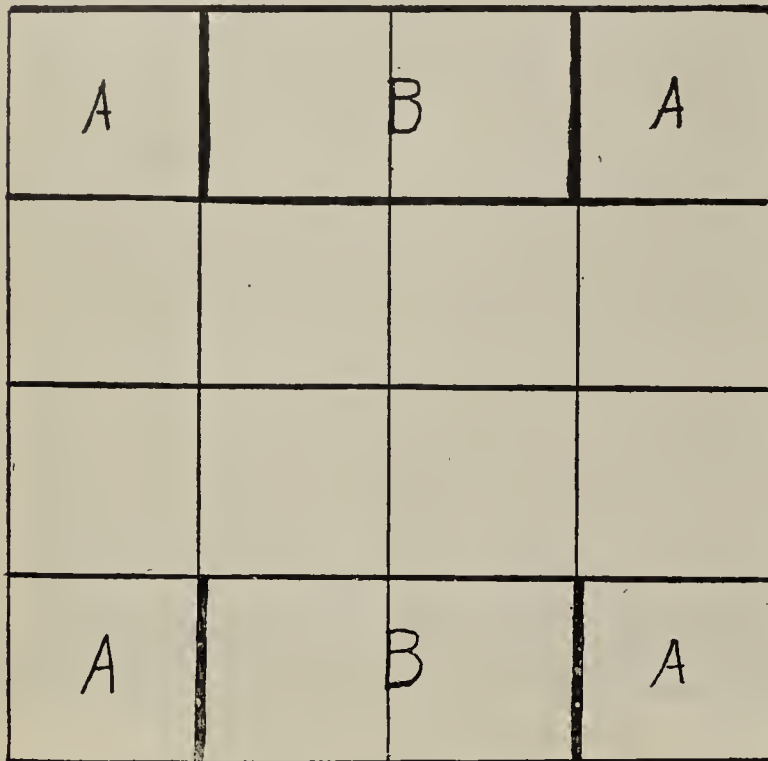


Diagram for Square Basket.—Fold a 4-inch square into 16 squares. Cut on dark lines between A + B. Fold in A and paste B over it. Handle can be fastened to middle of two opposite sides.

tion to difference in shape of apple and pumpkin, size of stem, etc.

4th week.—Cutting and coloring same to take home.

“Over the river and thru the woods,
To grandmother’s house we go,”
can be used for illustrated story for the month.

When giving the clay lesson care should be taken that no clay gets on desk or floor, and the children will soon learn to keep it on the board or paper provided for that purpose. The cube should be made in the hands, not patted on the desk.

In the paper folding the children are interested to call the first fold a book, the fold on the second diameter a window, the fold on the diagonal a shawl, etc.

The children should lay papers on the desks and fold from them, and then press folds with one finger.

The teacher’s paper should be larger than the square of paper used by the children, and she should move around the room that she may be seen by all the class; but the less assistance given, the better, for the child should work independently.

When the basket is folded, a strip of paper of the same color, about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide, may be used for the handle.

A sheet of bristol board with a few corn stalks drawn on it and some of the pumpkins pasted here and there, suggests a cornfield and pleases the children, as well as preserves the cuttings.

Grade 2.

1st week.—Studying shapes of nuts and modeling the same in clay.

2nd week.—Folding 8-inch square to make a hollow square prism with cover.

3rd week.—Cutting ducks of different sizes. If there is time enough, let the children draw them.

4th week.—Cutting ducks from white paper and coloring the same to take home. Illustrated story for the month should relate to farm life.

When the children are modeling nuts, their attention should be called to the models they resemble—ellipsoid, ovoid, etc.

If in making the box manila paper is used, some simple design should be marked on cover of box, but colored paper can be used with good results.

A few of the ducks mounted on an oblong of stiff paper, a few lines to represent water, and the children will have a picture of ducks which they will enjoy, especially as they made it.

Or the children will enjoy cutting three or four each, and mounting them on a small sheet, each child making his own poster. But this is rather hard to accomplish with large classes and limited time. Some teachers prefer to have the mucilage on a bit of paper on each child’s desk, using a bit of twisted paper for a brush; others find it

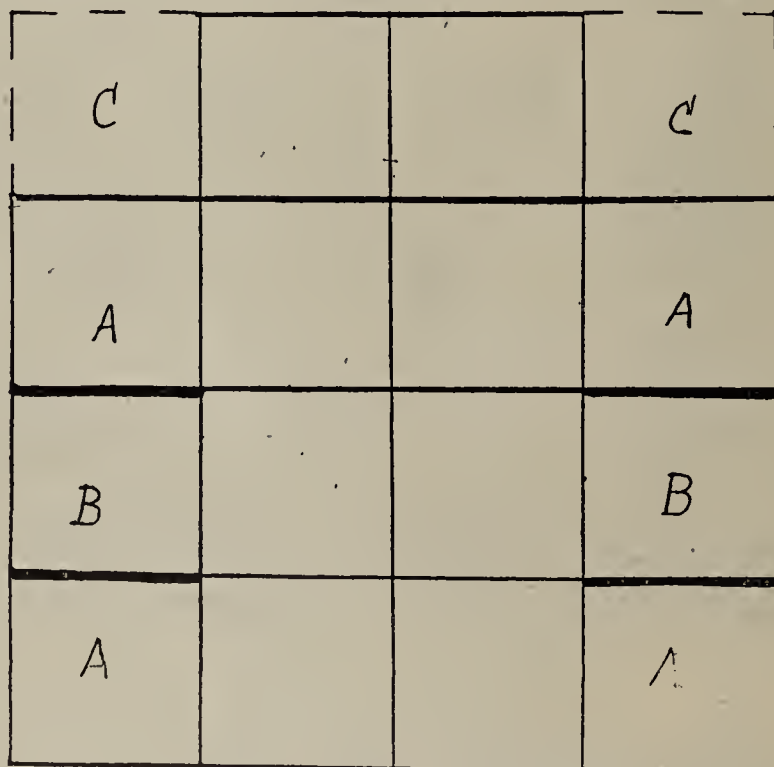


Diagram for Oblong Box.—Fold 8-inch square into 16 squares. Cut out the two C’s. Cut on darkened lines between A + B and fold in, putting B over A. Decoration on box optional.

quicker to pass from child to child, putting a drop of mucilage on the part to be pasted. Good mucilage is a prime necessity, for much of the

soiled work is due to the fact that the paper does not stay pasted, and the child becomes impatient and careless.

Grade 3.

1st week.—Modeling carrots and other winter vegetables in clay.



2nd week.—Make large drawings of the same and color them.

3rd week.—Cutting turkeys of different sizes.

4th week.—Cutting turkeys in white paper and coloring the same to take home. If only in ink the children will enjoy it better if a touch of red is added to the head. Brown crayon or water color will give greater variety.

In modeling carrots, have them of good size—about as large as the vegetables used for the lesson. The drawings should be strong and should match the carrot in color.

If a drawing of a barnyard is made and some of the turkeys pasted on it here and there, an effective poster will be the result.

Above the first grade frequent drills should be given in proper pencil-holding, and correct position in drawing quick, light lines. The drill

should be on vertical, horizontal, and oblique lines, also circles and ellipses.

Grade 4.

Study of winter vegetables with leaves. Work done in color is desirable.

Simple grouping of objects. Design of *menu* for Thanksgiving dinner, with an appropriate motto for the same.

Grade 5.

Simple perspective—square prisms, oblong boxes, houses. Composition on Thanksgiving, landing of the Pilgrims, etc. Cover design of something appropriate. In this connection, we found "Pictures in Outline, No. 10" (Prang Educational Co.), very helpful for developing ideas on the subject.

Grade 6.

Study of simple groups, design in color for decoration, borders, etc. Appropriate design for calendar for November, or cover design for Thanksgiving composition. Covers from last year's magazines are always helpful in this work and suggest ideas on the subject.

If the teachers in the three lower grades will make hektograph copies of the drawings given this month, and have them placed so all the



NEVER SAY FAIL.

Selected.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. Keep working; 'tis wis - er than step - ping a - side, A dreaming and sigh - ing and wait - ing the tide: In
 2. With eyes ev - er o - pen, a tongue that's not dumb, A heart that will nev - er to sorrow succumb; You'll
 3. In life's earl - y morn - ing, in manhood's true pride, Let this be your mot - to what - ev - er be - tide; In

life's earn - est bat - tle they on - ly pre - vail, Who dai - ly march for - ward, and nev - er say fail.
 win in the con - flict, though thousand as - sail: Then on - ward to con - quer, and nev - er say fail.
 storm and in sunshine, what - ev - er as - sail: "I'll on - ward and con - quer, and nev - er say fail."

The Christmas-Tree and School-Made Gifts

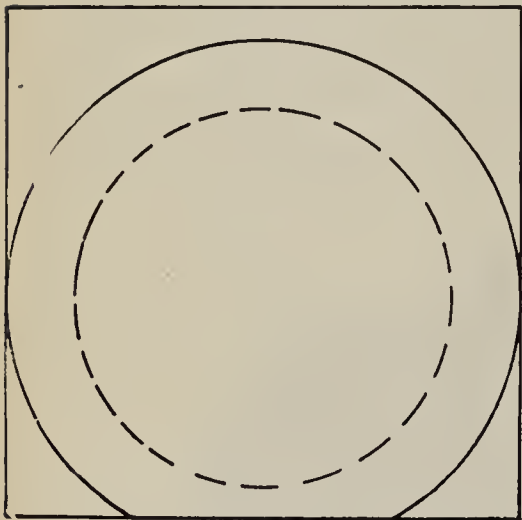
By Martha Hellman, Illinois

IF every primary teacher knew how little money and time are necessary to buy and trim a Christmas-tree and if she realized what a priceless treasure it seems to the children, I feel confident that no room in December would be without one. This is the month in which our finances are apt to be at lowest ebb. Nevertheless, when writing your Christmas shopping-list, don't neglect to include the tree.

My tree costs from twenty-five to thirty-five cents, which is the only expense with the exception of a few cents for tissue-paper and wired tinsel. We "plant" the tree in a bucket of sand brought by one of the children, and by occasionally dampening the sand the falling of the needles is almost entirely prevented. I cover the bucket with a layer of cotton batting and

then, even before anything is hung upon its branches, our tree begins to look Christmasy.

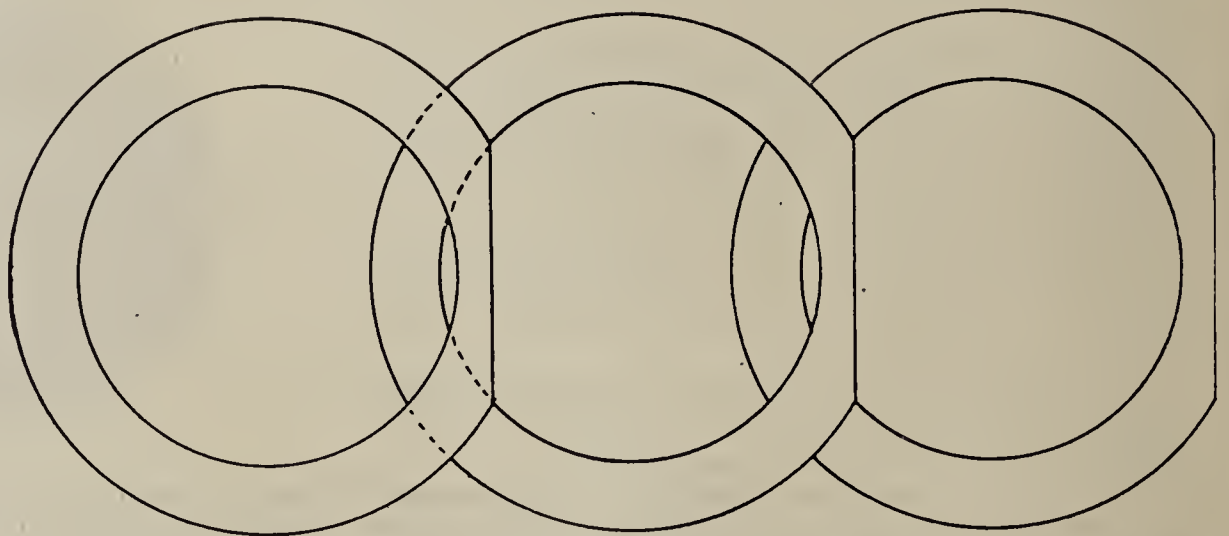
As to ornaments, the children are more than willing to bring old ones from home, or even to buy new ones. The pupils of our school being too poor to bring a penny for a book-cover or colored crayon, it is surprising how many can spare a penny or pennies to buy some sparkling trifle for the tree (all without any suggestion on my part.) Of course, some can not contribute anything in this way, and so, in order that all may feel they have helped, I plan to have every child make something. If your experience resembles mine, you will find that with all the material brought in, your tree would look overloaded if each child made all the articles suggested. I think it is well to divide the class into



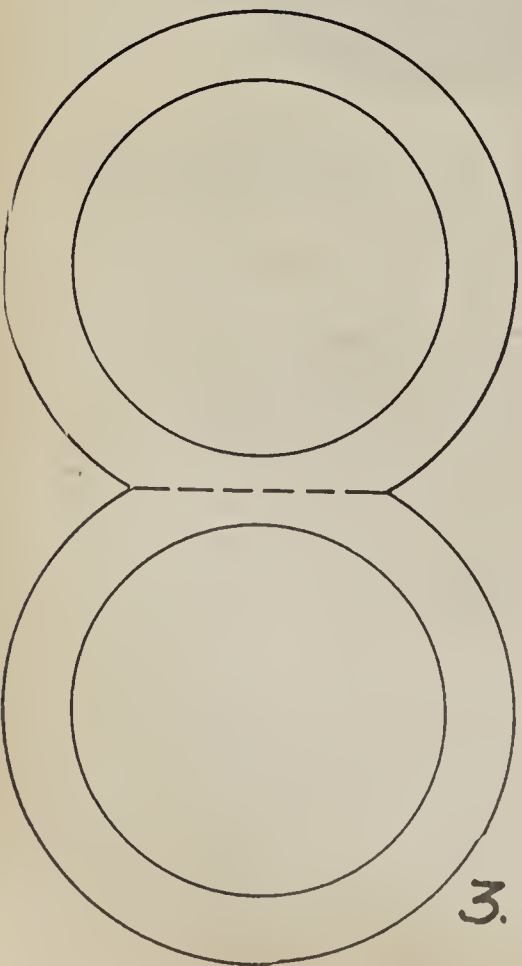
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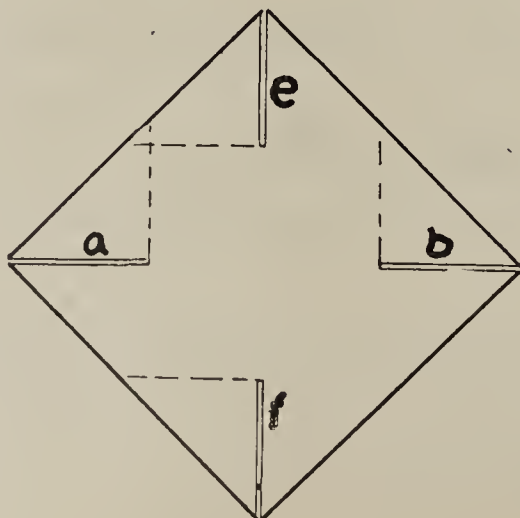
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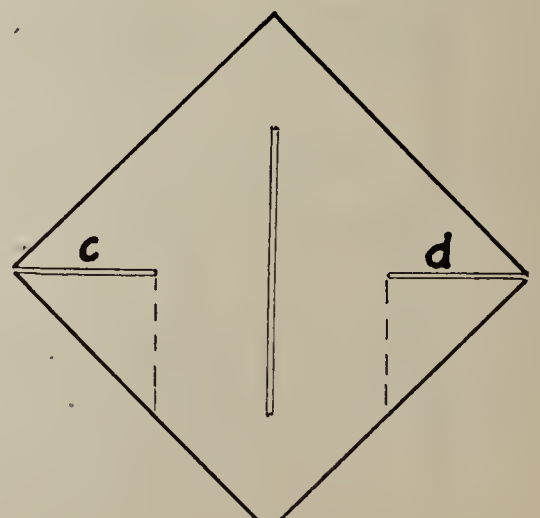
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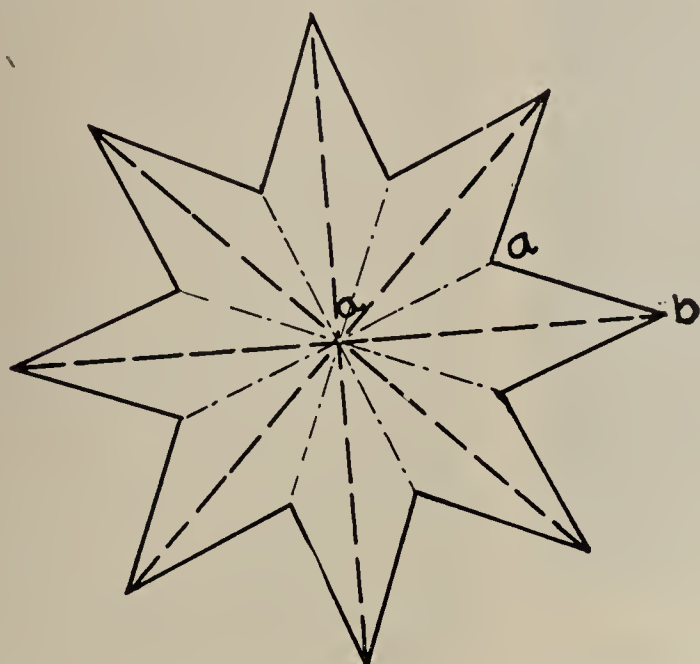
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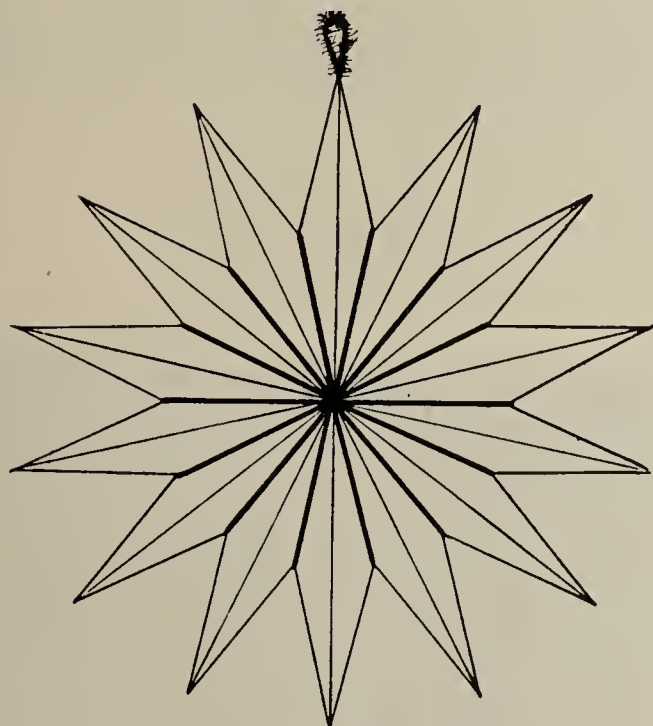
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sections, each section to make a different kind of tree ornament.

Among the decorations easily manufactured are the well-known kindergarden chains, made of narrow strips of colored engine, or better still, tissue paper, and the equally well-known paper lanterns which require no description.



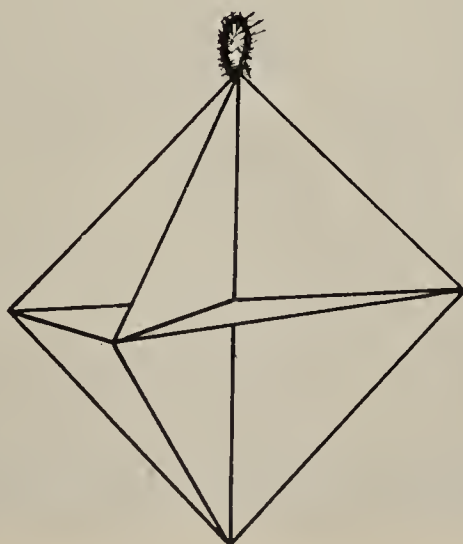
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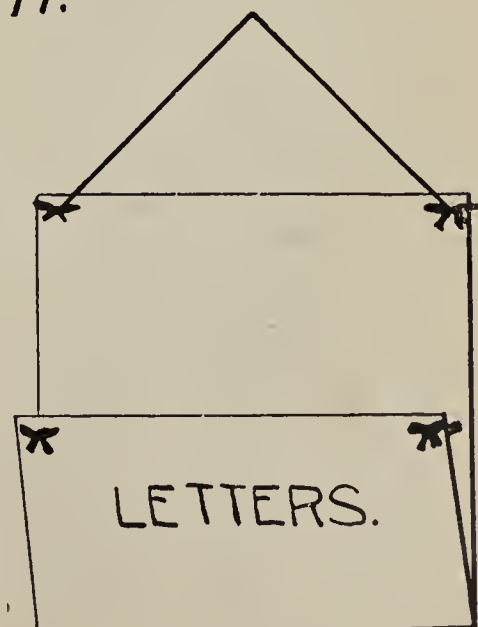
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8.



11.



12.

Give each pupil of the lowest section a cardboard pattern of a star, trumpet, wheel, or bretzel, and let him cut one of these forms from colored paper. If two sheets of contrasting colors are pasted together before cutting, the ornaments will be prettier and stiffer. When the babies have finished the ornaments give them each a piece of wired tinsel (Fig. 1) for a hanger and see the proud, happy look on the little faces as the tiny fingers fasten their handiwork upon the tree.

A chain requiring no paste is made as follows: Fold a piece of paper 2x4 inches over, to make the short edges meet. Use a circular cardboard pattern two inches in diameter and draw a chord about one inch long. Cut away the segment thus formed. When using the pattern, this straight edge must lie on the folded edge of the paper (Fig. 2). Mark around the pattern, leave the paper folded, and cut out two adjacent circles. From the centers of these circles cut two circles one and one half inches in diameter, and concentric with the larger circles.

Your paper will then somewhat resemble the figure eight (Fig. 3). Make ten or more of these links. To put them together, leave the first link folded, open the second link and pull one-half of it (one circle) thru both parts of the first, then slip half of the third thru both parts of the second, etc. Finish at the end with the tinsel wire (Fig. 4).

Pretty "jewels" require three squares, or circles 3 inches in diameter. They may be of one or more colors. Three shades of the same color are beautiful for this purpose. Cut slits according to Figs. 5, 6, and 7 respectively, cut-



Produce from the School Garden.

TEACHERS MAGAZINE is indebted to the kindness of Supt. A. J. Mackay, of Halifax, for this interesting picture.

ting away narrow strips of paper when making the slits. In putting together, take 5, bend back corners a and b gently and insert one-half of 5 into the long slit of 6, then straighten the bent corners. Next take 7, and slip around 5 and 6, bending the corners e and f of 5, and corners c and d of 6 in order to accomplish this. Straighten the corners and adjust the squares into position. Hang by means of the wire. (Fig. 8).

To make a pretty plaited star, proceed as follows: Fold and cut two squares into eight-pointed stars. Cut to the center of each star on one of its short diagonals, a.—a. on Fig. 9. Fold up on all long diagonals b.—b. and down on all short diagonals. Join the two stars to make a fourteen-pointed one, by pasting the two end points of the one respectively under and over the corresponding points of the other. (Fig. 10.)

For gifts, we made one year, a sachet for mother and a letter-pocket for father. For the sachet, we sewed a cylindrical cheese-cloth bag about 3 inches long and 1 inch in diameter and stuffed it with cotton on which I had sprinkled sachet-powder. Around this bag we wrapped a piece of crepe paper wide enough to overlap a little, so the ends

could be pasted together, and long enough to project about an inch at each end. We used three pieces of ribbon, one tied in a bow around each end of the sachet and one to serve as a hanger. (Fig. 11.)

For the letter-case we used common cardboard covered with green ingrain paper. We took a piece of cardboard about 6x8 inches, drew a line 3 inches from, and running parallel with one of the short edges, scored and bent it up to make the front of the case. We covered the two sections separately with the paper, and tied bows of ribbon at either side to hold it together, and also tied some ribbon into the top to hang the pocket up by. For decoration we cut the word "Letters" from gilt paper and pasted upon the front of the case.

Give the children patterns of print capitals to trace around. It may be a little troublesome to get good spacing but by pasting first the middle letter, then the first and last letters, the remaining letters can easily be placed at even distances. (Fig. 12.)

"Do all the good I can,
To all the persons I can,
In all the ways I can,
By all the means I can,
And as long as I can."



A class in the largest vacation school in the world, Public School No. 188, New York City, of which Mr. William E. Waters is principal.



Pieces to Speak for *Young and Old.*



Thanksgiving Joys.

Cart-loads of pumpkins as yellow as gold,
Onions in silvery strings,
Shining red apples and clusters of grapes,
Nuts and a host of good things,
Chickens and turkeys and fat little pigs,—
These are what Thanksgiving brings.

Work is forgotten and play-time begins ;
From office and school-room and hall,
Fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts
Nieces and nephews, and all
Speed away home, as they hear from afar
The voice of old Thanksgiving call.

Now is the time to forget all your cares,
Cast every trouble away ;
Think of your blessings, remember your
joys.

Don't be afraid to be gay !
None are too old and none are too young
To frolic on Thanksgiving day.

—*Youth's Companion*

The Squirrel's Arithmetic.

High on the branch of a walnut tree
A bright-eyed squirrel sat.
What was he thinking so earnestly ?
And what was he looking at ?
The forest was green around him,
The sky all over his head ;
His nest was in a hollow limb,
And his children snug in bed.

He was doing a problem o'er and o'er,
Busily thinking was he ;
How many nuts for his winter's store
Could he hide in the hollow tree ?
He sat so still on the swaying bough
You might have thought him asleep.
Oh, no ; he was trying to reckon now
The nuts the babies could eat.

Then suddenly he frisked about,
And down the tree he ran.
"The best way to do without a doubt,
Is to gather all I can."

—*Annie Douglas Bell*

The Christmas Bells.

I.

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid; the night is still:
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

II.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,

Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound.

III.

Each voice four changes on the wind
That now dilate, and now decrease;
Peace and good will, good will and peace;
Peace and good will, to all mankind.

V.

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night;
O Father, touch the East, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.

—From TENNYSON'S *In Memoriam*.

What the Winter Brings.

What does the winter bring?
Berries red on the holly spray,
Gems of ice in the clear, cold day,
That gleam on the tall fir trees;
Over the world with its leaden skies,
Dainty snow like a blessing lies,
But it bringeth more than these.
Time for busy hands to rest,
For cozy seats in the dear home nest,
With blazing logs piled high,
Happy hearts for the Christmas cheer,
And no regret for the parting year
As you bid its hours good-by.

—MARY R. CORLEY

An Address to Santa Claus.

I

Oh, Santa Claus, dear Santa Claus!
I wonder if you know,
How many poor folks' stockings hang
All in a gaping row;
How anxiously you're waited for,
By many a girl and boy,
As you dash by with jingling bells
And never leave a toy!

II.

Oh, Santa Claus, dear Santa Claus!
You have such pretty things—
Great heaps of dolls and picture books,
Gold chains and finger rings,
And loads of lovely china sets!
Dear Santa, please believe,
We would be very glad to have
Just what the rich folks leave.

III.

When from its merry midnight round
Your sleigh comes dashing back,
And all the toys are given out
From every Christmas pack;
Could you not bring some last year's
drums,
Or skates, or balls or sleds,
Or dollies who have lost their hair
Or cracked their arms or heads?

IV.

Oh, Santa Claus, dear Santa Claus!
You may be very sure
Rich children do not love you more
Than children of the poor.
Ah, what delight at Christmas time
Your tinkling bells to hear,
To see the prancing, dancing feet
Of your fleet reindeer!

—MRS. M. F. BUTTS

To-Morrow is Christmas Morning

I.

Old Santa Claus woke from his long winter
nap,
Put on his overcoat, muffler, and cap,
Then ordered his reindeer and harnessed
the sleigh:
"For I must be up and off and away—
To-morrow is Christmas morning."

II.

He blew on his horn for his Troopers so
bold,
A myriad of them in numbers untold,
All mounted and booted in trappings so
gay,
The Rocking Horse Troopers, all leading
the way,
For to-morrow is Christmas morning.

III.

At a wave of his hand the Dollies all come,
Both little and big ones, they walk and
run,
Dressed up in fine muslins, silks, velvet
and lace,
With merriment dancing on each pretty
face,
For to-morrow is Christmas morning.

IV.

He went to the fields where sugar plums
grow,
Millions of trees of them, row after row,
And bushels and bushels came tumbling
down,
Red ones and pink ones and chocolate
brown,
For to-morrow is Christmas morning.

V.

He pushes a button and trinkets galore,
Come hustling and bustling right up to
his door,
Horns, whistles, and bells, drums, engines,
and toys,
Such beautiful gifts for our good girls and
boys,
For to-morrow is Christmas morning.

VI.

And now he is off for his long Christmas
ride,
To visit the children who live far and
wide,
Wherever they live and his sharp eyes
can see
A stocking hung up or a bright Christmas
tree,
For to-morrow is Christmas morning.

—GABRIELLE STEWART

Autumn and November Poems.

A series of inexpensive, yet very useful books of poems suitable for memorizing and study has been arranged by Miss Katherine D. Blake, principal of the girls' department of public school No. 6, New York city, and Miss Georgia Alexander, supervising principal, of Indianapolis, Ind. The books are called Graded Poetry Readers, and the poems are selected with regard to their suitability for the several grades of the elementary school course. The November and Autumn poems given here are taken from the Graded Poetry Readers, published by Maynard, Merrill & Company.

Down to Sleep.

November woods are bare and still ;
November days are clear and bright ;
Each noon burns up the morning's chill ;
The morning's snow is gone by night ;
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As thru the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things lie "down to sleep."

I never knew before what beds,
Fragrant to smell, and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads ;
I never knew before how much
Of human sound there is in such
Low tones as thru the forest sweep,
When all wild things lie "down to sleep."

Each day I find new coverlids
Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut
tight ;
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight ;
I hear their chorus of "good-night" ;
And half I smile and half I weep,
Listening while they lie "down to sleep."
November woods are bare and still.

November days are bright and good ;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill ;
Life's night rests feet which long have
stood ;
Some warm, soft bed, in field or wood,
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can lay us "down to sleep."
—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

The Wind and the Moon.

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow
you out.
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about ;
I hate to be watched ; I will blow you
out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the
moon.
So, deep,
On a heap
Of clouds to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered
soon—
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there
again !
Oh, high
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and
plain.
Said the Wind—"I will blow you out
again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew
dim.

With my sledge
And my wedge
I have knocked off her edge !
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than
dim.

He blew and blew, and she thinned to a
thread.
One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff !
One good puff more where the last was
war bread,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the
thread !"

He blew a great blast and the thread was
gone ;
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare ;
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone ;
Sure and certain the Moon was gone !

The wind he took to his revels once
more ;
On down
In town
Like a merry mad clown,
He leaped and hallooed with whistle and
and roar,
"What's that ?" The glimmering thread
once more !

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew ;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain ;
For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and
blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the Sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the Queen of the
Night.

Said the Wind—"What a marvel of
power am I !
With my breath,
Good faith !
I blew her to death—
First blew her away right out of the sky—
Then blew her in ; what a strength am I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the
affair,
For high,
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare
—GEORGE MACDONALD.

The Huskers.

It was late in mild October, and the long
autumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest fields all
green with grass again ;
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving
all the woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or
the meadow flowers of May.

Thru a thin dry mist, that morning, the
sun rose broad and red,
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened
as he sped ;
Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened
and subdued
On the cornfields and the orchards, and
softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping
to the night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze
with yellow light ;
Slanting thru the painted beeches, he
glorified the hill ;
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay
brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts
caught glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and
laughed, they knew not why ;
And schoolgirls, gay with aster flowers,
beside the meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the
sunshine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly the
patient weathercocks ;
But even the birches on the hill stood
motionless as rocks.
No sound was in the woodlands, save the
squirrel's dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs,
low rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested ; the
stubble fields lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and
shade, the pale green waves of rye ;
But still on gentle hill slopes, in valleys
fringed with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the
heavy corn crop stood.

But low, by autumn's wind and rain, thru
husks that, dry and seer,
Unfold from their ripened charge, shone
out the yellow ear ;
Beneath the turnip lay concealed, in many
a verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the
pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters ; and
many a creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn floor its load
of husk and grain ;
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the
sun sank down, at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day
in brightness passed.

And lo ! As thru the western pines, on
meadow, stream and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky set all
afire beyond,
Slowly o'er the Eastern sea bluffs a milder
glory shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were
mingled into one ;
And thus in the quiet night the twilight
lapsed away.

And deeper in the brightening moon the
tranquil shadows lay ;
From many a brown old farmhouse, and
hamlet without name,
Their milking and their home tasks done,
the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from
pitchforks in the row,
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the
pleasant scenes below ;
The growing pile of husks behind, the
golden ears before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and
brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look
and heart,
Talking their old times over, the old men
sat apart ;

While up and down the unhusked pile, or
nestling in its shade,
As hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout,
the happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a
maiden young and fair,
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and
pride of soft brown hair
The master of the village school, sleek of
hair and smooth of tongue,
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a
husking ballad sung.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Farmer John.

Home from his journey, Farmer John
Arrived this morning safe and sound ;
His black coat off, and his old clothes on,
"New I'm myself," said Farmer John ;
And he thinks, "I'll look around."
Up leaps the dog : "Get down, you pup !
Are you so glad you would eat me up ?"
The old cow lows at the gate to greet him ;
The horses prick up their ears to meet him.

"Well, well, old Bay !

Ha, ha, old Gray !

Do you get good feed when I'm away ?"

"You haven't a rib," says Farmer John ;
"The cattle are looking round and sleek ;
The colt is going to be a roan,
And a beauty, too ; how he has grown
We'll wean the calf in a week."
Says Farmer John, "When I've been off,
To call you again about the trough,
And water you and pet you while you
drink,

Is a greater comfort than you can think !"

And he pats old Bay,

And he slaps old Gray ;

"Ah ! this is the comfort of going away."

"For after all," says Farmer John,
"The best of a journey is getting home :
I've seen great sights, but I would not give
This spot and the peaceful life I live,
For all their Paris and Rome ;
These hills for the city's stifled air,
And big hotels and bustle and glare ;—
Land all houses and roads all stones,
That deafen your ears and batter your
bones !

Would you, old Bay ?

Would you, old Gray ?

That's what one gets by going away."

"I've found out this," says Farmer
John,

"That happiness is not bought and sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
In nights of pleasure and days of worry,

And wealth isn't all in gold,

Mortgage and stocks, and ten per cent,
But in simple ways and sweet content,
Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends,
Some land to till, and a few good friends

Like you, old Bay,

And you, old Gray,—

That's what I've learned by going away."

And a happy man is Farmer John,—
Oh, a rich and happy man is he !
He sees the peas and pum kins growing,
The corn in tassel, the buckwheat blowing,
And fruit on vine and tree ;

The large kind oxen look their thanks,
As he rubs their foreheads and strokes
their flanks ;

The doves light round him, and strut and
coo ;

Says Farmer John, "I'll take you, too,—
And you, old Bay,

And you, old Gray,

Next time I travel so far away."

—JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

The Frost Spirit.

He comes—he comes,—the Frost Spirit
comes ! You may trace his foot-
steps now

On the naked woods and the blasted fields
and the brown hills' withered
brow.

He has smitten the leaves of the gray old
trees where their pleasant green
came forth,

And the winds, which follow wherever he
goes, have shaken them down to
earth.

He comes—he comes,—the Frost Spirit
comes ! From the frozen Labra-
dor,—

From the icy bridge of the Northern seas,
which the white bear wanders
o'er,—

Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice,
and the luckless forms below

In the sunless cold of the lingering night
into marble statues grow.

He comes—he comes,—the Frost Spirit
comes !—on the rushing Northern
blast,

And the dark Norwegian pines have
bowed as his fearful breath went
past.

With an unscorched wing he has hurried
on, where the fires of Hecla glow

On the darkly beautiful sky above and
the ancient ice below.

He comes—he comes,—the Frost Spirit
comes ! And the quiet lake shall
feel

The torpid touch of his glazing breath,
and ring to the skater's heel ;

And the streams which danced on the
broken rocks, or sang to the lean-
ing grass,

Shall bow again to their winter chain, and
in mournful silence pass.

He comes—he comes,—the Frost Spirit
comes ! Let us meet him as we
may,

And turn with the light of the parlor fire
his evil power away ;

And gather closer the circle round, when
that firelight dances high,

And laugh at the shriek of the baffled
fiend as his sounding wings go by !

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Song of Life.

A traveler on a dusty road

Strewed acorns on the lea ;

And one took root and sprouted up,

And grew into a tree.

Love sought its shade at evening time,

To breathe its early vows ;

And Age was pleased, in heights of noon
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The bird sweet music bore—
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern ;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary man might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle on the brink ;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that Toil might drink,
He passed again and lo, the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart,
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust.
It saved a soul from death.
O germ ! O fount ! O word of love !
O thought at random cast !
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

—CHARLES MACKEY.

Ruth.

She stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripened ; such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell ;
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim.
Thus she stood amid the stocks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean ;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

—THOMAS HOOD.

To-Day.

Lo, here hath been dawning
Another blue day ;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away ?

Out of Eternity
This new day is born ;
Into Eternity,
At night, will return.

Behold it aforeside
No eye ever did ;
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day ;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away ?

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

CHILDREN OF OTHER LANDS

Boys and Girls of The Netherlands

By DOROTHY WELLS.

SO long as Thanksgiving shall be celebrated in America, little Holland, across the water from us, will be remembered. It was from Holland—or better the Netherlands—that the Pilgrims sailed to New England. From Holland came the first settlers of New York and New Jersey. Their descendants count among the most useful and prominent of our citizens, President Roosevelt being one of the number. And ever since the beginning of this country Dutch men and women, boys and girls, have been coming from Holland to be industrious, loyal Americans. The children of the Netherlands are very near cousins of ours, are they not? Let us make their acquaintance this Thanksgiving month.

The name of Holland applies only to two parts of the Netherlandish provinces, North and South Holland, tho many people still call Holland what is really the Netherlands or the low countries, making the latter name include all the provinces of Belgium and Holland. The capital of the Netherlands, and the residence of Queen Wilhelmina, is in South Holland. It is generally known as The Hague. The Dutch people call it Gravenhage.

Most of the land of Holland was reclaimed from the sea. Much of it is to-day below the sea-level. The ocean is kept from overflowing the land by means of great stone walls called dykes. The whole country is cut up by ditches and canals, which are used for highways, as we use our streets. The people ride in boats or on rafts, instead of in carriages or carts.

The canals mean all manner of fun for the Dutch children. In the winter time skating serves not only as exercise, but is the common way of getting about. The children have so much practice that they can skate very well indeed. Many of the Dutch people can skate faster than a railway train can travel.

When the ice is strong enough to skate on the first time in a winter, there is always a holi-

day. The boys run around the streets shouting for joy. The skaters dress in the gayest of costumes, girls as well as boys wearing loose, baggy trousers.

The little folks learn to skate when they are hardly more than babies. They still skate, even after they are gray-haired men and women. When the ice is thick enough, sledges or sleighs begin to appear on the frozen canals. These glide over the ice in a long procession, one behind the other. Some of the sleighs are shaped like shells, others are like boats or swans. All are drawn by horses with ornamental feathers or tassels on their heads. At night every sleigh has one or more torches and thousands of the lights can be seen twinkling in all directions.

In summer there are boats of all sizes, large and small, on the canals. The children have many delightful times playing with their toy boats, or sailing and rowing in the larger ones. Shall I tell you what the Dutch ships are like? They have but one mast, and they are broad and stout. They are usually painted bright green, with a stripe of some other color, or perhaps of several colors. The deck and mast are var-

nished, and everything about them is as neat as wax. The cabin windows are almost always draped with white muslin curtains tied with yellow or crimson ribbons.

Many children are born and brought up on the boats that ply up and down the Holland canals. Often they never live anywhere in all their lives except on a boat. They have their playthings and pets. Often dogs, cats and canary birds can be seen on the decks as the boats move along the canals.

The Dutch people are very fond of animals. They make great pets of their cattle. The children often help to wash and comb the cows, which they love dearly. The stork is the favorite bird, since it eats up the frogs and toads which are so numerous in that damp country. The storks are so tame that they can often be seen walking in the streets. They frequently build their nests on round pieces of wood fastened to the tops of long poles.



VOLENDAM.

HOLLAND.

driven into the ground for their use.

Everybody in Holland, whether young or old, is fond of flowers. Potted plants are always found where there is no room for gardens. The canal boats and even the tiniest cottages have their window boxes.

Dutch houses are quite different in appearance from any houses in America. They are made of red or pinkish bricks, marked off with white stripes, while other stripes indicate the different stories. They all lean in some direction, either forward or back or to one side. Some of them look as if they might fall into the street, others seem to be starting back in fright, and still others appear to be leaning against their neighbors for support. From the top of some of the houses hang a cord and pulley for drawing up baskets and pails. Two small mirrors, joined like the covers of a book, are fastened to the sill of one of the parlor windows, with a third mirror hanging above them in such a way that by arranging the three in just the right positions the children can stand in the house, and yet see all that is going on in the street, without being seen themselves at all.

The little Dutch girls look as if they were dressed up in their mother's clothes. They wear the same kind of a long skirt reaching down to the ground, with over it the same kind of large apron; the same tight-fitting bodice, laced in front and showing the white guimpe underneath; bare arms, both in summer and winter; white cap showing in front two bands of parted hair, kept in place by curious cork-screw pins; and heavy wooden shoes. The shoes or *klompen* are not worn in the house, where it is quite proper to go about stocking-foot. By looking at the collection of *klompen* on the doorstep, you can readily guess what members of the family are at home. The boys, too, look pretty much like their fathers. When they are dressed up in their best, with two gold buttons at the collar, and a belt with large silver buttons, they are sure they look very well indeed.

A favorite playground of the children is the beach and along the sand-dunes. A writer in the *Girls' Realm* tells about a sand tournament that he witnessed when visiting Holland. On the eventful day, says the writer, every boy and girl, and man and woman of the village was on the beach. The band was playing, flags were flying and excitement was in the air. A rope had been stretched along the beach, to show just where the sand forts were to be built. The rope was so placed that about an hour after the children were allowed to begin building the tide would reach the sand forts and gradually surround them.

The children were arranged in companies, each with its leader. When the gun sounded they all began to build the finest and strongest forts they could. They piled the sand high, and packed it down hard, and smoothed it, leaving a hollow in the middle as a shelter to stand in when the



waters should roll in. Some of the forts were round and some were square. Some had double walls, and some had protecting angles to break the force of the waves. It was a contest between the forts on the one side, and the strength of the tide on the other. There was a prize for the fort that held out the longest, and a prize for the one that looked the best.

The fort-building went on busily, and all the while there was shouting and laughing, and the mothers and fathers were watching their little ones, and the judges went about watching the progress of the forts. As the water came nearer and nearer an occasional wave swept clear over the heaps of sand. Then shoes and stockings were pulled off and back went the builders to stop up the holes made by the water and to strengthen the weak places.

The firing of a second gun was the signal to stop work. The workers crowded into the fortress, determined to hold the fort until the water should force them out. One company, then another was forced to abandon the fort. At last even the one that had gained the prize by holding out the longest succumbed, and nothing was left but a shapeless heap of sand. In the afternoon the prizes were distributed. There were toys of all sorts,—drums, balls, picture-books, and dolls dressed like the little people, and all things that Dutch children liked as much as you would. The children shouted and showed their prizes, and everybody went home happy.

On the second day of September all the people of Holland have a holiday, because that is Queen Wilhelmina's birthday. This is the way the queen's birthday was celebrated a year or two ago in Edam, the city whence the Edam cheese comes. In the morning there was kite-flying for the boys, with a prize for the kite that flew highest and another for the one that made the best appearance. The boys had made their own kites, and had decorated them with pictures and mottoes. The main sports of the day were, however, held in the afternoon. The boys ran races with their legs in sacks. They raced for potatoes, each one trying to pick up all the potatoes along his track and put them into a bag faster

than any other boy. There were three-legged races, the right leg of one boy tied to the left leg of another. The play that seemed to be the hardest was this: Each boy had a wheelbarrow on which was piled three empty kegs; and along the track were fastened strips of wood. The boys were to wheel the barrows over the strips without shaking off the kegs. Again and again the kegs tumbled off until at last one boy succeeded in reaching the goal, and so won the contest.

The girls, meanwhile, were having games of their own. In one, they walked blindfolded along narrow boards, the trick being to walk the whole length of the board without stepping off. Two girls started together, the one reaching the end first being the winner; she must then walk against the winner of another match, and so on, until one girl became champion of them all. Another amusing contest was carried on similarly. Here the object was to walk backwards across the square, wearing a pair of loosely fitting slippers over the ordinary boots, and not lose the slippers. If the girls tried to walk quickly, the slippers dropped off; if one walked too cautiously the other girls got ahead.

In the evening there was a grand procession, with torches and lanterns. The boys marched in line with their kites, and the prize-winners carried their trophies. The celebration ended with fireworks on the green and a speech from the burgomaster.

The Dutch make a great deal of birthdays. On the birthday of father or mother one of the children recites a poem, which is copied on fancy paper and given to the parents for a keepsake.

Santa Claus is called St. Nicholas in the Netherlands, and he is especially revered as the patron saint of Amsterdam, the largest city. At the feast of St. Nicholas a certain kind of gingerbread is very popular. It is called "tough-tough," (Dutch *taai-taai*). The shops are at their gayest at Christmas time.

The jewelers' shops, with their glistening rings, necklaces, and bracelets, attract much attention, as do the bright, red apples and hot-house grapes in the fruit shops. The flower shops show the roses, that are all the prettier for their rarity at this time of the year, while the toy shops, with their endless variety of dolls, rocking-horses, and boats are a never failing delight to the children.

But all play without any work is no better for the children in Holland than for those of the rest of the world, and the Dutch boys and girls have much to learn. In school they sit in their stocking feet, leaving their wooden shoes in a heap outside the door. Think what a scramble there must be for each to find his own shoes when school is dismissed!

The school benches, walls and floors are, like everything else in the Netherlands, as clean and bright as soap and water can make them. On the walls are small pictures of landscapes and groups of animals to help in making the lessons interesting, and there are also rules and helpful mottoes printed in large letters.

The children are taught to be very polite. When they meet any one on the street, they always say, "Good-evening," or "Good-morning." If they meet two people, they say, "Good-morning to both of you;" if more than two, "Good-morning" to all together.

When the children are at home, they almost always stay in the kitchen, which is the principal room in the house, and is really very attractive, with its pretty tiled walls, and tables, chairs, and dishes as clean as can be. The floor is strewn every day with fresh sand, which is marked out in elaborate patterns, the artist using the handle of a broom. The children are never allowed in the parlor except on grand occasions. This is opened once a week, the floor swept, and everything put in perfect order, and then the shutters are closed again, and the room darkened for another week.

Dutch children are taught to be industrious, the little girls often learning to knit before they are five years old.

Even Wilhelmina, the queen, knit a pair of stockings when she was quite a little girl. She had to study and work just like any other girl. Her teachers always treated her as they would an ordinary pupil, and she was taught to play the piano and to ride horseback by her mother.

Several years ago, when Wilhelmina was a little girl as she was driving with her mother one day, she saw some children throwing snowballs. She wanted to play with them, so her mother stopped the sleigh and let her get out. For some time, she threw snowballs, and the rest had the fun of throwing snowballs at their queen.

When Queen Wilhelmina goes to ride, she is obliged to bow, first on one side, and then on the other, to the crowds that greet her. When she was younger, this used to tire her very much; so when her dolls were naughty, she always made them bow to imaginary crowds as a punishment.

The first salute that was ever given to the American flag by foreigners was fired by the Dutch, and the father and mother of the first little boy ever born in New York, tho of French descent, came to this country from Holland.

If it is desired to interest the children in child life in other lands with the aid of dolls dressed in appropriate costume, the doll for the Dutch costume should have light hair that can be braided in two long braids. The skirt should be of red, of flannel or similar material, reaching about half way between the knee and the ankle. The bodice should be of black, velvet would be prettiest. A cap could be easily made, and by all means let the doll wear an apron. As the Queen of Holland is young the doll might be named for her, Wilhelmina.





Nature Study and Geography.

Nature-Study Notes.

At the convention of the National Educational Association held in Boston in 1893 a committee was appointed to investigate the feasibility of industrial education in schools for rural communities. In its report, recently issued, this committee has given some helpful suggestions with regard to the teaching of nature study, suited both to city and to country schools. The "remarks" given below come from the report, as well as the illustrative lessons on earth and sky, and the study of a brook.

IT should be the object of all nature-study work to put the pupil into touch and sympathy with the natural world in which he lives, and to use the objects and phenomena in this environment as a means of education. Every effort should be made, therefore, to give to the pupil a correct mental and spiritual picture of his surroundings in their entirety rather than to train him merely in certain unrelated objects or parts taken out of his surroundings. Of course, the pupil must be set at specific objects, but this is only because these objects should be studied in their relationships. It is not enough merely to study a leaf or a bird—these are only parts of the life of the neighborhood, and the study of them should lead out to plants and birds and fields. Nature study constantly takes the pupil out from the school-house into the larger school of Nature, and it keeps him in touch with the out-of-doors the whole year round.

The best nature-study lesson is that which has relation to something normal or native to the environment. The kind of tree that grows in the school yard or along the road, the birds that frequent the school yard and adjacent fields, the brook, the hills, the character of the soil, any unusual or striking feature in the neighborhood—all these are proper subjects for nature-study work. Some of these objects can be brought into all the grades. There is such a great variety of subjects in the environment that it is difficult to choose any list that is better than another or that will apply to all parts of the country. The following list comprises subjects that will be found to be useful and teachable. It is not expected that all these subjects be taught in any one year or one grade. Perhaps nine subjects in each grade will be sufficient, one subject continuing for a month. This will allow some degree of thoroughness with the work, but will not keep the subject before the pupils so long as to make them tired of it. It is assumed that not more than one or two periods a week would be devoted to these subjects.

The work in nature study should be simple, definite, accurate, and, above all, have relation to the lives of the children. Nature study should be clearly distinguished from object-les-

son teaching, for object-lesson teaching nearly always takes the object out of the environment, and, therefore, trains only the observation powers. Object-lesson teaching with natural history subjects is not nature study.

The teacher should avoid the giving of mere information and the holding of the old-time kind of recitation. The teacher must remember that the recitation is a re-telling, that is, a reciting; the child tells the teacher what the teacher or book has previously told the child. In fact, the teacher asks what the child remembers. Nature-study teaching should proceed on the principle of questioning the children for the purpose of asking the child what he has found out, or what his own point of view is, or how his work may be improved. Some information must be given for the purpose of starting the pupil off and awakening his interest; but information-teaching with nature subjects is not nature study.

Observation work should always be accurate. It is not to be understood, however, that accuracy means completeness. We are always in danger of giving the children the complete experience of grown-ups rather than the incomplete experience of themselves. It is not necessary, for example, to study the leaf in all its functions and all its structures at one time for the purpose of being able to say that the pupils have completed leaf study. The leaf should be studied because it is a part of the tree and has work to do. So far as possible, all nature study should begin with the functions, at least with the natural relations of the objects to their environment.

It is always desirable to have the pupils feel that the nature study work lies out of doors rather than in doors. The work is brought inside only when it can be better done in the school-house. The excursion, therefore, becomes a very important part of nature-study work. However, the general promiscuous excursion-going may be too indefinite and discursive to be anything more than a recreation; therefore, the excursion should be planned for some definite object. Tell the pupils the general line of inquiry they are to make—to see a maple tree, to watch the fish in the brook, to examine the lichens on the rocks, to discuss the weeds in a fence corner, to watch the cows feeding, to discover the habits of a particular bird. Make the excursion short, definite, and for a purpose.

In nature study in the earlier grades the children should not be conscious that they are studying "science," altho all the work should be scientific in the sense that it is accurate and definite so far as it is possible within the limitations of the child.

There are three main elements in the out-of-doors—earth, and sky, and scenery; the plant population; the animal population. Any good nature study will reveal all of these to the pupil.

In order to study these to the best advantage the pupil should have a laboratory in which the objects and phenomena may be under some control, be near at hand, and in which all the work may be concentered. This laboratory is the school

garden. A considerable part of manual training, as well as nature study, may be associated with the school garden. All the handicraft of the garden is manual training—the making and repairing and cleaning of the tools; the building of tool-boxes or sheds; the making of bird-houses; the construction of fences and paths; making of labels; painting of tools and buildings.

Illustrative Lessons

Earth and Sky.

(For the lower grades.)

Purpose of the Lesson.—To help little folks to be “weather-wise,” and to put them into sympathy with the weather.

The Lesson.—It will be of more value to children in the first and second grades to note the conditions associated with storm and sunshine than to take part in keeping a record of them. The most important result is that they shall get into the habit of noticing the weather and the out-of-door changes resulting from it.

There will be the sunny day. Little children can be led to take an interest in the sunlight and to notice what it means in the out-of-doors. There are many ways of bringing about an interest in the sunshine that will suggest themselves to teachers. One way is to note the things that the sunlight reveals. There are the shadows, and every little child is interested in them. There is his own, sometimes large and sometimes small; sometimes he can find it, and again it is not there; the shadows of the trees and where they fall at different times; the shadows cast by the currant bushes; the shadows

cast by the asters and golden rod; the shadows at different times of the day.

Then the sunny day will bring the reflections in the brook; his own round face; the trees and the water plants; the shadows made by the little water-striders skipping over the surface—the range of this world mirrored there. These he can see, and these things he will care for. Thru them he touches his environment.

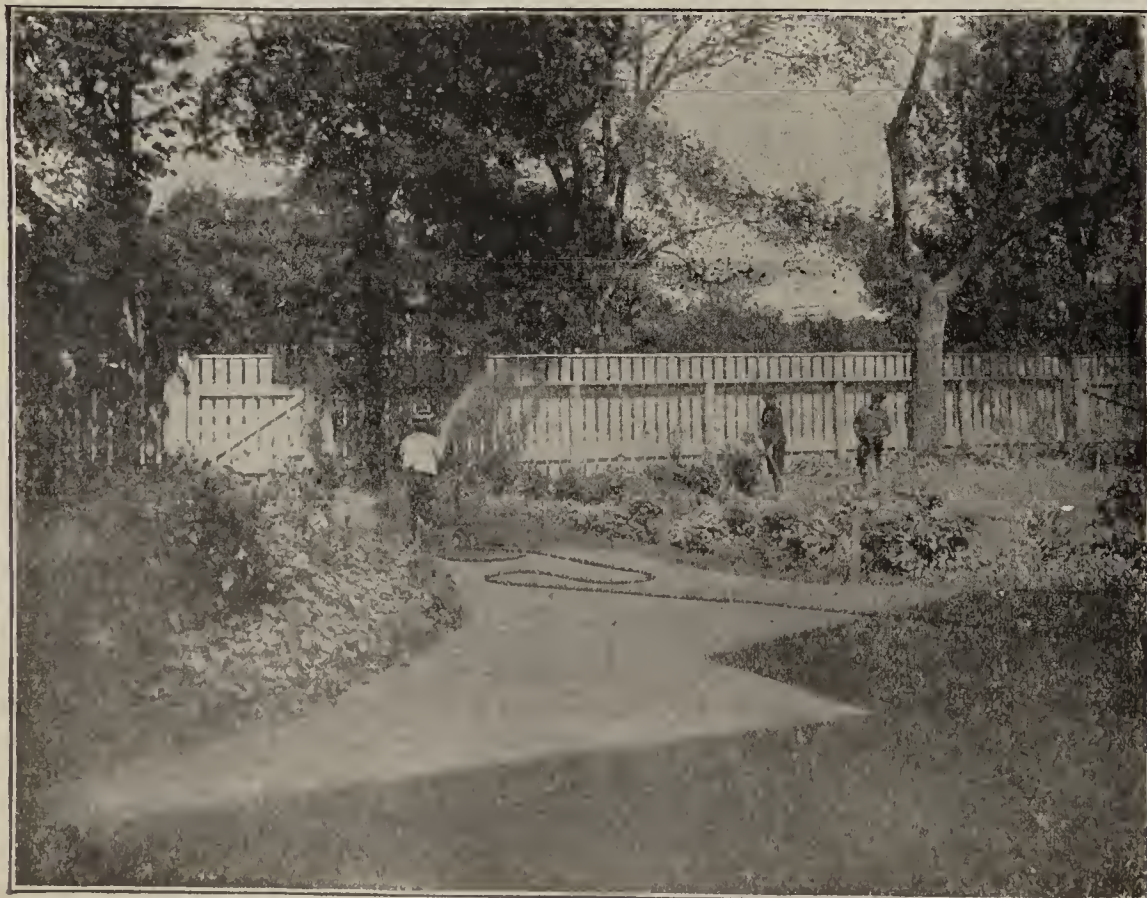
Another line of suggestion for lessons on weather may be found in the clouds. There are times during the school days when the sky is blue and the great white clouds are crossing it. Let the children go out into the yard with you for a few minutes and watch them. Let them talk about the clouds; let them notice the small ones and the large ones; let them tell you whether all are of the same color. What happens when one of these great clouds covers the sun? What are the differences in the shadows then? Will the rain come soon?

In these grades the sun-dial and the shadow-stick can be introduced; and if there is manual training in the school, these devices may be made by the pupils.

It will be a good thing to teach the children to enjoy a gray day. A few minutes in the school yard under a gray sky will lay the foundation for this. What does the long gray day foretell? And the autumn skies with their wonderful cloud effects? Can you not spare a little time from the routine of school work to stand beneath them and to encourage the little folks to see them?

Children often hear the expression, “It is going to rain,” or “It is going to snow.” On such days have a little outdoor experience with the weather. How does the air feel? Is the wind blowing? Which way do you turn to feel the wind in your face?

The children will soon come to name the kinds of days—hot days, cool days, bright sunny days, dull sunny days, bright gray days, dark days, gusty days, rainy days.



A School Garden at Attleboro, Mass.

Study of a Brook.

(For the upper grades.)

Purpose of the Lesson.—To lead the pupil to make definite, accurate observations on some natural feature in his region; that he may lay the foundation for acquiring an intelligent interest in his environment. A brook is here suggested for this series of lessons, but other topics may be as valuable, as a hill, a mountain, some fine country road, a swamp, or other strong natural feature.

The Lesson.—There are many ways in which the lesson on a brook may be handled successfully for pupils in the fifth grade. As one means of keeping up an active and continued interest, the following may be suggested: Start a brook book for the work of the year. Have the pupils feel that in this book there will be kept a record of the brook as they come to know it in 1905-1906. The book will be a part of the school property. Each succeeding class will be asked to keep a similar record, so that changes may be observed, and in time an interesting history of this outdoor playfellow may be compiled. The pupils should feel the importance of accuracy in all their observations, for history is valueless if inaccurate.

As to the kind of book used, each teacher will have some original plan. It may be well for the children to make it of manila paper in scrap-book form, in which their compositions and observations from time to time may be pasted. Toward the end of the year, perhaps on Arbor Day, some of the best facts may be compiled and read before the school during one of the public exercises. Have a list kept of the number of good observations made by each pupil, and, at the end of the year, find out who has been the most active and patient in his outdoor study.

The study of the brook will furnish a motive for the making of a school museum. This museum should become a regular part of the property of the school as much as books and pictures are. A cupboard can be used for the museum, and the smaller items of the collections may be kept in boxes. If no cupboard is available, shelves may be placed in the corners of the rooms.

Following are suggestions for the preparation of the history of the brook:

1. If the brook is large, let the territory be marked that the pupils think it will be possible to study. Then have the pupils describe the area that is chosen, in order to get a mental picture of it in its entirety.

2. Exact measurements should be made and recorded. Large numbers in the field cannot do successful work. It may be well to divide the class into sections for mak-

ing the measurements. If ten boys were sent out on Monday and ten girls on Tuesday, a comparison of the measurements may lead to interesting discussions as to accuracy, etc.

3. Let a list be made of every tree, bush, and plant along the margin, and of every water plant in the brook. If the children do not know the names of the plants, they can describe them briefly. They will soon want to know the names, and there will be some way to find out. The important thing is that the children know the plants themselves.

4. There should be also a list of the animal life found in the brook—the fishes, the water insects, etc.; also the animal life living along its banks—salamanders, perhaps, or muskrats, or the evidences of these animals.

5. The pupils in this grade should make a map of the brook, locating anything of importance along the bank; the place where the plane-tree stands; the place where the stranger may seek the pussy-willow, and the place where little patches of watercresses grow.

6. What farms or homes lie along the brook? A few words of interest regarding the homes will be of value in the history of the brook-side.

7. Whenever a new point of interest is observed by one of the pupils, let him write it on a slip of paper with his name and drop it into a box on the teacher's desk. At the end of the month the best observations can be selected for the brook book. A new plant, a fallen tree, a stone moved by the ice, a bird that stopped for a drink, will be subjects for notes.

8. An effort should be made to discover what this brook means to its adjacent country. How large a country does it drain? Does it dry up in summer? What is its source? Its mouth? Has it tributaries? Does it drain merely the surface water or is it fed by springs? Is it quickly affected by rains? Does it furnish any water-power, and what for? Used for irrigation? For watering stock?

9. Suggestions should be left for future observations by the class in 1906-7. Compare the plant life with that of the previous year. What new plants have entered? What old plants have disappeared? What difference in the animal life, what changes in the homes along the banks? etc. Correct and complete the map from year to year.



Studies of North America. IV.

A Series of Lesson Outlines by Adelaide R. Pender, Connecticut

(To be used with any geography.)

Waters of North America.

THE pupils' preparation for the study of the lakes of North America consists in writing a short description of a lake or reservoir in their own town, using such topics as: How formed, source, outlet, location, size, altitude, air, soil, history, vegetation, animals, uses to people in the town.

Have a sketch of this lake made, if the children think they are familiar with its general features. As the questions are asked, the children may read from their notes, and a few of the descriptions should be heard entire. At the close of the talk more of the descriptions may be presented.

To the pupils.—How were the lakes in your town formed? Mention two or three, and let us consider their formation. Why did they form just where they did? Turn to your relief map of the United States, find several lakes and give your reason for their location. Let us turn to the supplement in the geography, and find a list of the lakes in North America, with their size. Let us compare the lakes in our town with those in North America, in the United States, as to size, uses, and so forth. How large is an acre? How many acres do you think the largest lake in your town covers? Try to find out the size of one or two lakes in your town if possible.

How many different kinds of lakes are there? Let us find on our maps all the salt lakes of which we have ever heard, and decide why they happen to be salt. Our knowledge of surface will help us here. What large salt lake in our own country? What does your text tell you about Great Salt lake?

How was the reservoir in your town made? When? What is its capacity? Why does a reservoir have to be higher than the town?

To the teacher.—Here is your opportunity to develop the science side of reservoirs. This is considered one of the most interesting topics in science lessons, because of its practical application to every day needs.

Lake Pictures.

There are several lake pictures in Frye whose details should be studied and compared with well-known lakes near home. Champlain, page 88; lake in the Rocky Mountains, page 17; lake in White Mountains, page 89; Lake Superior, with cliffs, page 106; Lake Winnepesaukee, page 16, in the supplement.

One of the happier methods of appreciating the lake pictures in the geography is to read a lake poem in connection with the study. Or repeat that famous and fascinating passage from Scott's "Lady of the Lake," First Canto:

And now to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb with footing nice,
A far-projecting precipice,

The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel sapplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,
In all her length far-winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands, that empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land
High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Crag, knolls and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, thru middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

The child who has learned that canto will never fail to see beauty, and enter into the spirit of Scott's huntsman, either when looking at a lake picture or the real thing.

Word Pictures From Notes.

Carpenter gives us a journey to the Great Lakes in his "Geographical Reader." The following notes help suggest the series of graphic pictures.

Duluth, built how?—granite, terraces, elevators at Superior City, vessels on lake, whale-back, steamboats, ships, sailboats, steamers, barges, frozen five months of the year, minerals, ore docks, freight by canals, to Gulf of Mexico, by Erie to Hudson and Atlantic, drops of canal, Soo canal, two around falls, locks in Welland canal, Niagara falls and river.

As the children read this description have them make rough drafts of the outlet of the Great Lakes, to the St. Lawrence; this will help them see the picture better.

Topics.—Lakes: Formed—source—outlet—size, altitude—soil—history—vegetation—animals—uses—compare—pictures memorized—literature connected with lakes—drawings made—current events.

Special Study of Springs.

Develop this topic by questions like the following: What two things happen when rain falls? (Runs off the ground or sinks into the soil). Describe a rainstorm, and what happened to the rain in our own school yard. What is a watershed? Are there any in this town? Do you know of any springs in the country? How were they formed? (Develop the scientific principle of springs). How many kinds of springs are there with respect to temperature of the water? Point, on the map of the United States, to some celebrated hot springs. Point to any others. How are artesian wells made?

Literature on rain includes "Summer Rain," by Beecher; "Rainbow," by Wordsworth; "Rainy Day," Longfellow; "Before the Rain," by Aldrich. There are splendid descriptions of rain storms in "Mill on The Floss," by Eliot, "Undine," by Fouque, and many, many others, including Barnaby Rudge, by Dickens.

Celebrated springs might be cited both in history, and romance. We have a vivid picture of the little spring fountain in "Paul and Virginia;" the fountain cell, in Scott's "Marmion,"

A little fountain cell
Where water clear as diamond
In a stone basin fell.

The springs found on the present site of New York by the old Dutch settlers are others. There are hosts of references to springs, and each teacher can make her own list from her own reading. Read portions of Hawthorne's "Rill from a Town Pump," the "Vision of the Fountain," by the same author, and one stanza in Browning's "Up in a Villa," where he describes the fountain on the square.

A little spring had lost its way along the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary man
might turn;

He walled it in and hung with care a ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil
might drink.

He passed again, and Lo! the well by summers never
dried,

Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and saved a
life beside.

Topics. Formation—kinds—historical springs; stories about—poems about springs, and rain—science of springs (gravitation, evaporation, pressure in springs, siphons, vegetation and animal life about springs—springs in your own town.

Waves and Tides.

To the Pupils.—How many of you ever saw the sea? How far is it from your home to the sea? Waters of North America? How did the waves look the day you saw them? Was there much breeze? Did you ever see the sea in a gale? Describe the way it looked.

To the Teacher.—Have the pupils think of words they have heard or read that describe the sea. Let them turn to poems on the sea in their readers, and select phrases or words which may be used in picturesque descriptions of the sea. Such words might include:

A wrinkled sea, dimpled waves, broad billows, sad and restless sea, wintry sea wails and shrieks, the ripples break with a soft sound on the beach, the billows are lashed with foam, the waves curl up and break, feathery spray; blue, fresh, free sea; gentle murmur of the waves; furrowed sea; deep, glassy brine; low, beating surge, waves lick and lap the shore, crested waves.

Many others will be found. This exercise will broaden the vocabulary of the pupils. Let them turn to any pictures of the sea in their geographies and describe the waves, using the phrases they have found.

Have the pupils describe their visit to the shore, using the phrases to vivify their descriptions.

Talk about the height of waves, the influence of wind on waves, describe swell, breakers, crest, trough, shore. Develop the reason for tides, and their uses to man.

Have the pupils think of the various forms of sea life which they saw while at the shore, and ask that a complete list be kept during the next vacation.

Have sea poems read, a number of which may be found in Lovejoy's "Poetry of the Seasons," published by Silver, Burdett and Company. Talk about shipwreck and famous stories of shipwrecked people. Touch on famous sea myths of the Grecians, such as Neptune, the Tritons, the Harpies, and so on.

Develop all the uses of the sea.

Topics.—Names of oceans, locate largest, smallest, color of ocean, vegetation, minerals, animals, uses, forms of indentations, and projections, shore life that you have seen, words to describe, poems, stories, pictures, myths, uses.



Lake Chargoggagoggmanchauggagoggagungamaugg.

No more the Indian's bark canoe skims lightly on its placid breast;

No more his camp-fire's ruddy hue lights up each wavelet's tiny crest;

No more is heard his whoop and call; no more the yelping of his dog

Sounds shrilly o'er Chargoggagoggmanchauggagoggagungamaugg.

The dudelet and the summer flirt, the small boy splashing near the shore,

The ice man in his flannel shirt are here—the Indian nevermore;

Tho' thoughts of him still haunt the spot and memory receives a jog

Each time we say Chargoggagoggmanchauggagoggagungamaugg.

Poor Lo has gone. 'Twas vain the strife, for never could a race endure

And struggle in its daily life with any such nomenclature As Umsaksis, Chinquassabamtook, Apmonjemgamook and Umbagog,

Capsuptac and Chargoggagoggmanchauggagoggagungamaugg.

Had he but used a curter speech and spent his wits inventing things,

He might be running factories and sitting down to dine with kings.

Far easier it seems to make a tumbler lock or patent cog Than name a lake Chargoggagoggmanchauggagoggagungamaugg.

—JUST JOHN in *The Corbin*, New Britain, Conn.



Arithmetic Department.

Right and Wrong Teaching.

By JOHN E. WILLIAMS, Pennsylvania.

ARITHMETIC has been considered one of most important subject taught in the schools. It is evidently still considered by many to be a subject of first importance. At any rate, it has always held and now holds, a very important place in the common school curriculum. The child begins the study of formal arithmetic the first day he enters school and continues to study it till the high school is reached, as many days in each year as he attends school. And as oral arithmetic and written arithmetic are usually studied in different text-books, it is not at all unusual for the child to have two recitations a day, one in mental and the other in written arithmetic, during the greater part of the time he attends school.

Parents as a rule, are anxious that their children shall make progress in arithmetic, if in nothing else, and measure their children's educational advancement largely by this standard. The teachers, knowing of how much importance arithmetic is thought to be, and how desirous parents and the public are to have the children acquire arithmetical knowledge, put forth their best efforts to teach as much of the subject as possible in order to win public approval and to satisfy their own consciences that they have taught thoroughly that which is of the greatest value to the pupils. It is safe to say that one-third of all the time devoted to study by the children of this country during their first eight years in school is spent on arithmetic, and one-third of all the millions of dollars expended for education is used to teach this subject.

In view of the facts mentioned, if good results are attained at all in our schools, they certainly should be seen as results of the study of arith-

metic. It is fair to say that the pupils who complete our common school course of study should acquire rapidity and accuracy in the fundamental operations as applied to business, and the ability to solve the single practical problems of every-day life. But can they do this? I assert that they cannot, and I believe that all who have had opportunity to test the matter will bear me out in making this statement. The problems that are solved every day, on the farm, in the shop, mill, store and factory, oftentimes by men who have had no educational advantages, are those that the boys and girls that are about to enter our high schools cannot solve readily and satisfactorily.

There is a fearful waste of time, energy, and money in attempting to teach this subject. There is something radically wrong somewhere in our methods, and it behooves us to find out what it is.

The first fault, I believe, is that children begin the study of arithmetic too young, and at a period of their school life when they have much else to learn of more value and interest to them. There is no reason at all why children should



A picture by the famous Pilgrim painter, George H. Boughton, who died recently.

begin formal number work at five or six years of age, and there are at least three good reasons why they should not: "They are not ready for it. They have no use for it. They are harmed by it." It had been demonstrated by every observing parent and teacher that children at the age of five or six do not readily take to

number work. Colonel Parker says: "The great majority of children at five years of age do not know three." The object method of teaching numbers as outlined by Grube, and which is essentially that followed in the American schools, is evidence in itself that children at that age learn numbers with great difficulty.

The first years of a child's life are spent at home in receiving object lessons. He gets ideas of objects thru his own activities, by observa-



tion and investigation, and learns oral symbols for them (spoken words) from members of the household and playmates. He relates this ideas by the natural operations of his mind and gets thought for which he learns oral expressions from others.

How is it with number? During this time, while he has been getting ideas of objects naturally and rapidly and learning words to express them, he has acquired ideas of number of objects. In his development the number instinct or power has not manifested itself with force. It would, however, in due time begin to develop naturally, and then with surprising rapidity he would acquire ideas of number and objects and the spoken words to express them, in much the same manner as he got ideas of objects and spoken words to express them, at an earlier period of his development. Then and not till then, should any attempt be made to teach him number as now generally taught to children. There should be a natural development of number power and number ideas upon which to base formal number work in school. To begin without this basis is unpsychological, unpedagogical, and unreasonable, but precisely what is done by beginning number work at the time and in the manner prescribed in our courses of study for common schools.

If formal number work were deferred altogether until the third or fourth year of school, our pupils at the end of the fifth year would know as many facts of arithmetic and would have greater mathematical power than they now acquire by taking the regular allotment of work from the beginning, and the time thus saved would be just what is sorely needed to enable the primary teachers properly to teach reading, spelling, language, and nature study, subjects for which the children are ready, for which they have use, and by the study of which they cannot be harmed. There is need everywhere for more frequent recitations in reading in the primary grades, and if number work were out of the way the children would get more of what they need and less of what they do not need.

No fact of pedagogy has been more satisfactorily established and more widely accepted

than that the fundamental operations of arithmetic should be taught together. It is impossible for the mind to know the number twelve as the sum of two numbers without also knowing that twelve less one of the numbers equals the other; or to know that twelve is the sum of the four threes without also knowing that four times three is twelve and twelve divided by three is four. Practically, all text-books and manuals on primary arithmetic provide that numbers from one to twenty be taught this way. But the fundamental operations should be taught together, not only from one to twenty, but thruout the whole subject of arithmetic.

The teaching of the fundamental operations together should continue thru all the grades without a break. Fractions, decimals, denominate numbers, proportion, percentage, measurements, involution,—can be begun in the primary grades without any difficulty and will furnish material and exercise for the natural development of the child's mental powers.

Work in arithmetic cannot be graded by arranging the different subjects in any successive order, but by exercises of gradually increasing difficulty in the different subjects. The teaching fraternity is hearing and reading and talking about "Modern Education" and "Correlation." Why not have books on arithmetic in accordance with the principles of modern education in which there is at least some attempt at correlation of subjects?

Oral and written arithmetic should not be taught from two different books. The oral and written work should be together in the same book, prepared and arranged by the same author, so that each day's lesson shall contain both oral and written exercises in the proper relation and proportion.

The greater share of time should be given to the oral work, in which the explanations, definitions, rules, and principles are taught. The written work should follow, consisting of exercises of the same character, in which the operations are too numerous or the numbers too large to admit of solution without the use of a pencil.

Some very practical portions of arithmetic are very impractically presented in the books. The rules given for papering, plastering, carpeting, measuring wood and lumber, etc., are frequently such as men engaged in these occupations would scorn to use, and directions and instructions for doing the work are omitted altogether. Answers to problems should not be given in the books, for children, as a rule



when they have access to answers, begin with the answers to solve the problems, and by manipulating figures succeed admirably in getting the given answers, whether they be right or wrong.

There are defects in teaching which are quite general, the worst of which, I believe, to be a neglect to observe the educational maxim, "Never do for a child what he can be led to do for himself." If a child cannot be led to solve the problems of a lesson, that lesson should not be given to him. It is, however, a very common error of teachers to assign work in arithmetic which is far beyond the power of the pupils to perform. As a result, the pupils are compelled to rely upon others to do their tasks for them. They lose interest in their work, come to believe they never can do anything for themselves, and give up trying.

Until pupils have reached an advanced grade they should not be required or permitted to take their arithmetics home for study, where they may and do frequently get injudicious assistance. The training of a child's thinking faculty is too delicate a matter to be left to bunglers and novices. It should be attempted only by competent teachers. Pupils while trying to solve problems in arithmetic should receive no assistance except from those skilled in the art of teaching, that nothing may be done for them that they can and ought to do for themselves. The school-room, under the direct supervision and guidance of the teacher, is the only proper place for pupils to study arithmetic.

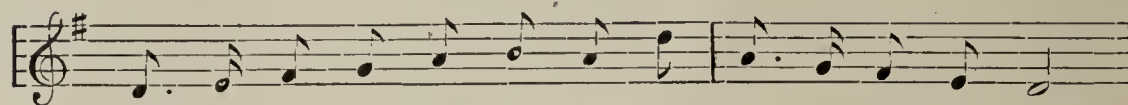
The teachers frequently use objects to excess in teaching the idea of number to beginners, yet they more frequently neglect to use objects for making arithmetic concrete. Arithmetic cannot be taught in the school-room, cut off from all practical applications. It must be brought into touch with the outside business and material world.

Katydid.

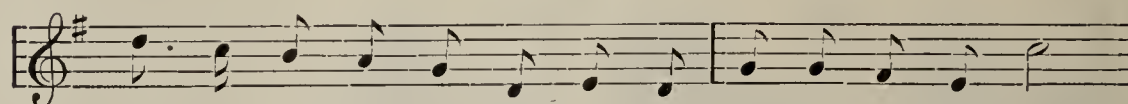
Words and Music by THOS. B. WEAVER, Prospect, O.



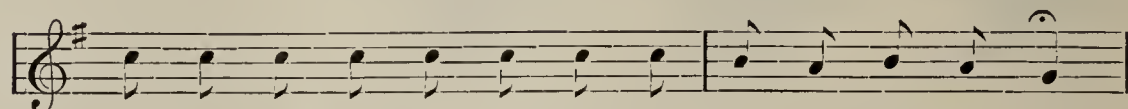
1. In Oc - to - ber's love - ly ma - ples, Dress'd in gowns of green,



Hide the queer - est lit - tle crea - tures An - y one has seen;



All the day they on - ly whis - per, Les - sons none have they,



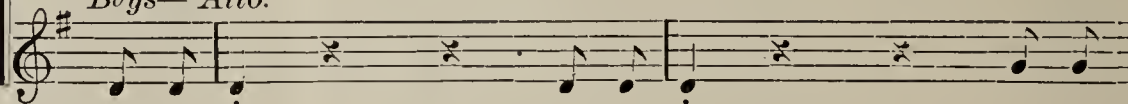
But a se - cret they are keep - ing, And at night, they say:—

Girls—Sop.



Ka - ty did, Ka - ty didn't, Ka - ty did, Ka - ty didn't, Ka - ty

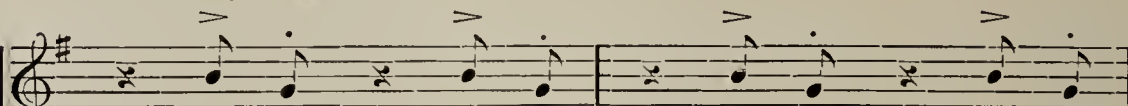
Boys—Alto.



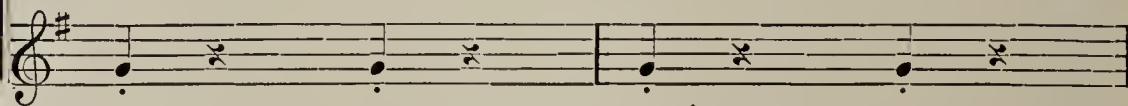
did - n't, Ka - ty did - n't, Ka - ty did - n't, Ka - ty did - n't, Ka - ty
did, Ka - ty did, Ka - ty did, Ka - ty did, Ka - ty



Accentuate to fine with crescendo.



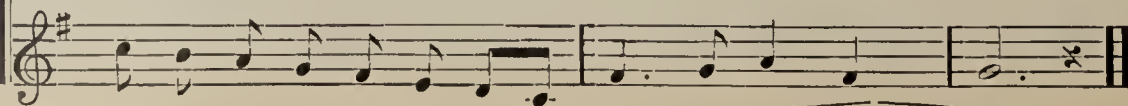
did, did - n't, did, did - n't, did, did - n't, did, did - n't,



did - n't, did - n't, did - n't, did - n't, did - n't, did - n't, did - n't, did - n't,
did, did, did, did, did, did, did, did,



Oh! we know that Ka - ty did - n't; What you say is not true.
Oh! we know that Ka - ty did; What I say is true.



Katydid.

Stanzas 2 and 3 of Mr. Weaver's Song, on opposite page

No one knows their precious secret,
We can only guess;
Katie may have been a fairy
Everyone to bless;
Or some rugged little urchin
In an alley drear;
But if you should ask them kindly,
This is all you hear:
"Katydid."

Katy may have been a pupil
In some far off school,
May have disobeyed her teacher,
Broken some good rule;
Or she may have won first honor,
Perfect ev'ry way,
If you ask them, "Who was Katy?"
This is all they say:
"Katydid."

On Being Ten.

I'm very nearly grown, you see,
Next birthday I'll be ten,
And I suppose that life will be
Oh, very different then!
Tho being nine is very nice,
And you do pleasant things,
I think at ten there will be twice
As many happenings!

I know a girl who's ten, and I
Have often heard her say
She does not have to ask, but goes
Just where she likes to play.
And when you're ten I think that you
May sometimes sit up late.
At nine, no matter what you do,
You go to bed by eight!

I think you give your toys away,
You feel so nearly grown;
You're very quiet at your play,
You go downtown alone.

There's lots of things you do, I s'pose,
That I don't even know.
Oh dear, when anybody grows
It is so very slow!

But wouldn't it be very strange
When I was truly ten,
If I should think I'd like to change
To nine years old again!
Of course it always seems to me
To be ten would be fine!
But do you think I'll ever be
Just homesick to be nine?

—Youth's Companion.

George's Clothes.

"Come here to mamma, and I'll tell you,
dear boy,
For I think you never have guessed
How many poor animals we must employ
Before little George can be dressed.
"The pretty sheep gives the wool from his
sides
To make you a jacket to use;
The calf or the goat must be stripped of
its hide
To give you these nice little shoes.
"And then the shy beaver contributes his
share,
With the rabbit to give you a hat,
For this must be made of their delicate
hair;
And so you must thank them for that.

"All these I have mentioned, and many
more, too,
Each willingly gives us a share;
One sends us a hat, another a shoe,
That we may have plenty to wear.

"Then as the poor creatures thus suffer
to give
So much for the comfort of man,
I think 'tis but right as long as they live,
We should treat them as well as we
can."

—FROM *Normal Third Reader*The Rhymes of the Birthday
Stones.

JANUARY.

By those who in this month are born
No gems save garnets should be worn:
They will ensure you constancy,
True friendship and fidelity.

FEBRUARY.

The February born will find
Sincerity and peace of mind—
Freedom from passion and from care,
If they the Amethyst will wear.

MARCH.

Who on this world of ours their eyes
In March first open shall be wise,
In days of peril firm and brave,
And wear a Bloodstone to their grave.

APRIL.

Those who in April date their years,
Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears
For vain repentance flow. This stone
Emblem of innocence is known.

MAY.

Who first beholds the light of day
In spring's sweet flowery month of May
And wears an Emerald all her life
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

JUNE.

Who comes with summer to this earth
And owes to June her day of birth,
With ring of Agate on her hand.
Can health, wealth, and peace command.

JULY.

The glowing Ruby should adorn
Those who in warm July are born;
Thus will they be exempt and free
From love's doubts and anxiety.

AUGUST.

Wear a Sardonyx, or for thee
No conjugal felicity;
The August born without this stone,
'Tis said, must live unloved alone.

SEPTEMBER.

A maiden born when autumn's leaves
Are rustling in September's breeze,
A Sapphire on her brow should bind;
'Twill cure diseases of the mind.

OCTOBER.

October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an Opal on her breast
And hope will lull the woes to rest.

NOVEMBER.

Who first comes to this world below
With dull November's fog and snow,
Should prize the Topaz' amber hue;
Emblem of friends and lovers true.

DECEMBER.

If cold December gave you birth,
The month of snow and ice and mirth,
Place on your hand a Turquoise blue—
Success will bless you if you do.



A Ticklish Situation.



Games for School and Playground.

The games described in the series of which the first instalment is given in the present number were arranged for use in the schools of New York city. They are, accordingly, suited to the school-room, or to small playgrounds as well as large. Many of the games are old and many are new. All have been tried and are enjoyed by pupils.

Tip-up.

The center player of a circle of players tosses a ball high up in the air, the other players striving to catch it as it comes down. The player who succeeds in catching the ball, tosses it up in turn.

The ball can be tossed with either hand or both, or can be struck from below after a rebound. Players are at liberty to leave their places to catch the ball, but must re-form the circle after each catch.

Toss-up, Toss-Over.

The center player of a circle of players tosses a ball up in the air saying, "toss-up." The outside players, marching around the circle, must cry out "toss-over," before the center player recatches the ball, whereupon the center player must toss the ball to the outer player. Should the outer player fail to cry "toss-over" in time before the ball is regrasped by the center player, he exchanges places with the next player in order. Should the center player fail to catch the ball, any player alert enough to secure the same may serve as center player.

Ball Tossing Games.

1. Form a circle in front (pupils facing the center player) double arm's length distance between pupils. Odd pupils (and even pupils alternately) toss a ball to each other sideward, left or right, and over the heads of the even pupils, the center player endeavoring to get the ball in case of a miss, and exchanging places with the pupil who missed the ball.

2. Form a circle in flank (pupils behind each other, left or right flank toward the center) arm's length between pupils. Toss the ball overhead, bending backward, toward the next pupil or to odd or even pupils, the center player exchanging places upon securing the ball.

3. Form a circle in front in close order, with four openings large enough to permit escape of the center player. The center player tosses the ball to whomsoever he likes, such pupils in turn tossing ball back to the center player, who must catch it and escape with it thru one of the openings, the player who threw the ball endeavoring to catch him before he can succeed. Places are exchanged when the center player has been caught.

4. The center player of a circle tosses a ball to his playmates a number of times agreed upon, four, six or eight times. Upon the last return toss, the players scatter, the center player endeavoring to hit some one of them before they can get too far away from him. The player who was hit exchanges places with the center player.

5. The players of a circle toss the ball upward and toward the center of the circle, the center player endeavoring to catch it in his cap. Upon missing, places are exchanged with the player who tossed the ball.

French Blind Man's Buff.

A pupil furnished with a wand and blindfolded stands in the center of a circle of players. The players dance and hop around him, until he signals them to stop by tapping the floor with his wand. He points his wand at the players and asks a question to be answered by the pupil pointed out, in a disguised voice. Should the blindfolded player recognize the voice he is relieved by the owner thereof.

Buzz.

The players are resting from some lively game and seated in a circle or around the room. One person begins by saying one, the next two, the counting continuing around the circle; but whenever the number 7 is reached or any multiple of 7, as 14, 21, or any number having a 7 in it, as 17 or 27, the number must not be given, but in its place the person says buzz, and the following number is given by the next player. On the failure of any one to say "buzz" at the proper time he is dropped from the circle. Thus the game proceeds, usually commencing with one again, each time a person misses until but

one player is left to score the victory. Some action or movement of the hands may be substituted for the word "buzz."

The Blind Cow. (For Girls.)

A circle is formed within which the blind cow is blindfolded. The players circle to the right, till the blind cow claps her hands when they remain standing where they are. The blind cow now walks forward and touches some one. (Those in the circle must not try to avoid her in any way.) The one touched says, "peep" and the blind cow must say who it is. If she guesses wrong the players circle to the right again. If she guesses right the one touched becomes the blind cow and the previous one returns to the circle.

Bag in the Ring.

A number of circles about fifteen inches in diameter are drawn on the floor in a row, at a distance of about 2 or 3 feet apart. At a distance varying with the skill of the players a line is drawn, the players stand along this line and opposite each circle. Each is supplied with a given number of bean bags which are thrown into the circle.

Wall Ball.

1. The game is played at the side of a high unbroken wall. The players stand in line. The first one throws the ball three times, catching it as it rebounds. The next one does the same, and so on until all have played. Then the first begins by throwing it six times. Each time the number is doubled until some number agreed upon is reached, which constitutes the game.

2. The first player throws the ball, while the second, standing behind her, catches it and throws it against the wall for the first one to catch. Otherwise this is like number one.

Preliminary Ball.

The players stand in two lines facing each other. The players of one line hold the balls. At a signal each throws his ball to the player opposite him in the other line. The following order is a good one:

Throwing three times with right hand and catching with both.

Throwing three times with left hand and catching with both.

Throwing three times with right hand and catching with right.

Throwing three times with left hand and catching with left.

Throwing three times with right hand and catching with left.

Throwing three times with t hand and catching with right.

If a suitable wall space is to be had the players may next throw the balls against the wall and catch them, using the order of the table above. If the balls are elastic, they may also bounce them on the floor and catch them in the same order.

String Ball.

The ball is hung from a piece of gymnastic apparatus, or, if out of doors, from the limb of a tree. The players stand about in a circle. One player starts the game by striking the ball with the hand; the others try to catch it before he can hit it again. If they do not catch the ball he scores one, and continues until the ball is caught, scoring one each time he strikes it.

Bean Bags Over the Head.

One player is chosen to throw the bean bag. He stands in front of the other players with his back to them, takes the bean bag and tosses it over his head with both hands. Each player tries to catch it. The one who is successful next throws the bag.

Bean Bags in a Circle.

The players form a circle, standing several feet apart. The bean bags are distributed at equal distances. Each player who holds a bag turns and tosses it to his next neighbor to the right, and instantly faces his neighbor to the left, ready to receive the next bag. All the bags should be in motion at once. If desired, a forfeit may be required of the one who fails to catch a bag, or he may drop out of the circle. Balls may be used in place of bean bags, and the game made more difficult by having them of various sizes.

Ball Hunt.

If there are six players, those of each side form a triangle, the player at the apex of the triangle on one side standing with his back to the one at the apex of the opponents' triangle. At a signal given by the referee one of those at the base of each triangle throws the ball to the one at the apex, and he to the remaining player. It is then returned in reverse order to the one from whom it is started. As soon as it is received by the leader the players of that side clap hands. The side which has returned the ball first scores a point. If the ball is dropped it is picked up and the throwing begins in turn from the one who dropped it. Any number of points may be agreed upon for a game. When the players exceed six in number they are arranged in two lines, the players of one side alternating with those of the other, so that No. 1 on B's side throws to No. 2 on the opposite line, and he returns the ball to No. 3 of B's line. No. 1 A throws to No. 2 in B's line. The balls thus constantly cross. A signal being given No. 1 A and No. 1 B commence throwing the balls. When the balls have reached the end of the line they are returned in reverse order, and the leader who first receives the ball scores one for his side.



Design for paper cutting or brush work. For description see Mrs. Linehan's article on drawing and constructive work, page 222.



Among Ourselves

The Editor's Round Table

A teacher who reads this magazine faithfully from cover to cover is not likely to become a routinist and to grow narrow. The most serious danger that can befall a teacher is close specialization. It is like trying to keep warm at a single little candle. The pupils of such a teacher are to be pitied, too. But they have a broadening life before them, and so the danger to them is not so great. The primary teacher who cares for nothing but primary material, the grammar school teacher who wants everything cut and dried for her special work are in a like deplorable state of mind. Aside from starving their souls, they sin against the school. For the school is an organism, one division fitting closely to and into all that precedes and follows it. The kindergartner who does not inform herself concerning the school in which her charges are to continue their life is as neglectful of her full duty as is a pastor who cares only to have attentive listeners for his Sunday sermon. The grammar school teacher is as much in need of an understanding of the primary school's work as is the primary teacher. Keep the eye on the school as a whole.

Knowledge of pedagogy does not necessarily make good teachers, any more than the study of theology makes good preachers. But that is no argument against the serious, systematic, and persistent study of education.

It is more important to cultivate virtuous habits than to break up vicious ones. Take pride in building rather than breaking.

Don't look at the ceiling for a lost marble.

There is a vast difference between making things pleasant and making them interesting for the pupil.

This republic of ours is built upon faith in individuals to govern themselves. Have you such faith? Are your pupils receiving training in self-government?

The best fortification of the soul against corrupting influences is abiding and sufficient noble interests.

On page 255 of this magazine there is reprinted from the *Outlook* a charming story translated from the Danish by Jacob Riis, "The most useful citizen of New York," as President Roosevelt has called him. Often we are prone to wonder how a certain strand happens to be where it is, why certain elements and experiences in our lives should need to be as they are. The strands we find in our web are all of some

practical use if we only get at the way of making the best of them. At any rate let us be careful not to injure even that which appears of small value. The story is especially rich in meaning for the teacher, but the children in the last years of the elementary school will get much from it.

Play while you may. There is freedom, there is health, there is joy in play. Educators have begun to understand something of the value of games. In several school systems, notably New York city, children are systematically taught how to play games. There is more practical philosophy in playing games than most people can see. When one begins to find no more pleasure in games then let him look well to his heart. It may be withering. Play with your pupils and keep young. Look to page 242 for suggestions.

There is a song in this number, on page 240, with other stanzas on page 241, which children of all ages will hugely enjoy. It is one of Supt. Weaver's best, and he has written many excellent ones, as the older subscribers well know. If you have both girls and boys in your room you will get the fullest measure of fun out of the "Katydid" song. The girls will insist and reiterate that Katy did, and the boys will declare and protest, an octave lower, that she didn't. Try it! The young ladies and gentlemen of the high school, who have kept alive a merry heart, will like it, too.

The stories of "Robbie" are as full of humor as anything I have read for a long time. Miss Grant—by the way, it is Alma and not M. A. Grant, as the printer insists on making it—knows how to get a good time out of teaching. She is wise. It is a rare art to derive genuine pleasure from one's daily round of work.

The "Thoughts for Teachers" are for you personally and for no one else. It is my wish, as I lay aside for you some of the good things I pick up here and there in my reading, that you may find among them some restful or inspiring thought worth valuing and loving for its own sake. Will you not send me some thoughts that helped you? Pass on whatever good things come your way.

The talks by Randall N. Saunders on school management continue to be solidly helpful. Every paragraph is weighted with practical school-room experience. The readers of *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* will be glad to hear that Mr. Saunders has been nominated for school

commissioner in his county. In the Christmas number I hope to be able to tell you that he has been elected by a rousing majority. He is ever loyal to the best interests of the children and teachers in the schools.

Mrs. Kraus-Boelte is a wonderful woman, whose labors in the cause of education have been and continue to be a power for good. It is largely due to her sane interpretation of Froebel's ideas that the kindergarten in this country has thus far escaped perversion by the symbolization mania. Her influence is a wholesome one. Many young women who have been permitted to call her their teacher and guide in the education of little children have been strengthened and made better by it, and in their work she will live when once she is called home to the eternal kindergarten. Mrs. Kraus-Boelte is well along in years, tho one who does not know would never believe it, so youthful she is in heart, in enthusiasm, and in educational interest. She is a very active worker, too. In fact there are few women so busy as she. Aside from conducting her training classes and lectures she keeps a watchful eye out for everything that gives promise of better things in education. No subscriber reads *The School Journal* more

carefully, no one is more eager to learn of significant phases of progress. Nor does she narrow her inquiries to matters that concern the kindergarten only. She is interested in all education. The continuousness and earnestness of this interest is refreshing. With it all she is modest and unassuming. To me her whole personality is an inspiration, and I hold her friendship very dear. It is with no small degree of pleasure, therefore, that I present to the readers of *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* the portrait of Mrs. Kraus-Boelte, which was taken only very recently. It does not bring out all the sweetness and strength of character revealed in her face, but it does show something of it.

At the bottom of the undeniably persistent attacks upon the elementary school program is a deep-seated feeling of dissatisfaction with the results produced. Where a narrow spirit has kept the light out and left only the dry bones of a mechanical "three R's" course it is natural that parents should find fault with the schools. But opposition is just as likely to arise in places where the course of study includes everything that the heart might desire. One thing ought to be fully understood by this time, and that is that neither the scope nor the value of the curriculum can be judged by the number of subjects it includes. Some excellent teachers make "reading" cover almost everything that in elaborate programs appears under the separate heads of geography, nature study, literature, history, and civil government. On the other hand, some very poor teachers have reduced to a dead mechanism the various subjects which were intended to give children a living contact with nature. A school must not be judged by its program. A very poor dinner may look very well on the bill of fare. The results tell the true story.

Lincoln's Gettysburg speech is one of the real treasures of our patriotic literature. In nobility of sentiment, beauty of diction, and power of stirring the hearts of men it ranks with the world's great orations. No words that have come from human lips have done so much to spread abroad thru the land a feeling of the oneness of our nation in spirit and hopes and to arouse American hearts to loyalty in the preservation of the Union. Particularism and sectionalism dwindle to a sorry appearance when compared with the ideal set up by Lincoln.

All honor to the men who agreed to reproduce the speech in bronze and place the tablet in a school building, as was recently done at Arlington, N. J., in the town of Kearny. This makes a practical step in a well-organized movement to place bronze reproductions of the Gettysburg speech in common schools thruout the country. Just how the movement began I do not know, but I rather think that Mr. Alfred King, an enthusiastic veteran, got it under way. At any rate, it originated among the survivors of the earlier organizations of the Union army. Many of them are interesting themselves in spreading it abroad, so that the young at school and those who will come after them may be reminded of the principles which hold the states together in one indissoluble Union.



Mrs. Maria Kraus-Boelte.

Miscellaneous Problems in Arithmetic

It is almost as widely known a tradition in the United States that Warren Colburn wrote a series of arithmetics as that Columbus discovered America. Yet comparatively few pupils, and not so very many teachers, have ever seen copies of these fine old books. Mr. Colburn's problems are as pertinent to-day as they were when his books were first printed. Pupils will enjoy trying their skill at solving the ones given below, taken from the Intellectual Arithmetic upon the Inductive Method of Instruction. The book is still published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

1. Mr. Smith bought a piano for \$336, and agreed to pay \$12 a month until the whole should be paid, how many payments had he to make?

2. Divide 9936 by 27; 22464 by 468; 2304 by 128.

3. There are 640 acres in a square mile; how many square miles are there in a township containing 8320 acres?

4. Mr. Hood, the plumber, bought of a dealer 895 feet of gas pipe at 8 cents a foot, 4 valves at \$1.50 each, 24 plugs at 11 cents apiece, and \$3 worth of solder; what was the whole amount of Mr. Hood's bill?

5. Farmer Jackson sold at market one day 12 pounds of butter at 32 cents a pound, 14 bushels of potatoes at 65 cents a bushel, 9 dozen eggs at 26 cents a dozen, and 2 bushels of onions at \$1 a bushel; how much did he receive in all?

6. I bought a lot of wild land containing 114 acres at \$7 per acre, paid \$86 in taxes, and sold it for \$9 per acre; how much did I make by the transaction?

7. I bought 173 barrels of sugar for \$3633, and sold it for \$22.75 per barrel; how much did I make on each barrel?

8. I bought 18 quires of paper at 12 cent a quire, and 10 packages of envelopes at 9 cents a package. I gave the stationer a ten-dollar bill; how much ought I have received in change?

9. The circumference of each fore wheel of a carriage is 8 feet, and of each hind wheel 12 feet; how many more turns will the fore wheels make than the hind wheels in going 5280 feet or 1 mile? How many more turns in going from Boston to Worcester, a distance of 44 miles?

10. The year 1884, being a leap-year, contained 266 days; how many hours did it contain? If I slept 8 hours each day, how many hours did I sleep in the whole year? If I had read 2 hours each day, at the rate of 23 pages an hour, how many pages should I have read in the whole year? How many books of 276 pages each?

11. Find the cost of each of the following items and add the results together:

25 Bushels of potatoes at \$0.60 per bushel.

128 Pounds of sugar at \$0.11 per pound.

138 Pounds of coffee at \$0.32 per pound.

84 Winchester rifles at \$28 apiece.

14 Pairs of oars at \$2.85 per pair.

148 Gallons of kerosene oil at \$0.16 per gallon.

648 Pounds of tea at \$0.82 per pound.

12. Find the cost of the articles which Mr. Slade bought for his store when he was last in Boston. He bought:

25 yards of silk at \$1.37 per yard.

25 yards of silk at \$2.10 per yard.

48 yards of ribbon at \$0.28 per yard.

214 yards of cotton cloth at \$0.08 per yard.

96 yards of cashmere at \$0.82 per yard.

And a number of small articles which came to \$118.25.

13. The number of square miles in Texas is 265,780, in Massachusetts is 8,315. Into how many states of the size of Massachusetts could Texas be divided, and how many square miles would be left over?

Multiply:

14. 69834 by 9761.

15. 76497 by 2864.

16. 9426 by 984.

17. 16214 by 4962.

18. 7698 by 1111.

19. 8432 by 5555.

20. 9012 by 7006.

21. 2984 by 1080.

22. 6798 by 9807.

23. 8432 by 2348.

24. 9821 by 2484.

25. 16462 by 10832.

26. 1268 by 132.

27. 18006 by 3082.

Divide:

28. 19798336 by 8432.

29. 11604186 by 6798.

30. 3222720 by 1080.

31. 55494492 by 18006.

32. 167376 by 132.

33. 178316384 by 10832.

34. 681649674 by 69834.

35. 219087408 by 76497.

36. 9276184 by 984.

37. 80453868 by 16214.

38. 8552478 by 1111.

39. 46839760 by 5555.

40. 63201126 by 7006.

41. 24395364 by 9821.

Answers.

1. 28. 2. 368; 48; 18. 3. 13. 4. \$83.24. 5. \$17.28. 6. \$142. 7. \$302.75; \$1.75. 8. \$6.94. 9. 240; 10560. 10. 8784 hours; 2928 hours; 16836 pages; 61 books. 11. \$3020.18. 12. \$314.28. 13. 31 and 8102 sq. mi. left over. 14. 681, 659, 674. 15. 219,077,458. 16. 9,275,184. 17. 80,453,868. 18. 8,552,478. 19. 46,839,760. 20. 63,138,072. 21. 3,222,725. 22. 66,667,986. 23. 19,798,336. 24. 24,395,264. 25. 178,316,384. 26. 167,376. 27. 55,494,492. 28. 2348. 29. 1707. 30. 2984. 31. 3082. 32. 1268. 33. 16462. 34. 9761. 35. 2864. 36. 9416. 37. 4962. 38. 7698. 39. 8432. 40. 9021. 41. 2484.

In cases of catarrh Hood's Sarsaparilla heals the tissues, builds up the system, expels impurities from the blood and cures.



A Cut-Up Story

The Story of Mr. Crab.

Number paragraphs. Paste each one on a separate card. Distribute cards and let pupils read in the order indicated by the numbers of their cards.

1. When Mr. Crab frees himself from his egg-shell he makes his first start in the world.

2. He is not a bit like his father or mother. He has a long tail made of rings, and he looks very much like his cousins, the shrimps.

3. By the time Mr. Crab is a week old he has changed. His little back has grown broad and hard. His tail is tucked between his legs, and he is ready to walk about.

4. Like all children, Mr. Crab gets very hungry. He eats any kind of crab food that comes his way.

5. Small fish taste very good to him, and so do cockles, and mussels. And alas! he even eats other crabs if they are smaller than he.

6. As time goes on Mr. Crab gets larger and larger. Like a growing boy, his shell, or coat, becomes much too small. At last he cannot wear it any longer.

7. Before he can have a new suit he must get rid of the old one. He goes to some out-of-the-way corner, perhaps under a rock. There he takes off his old clothes,---his old shell.

8. The new coat is soft at first, so the crab waits in his hole till it is hard. Then he starts out once more, and is ready to kill or be killed.

9. At first Mr. Crab changes his shell about four times a year. When he is older, the change is not needed so often.

10. Because of his hard shell, Mr. Crab is said to belong to the "Crusty Family." The shrimp and the lobster are members of the same family.

11. Mr. Crab's head is on the under side of the shell between the large claws. The mouth is protected by two horny flaps.

12. He has two pairs of feelers, which are long, slender, and jointed. His eyes are small and they are on the ends of stalks which can be drawn back at will.

13. Crabs have ten legs, five on each side. Eight of the legs are thin and bristly. Two are large and strong. The smaller legs are jointed, and are armed with a single claw.

14. Each of the large front legs has two claws, which open and shut like jaws. These are used by the crab in catching his prey.

15. If a crab loses a leg in fighting, or by some accident, a new one grows in its place. The loss is not made good all at once, but every time he throws off his shell, the new leg is larger. At last it is as good as the other legs.

16. Crabs can both walk and swim. They can breathe either in water or on the land.

17. Crabs are good to eat. They are first boiled, then fried.

18. They taste best when they have just taken off the old shells. We call them, then, soft-shell crabs.



Questions on Current Events

The answers to these questions are found in late numbers of *Our Times*. For the convenience of those who desire more complete answers, the pages and dates of issue are given.

When was an armistice arranged between the two armies in Manchuria? A. September 16. 51. September 23.

What did this accomplish? A. It stopped all hostile acts between the armies and established a neutral zone four kilometers wide between them. 51. September 23.

What were the triple conditions of disorder in the Baku district? A. A raw industrial population, a half savage Moslem Tartar race, and a certain proportion of hated Armenians. 51. September 23.

Where was Alice Roosevelt the guest of Empress Tsi An? A. At the imperial summer palace, twelve miles northwest of Peking. 52. September 23.

What measures has the pope taken against socialism? A. He has directed the teaching of law and order from the pulpits. 52. September 23.

What important commission lately started out from China to visit other countries? A. A commission to study the workings of other forms of government, as China is to have a parliament twelve years hence. 52. September 23.

Why is the opening of the Zambesi river bridge important? A. It completes another link in the the Cape-to-Cairo railway. 53. September 23.

What was the principal bar to the agreement of the Swedish-Norwegian commission? A. The question of what should be done with the forts on the frontier. 53. September 23.

What noted French explorer lately died? What did he do? A. Count de Brazza. He spent a quarter of a

century studying the French Congo. 53. September 23.

What great danger was averted by the peace of Portsmouth? A. It is said the signing of this treaty prevented a war in which practically all of Europe would have been engaged. 53. September 23.

How was Chinese progress recently shown? An edict was issued abolishing the examinations by which public offices in the empire have been filled for centuries. 54. September 23.

For what purpose was Judge Calhoun sent to Venezuela? A. To get at the facts in relation to the asphalt matter. 54. September 23.

What 300th anniversary will soon be celebrated in New York? A. The tricentenary of the discovery of the Hudson river. 54. September 23.

How will cable routes to China and Japan be completed? A. By extending the present lines, which extend from San Francisco thru the stations of Honolulu, Midway, and Guam to Manila. 55. September 23.

What important investigation has a legislative committee been making in New York city? A. An investigation of the methods of insurance companies. 55. September 23.

What have they discovered? A. That the companies have been giving money for political campaign purposes, loaning large sums irregularly, expending money in various states to prevent legislation, etc. 55. Sept. 23. 56. October 7.

Who has called another conference at The Hague? A. The czar of Russia. 67. September 30.

In what respect did the peace congress at Lucerne criticize The Hague court of arbitration? A. For granting preferential rights to England and Germany in the Venezuela case. 68. September 30.

For what was Dr. Thomas John Barnardo noted? A. For his rescue work in England; he saved thousands of waifs. 68. September 30.

What plan for greater freedom for the Russian people is under way? A. A plan for free speech and press. 69. September 30.

For what were beef packers punished? A. For violating the law against the acceptance of rebates. 70. September 30.

What different plans for the Panama canal have been proposed? A. Plans for a lock, a lock and lake, and a sea level canal. 71. September 30.

What time did Dingly make in the automobile race? A. An average of fifty-eight miles an hour for the 113 miles. 71. September 30.

Where was an Irish exposition held? A. At the Madison Square Garden, New York. 71. September 30.

What is to be done with the Andre monument? A. It has passed into the hands of a patriotic society. A public park will be maintained there. 72. September 30.

What important end is accomplished by the Anglo-Japanese treaty? A. It practically makes Great Britain Japan and Japan Great Britain for the purposes of defense 'in the regions of Eastern Asia and India.' 82. October 7.

In what ways does it affect China? A. It preserves the

Work a Pleasure

It is one of the Real Joys Given Us.

"Postum Food Coffee has done more for me in two years," writes a Wisconsin young lady student, "than all that medicines and treatments I had employed to overcome the effects of the coffee poisoning that was killing me by degrees.

"I had all the familiar symptoms and suffered all the well known tortures. My stomach was wrecked and I could not eat, my head ached almost continually, I became the nervous victim of insomnia, and the capacity for study deserted me. Of course this came on gradually, and without suspicion, for a long time, as to the cause.

"Two years ago a friend enthusiastically urged me to quit using the old kind of coffee and to drink Postum Food Coffee. I have never regretted acting upon the advice. As soon as the coffee poison was eliminated, the strengthening and nourishing properties of Postum began to build me up.

"Each day I gained a little, the color crept back to my cheeks, my limbs rounded out with new flesh, my complexion grew fair and clear again, my digestion improved, and now I can eat anything at any time, the nervous insomnia has left me and I sleep soundly at night and wake up refreshed. I have no more headaches, and mental work has become a pleasure to me. "Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each package.



American Legation in Tokio, Lately Guarded by Police.

"open door" for trade and also the integrity of the empire. 83. October 7.

Why is the United States government pleased with the treaty? A. Because the above mentioned objects were what Secretary Hay aimed to accomplish. 83. October 7.

How does Russia look upon the treaty? A. Russia seems to be alarmed. It checks Russian expansion both in Eastern Russia and on the Persian Gulf. 83. October 7.

What nations seem to have made most progress in arranging arbitration treaties? A. The smaller nations, like Belgium, Switzerland, Peru, Ecuador, etc. Next to them come Great Britain, France, Italy, and Austria-Hungary. 84. October 7.

What are the terms of the Morocco agreement? A. Germany and France have jointly agreed on the reform of the police and finances, and the creation of new sources of revenue. 84. October 7.



New York's Milk Supply.

How was the smallest republic ended? A. This tiny state was turned over to Belgium by Prussia. 85. Oct. 7.

To whom has the throne of Norway been offered? A. Prince Charles of Sweden. 85. October 7.

Why are the Bengalis boycotting British goods? A. They are displeased because of the partition of the province of Bengal. They call it an attempt to split the population and impair the Bengalis' nationality. 85. October 7.

Why are Austria and Hungary trying hard to reach an agreement? A. On account of the failure to vote appropriations, government employees are unpaid. It is feared that if the deadlock is not broken there will be a revolution. 86. October 7.

Why did President Roosevelt appoint an international board of consulting engineers? A. He wished to have the very highest expert opinion relative to the different plans. 87. October 9.

What reason is given for the union of Panama and Costa Rica? A. Many advantages may be obtained by a large republic that are not open to a small one. 99. October 14.

The Secret of Youth.

De Soto looked for the secret of youth in a spring of gushing, life-giving waters, which he was sure he would find in the New World. Alchemists and sages (thousands of them) have spent their lives in quest for it, but it is only found by those happy people who can digest and assimilate the right food which keeps the physical body perfect that peace and comfort are the sure results.

A remarkable man of 94 says: "For many long years I suffered more or less with chronic costiveness and painful indigestion. This condition made life a great burden to me, as you may well imagine.

"Two years ago I began to use Grape-Nuts as food, and am thankful that I did. It has been a blessing to me in every way. I first noticed that it had restored my digestion. This was a great gain but was nothing to compare in importance with the fact that in a short time my bowels were restored to free and normal action.

"The cure seemed to be complete; for two years I have had none of the old trouble. I use the Grape-Nuts food every morning for breakfast and frequently eat nothing else. The use has made me comfortable and happy, and although I will be 94 years old next fall, I have become strong and supple again, erect in figure and can walk with anybody and enjoy it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in every package.

Replies to Questions

By Amos M. Kellogg

One of the distinctive features of the *Teachers' Institute* (which was absorbed and succeeded by this magazine) was, that it aroused a spirit of inquiry. Many of the editorials and articles in it were answers to questions voiced in letters from subscribers; this gave the paper peculiar value and endeared it to thousands of earnest teachers. TEACHERS MAGAZINE desires to preserve this feature. The editor would like to hear whatever serious questions are in the minds of readers. Many of these questions will receive attention in this special department to be conducted by Amos M. Kellogg, the founder, and, for many years the editor of the *Teachers' Institute*. Whenever desirable and possible all letters will be promptly answered by mail, provided a self-addressed and stamped envelope accompanies the question. Direct all letters to "Editor TEACHERS MAGAZINE." If information concerning subscription or business matters is desired be sure to put this on a separate sheet. Put at head of this "To Business Manager," at the head of the other sheet, "To the Editor."

ONE who has settled upon teaching as his life work will find certain problems present themselves and demanding a solution. He will be, let us suppose (for I am not writing these papers for the well-paid superintendent), receiving \$25, \$40, or \$50 per month. The practical question will press itself upon him, "*How can I obtain a larger salary?*"

This is a perfectly legitimate question; it is probable that one-half of the teachers are paid but a small part of what they really deserve. The obstacles in the way of a just payment are (1) the ignorance of the public concerning the real value of the school and (2) allowing almost anybody to practice the art of teaching. As the public has come to understand the influence which knowledge and training have upon the destinies of the children it has seen that persons of ability as teachers are needed. It has seen that such persons must be specially trained, and as this number is really small a willingness to pay greater salaries has manifested itself.

Still there is much ignorance concerning what we may term professional preparation. Once the young man who worked on a farm during the summer would be employed to teach school during the winter, but that era has nearly passed away. When certain large minded men sixty years ago in the state of New York asked to have a normal school established at an annual expenditure of \$10,000, it was violently opposed. Now the state expends over \$300,000 annually for this purpose, and the larger schools are dissatisfied if any of lower qualification than a graduate from a normal school is employed.

A young man in New York state who contemplates making teaching his life work sees the necessity of attending one of the normal schools; he might obtain a place by possessing one of the county commissioner's certificates, but he knows that he would be paid a much smaller salary. The answer to the proposed question given by young men and women in all parts of New York state is "obtain an education at one of the normal schools." And this is practically true of all the other states. These graduates possess an education of the high school grade and are able to become principals when the opportunity presents itself; they have a knowledge also of the principles of education, and this the public demands.

While this may answer the question for those who are planning to become teachers, it may not seem to meet the case of those who are already

teaching and who cannot give up that work and attend a normal school. I shall attempt to show that a better compensation is reached by a more thoro and generous preparation. In the many years' experience as editor of *The Teachers' Institute* I became acquainted with men who had begun teaching at \$15 or \$18 per month and who afterwards were paid \$150 per month. They all told one story; they gave themselves up to earnest study and continued it year after year.

There are those who think a better paying



Grandma and I, with the pie,
on the back Seat

From Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller's charming book, "*Kristy's Surprise Party*," which was published recently by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass., who also hold the copyright for this illustration.

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place is to be obtained by political influence, but the one who leans on that should see that he is worthy of the effort of influential friends. The politician does not mean to help any one who will not reflect honor on himself. Then there are those who think a "teachers' agency" can get them a better paying school; but the agent is a wise man; he will never put a third rate man in a first rate place; it would ruin his business. He aims to deal with men of ample qualifications; those he can do much for.

To sum the matter up, it may be said, *possess high qualifications*, then (1) keep in correspondence with influential educators and thru them be acquainted with vacancies likely to occur; (2) advise with your county or city official; (3) obtain the aid of strong teachers' agencies; these latter can always find places for high grade teachers; they never obtain all they need of such.

The suggestions made above are specially applicable to teachers of district schools, assistants in union schools, and assistants in high schools, private schools, and academies, who receive from \$25 to \$50 per month.

There are many such who from mere timidity fail to employ the means needed to better their fortunes. There are normal graduates who are worth \$60 per month who are receiving only \$40.



THE BROWNIE BROTHERS:
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It is the duty of the teacher to be paid all he is worth. Let him not conclude that his merit alone is sure to win him the place he deserves. There are many communities earnestly and constantly searching for the best sort of teachers. The competent teacher paid \$35 per month can assure himself there are hundreds of places willing to pay him \$50, \$60, or even \$75. Well devised plans must be formed and such places will be found. As just said, by means of the advice and assistance of influential educational friends and officials and teachers' bureaus, the competent

November



teacher will obtain his merited compensation.

R. E. L. The question you ask, "Is it best for me to continue teaching?" is one being asked by at least 100,000 teachers this fall. It cannot well be answered by a "yes" or a "no," by one not fully acquainted with the surrounding circumstances. The general case is this: a good many years and after some money has been spent in becoming able to teach a school and get (let us say) \$25 per month; to get (let us say) \$50, \$60, or \$75 per month will require more study, and more experience. A position paying the desired increase of money is by no means certain.

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Under such circumstances it is a serious question with a vast number of bright young men and women whether they had better continue in this line of work. And really the matter should be made the subject of much careful thought. For it is altogether probable that a large per cent., fully one-half of the 100,000, are teachers by accident. That is, they found that the handiest employment whereby to earn money; they engaged in it because they knew of no other business by which they could earn \$25 per month, having no experience or skill to offer the public.

Now a great many are well paid at \$25 per month, wholly lacking experience and skill as teachers; but having acquired both of these necessary qualifications they naturally expect more money; the ordinary district, however, pays but \$25 and hence the painful questioning by the 100,000 as the spring advances. "What shall I do?" they ask, for the sensible ones see that it will not do to drift; they see teachers forty or more years of age working for the same monthly sum received when they first began. So that the question is one of the first importance; and to answer it foundation principles will be stated.

1. There is plenty of room for good teachers; there is really a pressing demand for them (pos-

sibly not in one's immediate vicinity); and it is plainly for trained teachers—that is, normal graduates.

2. No one can expect to succeed in teaching who has not a liking for the society of children and the work of teaching. (Those who go into it first of all to make money had better get out and stay out.)

3. Those who expect to succeed must be willing to spend money, time, and study to fit themselves for better positions than the ones they now hold. (Read (1) again. If not a normal graduate become one; if this already look towards the college.)

[These three points answer R. E. L., and thousands of other cases. Let them ask themselves (1) Do I like this work? Am I "cut out" for a teacher? (2) Have I made a proper investment (that is, been trained, etc.), or am I still to be reckoned as a "green hand"? (3) Am I still a STUDENT OF EDUCATION? But few who have begun to teach can leave to take a course in a normal school. Such should study the harder where they are; the best paid teachers in the country have risen in this way. The teacher should own a professional library and have the best papers relating to pedagogical work. "How to Become a Successful Teacher," 25 cents, will be found very valuable.



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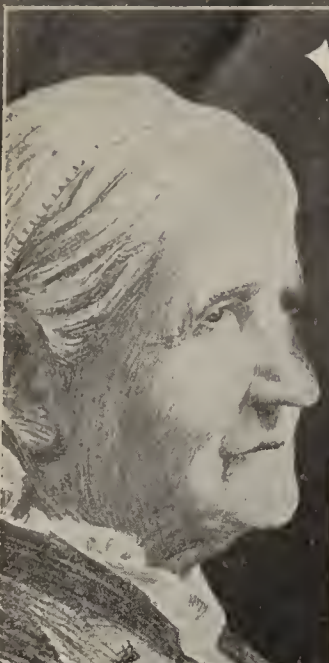
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United States History Brought Up to Date.

Congress.

The text-books on the history of the United States cannot keep up with current events without publishing new editions as often as once a year. As most of the histories used in the schools cover the important events only about to the year 1900, in answers to numerous requests from teachers, a brief resume of the most important occurrences since that date will be given in this and succeeding numbers of TEACHERS MAGAZINE.

The Year 1900.—The Census.

A census of the United States is taken every ten years. As the year marking the beginning of a new century is the census year, this was taken in 1900. The work was done under the direction of W. R. Merriam. It was performed in 300 census districts by 52,000 enumerators. These were paid \$5,000,000, and the whole cost of taking the census was about \$12,000,000. The most interesting results shown by the census were the increase in size and population of cities. There were in 1900 cities to the number of 159, having a population of over 25,000 each. Nineteen cities had 200,000 or more inhabitants. Of these New York had more than 3,000,000; Chicago and Philadelphia had each more than a million; St. Louis, Boston and Baltimore half a million each; Cleveland, Buffalo, San Francisco, Cincinnati, and Pittsburg between 300,000 and 400,000; and New Orleans, Detroit, Milwaukee, Washington, Newark, Jersey City, Louisville, and Minneapolis between 200,000 and 300,000 each.

The number of cities of over 25,000 inhabitants by states: Maine 1, New Hampshire 1, Massachusetts 20, Rhode Island 3, Connecticut 5, New York 12, New Jersey 10, Pennsylvania 18, Delaware 1, Maryland 1, District of Columbia 11, Virginia 2, West Virginia 1, South Carolina 1, Georgia 3, Florida 1, Ohio 9, Indiana 5, Illinois 7, Michigan 5, Wisconsin 5, Minnesota 3, Iowa 6, Missouri 3, Nebraska 3, Kansas 2, Kentucky 4, Tennessee 4, Alabama 3, Louisiana 1, Texas 5, Arkansas 1, Montana 1, Colorado 2, Utah 1, Washington 3, Oregon 1, California 4.

The following states and territories did not contain any city with a population of 25,000 or more: Arizona, Idaho, Indian Territory, Mississippi, Nevada, New Mexico, North Carolina, Vermont and Wyoming.

Presidential Election.

The year 1900 was time for election of a President. The Republican National convention was held at Philadelphia on June 19; the Democratic convention at Kansas City on July 4. The campaign was pushed vigorously by both parties, but the Republicans won, William McKinley becoming President and Theodore Roosevelt Vice-President.

Congress did some important work in 1900. Roberts the polygamist, was refused a seat in the House of Representatives. United States finances were placed upon a new basis, with gold as the standard of value and the interest bearing bonds of the government refunded at a two per cent. rate. Porto Rico was given a civil government under American control, revenues for the island being provided from imports and by levying a small tax on Porto Rican goods entering the United States, all of which was to go to the support of the insular government. Hawaii was formed into a territory of the United States.

The Great Coal Strike.

Early in the autumn about 120,000 miners in the hard coal regions of Pennsylvania went on strike. They claimed that their wages were so low that they could not live comfortably; that they were obliged to buy their groceries at the company's stores and pay more for them than they would at other places. The strike lasted for several months, causing inconvenience, and in some localities considerable suffering, because of the lack of coal.

Lesser Happenings.

As a result of conferences between American and British ambassadors, the way was cleared for the control of the Nicaraguan canal by the United States. The agreement known as the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was signed on February 5. It was agreed that the canal should not be fortified, but should be free to the passage of the ships of all nations, in war as well as in peace.

Numerous experiments were made during this year in wireless telegraphy. The government had kites in service at a large number of stations. Tests were made covering only comparatively short distances, eighty miles being the longest distance over which a message was sent.

Preparations were made, and work was started, on the great underground railway for New York city. Arrangements were made by which the city should own the road. The financial plan under which it was to be built, and the relations of the contractor to the city are such that the people would not be compelled to pay larger taxes, nor would any money be taken from the treasury.

C. A. Bryce, M. D., editor of the Southern Clinic, in writing of la grippe complaints, says: I have found much benefit from the use of antikamnia tablets in the fever and muscular painfulness accompanying grip. A dozen tablets should always be kept about the house. Druggists speak well of them and so far as our experience goes, we can indorse the above.—Southwestern Medical Journal.

The Strand Above.

From the Danish of Johannes Jorgensen,
by Jacob A. Riis.

(Reprinted from *The Outlook*.)

The sun rose on a bright September morning. A thousand gems of dew sparkled in the meadows, and upon the breeze floated, in the wake of summer, the shining silken strands of which no man knoweth the whence or the whither.

One of them caught in the top of a tree, and the skipper, a little speckled yellow spider, quit his air-ship to survey the leafy demesne there. It was not to his liking, and, with prompt decision, he spun a new strand and let himself down straight into the hedge below.

There were twigs and shoots in plenty there to spin a web in, and he went to work at once, letting the strand from above, by which he had come, bear the upper corner of it.

A fine large web it was when finished, and with this about it that set it off from all the other webs thereabouts, that it seemed to stand straight up in the air, without anything to show what held it. It takes pretty sharp eyes to make out a single strand of spider-web, even a very little way off.

The days went by. Flies grew scarcer, as the sun rose later, and the spider had to make his net larger that it might reach farther and catch more. And here the strand from above turned out a great help. With it to brace the structure, the web was spun higher and wider, until it covered the hedge all the way across. In the wet October mornings, when it hung full of shimmering raindrops, it was like a veil stitched with precious pearls.

The spider was proud of his work. No longer the little thing that had come drifting out of the vast with nothing but its unspun web in its pocket, so to speak, he was now a big, portly, opulent spider, with the largest web in the hedge.

One morning he woke very much out of sorts. There had been a frost in the night and daylight brought no sun. The sky was overcast; not a fly was out. All the long gray autumn day the spider sat hungry and cross in his corner. Toward evening, to kill time, he started on a tour of inspection, to see if anything needed bracing or mending. He pulled at all the strands; they were firm enough. But, tho he found nothing wrong, his temper did not improve; he waxed crosser than ever.

At the farthest end of the web he came at last to a strand that all at once seemed strange to him. All the rest went this way or that—the spider knew every stick and knob they were made fast to, every one. But this preposterous strand went nowhere—that is to say, went straight up in the air and was lost. He stood up on

his hind legs and stared with all his eyes, but he could not make it out. To look at, the strand went right up into the clouds, which was nonsense.

The longer he sat and glared to no purpose, the angrier the spider grew. He had quite forgotten how, on a bright September morning, he himself had come down this same strand. And he had forgotten how, in the building of the web and afterward when it had to be enlarged, it was just this strand he had depended upon. He saw only that here was a useless strand, a fool strand, that went nowhere in sense or reason, only up in the air where solid spiders had no concern...

"Away with it!" and with one vicious snap of his angry jaws he bit the strand in two.

That instant the web collapsed, the whole proud and prosperous structure fell in a heap, and when the spider came to he lay sprawling in the hedge with the web all about his head like a wet rag. In one brief moment he had wrecked it all—because he did not understand the use of the strand from above.



Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise;
For naught that sets one's heart at ease,
Or giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

True Living.

God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks the flower on its stem, upon the rain-drops which swell the mighty river, upon the dew-drop that refreshes the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its chambers, upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in its light—upon ALL hath he written, "NONE OF US LIVETH TO HIMSELF."

—JOHN TODD.

Success.

Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait, not in listless, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady, fulfilling and accomplishing his task; that when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it come at all it will not come because it is sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame; about what the world says of us; to be always looking in the face of others for approval; to be always anxious about the effects of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our own voices.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

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If I Were Queen.

If I were Queen of Anywhere
I'd have a golden crown
And sit upon a velvet chair
And wear a satin gown.

A knight of noble pedigree
Should wait beside my seat
To serve me upon bended knee
With things I like to eat.

I'd have a birthday cake each day
With candles all alight—

I'd send the doctors all away,
And sit up late at night.

LUCY FITCH PERKINS in *St. Nicholas*.

The Power of Love.

There is a flower which dares the storms
and winds

Of earth. In every clime it triumphs
over Fate

And Time and Seasons. In every glade
Its welcome head it lifts, and its sweet
look

The mother wears. The maid seeks for it
in

The summer shade, pictures its image and
then

By babbling brooks she walks alone that
none

Her dreams invade. In spring the hills
Waft its praises heavenward, till earth,
and sea,

And sky, and every bird and sleeping
thing

Join in the universal hymn of praise.

Oh Love! Thou flower divine, I weep
for those

That know thee not; for thou alone of all
God's good gifts to man art still the
Brighest, truest, tenderest.

RUTH WARD KAHN in *Reform Advocate*.

A Problem.

"I wonder," said Teddy, one sunny day,
As he gazed at the meadow with
thoughtful frown,

"Why the grass is so pretty so green and
so bright,

When it comes from the earth so dirty,
and brown!"

With a look of surprise in her great blue
eyes,

"Why, don't you know?" cried small
Katrine.

"The sun is yellow, the sky is blue,

And that is the reason the grass is
green."

ESTHER W. BUXTON in *St. Nicholas*.

The Pianist.

When I play

All the other people seem to vanish right
away.

Not that I am sorry, for I like to be alone,
And sing aloud my counting in a very
touching tone,

When I play.

When I play

The old clock's minute hand gets stuck,
and there it seems to stay.

For hours I thump my best known piece
until I'm fit to drop.

When some one pokes her head in: "Half
hour's up, it's time to stop."

When I play.

When I play

"How Paderewski'd envy you!" the
other girls all say.

"At any rate," I then reply, "I keep a
graceful pose;

At least my fingers never need assistance
from my nose,

When I play!"

OLIVER ALLEN in *The Girls' Realm*.

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Mr. W. H. Neidlinger stands almost alone among the American song-writers, in combining the three advantages of knowing how to write simple singable songs, in understanding children and what they enjoy, and at the same time comprehending the needs of schools. In his new book, "The Discontented Goldfish and Other Children's Songs," he has given to teachers a treasure. There are lovely little songs that apply to almost every topic taken up in the primary room,—Indian life, Spring, rain, night-time, Chinese life, the worm, the Katydid, fire, birds, animals, the wind, the cold, and lots of other things. I don't see how we ever got along without these songs. I certainly advise every teacher of little children to get a copy. The book, words, and music with simple accompaniments, costs only 75 cents. (The William Maxwell Music Co., New York city.)

Introductory Physiology and Hygiene by H. W. Conn, Ph. D., professor of biology in Wesleyan university.—This introductory textbook on physiology and hygiene is intended to precede the author's more advanced work on the same subject. There has been an urgent demand for a beginner's book because teachers and parents have seen the necessity of teaching very young children the laws of health. In this book the subject is presented in simple language and the comparisons are such as are familiar to the average child. Special emphasis has been laid on the value of good food, of out-of-door exercise, of the formation of regular habits, and of right living from day to day. As in the elementary book, the effect of alcohol and narcotics is treated in direct connection with the various organs and functions of the body concerned. (Silver, Burdett & Co., New York.)

Twelve Songs, for kindergarten and schools, by Kate B. Palmer, formerly principal, of the Fruitvale grammar school, Oakland, California.—These songs have for their aim the higher development of child character, thru the medium of song by the skillful introduction of primary ethical culture. Obedience to law, kindness to dumb animals, graceful carriage and poise of body, love for the beautiful in nature, and patriotism are taught by the stories preceding each song, while the songs themselves, written within the natural register of the young voice, are memorized and retained—a constant reminder of the text. The pictures please the eye and teach the child how each gesture in the motion songs should be made. (Ginn & Co., Boston. Price, 40 cents; by mail, 45 cents.)

Japanese Fairy Tales, retold by Teresa Peirce Williston, illustrated by

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Teachers Magazine—Nov.

Sanchi Ogawa.—So far as artistic and typographical make-up are concerned this is about as handsome a book of its kind as we have seen. The many illustrations, in the Japanese style of art, by Mr. Ogawa, are a decided novelty and very effective for their purpose. Besides there are border designs, comprising leaves, flowers, fish, fruits, and various fancy figures. The stories embody the imagination and poetry, which have been treasured thru hundreds of years by the little ones of Japan. Every effort has been made to bring Japanese life as vividly as possible before the children by means of the illustrations. (The Rand-McNally Company, Chicago and New York.)

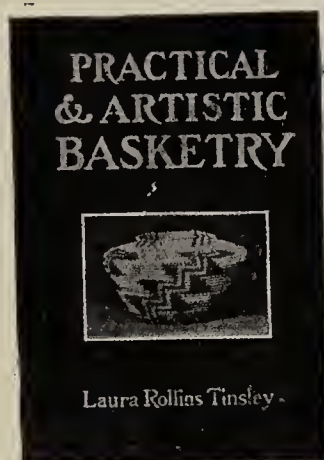
The late John Hay did not think much of his own poetry; he considered his daughter Helen's style of writing poems much better than his own. For this reason, if for no other, the little books of *Sonnets and Songs*, by Mrs. Helen Hay Whitney will be welcomed by the reading public. But Mrs. Whitney's little poems can stand on their own merits. They are dainty, and several of them are unusually delightful. We see the picture of the country road on a rainy day, with trees dripping and skies gray, as plainly as if we, the readers, had walked or driven with the author along those woody roads about Lake Sunapee. The following charming bit gives just a suggestion of what the volume contains:

IN HARBOR.

My little boat is in a bay,
It swings with gentle motion,
And there I lie and watch all day
The far-off, noisy ocean.
The ships go up, the ships go down,
And never see me spying.
They are the pride and fear of town—
Sails wide and colors flying.
They are so strong, they are so tall,
They fear no storm, no sorrow;
With brave eyes to the sun, they all
Set sail for some to-morrow.
Sometimes I long to range and roam,
My harbor life bewailing,
But little boats must bide at home,
To gaily speed the sailing.
—(Harper and Bros., New York city, publishers.)

The Rose Primer. By Edna Henry Lee Turpin. This primer is distinguished by the small vocabulary of common words, the frequent reviews, the short sentences, the simple language and phonetic exercises, and the carefully graded and well-selected subject matter. There are never more than two new words on a page, and only one hundred and ninety-eight in the book. These words are carefully repeated, most of them being used ten or more times. Every new word is

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given both in script and print, and there are frequent script exercises for tracing and copying. The sentences are short and simple, and the construction is varied as much as possible to avoid the formation of singsong and monotonous reading habits. The child confronted by the least possible labor in word getting, can easily master these pages. On completing them he has acquired a small but serviceable vocabulary of common words, and can begin any well-graded first reader with ease and intelligence. The subjects in this primer are those which appeal to the intelligent interest of children. Here are described and discussed familiar objects, plants, and animals, and common amusements of boys and girls, and the every-day round of home and school life. The illustrations are attractive and helpful to the child. Cloth, square 8vo, 128 pages, with illustrations in colors and in black and white. Price, 30 cents. (American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.)

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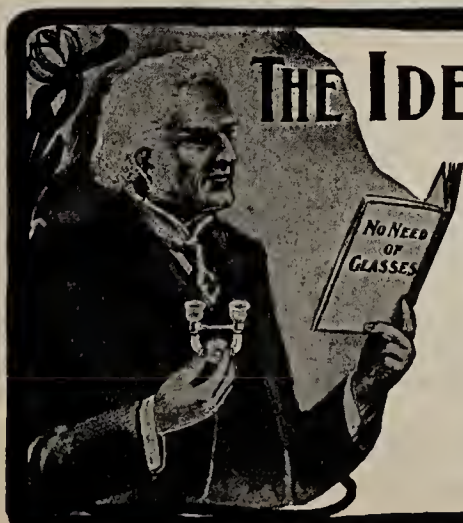
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"Christmas comes but once a year
May it bring happiness and cheer."

"A happy Christmas to you,
May it bring you all fair things,
With the sweetest, best remembrance
That about its coming clings."

"Sunbeams bless thy Christmas day,
Gladness with thee dwell for aye."

"The best wish this stocking holds for you
dear,
Is that you may have a happy New
Year."

"We hope your Christmas will be merry,
May you fare well by Santa Claus;
All care and trouble try to bury,
Let joy and pleasure be your cause."

"At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Is echoed from hill and plain;
As year by year, with heart of cheer,
We welcome glad Christmas again.

Of all the merry days of old
When merry days did most abound,
The best was Christmas, all the rest
But ushers to this royal guest!

O what's the best season for giving?
Is it when the chill winter is here?
When cold makes the fireside pleasant,
The days of the glad Christmas cheer?

The Shell.

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairly well
With a delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design.

What is it? A learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
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Of his house in a rainbow frill?
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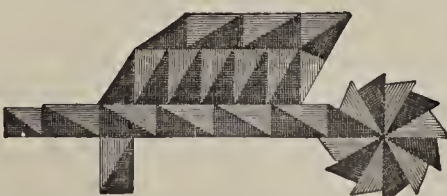
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Slight, to be crushed with a tap
Of my finger nail on the sand,
Small, but a work divine,
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of the cataract seas that snap
The three decker's -oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

A boy who had been working in a baker-shop for some time was just about to finish his trade. One night when the boss was gone he broke the marble slab he moulded his loaves on. So he went to the marble yard to secure another, but could not find one. On his way back he passed a graveyard, and as it was very dark he jumped over and pulled up a small headstone about the right size and took it back and finished his job. The next day, after the bread had been delivered, nearly all of it was sent back. The baker looked at it and broke several loaves open, but found nothing wrong. Then he happened to turn one of the loaves over, and found on the under side of every loaf the inscription:

"Here lies the body of Mrs. ——. Born A. D. 1682, died A. D. 1740."—C. McA. Wassell, in Oct. *Lippincotts*.

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James E. Morse, recently President of the Morse Company, Educational Publishers, and Parker P. Simmons, recently Superintendent of School Supplies in the City of New York, now Educational Publisher, announce that they have taken the General Agency from the Keystone View Company for the exclusive sale of all their Educational Views, Stereopticon Slides, Stereoscopes, etc., in the states of New York, New Jersey and New England.

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Consoling.

There is an evangelist in Boston who is so devout that, so his friends aver, he scarcely ever permits himself a secular thought or his tongue a worldly word.

It appears that this evangelist has a very bright daughter aged five. Not long since she answered the door bell, and found there the iceman with a bill.

"Father is not at home," she said, "but if you will come in, you poor perishing soul, perhaps mamma will pray for you."—*Harper's Weekly*.

Sentiments for the Schoolmaster.

Education reduces the commercial value of humbug.

How fleet is the foot of a lie.

Nothing bores an ignorant mind like a work of art.

Many a fellow gets a reputation that goes farther than he can go.

Sometimes what we take for envy is pity.

Make a caricature of yourself once in a while and laugh over it.

Give me one sincere friend—you can have all the rest.—*American Illustrated Magazine*.

The Editor's Lament.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,

Alone on a pitchy sea,

'Mid scuttled graft and sinking craft,

But not a raft for me.

No new trust looms for me to hit

That has not been exposed;

No state corruption hides unwrit,

No grafter undisclosed.

Tom Lawson's drum to kingdom come

Has smashed the great oil-can.

Russell lays bare the beef roast rare

And carves the butcher man.

The Baptist John is Tarbell's right

(Herself monopolist!),

And every naughty town in sight

To Steffen's mill is grist.

Now Collier's Hapgood draws his pen;

With style at large and pure

He cries the ill of dopes that kill

And advertise to cure.

And I, a sore competitor,

Am driven to the wall.

I cannot find a sin to score—

Our rivals have them all.

I pray to-morrow's sun may see

A brand-new scandal burst,

That for reform my pen may warm

And stab the monster first,—

That our subscriptions may ascend

A million every day,

I long my country's wrongs to mend

And make my paper pay.

—JOHN A. MACY in the *October Critic*.

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Publishers' Talk.

IT is a most happy custom at the beginning of the New Year to take a glance at the past and to make earnest resolves for something better and higher in the year to come. No field of activity calls for greater endeavors for better things than the educational. Every child should be encouraged to believe that the best is yet to be, and can only be brought about by most earnest personal endeavors. Still stronger should be the desire on the part of the teachers to make the very most of every opportunity at her command and to use all the means within her power to improve her teaching ability and her own personal prospects.

What makes the difference between the teacher who struggles on year after year at a small salary and the teacher who takes the lead in school matters and secures the best position at the command of the board of education? What makes the difference between the teacher selected for superintendent of schools and the one who forever remains in the grammar grade? Is it luck? Not a bit of it. It was brains, hard work and thoro preparation. When you go behind the scenes you will find that the plodding teacher stayed in her shell and poked along as earnest as any of her scholars to close up school on the hour and remove from her mind further thought of school work.

Now look at the successful teacher's career. What do you find? First of all, unflagging interest and a willingness to take all suggestions offered, to get all the information possible, to study the best books, and to introduce the best methods possible in her class-room.

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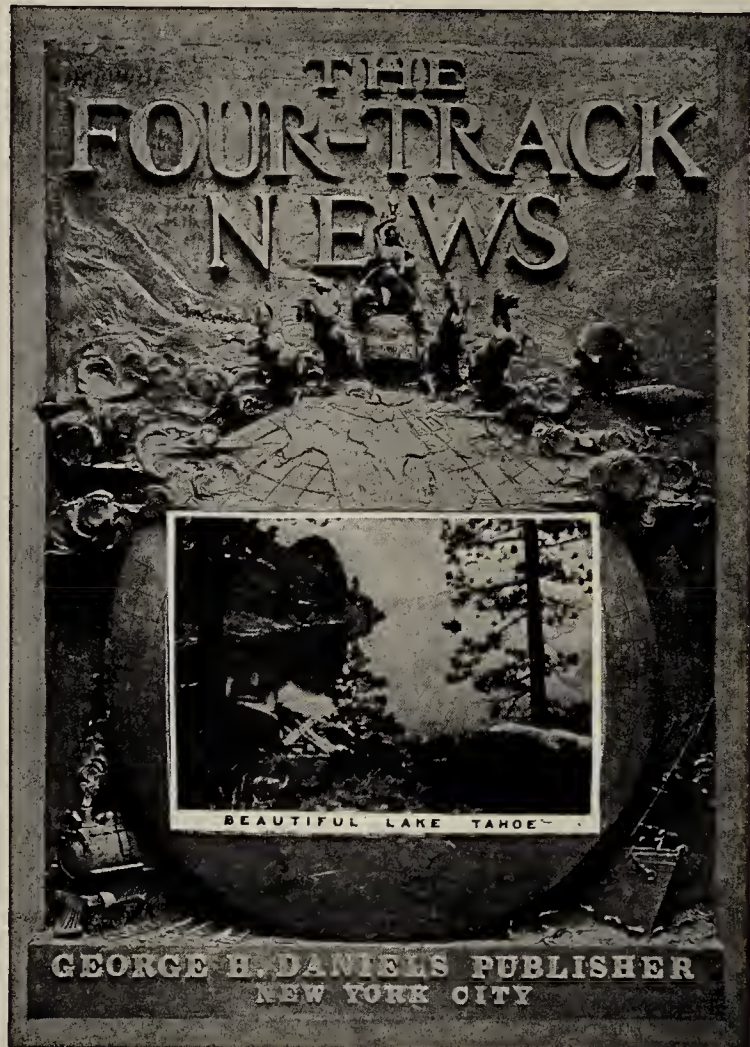
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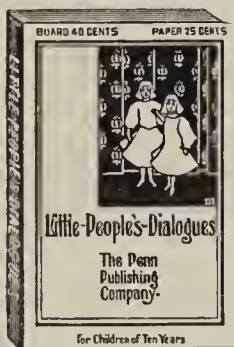
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
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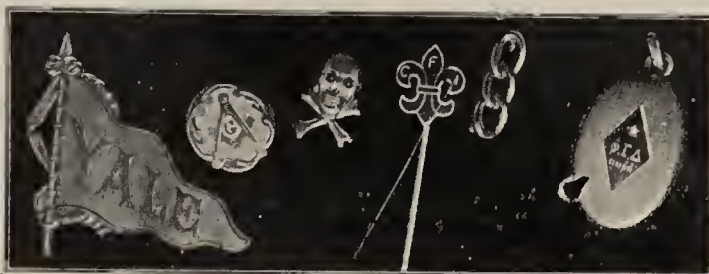
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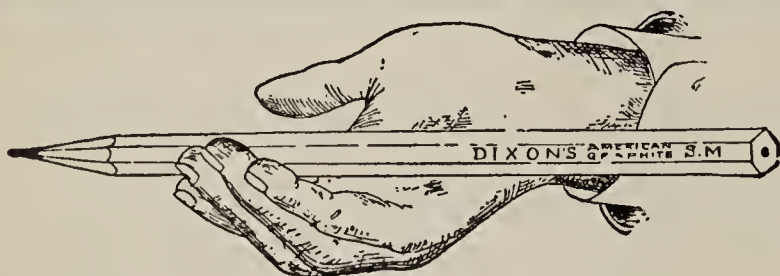
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Merry Christmas!



YULE TIDE has a joyousness peculiarly and distinctly its own. Just when and why men agreed to be merry at this season and to celebrate it with festivities of various kinds we may never know. Mithraic, Syrian, Roman; Druidic, Norse, and other mythologies have occupied themselves with its philosophy and given it diverse meanings. But everywhere the key-note is good cheer.

Christendom has invested the festival with a noble and inspiring thought. A wonderful mystery is placed in the center. A little child is born into a humble Jewish home. He is bedded in a manger. Yet that child of poverty became the

we are brothers and sisters. Thus, in two words, Jesus embodied a theology which in the course of its development redeemed the whole Western world from the gloom of paganism and gave it a victorious civilization.

However much men may differ in their views regarding the nature and message of Jesus, no one can deny the wonderful changes wrought in the thought and spiritual character of mankind. Is not the fruitage reason enough for men of all creeds to unite in joyful celebration of the birthday of the Jewish infant which became the light of the world?

★

Solar worship in its various manifestations fixed upon Yule Tide as a season for rejoicing because of the conquest by the sun of the powers of darkness. The gradual lengthening of the nights seemed to portend the final annihilation of daylight. The midwinter solstice dispelled these fears, and the ascent of the victorious sun filled all

light which showed to millions of people the way out of darkness and despair to a higher, happier life: the hope of a world weary of war and strife and cruel superstitions, longing for peace and encouragement making life worth while. A new era dawned upon the world with his birthday. He brought a new revelation of Divinity and gave a new interpretation of human life. His life exemplified both.

God is our *Father*; not a monstrous despot thirsting for bloody sacrifices, not an unreasonable taskmaster, not an elusive spirit controllable by incantation and priestly ceremonial. He is a loving, reasonable, real Father, and *our* Father:



God, from whom we have received life and all earthly blessings, vouchsafe to give unto us each day what we need; give unto all of us strength to perform faithfully our appointed tasks, bless the work of our hands and of our minds. Grant that we may ever serve Thee, in sickness and in health, in necessity and in abundance, sanctify our joys and our trials; and give us grace to seek first Thy kingdom and its righteousness, in the sure and certain faith that all else shall be added unto us—Amen.

Eugène Bersier.

hearts with rejoicing. When Christianity became a world power the birthday of the new sun in the physical world readily became the birthday of the new sun in the spiritual world. Pagan customs were transformed into symbols of great spiritual thoughts; and humanity was made richer by a holiday with a message simple enough to find its way into the humblest heart, and profound enough so that no philosopher's plummet may sound its depths.

The evergreens, the lighted candles, the exchange of presents and of expressions of good will; the Yule log, and the merry games and joyful noise all bear significant lessons. And the chil-



Then all the bells on earth shall ring
 On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
 And all the bells on earth shall ring
 On Christmas day in the morning.
 And all the angels in heaven shall sing
 On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
 And all the angels in heaven shall sing
 On Christmas day in the morning.
 And all the souls on earth shall sing
 On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
 And all the souls on earth shall sing
 On Christmas day in the morning.

—“WEST OF ENGLAND CAROL.”

dren have their Santa Claus, the precious incarnation of a thought which in its abstract nakedness would be beyond the grasp of untrained minds. I am sorry for the child who has never known the joy of the belief in the good old Saint: his life is poorer by a precious experience. Symbols are better teachers of truth than bare facts. The senses can get no further than the outer courts of the tabernacle of truth. The door to the holy place is open only to the heart. At Yule Tide the heart begs for its rights.

★

The birthday of the child which universalized the religion of Abraham, Moses, and Isaiah may well be celebrated in the common schools. The religious significance of it does not concern us here. In the cities where immigrants from across the sea are by the nature of circumstances kept more or less in the bondage of racial prejudices, it would be especially unwise for a teacher to dwell upon it. Where the principles of Americanism are firmly established it may not be out of place to refer to the fact that a child was born nineteen centuries ago who gave to the world a new vision of Divinity, who, when he grew up taught that God is Love, and that men serve God best by trying to be like Him in loving mankind. We are all the children of one Father, and therefore brothers and sisters proving our sonship and daughtership by loving one another. That is all that need be said about it in common schools. Care must be exercised not to give offence to a single child.

★

To the teacher the birthday of Jesus has a special thought. The child born in a stable and reared in the lowly household of a poor Jewish

community in the Galilean mountains became the spiritual guide and comfort of millions upon millions of people. What of the children who gather around you day by day? May there not be among them boys and girls who will bless the world? Who can foretell the future of a child? Of one thing I am certain: every child is an individual incarnation of Divinity. It is the teacher's duty and privilege to aid in bringing to light the Divinity in the child. Thereby he helps to increase Divinity in the world. "Thy kingdom come!" He must train the child to win the mastery over the desires of the body. Whatever nourishes the spiritual nature must have first consideration in the program of education. In no other way can the world be given the fullest measure of the potential good supplied in the children now at school. Treat every child as a son or a daughter of God. The Rabbis had a saying, "Look well to the children of poverty, for of them shall come the Law." Look well to every child, for the good you do to each one of them is done for mankind at large.

★

It was a custom in England to save a charred remnant of the Yule log to kindle the next year's Christmas fire. So let the teacher carry the message of this joyous season with him thru the year to be inspired with it again in all its vividness when the great day returns. Let there be no regrets for the things left undone. Let the heart rejoice in the opportunities that are ahead.

★

Merry Christmas!



Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge: In Loving Memory

By Mattie Griffith Satterie

[Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, author of "Hans Brinker" and the first and only editor of *St. Nicholas Magazine*, died in August at her summer home in Onteora Park, New York. She was born in 1831, and early in life married William Dodge. "Hans Brinker" was written in 1865, and has been translated into several languages. Another story of hers, "Donald and Dorothy," is so popular that a new edition is brought out every year. Miss Satterie has been a close friend of Mrs. Dodge for many years.—EDITOR.]

ONE of the most delightful memories of my childhood, is the friendship of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge. I was a girl of ten years, when Mrs. Dodge first came into my life. Her personality, her bright vivid beauty, her sparkling wit, her kind, tender manner, all combined, took possession of my childish heart.

From my tenth birthday up to the time I was sixteen I had the pleasure of being constantly in Mrs. Dodge's society. No one ever understood children more truly than she. Her manner was sunshine itself, always, but with children, it was positively the sun. Her well known and delightful story, "Hans Brinker" was then quite new to the public. We children used the

lest she might not bring those lads safely thru their journey. There was an old woman of Holland birth, living near Mrs. Dodge's country home, in New Jersey. To this old woman's house, Mrs. Dodge made daily visits, and in these long conversations learned much of the every-day life of Holland. Much of the "local color," as we call it these days, of *Hans Brinker* was acquired, Mrs. Dodge often told us, from her talks with this old woman.

I never knew any one who entered so completely into the feelings of children. We all thought no one could ever arrange such delightful games, yes, and play them, too, as Mrs. Dodge could. The glorious evenings of charades, impromptu private theatricals and games of all sorts, live in the memory of the children who took part, even tho they are sober, middle-aged people now, bearing the brunt of the heat and burden of the day. I can see Mrs. Dodge's brilliant face, so plainly, as she helped us thru a charade, arranged a tableau, or led in a dance or a game. Her remarkably handsome face appealed so strongly to our childish admiration.

Altho a mother of sons, only, she understood girls perfectly. Her influence over girls was very marked. When she reproved us for any fault, her bright, sunny manner softened the rebuke. A little friend of mine said once to me, "Do you know, no matter how cold or dark the day is, if Mrs. Dodge comes in the room the sun seems to shine?" Such was the influence of her bright personality.

Her order of mind was of that description, intellectually practical. Her brilliant wit was thoroly American, sparkling with humor. I always felt that it was that practical intellectuality that gave her such a fascinating personality. Her sympathy was one of her greatest charms. With her penetrating intellect there was always the warm heart to which the sunny manner was the index. Her faith in the hereafter is evident, and well expressed in her beautiful lines:

Nothing is known, but I believe
That God is overhead,
And as life is to the living
So death is to the dead.



Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge.

charming story as a text-book, as so many children have done since. We would gather round Mrs. Dodge in the evening and beg her to tell us "Who Gretel married," adding again and again, "You did not tell us in the book, you know."

While she was writing a story she lived completely in the scenes she was depicting. While she was writing *Hans Brinker*, she lived entirely with the boys she was carrying thru Holland and she positively shivered with fear,

Teaching Love of Labor

By A. C. Scammell, Massachusetts

NEAR the June vacation the superintendent of schools supplied the pupils of the four higher grammar grades with flower and vegetable seeds, to be planted in early summer, the fruitage to be enjoyed, in the real or in the memory, long after harvesting. An October Wednesday saw the school halls dressed for a harvest festival. The successes of summer gardening were takingly arranged on exhibition and on admiration, too, for they won unstinted praise from guests within and without the school public. An old farmer from five miles away declared, "This beats anything of the kind that I've ever seen at any cattle show." Was this public exhibition the superintendent's goal when he proposed the vacation work? The reaching-place of his pupils was set away and away beyond the pride of show; he called it "The Dignity of Labor." Every one of his boys and girls was well on his way toward it.

How Two Teachers Went at It.

The material for raffia work was not free to second grade schools of a town; the pupils were voted too young for such work. Two of the teachers, who knew differently said, "We will provide the small amount needed, for this work will delight the children." They did more; they bought the material for making the part furnishings of a doll's house. These included dainty bath towels woven of white cheese-cloth slips, bright-bordered rugs woven of carpet yarn, a doll's hammock of silkoteen, a doll's sweater, and other pretty apparel, with the "so-forths" that gladden every mother of dolls. This labor of love was done outside of school hours, the eager children staying for a little time after school to be taught how to do the work at their homes. The reasons given were, "We want our children to learn from the beginning that work with the hands is honorable, and that they ought to do their share; and, besides, enticing work is children's most interesting play."

Don't Berries Make Something.

A little girl from a purse-poor home asked her teacher, on a day nearing Christmas, how she could spend to best advantage her forty-five cents, earned at berry picking, in buying gifts for each one of her family of eight. "Don't buy any presents, dear, but just make them; forty-five cents will buy such a lot of material to work with!" And so it did, under the wise teacher's guidance. Up to Christmas morning the needle and the tool were busy fashioning, and all the while the love for and the skill in doing were growing.

Don't Let any Work Slip Away.

The recent coming of the paid janitor into the rural schools may have its advantage, but it is a sad breaking-up of the delightful co-operative school housekeeping which has been in these schools since the beginning. The stopping for

a half-hour after school, by turns of twos, to do the housework for the next day was a pleasure eagerly looked forward to; sweeping, dusting, rubbing, scrubbing, decorating—how delightful! What matter tho it soiled and bruised the tender hands unused to housework!

Every teacher, in city or in town, who is a work lover, will, as one work goes out, quickly send another in. She will start something, in or out of school hours, that will keep the muscles supple, and the desire aglow to do something for others' comfort. To this end, the sooner the holiday gift-work begins, the better; the more of it, the better. The teacher's encouragement needs to stay at high tide during this preparative season. The children's courage must be kept up, while doing the work that bothers, or work that receive scanty or no return thanks, for they will have a lot of such work to do out in life.

In the by years of a seminary, to-day a prominent college, its domestic work was shared by the girl students. Attending to the boiler down in the "boiler-room" on washing day was not a work to be desired. For a half year this duty was assigned to the daughter of the school's most influential patron. All but the young girl herself wondered at this selection, but she pleasantly accepted her work with, "And why not I?" Donning a dark, short washdress and thick shoes, she did her work as cheerfully and painstakingly as she had done her first six months' happy privilege, the careful copying of "Journals" to be sent to the school's graduated missionaries, at work over sea. That girl had been well born into right ideas of inter-work, of sharing, of burden-bearing.

The Place to Get Started In.

A standstill in school progress recently visited a school that kept going. Among the wall hangings were several designs for house paper and for oilcloth; designs for cotton prints, mechanical drawings, and other industrial beginnings. "This looks well enough," assented the visitor, "but what good will it do these boys and girls? When I was a boy the children went to school to study their books and found plenty of time to learn to work after school days were over." A boy of twelve overheard and said to his mate, after school, "Isn't he a queer one? He seems to think that all school is for is to learn one thing. He doesn't know that school is the place to get started in everything that's going. What's a fellow going to do for his living while he is learning his trade, for a year or two after he has left school? Catch me living on my father!" "Nor me, neither," stoutly responded the other boy. The tramp sentiment, "The world owes me a living," isn't likely to develop in such boys.





Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still;
Each age has deem'd the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer.

—WALTER SCOTT.

Cold December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

—SARA COLERIDGE.

In a drear-nighted December,
O happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity.
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle thru them,
Nor frozen thawings glue them,
From budding at the prime.

—JOHN KEATS.

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be,
It's the song ye sing an' the smiles ye wear
That's a-making the sunshine everywhere."

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Crackle and blaze,
Crackle and blaze!

There's snow on the house-tops,
There's ice on the ways;
But the keener the season
The stronger's the reason
Our ceiling should flicker and glow and blaze.
So fire, piled fire,
Leap, fire, and shout;
Be it warmer within
As 'tis colder without.

And as curtains we draw and around the hearth close,
As we glad us with talk of great forests and deep snows,
As redly thy warmth on the shadowed wall plays,
We'll say Winter's evenings outmatch Summer's days,
And a song, jolly roarer, we'll shout in thy praise;
So crackle and blaze,
Crackle and blaze.

—WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then mighty sings the staring owl,
To whoo;

Tu whit! Tu whoo! A merry note!
Tu whit! To-who! A merry note!

—SHAKESPEARE

Chill airs and wintry winds! My ear
Has grown familiar with your song;

I hear it in the opening year—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I listen in the evening
To the sighing of the gale;
I watch the heaping snowdrifts
And hear the rattling hail:
And I think, with grateful spirit,
What a glorious God is ours,
Who is mighty in the tempest,
And gentle in the flowers.

—SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

The meadow lark sings in the meadow,
But the snowbird sings in the snow.
Ah me!
Chickadee!

The snowbird sings in the snow!

The pine is like a tall cathedral tower,
With ariels or withered ivy-vines
Entwined in sculptured shapes of wreath and flower,
Thru' which the clear, red stain of morning shines;
And underneath, the snow-draped shrub and briers
Seem kneeling groups of silent, white-robed friars.

—C. L. HILDRETH.

Lo, what wonders the day hath brought,
Born of the soft and slumbrous snow!
Gradual, silent, slowly wrought,
Even as an artist, thought by thought,
Writes expression on lip and brow.

—MRS. ELIZABETH A. ALLEN.

"Help one another," the snowflakes said,
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed.
"One of us here would not be felt,
One of us here would quickly melt;
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And then what a splendid drift there'll be."

Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow,
Descends the snow.

Snowflake
—ANON.

Ring a merry season
Joyous Christmas bells,
What a tale of wonder
Your sweet pealing tells,
For one little child's sake
All the world is glad.

"And never more the blessing
Shall from the year depart,
If only we, dear children,
Keep Christmas in the heart.
Its love, its thoughts for others
Are beautiful as flowers,
[And may we sow their beauty
In other hearts than ours."

—ANNIE DOUGLAS BELL.



Mary Kingwood's School.—Story of a Teacher's Success.

By Corinne Johnson, Pennsylvania

(Continued from last month.)

WITH eager faces and with voices ringing with exclamations of delight, the children gathered around their teacher a bright cold Friday morning in November. Snow had fallen and they felt the joy of a bright, winter's day. Where will you find a child with sound body who is not happy with the first snow fall? These pupils of Miss Kingwood came into her presence with overflowing hearts, and she remembered what the Book and the poets had said about snow as an emblem of innocence and purity. She had them learn a new song that morning about the "Beautiful Snow," and as soon as they had sung she permitted one of the pupils to find the verse about washing to be whiter than snow. Then she impressively read a number of verses from the psalm from which it was taken.

At noon the sun had come out, and as little Ben Parker said, carried some of the snow up to the stars and some of it got away to fill the streams before ice would come. The snow was gone, but its mission had been fulfilled. Instead of the bluster and flurry of the early morning, the afternoon sparkled with sunbeams and Miss Kingwood thought it would be best to improve the perfect day by going to the woods with the children, as this might be their last opportunity till spring should come again.

When she asked, "How many would like to take a walk?" they with one voice asked, "O, Miss Kingwood, may we go to the woods?"

They went, and what a day it was! What a walk! They discovered secrets of nature that surprised even the teacher. The trees were almost leafless, but here and there a green pine stood framed in with the lighter colored leafless trees making for the keen eyes the most delightful picture visions. The sky was a beautiful grey, as November skies usually are, but every child was happy. They saw only the bright side of the day. What a wonderful thing is the child heart!

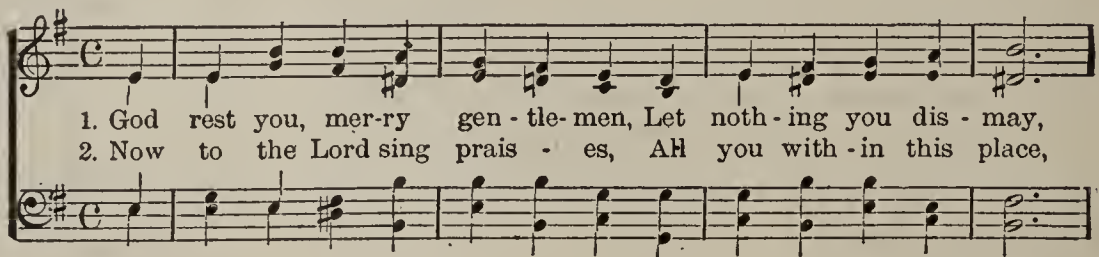
And how they talked—talked of the leaves falling, the flowers dying, the preparation for winter, the fallen leaves forming a coverlet for the seeds, the food stored away for insects, animals, and man, and Miss Kingwood reminded them that nature

seemed to be preparing for a rest. What lessons were learned! Stimulated by their environment one of the children asked if they could not play "Come little leaves, said the Wind one day," and as this was a favorite game they all joined in the request for it. That was a royal rehearsal that afternoon. They caught the spirit of the time, and their teacher said she was sure she saw them grow while engaged in it.

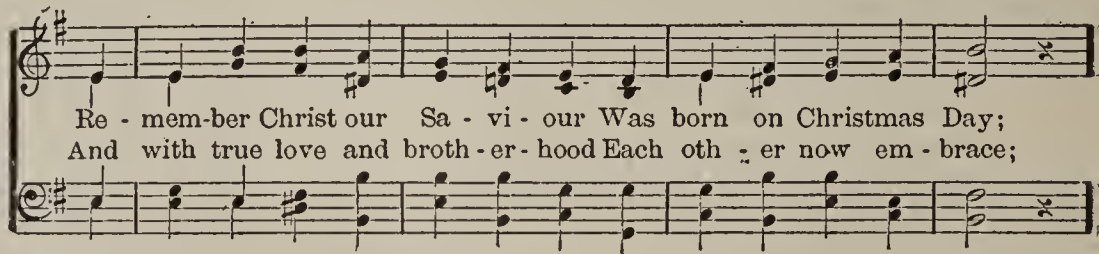
During the month, Miss Kingwood visited several other rooms in the building and came away from them with encouragement and new zeal. She noticed one teacher in particular who made no effort to turn out a number of students exactly alike, but with a most inspiring disregard for conventionalities she allowed the greatest freedom in the way of doing and saying things. Miss Kingwood took particular note of this, for she was impressed with the independence and

God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen

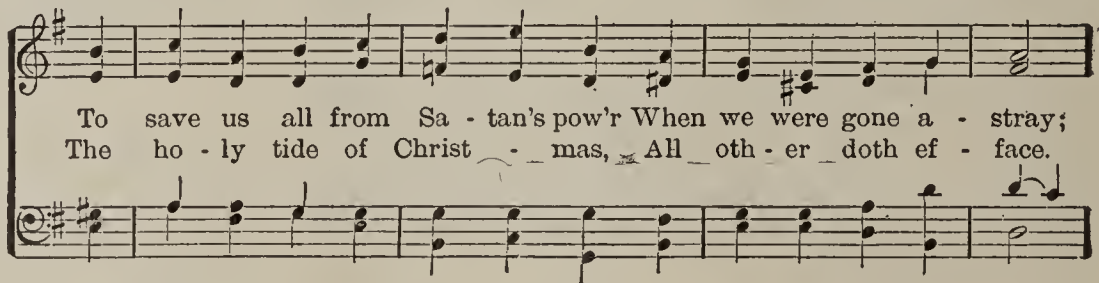
OLD ENGLISH CHRISTMAS CAROL.



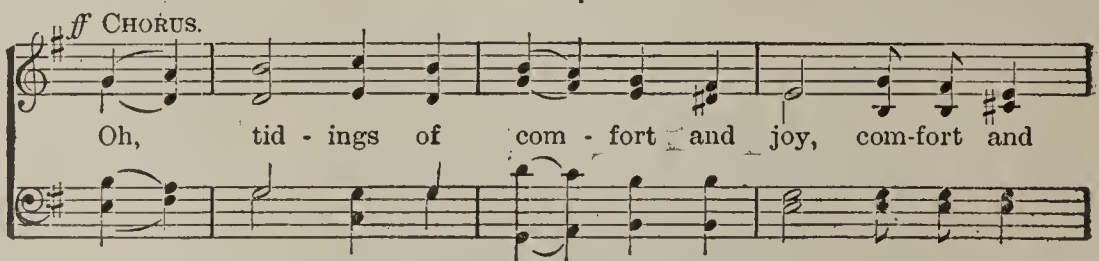
1. God rest you, mer-ry gen-tle-men, Let noth-ing you dis-may,
2. Now to the Lord sing prais-es, AH you with-in this place,



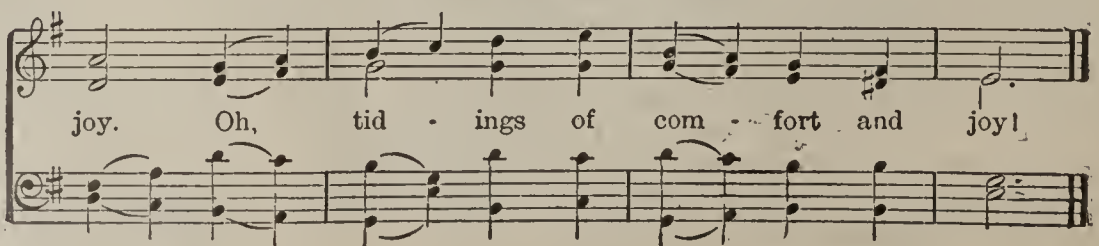
Re-mem-ber Christ our Sa-vi-our Was born on Christmas Day;
And with true love and broth-er-hood Each oth-er now em-brace;



To save us all from Sa-tan's pow'r When we were gone a-stray;
The ho-ly tide of Christ-mas, All oth-er doth ef-face.



CHORUS.
Oh, tid-ings of com-fort and joy, com-fort and



joy. Oh, tid-ings of com-fort and joy!



clearness of expression of many of this teacher's class, and she said, "Here is one giving her life that these may have more abundant life," and she went out of her presence inspired. While she was in this room they were having a lesson in literature, and under the magic touch of the teacher the children seemed to be inspired; and that mysterious something is contagious. Miss Kingwood felt the charm of a noble spirit in tune with the poet's holy vision and she returned to her own little flock with a halo of glory around her purpose which to her was life, for with her to purpose a line of school work was to do that

work. It is true that the children in school appreciate much that seems beyond their understanding, but in literature the heart feels even if the intellect may not reveal the line of life on which the story hangs.

Out of this room on this particular day Miss Kingwood came with conviction that children may memorize poems the meaning of which may not be explained to them, and thenceforth the nobler stanzas of great poems found their way into the child mind along with the simpler rhymes and plainer tales.

A few days after this visit she brought into the room a picture of Eugene Field, the children's poet, and placed it where all the children could see it. She then asked if any of them knew whose picture she had brought for them, and as usual all wanted to tell, at least each one knew some one that he thought it looked like, or that looked like the picture. A number of them said, "It is Professor Brown." Now Professor Brown was the principal, and the ideal man in the estimation of many of the children, if not of all. Strange, how a good teacher takes the place of all others, even of father, in the mind of the child in school. But Professor Brown was the one man they knew, really knew, outside of their homes. Once Miss Kingwood told me that she was sure the teacher, not only in school work, but in every way, is the model by which the child creates his ideal, and that children are influenced more than we think, by the physical appearance of the teacher.

To prove her position she used this incident. It happened one day that Miss Kingwood wore a black guard on her watch, and one of her pupils when he went home from school that evening and was greeted kindly by his mother as was her habit, noticed that she wore a gold chain on her watch. Johnny looked at her for a few moments and then

asked, "Mamma, why don't you wear a black string on your watch like Miss Kingwood does?"

I wish that every teacher might realize the influence she has in the lives of the little ones committed to her care. If we might see the shores to which the waves may reach, how much truer teachers we would be.

But to go back to our lesson—she told them it was the portrait of a good man who had a little boy of his own, and who loved all little children. His name was Eugene Field, she said, and then she told them stories of his life in such a way that that made the children feel that Field had loved them. She laid particular stress on the fact that he was ready at any time to lay aside his work that he might have an opportunity to tell them stories, to sing them quaint lullabys, or to calm a children's quarrel. She told them how he always bought toys of some kind, a drum, a pop-gun, a dolly, a boat, or candy to take to his own children; or for some little one he perchance might meet. She told them that it was said of Mr. Field that at one time he had gathered together twenty-six dolls and had them ready for any who might be without a doll, and that his great pleasure was to bring pleasure to the one to whom a doll was given.

And then to my surprise she sat down among the little ones and talked on with them about Eugene Field and his verses. She said his poems were filled with good things, the things that children like best, and that they had the true child heart, "and," said she, "grown up people all over the land grew to love him just as the the children did, and when he was alive they wanted to hear his verses from his own mouth because he could read and tell them better than anyone else."

"One time," she continued, "he took his little boys to a town not far distant where he was to give a reading that evening. During the entire time that he was reading for the people these two little boys sat on the front seat and with eyes and mouth wide open listened to every word their father uttered. When the meeting was over and they had gone to the home of a friend, where they were to spend the night, Mr. Field said to his boys, 'Well, boys, how did papa do to-night?' The boys quickly replied, 'Oh, papa, you never did better in your life.' This pleased the great man and he said it was the greatest compliment he had ever received. I think it was a great tribute from a six-year-old boy."

After Miss Kingwood had talked in this way for some time to the children, and they seemed to realize that Mr. Field was their friend, too, she read for them "Little Boy Blue," and then told them that if they had gone to Mr. Field's home while he was alive they would have seen the little toys covered with dust just where Mr. Field's little boy had placed them the night before the angel came for him. One little girl in the class who read and memorized poems in a remarkable manner said, "Miss Kingwood, Mr. Field wrote 'Little Boy Blue' after his own little boy had died," and noting her intense interest in the matter she asked her how much of it she knew. The little girl replied that she knew it all, and

Miss Kingwood asked her to repeat it, when with voice eloquent with emotion she began,

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands,
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.

That was an elocutionary entertainment worthy the greatest of audiences. As the child went along not missing a word or sound, with her heart throbbing and an expression of something more than of this earth on her face, the school was impressively silent, but the light in the eyes of the children showed that they were living thru the story with the reader.

Following up the interest aroused in this kind of literature, Miss Kingwood in a few days gave the children that most beautiful poem "The Dutch Lullaby," and told them it was one of the most nearly perfect poems ever written, and as she read it the children seemed to float away

"Over a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew."

These poems always brought delight to the children and space will not permit even a reference to the many, many lessons incidentally learned while doing this work. Miss Kingwood found, as every earnest teacher will find, that time was all too short to do what she felt ought to be done with this phase of her work.

Another day she took up the story of the first Thanksgiving, and I was astonished at the geography and history work these little ones did. I noticed that on special occasions there was a great deal of formal work, and so it was with this Thanksgiving lesson, but these wise little tots caught the spirit of the true thankfulness of doing for other and in giving to others, and they took especial delight in the lines,

" 'Tis loving and giving
That makes life worth while,
'Tis loving and giving
That makes life a song."

And this sentiment seemed to be their motto, the guiding star in their work.

This lesson on thankfulness was brought to a close the day before Thanksgiving, at which time the children had a literary program, and every one in the school took part. The parents were invited to come in. The children strung grains of pop corn, brought fruit, and every one was anxious to help decorate the school-room, for mama and papa were coming tomorrow. A huge "Jack-o-lantern" was placed in each window, the curtains were drawn, the lanterns lighted and every one was so full of joy and entered into

the occasion with heart and soul so full of purpose that there was no chance for failure. The morrow came and with it the children and their parents with baskets of supplies. These were set around the platform while the exercises went on, and one could see here and there peeping from under covers, such articles as potatoes, apples, bread, meat, and all sorts of food. After the program was completed, Miss Kingwood spoke a few words and the supplies were taken by the grown people to the homes of those who were not favored with plenty of food for the next day's dinner. Many of the parents tarried to talk of Susie, or Jennie, or John, and from this brief conference with these earnest mothers Miss Kingwood gained great help for the days yet to come.

As the patrons left the building on this occasion they remarked one to the other, "They were right, she is different from other teachers we have had," and from their words of encouragement Miss Kingwood concluded that her work so far had not been in vain. She felt that she was getting acquainted and that a bond of sympathy between herself and the parents as well as the children had been established, and that as the years went on it would not be broken.

Her's was a high resolve that day to live worthy her opportunity and to bring to these little ones the riches of knowledge thru the riches of love and devotion to life and life's enlargement thru the means afforded by Nature and Nature's God.

The First Nowell

OLD ENGLISH CHRISTMAS CAROL

1. The first Now - ell the an - gels did say, Was to cer - tain poor

shepherds in fields as they lay, In fields where they lay keep - ing their

sheep, On a cold win - ter's night that was so deep. Now - ell, Now -

ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Born is the King of Is - ra - el

The Christmas Month.

The Thanksgiving season to which the children had looked forward with such eagerness had come and gone. But the interest did not abate, because Miss Kingwood always had some new vision, and she was so skilful in drawing aside the veil that the glimpse thus afforded became a mighty power in urging the little ones into exploration of the new-found realms of thought and fancy.

With the December days she felt new responsibilities. The whole silent world seemed a veritable fairy land of beauty, and this in itself was an inspiration to Miss Kingwood, but while the external environment had its influence, the presence of the children was her great source of strength.

In spite of the drifts of snow and the biting zero weather, almost every child was present every day. The teacher and her pupils by this time had become such fast friends that if one were absent it seemed as if one instrument out of a great orchestra were silent. They had reached that point at which each seemed to live for the other. One mother said, "Miss Kingwood, my little boy just loves you." Miss Kingwood felt that it was not so much what she could teach, as what she could do in suggestion, that would enable the children to create for themselves ideals. She believed that the child must himself set free the divinity that is within him, and to that end she planned this Christmas lesson.

On these winter days the warmth and cheer of the school-room was in marked contrast with the cold and storm without, and it in fact did service in the work on hand. Then there were days when the calmness of the weather and the whiteness of the snow came to her aid. She marshaled all these forces into her service. The children wanted to sing. Mary Knight had heard "Tiny Little Snow Flakes," and others came to know of it. They wanted to sing it, and it was but a short time till all knew both words and melody.

They talked of the snow, uses of the snow, winter sports, of the little people of the north. They learned about the Eskimo, the Laplander, the reindeer, the arctic dogs, and other animals of the far north. Miss Kingwood found this a great season for nature study. And in speaking of the richness of these experiences, she said, "After all this is the only way." I asked her what she meant and she replied, "Why these unstudied lessons in nature, these unbidden opportunities for investigation which march in legions before you, when you go to seek the better life. I look for facts that will enable the children to build air castles, in the true sense, and nature and the spirit bring facts, facts, facts, all in relation." The joy of this school work is in seeing these relations.

In running along with experiences of snow and storm, the fuel and food and home comforts, they came to the place for the story. Miss Kingwood never said, "to-morrow we shall have a story," but when the time came the story was in waiting, and was given in such a way that it accomplished what it was intended to accomplish. On the day I have in mind she read to them Hawthorne's "The Snow Image." No one can know how these children sympathized with the little snow sister, and

how they lived thru the story as with inspiring touch the teacher read.

The Christmas spirit was everywhere. The Christmas atmosphere pervaded the work of the entire month. The desire of Miss Kingwood was that the happiness of the children should be unlimited on this Christmas-tide. Her tactful leading revealed the joyous, trustful, unconscious-of-self, affectionate child-nature, which is the best semblance of what might be on earth. The teacher's part in keeping that pure nature of the child, a bit of heaven we might say, is a sacred trust, and Miss Kingwood realized that the Christmas season is especially adapted to cultivate the joyousness of childhood.

Of course, the children wanted to talk about Santa Claus. Who ever heard of a Christmas without a Santa Claus? The children wrote letters to "Mr. Santa Claus," and made known to the dear old saint their wants. Tom Baker's joy was full when it came to this, for ever since the day he had written for a sled, Christmas and the sled had been uppermost in his mind. Some parents were heard to say, "There is nothing in it," and one asked his child, "Did Miss Kingwood say there is a Santa Claus?" Oh, if we could but educate the parents who do not understand, we would offer the children the means for more abundant life.

Miss Kingwood spoke truly when she said,





"Yes; I believe in Santa Claus, a real genuine one; overflowing with Christmas love and good cheer. He typifies Christmas love, or that love which prompts us to make others happy." To her it seemed only a step from the Thanksgiving lesson of gratefulness for the things of earth to the gift of the Christ Child, so from the first day of the month till Christmas Eve there was constant study of things in relation to this the greatest event of all history. Especially helpful were the periods devoted to the study of the pictures of Jesus as presented in copies from the world's great masterpieces, and wonderful strength was gained by appropriate poems, such as "Christmas Bells," "Twas the Night Before Christmas," and "The First Christmas."

With the children; Miss Kingwood painted a picture, beginning with the nature thought of the meadow, the sheep, the shepherd, the hills around the little Judean town, and as the picture grew, it took definite shape for the background of the "Coming of the Christ Child." Then when the advent was laid before their vision the picture was complete. Then came the sweet story of the "Babe of Bethlehem." It was given to the children in such a way as to carry them thru from His coming to His departure, and left in their lives the outline for a motive which was designed to lift them into higher and higher phases of living.

Passing from the historic recital, Miss Kingwood asked, "Shall we make gifts?" The hearty response was, "Oh, yes, let us give gifts, too." So Miss Kingwood promised them that before long they might make presents for mother and father. God have pity on the child who knows not the love of mother or father, but such a child adapts itself to conditions and selects some one on whom to bestow its love. The time for work came.

The children were overjoyed at the

thought of making gifts and of surprising their parents. Even careless Paul took extra pains with his writing, and Sara worked doubly hard with her numbers. So they all went to work. The busy little fingers fairly flew. Miss Kingwood knew she had a task of vast magnitude, but when she looked into the faces of the children she received inspiration for the work and the gifts were soon finished. They made raphia napkin rings tied with dainty ribbon for mother, and a blotter shaped like a stocking for father. It was "fun" they said, this cutting and working for others, and when the work was completed many little hearts throbbed with unutterable joy. Little as the gifts were, the experience meant so much to the children and their parents. They had learned the beautiful lesson from

FLOWER AND WEED.

Unto our Lady's altar
Two little children came;
High through the painted casement
The sun shone like a flame;
Outside the birds were singing,
The day was nearly gone,
And there like frozen music,
Our Mother's statue shone.

One bore the rarest roses
Culled from the hot-house store,
And one some tiny posies,—
Just common weeds, no more.
And when the gorgeous blossoms
Shone in a rosy drift,
Warm from his tired fingers,
The poor child laid his gift.

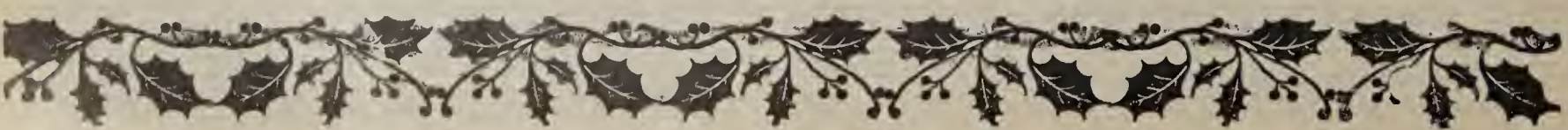
That night a radiant vision
Came down from angel land;
Our Lady smiled upon him,
And the weeds were in her hand;
And he knew then not the offering
Of treasures rare and fine,
But the love he gave her with it
Had made his gift divine.

—Selected.

The Christmas thought was further emphasized by having a Christmas tree, and the joyous occasion was fully rounded out by songs, stories, and poems, and as these little voices sang their glad Christmas anthem it seemed sweeter to Miss Kingwood and the many mothers present than their conception of that other song chanted over Judea's hills, and above the plains of Bethlehem, nearly two thousand years ago.

At the close of this day of special exercises, the teacher wished them a Merry Christmas, and with a cheery "Good-Bye," she was off for her holiday vacation with her mother, and whether her pupils went to homes where Christmas presents were heaped high on Christmas morning or to homes where Christmas presents were meager and rare, they went with memories and inspirations that made for better life in the days to come.

They had from the efforts of their teacher been able to obtain that which is better than any material gift—the Christmas spirit.



**A
HAPPY**



**NEW
YEAR!**

A Happy New Year.

A "Happy New Year" you can make it,
my dear,
By smiling and doing your best;
Be cheery and true the twelvemonth,
So shall the New Year be blest.
—Selected.

A New Year's Thought.

If from your soul no fresh desire
Leaps forth resolved to fully gain
The long-sought victory over self;
For you the New Year dawns in vain!
—ALMEDA E. WRIGHT.

The New Year.

May the year that is dawning,
So fresh and so pure,
Be full of the pleasures
That always endure.

The sunshine of love,
The joy of kind deeds,
The brightness of smiles
That the sad world so needs.

The kindly word uttered,
The angry unspoken;
The merry heart's laughter,
To heal the hearts broken.

And when the New Year
Has grown old and gray,
May you give it back spotless
And pure as to-day.
—Our Dumb Animals.

New Year Resolutions.

I.

There were three little folks, long ago,
Who solemnly sat in a row
On a December night,
And attempted to write
For the New Year a good resolution.

II.

"I will try not to make so much noise,
And be one of the quietest boys,"
Wrote one of the three,
Whose uproarious glee
Was the cause of no end of confusion.

III.

"I resolve that I never will take
More than two or three pieces of cake,"
Wrote plump little Pete,

Whose taste for the sweet
Was a problem of puzzling solution.

IV.

The other, her paper to fill
Began with, "Resolved that I will"—
But right there she stopped,
And fast asleep dropped
Ere she came to a single conclusion.
—Selected.

The New Year.

"Now, what is that noise?" said the glad
New Year,
"Now, what is that singular sound I hear?
As if all the paper in all the world,
Were rattled and shaken and twisted and
twirled."
"Oh! that," said the jolly old earth, "is
the noise
Of all my children, both girls and boys,
A turning over their leaves so new,
And all to do honor, New Year, to you."
—Philadelphia Teacher.

January.

I'm little January,
Perhaps you'd like to know,
How far I've come to greet you,
Across the fields of snow.
Perhaps you weren't expecting,
I'd be so very small,
Perhaps you're almost wishing
I hadn't come at all.

I've several little brothers,
And little sisters too,
And every one is coming
To make a call on you.
But I got ready quickly,
And came right straight off here,
To be the first to greet you,
This happy glad New Year.
—Philadelphia Teacher.

High and Low.

High and low
The winter winds blow!
They fill the hollows with drifts of snow,
And sweep on the hills a pathway clear;
They hurry the children along to school,
And whistle a song for the happy New
Year.
—Selected.

Good Bye, Old Year.

Goodbye, Old Year! I can but say,
Sadly I see thee passing away;
Passing away with hopes and fears,
The bliss and pain, the smiles and tears,
That comes to us all in all the years.
Goodbye, Old Year! With words of grace
Leave us to him who takes thy place;
And say, Old Year, unto the New,
"Kindly, carefully, carry them through,
For much, I ween, they have yet to do!"
—JOHN G. SAXE.



I BRING the frost
the ice, the snow.
Oh little children dear
Many a frolic may you have
Throughout this glad
new year.

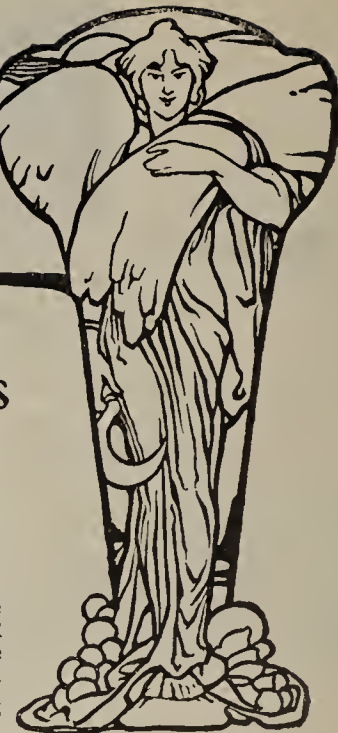


Hints and Helps

Plans,
Methods,
Devices, and
Suggestions

from the
Workshops
of many
Teachers

This feature, originally planned for *Institute and Primary School*, has proved so popular with teachers that it has been copied by nearly every educational periodical in the country. *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* will continue to publish the best to be had for this department. The Editor would like nothing better than that he might be able to visit the school-rooms of every one of the hundred thousand teachers who will read this magazine. What an abundance of good things he would find! But that cannot be. The next best plan is to have the teachers aid each other by writing out the devices and plans and thoughts that have proved most helpful to them. Will you not contribute from the store of your experience? A good book will be sent for every contribution accepted for this department.



A German Christmas.

A Christmas for the primary room may be arranged after a pretty German fashion, with a little tree for each child.

The trees should be evergreens about two feet high, and they can be set up in the damp sand of a long sand-table. The trees should be simply decorated with a few candles, a gay bag of popcorn, another of candy, a tiny cake, and the gift of the teacher to the child.

A little cardboard heart with a number in the center should be tied to the topmost bough, and the child draws a similar numbered heart from a basket, and thus finds his tree. The gifts should be uniform in price, tho including a variety of articles.

My children were delighted with this Christmas, and took the little trees home to be a joy for days.
California. MABEL KIMBALL.

An Exhibit Day.

As a rule too little is known by parents of the actual work of the school. Having an exhibit day will help to a better understanding.

The work done by the children,—writing, drawing, stories, dictation exercises, stick-laying, paper cutting, sewing, and modeling—can be displayed, and parents will have an opportunity to compare the work.

For such an occasion little invitations may be sent out, and the school-room be attractively arranged in Japanese style, with posters, lanterns, fans, and paper apple blossoms, and the platform transformed into a miniature tea-house, where two little girls in kimonos can serve tea.

California.

MABEL KIMBALL.

The Blessed Country Teacher.

I have just received the October number of *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* and have read every word of it from beginning to end. I think the combination is an improvement altho all of the other papers were excellent and helped me a great deal in my school work. I get so many good suggestions from the various teachers that I wish I could

send something in return. I am only a rural school teacher but think I have the finest school in the state. My little white school-house stands on the hill overlooking that treacherous river "The Old Muddy." I have been teacher of this school for three years and my thoughts from the rising to the setting of the sun are of it, trying to think of some new plan or device which will interest my scholars in their work. It is all I live for while I am in the work and I hope when I am thru with the school or they are thru with me I have left either by words or actions an impression upon my scholars which will make them better and nobler citizens of our great country.

I wish to thank Prudence S. Jackson for her little suggestion on whispering. I have tried it and it seems to work like a charm. It is as she said—the children take interest when their names are written in a place where all see them.

I was going to give a few of my devices, but feel as tho I have already taken up too much room. Will do so in a future edition.

Iowa.

M. M.

For Weather Prophets.

As an amateur farmer, I am interested in the weather. I have gathered meteorological data for years, but as yet have not found the slightest basis on which to ascertain the state of the weather even twelve hours ahead.

The government weather predictions are very faulty, and as many laymen claim they can predict the weather more accurately than the weather bureau, without any of the elaborate apparatus of the government, I hereby appeal to all the weather prophets of this country to enter a thirty day contest. I will give to whoever predicts the weather most accurately and will tell for the benefit of the public by what methods he arrived at his conclusions \$100 cash to repay him for his trouble. If the editor will kindly publish this and aid in advancing the science of meteorology, I will be grateful.

F. R. FAST.

97 Nassau street, New York.

Ciphering Matches.

My pupils are always delighted when I tell them they may have a ciphering match on Friday afternoon.

I ask one of the pupils in the lowest grade in my room to go to the blackboard. He chooses one of his classmates to cipher with him, and I dictate such work as they do daily in arithmetic. Of course, if the pupils are from primary grades (and mine are), the exercises are very easy, as, $5+2=?$ $7-3=?$ etc. Both contestants begin working at the same moment, and the one who finishes first correctly is the winner. He then chooses another one from his grade to cipher with him and the one who was beaten takes his seat.

When all have been chosen from one grade, the last one at the board chooses from the next higher grade, and so on until all in the room have been chosen.

My pupils take great interest in these matches and work so hard to win, not on Friday afternoons alone, but in preparing for them during the week, that the matches can not help being a benefit as well as a pleasure.

Florida.

MRS. JESSIE G. VINSON.

A Use for Old Magazines.

It has been said that you can find a use for everything in a primary school-room. I, for one, have found this to be true. After cutting all the pictures that would be of service to me from my old magazines, I found that the printed pages were of service to me, also, for I could use them in various ways for language busy work. I cut the page in four parts by first cutting the two columns and then cutting the columns in half. It mattered not what the story was, there were simple words in it, and it could be used. One way in which I used these slips was to write on a piece of paper ten or twelve words that were found on the slip, and require the child to find the words on the printed slip, and underline them. Then again I would underline ten or twelve words on the slips and require them to write a sentence, using each of the underlined words. At another time I would underline thirty words and give them a sheet of paper divided into two columns, one headed "known" and the other "not known," and require them to place the words they could pronounce in the column headed "known," and those they did not know in the one headed "not known."

Virginia.

RUTH O. DYER.

Common Denominators.

Do you ever have trouble in getting your pupils to understand common denominator? If so give this a trial. $1-2-1-3=3-6-2-6=1-6$. Now, the trouble lies in getting the pupil to grasp the idea of a common relationship between the two parts, does it not? Then let's write the word *hog* in the place occupied by the figures of the denominator. Now we have 3-hogs—2-hogs=

1-hog. I have found this helpful. You can use grains, fruits, animals, trees, etc.

Mississippi.

A. M. CLARKE.

Mental Arithmetic Devices.

The average teacher has troubles of his own while inculcating ideas of mental arithmetic. Many pupils have their troubles upon the same subject, as well. Experience plainly teaches that a large number of pupils in all the grades solve problems or rather "do the question" for answers only. Numbers of them do not realize that there is anything of benefit to be derived from the careful study of a well-grounded solution.

Culture and accurate expression should be the prevailing motive in all solutions. When careful expressions are formed, then does the pupil habitually drift into a trend of proper thought, and who can deny the assertion that proper thought is the one great factor in solving problems in mental arithmetic, or for that matter any other problems? This said, we approach the crisis where troubles confront us in presenting this important subject in the class-room.

To adjust our methods so as to remedy the defect properly is truly a weighty task on our part; especially when we realize that pupils are all of diverse minds, and these minds are as various as their faces.

A method that has proved worthy of mention in my experience, in presenting the subject, may possibly not be amiss to some co-worker, if practically applied.

Insist on well formed and carefully worded solutions; especially in the lower grades, where the subject is being introduced or has been, recently. Insist that every pupil has a carefully prepared solution of every problem in the lesson, upon coming into class. Insist upon written solutions in their preparation, particularly in the lower grades. There is usually more accuracy manifested in a written solution than in an oral one, and it helps to lay the foundation for language or correct expression of thought. It develops thinking, the all-important factor in mental work.

Insist on correcting all noticeable errors in expression made during recitation period. Insist upon pupils' getting thought power rather than "answer getting." Insist upon pupils' making note of every problem which was not properly prepared, or which may not be thoroughly understood by the time the recitation period ends. Insist that every pupil keep a special note book where all such problems must be recorded for further preparation on the part of the pupil.

When certain subjects are completed, review carefully all difficult problems found in the pupils' note books, before introducing a new subject in the text. Continue this method with interest for one term, and the pupils, and perhaps the teacher, will by that time know that "answer getting" is not the only thing to be learned in mental arithmetic.

Pennsylvania.

J. T. HOFFMAN.

The Autobiography of a Teacher. III

By C. Hanford Henderson

Graduation and the Quest.

I COME now to my graduation. The last year at college was an extremely busy one. Had the general conditions of my life been less favorable, I should doubtless have counted myself overworked. As it was, I went into everything with genuine enthusiasm, and would certainly not have changed places with any one in all the round world. In my actual life there was much to make me happy, and the future was full of beautiful and alluring vistas. Under such conditions one can do a great amount of work and reckon it no task whatever. In spite of its obviousness, we do not sufficiently realize this in either our educational or social plans. I have read much of the discipline of sorrow; and, as things commonly go, we all, sooner or later, get enough of such discipline. I have worked, myself, in joy and I have worked in sorrow; and I have seen others do the same,—and I have noted the harvest. It seems to me that the deeper source of good performance is to be found in a genuine and wholesome joy.

Graduation is such a time for summing up results that I shall probably be ranging pretty freely on both sides of the actual event itself. I have already spoken of the wide field of intellectual interests offered by geology as being its

determining attraction for so general a mind as my own. It was characteristic of this same quality that during the four years of college life I took first prizes in mathematics, English, and economics, and that at graduation I should deliver an oration on Darwin. Such wide interests have naturally kept me from ever being a scholar in the modern sense of the word, but I cannot find it in my heart to regret them, for they have all conspired to make life so very well worth while.

The mathematical prize was given in the Freshman year for extra work in modern geometry. I have always regarded the taking of this prize as something of a triumph, for I began geometry, as I have already said, with tears in my eyes. I do not mean for a moment that it was a triumph in any personal sense, for even now I am not a technical mathematician, but I mean that it was a triumph to have overcome the initial difficulties sufficiently to grasp the inner and hidden beauty of the subject. Had geometry been an elective I fear that I should never have entered this garden of delight. As it was, I had a good and gentle teacher who made the subject transparently clear; and who really showed me what good teaching was. This and other experience gave me in time somewhat pronounced views on prescribed and elective studies.

It is essential to good teaching that children



God·Rest·You·Merry·Gentlemen·Let·Nothing·You·Dismay·

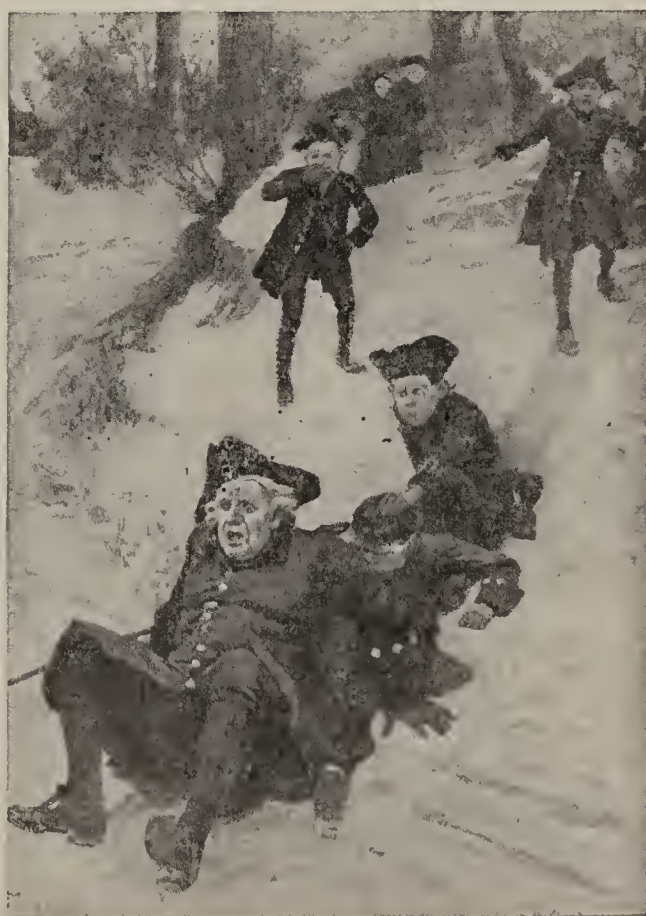
should study only what they are honestly interested in. But this principle is open to two interpretations. In the hands of the foolish it may mean that children must be taught only what they want to learn. In the hands of the wise it reads that children must be interested in the studies that it is desirable that they should learn. This vital difference of interpretation is, I think, at bottom the cause of all the controversy over the question of interest. It is one thing to take children's interests, ready made as it were, and play upon them for all their limited worth; and quite a different thing to create new and richer interests, and then utilize them for individual and social good. In a word, the principle of interest, in sound pedagogy, is more a question of teaching methods than of the curriculum itself, for it goes without saying that no subject ought ever be offered in any curriculum whatever that cannot be made the source of a genuine and helpful interest. And it also goes quite without saying that in determining the proper subjects of study a trained teacher is a far better judge than the most precocious child can possibly be, or even than the average parent.

I once made the mistake of thinking that children ought to determine their own studies in order that they might surely be interested in them. But I now see that the teacher's art is to *get* them interested in studies that promise to be helpful. Excessive specialization makes us moderns rather one-sided creatures at best. It is a pity to let education, and especially secondary education, mean anything less than the unfolding of the human spirit along the broadest and most catholic lines. No one but a veritable genius is qualified to select his life work until he is twenty or more. It is the business of the older generation to open wide the windows on life, to present the fair domain of human knowledge, to help the new generation to get its bearing and act intelligently. I believe, therefore, in prescribed school studies, the best, the broadest, the most illuminating possible, but prescribed; and even at college, in such influence or direction as will secure a broad and balanced course for all undergraduates. The lad must taste science and mathematics and the languages and the humanities before his grasp on the intellectual life is at all sure; and before he is in a position to judge what special lines of work are properly for him. In the best of our universities, the professional schools are open only to college graduates, and this seems a very practical argument for making the undergraduate course as broad and human and cultural as possible.

In the sophomore year there was only one prize offered,—I think it was in oratory—but as I had no gifts in that line, I did not even compete. I have always looked with envy upon those who could speak to advantage, and could carry their audiences with them. It has happened, curiously enough, that during the past few years I have given many lectures, but this has been not at all because I am qualified for such work, but solely because I have been interested in causes which lacked better spokesmen. It seemed finer to speak lamely than not to speak at all. The consciousness that no one can judge the performance more severely than I judge it myself has perhaps

been Spartan comfort and eliminated all embarrassment and nervousness. I even enjoy speaking. But to speak well requires an amount of physical poise and magnetism given only to the robust. I return so often to my own limitations, not in any complaining way—for in spite of its handicaps I have found life very good—but because these limitations, inconvenient as they are personally, have been a great help to me as a teacher. They have led me to emphasize what I am not myself; and to try to spare other boys what I found to be disadvantageous to me. In particular, I have been led to count good health and the accomplished body as the first essential in any rational scheme of education. It seems to me quite futile to teach boys and girls at such infinite pains and to omit the sound health that would enable them to make the teaching personally and socially effective.

The English prize came during the junior year. It was awarded for a special essay, the subject for that particular year being the progress of civilization as shown by the development of the metallurgic arts. I began, I presume, with Tubal Cain and ended with the successors of Sir Henry Bessemer. We should hardly think it wise nowadays to ask lads of nineteen to write essays on such tremendous topics, but those were somewhat discursive days, when the newspapers printed editorials on any one of the cardinal virtues, and every young man of real promise had a lecture up his sleeve on Socrates or Shakespeare taken in the large. My own essay was probably as illuminating as those of its class. It was the custom to announce the prizes at the annual commencement. A large part of the fun of gaining a prize was the perhaps questionable pride of having one's cleverness thus publicly advertised. The English prize, I remember, was number six on the list. When the provost came to it, he hesitated and fumbled



Xmas Fun on the Boston Common in Colonial Times.

From a painting by Forestier.

among his papers only to announce in the end that number six had been awarded, but that he had mislaid the name of the winner! It was a cruel disappointment, and I have often wondered how the provost could have failed to realize that it would be. Several weeks later, when I was up in the coal regions, I received official notification that the prize was mine, and still later the prize itself was paid me; but the joy had been quite squeezed out of it. When I recall the instruction in English, I think this prize must have been offered for a gift of nature, rather than for anything so artificial as human training.

During the senior year we studied economics. The subject was much less valued and much less highly developed then than now, and I fancy that the instruction was necessarily quite elementary. Our professor was an extreme protectionist, and being a brilliant talker, as most Scotch Irishmen are, he carried us all along with him. My own allegiance, however, was short-lived. As I came to think over his arguments they got to be less and less convincing, and I found myself a sincere doubter. Several years later, as assistant literary editor of *The Press*, it was a part of my work to review economic books. The political complexion of the paper naturally brought us all the extreme protectionist writings. It took only a small dose of this sort of literature to complete my own conversion to an opposite point of view, and I have ever since been an absolute free-trader. But whether a man is a protectionist or free-trader is not so much the result of the particular arguments that have been brought to his attention, as it is the almost inevitable outcome of his general attitude of mind on all social questions, and this, I think, is particularly true of older men who have reached some degree of consistency in their views. Among thoughtful persons, I sometimes amuse myself by silently predicting a man's economics from his religious opinions, or his religion from his educational views. In such enterprises the successes naturally make deeper impression than the failures, but in the main I feel as sure of these cross agreements as I do that brunettes will have contralto voices and blondes soprano.

The human side of economics appealed to me then, as it has ever since, so that my going in for the economic prize was not a mere *tour de force*, but was the result of a deep and genuine interest. The prize could not have been very difficult to win or it would never have fallen to any one of so slender an equipment as myself. It was awarded for a competitive essay, the given subject that year being "International Copyright." I took, of course, the affirmative position. My pleasure in winning the prize was considerably heightened when a rumor got abroad that the professor's own position was the opposite, and that he had disinterestedly given judgment against his own side.

In those primitive days—nearly a quarter of a century ago—it was the custom for all the upper honor men to prepare graduation orations, and patient commencement audiences were expected to listen to at least half a dozen of these baccalaureate efforts. Naturally it was the ambition of each honor man to have his oration accepted, but he could easily get out of delivering it, if he had any good and sufficient excuse. This repre-

sented my own case. Darwin had just died,—in the preceding April, if I remember correctly—and the subject was, therefore, particularly timely. I did my best in working it up, writing and re-writing until I had compressed a lot of facts into the prescribed limits, but I had no intention of delivering the oration. All I wanted was to have it accepted. To my surprise and consternation my mother objected to my begging off and quite insisted that I should attend the rehearsals and speak along with the rest.

It must be remembered that these commencements were great occasions, and, to a quiet boy, loomed up even larger than they really were. They were held in the Academy of Music, a fine old building whose proportions and acoustical properties made it at that time the best auditorium in America. It was designed by a German architect temporarily residing in Philadelphia, and, when new, ranked next to La Scala at Milan. This fact is apparently forgotten by those who propose, almost annually, to tear it down and put up a smarter structure. The provost sat on his throne of red velvet and gilt in the center of the large stage; the professors gathered around him like a defensive body of learning; the graduating class, in cap and gown, sat on each side of the stage youthful, radiant, and self-important. In front of all came broad bands of sweet June flowers, the quaint baskets and stiff old-time bouquets offered by loving friends as symbols of the laurels which each man of us was later sure to win. On each side of the stage were piles of silk umbrellas, silver-topped canes, books, and other articles a young man might be supposed to want. America was much poorer then than now, and presents had a utilitarian as well as a sentimental value. And then there was music. Between each oration, I had almost said between each announcement, so prodigal was it, the orchestra "discoursed" well-known and favorite tunes,—not too gay, for it was a dignified occasion, and not too somber, for at heart we were all merry and full of hope.

Beyond the footlights and the orchestra were the proud and happy faces of those who for us really made the occasion, the mothers and fathers, the sisters and sweethearts, the cousins and younger brothers. It was a time for family parties; the good old housekeeper who had helped my sister and me with our earliest reading was there to testify her ceaseless interest. This assemblage would doubtless look old-time now, but it had a tender grace about it which nothing could destroy. These mothers with the son-love in their eyes, these fathers clearing misty spectacles, these maidens of uncertain preferences, breathed into the scene an emotion which none of us could help but feel. It is the fashion to regard commencements as dreary performances. Perhaps they are; objectively speaking, but for me the old glamour still remains. And it is a great thing that each year we should be adding to the less sanguine forces of idealism all this new, strong hope.

It seems to me that the mothers were younger in those days. Now they are gray-haired, placid looking ladies. Then they vied with their daughters in youthful comeliness. My own beautiful mother was so girlish looking that even several years later she was several times mistaken for my

wife; and it came to be a common mistake to assume that my mother and sister were sisters.

I had never spoken in public, and I expected, with good reason, to be very nervous and stage-struck. But when the moment arrived, some larger, impersonal quality in the occasion took possession of me, and I even ventured to make some trifling changes in the memorized oration. I have always been glad that I did pluck up courage to speak. I think that very few persons heard what I had to say, and had they heard, it is more than doubtful whether they would have gained any juster estimate of Darwin and his great work. But it certainly gave my mother genuine pleasure, and it was good for me. It made it easier in later life to attempt enterprises which on the face of them seemed considerably beyond my powers.

A friend of mine, a musician, once used an expression which I have since treasured. He spoke of "the habit of success." My own successes at the university were all small. They could have been duplicated or surpassed by any one willing to give the same amount of time to the work. Lack of physique and of social ideal made me miss the larger human success which I should now hold to be vastly more important than taking prizes and coming out at the front. But I did gain, largely thru my mother's ambitious expectations, what was highly important for a shy, delicate boy to gain, and that was just this habit of success. Such things as I could go in for, I got myself into the way of requiring that I should win. I might have gone in for better things than I did, but one can only seek such good fortune as one sees. This idea of efficiency came to have a fixed place in my thoughts, and it made me take all defeat very hard. When I came in later years to formulate my ideas of morality, in *The Children of Good Fortune*, I found that success played a large part in all my fundamental conceptions. Morality means for me not a simple quantity, but a resultant of two factors,—worth and efficiency; worth in the ideal sought, and efficiency in the seeking. But I shall return to this later, and, I fear, many times, for this double moral yardstick is very exacting. When applied to our older and better organized systems of education it is prone to record high efficiency and doubtful worth; and when applied to newer systems it too often measures off a high degree of worth and a pitiable lack of efficiency. Either ingredient in excess is rather dazzling, and we come to believe in things and to praise things that are in themselves neither credible nor praiseworthy. In scrutinizing performance in general, two questions are always pertinent—was it well done? and was it worth while?

This will, perhaps, be a good place to speak of the beginnings of my literary work, for modest as the work is, it has played a determining part in my life as a teacher. During the last two months of college, I had what was for me a tremendous amount of writing on hand, no less than three separate essays in progress at practically the same time—a graduating thesis on the Coal Mines at Drifton, the essay on International Copyright, and the oration on Darwin. I was too little used to writing to do it easily, and my total instruction



in English had been curiously meager. The three essays, therefore, represented a large amount of work. I should be sorry to have to read them now, but I took genuine pleasure in writing them; and that counted for much. I had read a little of the English essayists, and had taken as my model a writer whom I should now be very sorry to imitate—Macaulay. As I recall the standard; it consisted in a succession of antithetical and balanced sentences that must have been very dreary to the ear, and quite incapable of expressing those finer shades of meaning upon which the true impression really depends. At that time these over-charged sentences were delicious morsels to my tongue, and I doubtless rolled them off at an appalling rate in both speech and writing. Indeed, I am afraid that I did not recover from this unfortunate taste for ponderous, early-Victorian English until several years later, when I came to read Matthew Arnold and Cardinal Newman. I have always felt a genuine gratitude to these men, for they did help to loosen my style, and they did show me, however partially I may have profited by it, how telling and beautiful is the mother tongue when one is content to be sincere and fluid and natural. I still turn to Matthew Arnold to thaw me out when I find that my own sentences are growing hard and metallic.

This taste of literary composition, little promising as it was, did serve to whet my appetite, and I determined, even before I was out of college, that I would eventually be a man of letters. I had not the courage to plunge in at once and make literature my profession, but that was what I meant to work round to. I have naturally wondered since what the result would have been had I gone in for letters immediately after graduation. Perhaps I should be writing better English than I am writing now, but perhaps, also, I should have less to write about. My mother with her magnificent faith in all my abilities gave me most helpful and generous encouragement. I think she honestly believed that I had only to select my department to become in the end a recognized classic. Another friend, in whose judgment I had much confidence, disposed of these airy literary pretensions by saying somewhat epigrammatically: "You may have taste, but you have no talent."

However, no one can say whether a man ought to write or ought not to write,—that is, no one but the man himself. The matter is personal and temperamental. If the impulse toward expression is there, it must find some vent, whether friends approve or publishers buy. My own writing was not so much a choice as a necessity. I had too large a surplus of nervous energy not to require some form of self-expression, and as other avenues were largely closed to me, I had either to

write or to suffocate. In reality my writing has been a great happiness to me. And in a large way it has been the most important part of my teaching work. It has given me a larger audience than I could hope to reach by word of mouth, and, more sacred still, it has brought me some of the best and most helpful friendships of my life.

Looking back upon the attitudes of my mother and my friend, I can see, of course, that both were exaggerated. But it seems to me that of the two, my mother's attitude was far the more helpful. There comes a time when one needs criticism of a most penetrating kind, and one is pretty sure to get it from the great, impersonal outer world, a world which properly regards neither intention nor effort, but solely the finished performance. When one has done one's best, one must be ready to meet this searching criticism, to welcome it, and to gain such lesson from it as one can. But it is quite different in the delicate emotional world of motive and impulse. Here criticism is paralysis. A home atmosphere which is constantly critical may protect us from poor writing and other mediocre performance, but it also has the tendency to rob us of the chance of better things. It is a great boon for boy or man to have home people who believe in him. I feel the same about school and college. It is the men and women who inspire, and not the critics, who are the true teachers. Even at the university my mother was my best teacher, for she believed in me. In her estimate of the value of my writings she was objectively quite wrong; but subjectively, as a spiritual motive, an inspiration, she could not have been more right.

There is a practical side to the writing habit which a teacher may wisely regard. If one can write acceptable English, and has something to say, literature offers one of those wholesome parallel occupations which add immeasurably to the joy and independence of any professional life. A teacher who can do nothing but teach is commonly a poor teacher, quite out of touch with life, and pitifully dependent upon the particular post in hand. And the same thing might reasonably be said of preacher or writer. By having two or more related occupations, it is quite possible to make each help the others;

and between them to live a much richer and more effective life. Personally, I am quite sure that my writing and geologizing have helped my teaching, just as I hope that my teaching has helped them. It is not necessary to be a Jack-of-all-trades, tho even this has, I think, a great advantage over its opposite narrow specialization.

When I came to graduate, at twenty, I had no immediate plans for the future. I had supposed that it would be difficult to obtain suitable work. I had no realization of the immense amount of work to be done in the world, or of the difficulty of finding acceptable workers. It may be that college graduates were somewhat rarer in 1882 than they are now; or it may be that my own friends were particularly thoughtful in looking out for me. At any rate, I recall that within a comparatively few months after graduation, a number



Christmas in the Olden Times.



Boys are Boys in All Ages.

of promising openings presented themselves, and the practical side of the quest came to be a process of exclusion. As I remember them, these offers included a junior mastership in mathematics in a boys' school; a post in the engineering department of the Pennsylvania railroad; an assistant's place on a railway survey in North Carolina; the post of assistant superintendent of a large gold mine in California; and geological work of considerable extent in the South. The variety is the thing that even now most impresses me. It helped to create my belief that, in America at least, one may literally pick and choose one's occupation. It is a tonic belief and I am constantly preaching it to my boys, for it still seems to me true—given, of course, fair average endowment and a reasonably good education. I ought perhaps, to add to these requirements; courage, since it is the lack of it that commonly enslaves the young.

One opening that I had anticipated did not present itself. At the beginning of the senior year it was announced that the student in geology who came out first at graduation would be made an assistant for the ensuing year. I think that the salary was to be a thousand dollars. I wanted the post very keenly, for I loved the student life and had a genuine devotion for geology. There were brighter fellows than I in the department; but none, I think, quite so industrious. It was, therefore, an easy matter to win first place. According to the published terms, the assistantship was mine to accept or refuse. Shortly before graduation, however, the professor sent for me and explained that while I had won the place, hands down as it were, he had decided to give it to another student, as he felt that my own health was somewhat precarious, and that outdoor life would be better for me. It was a bitter disappointment. I have no doubt that the professor acted for what he supposed to be my own best good, but it was several years before I felt quite right about it.

I thus narrowly escaped being a teacher of science before I was twenty-one. The post in mathematics had no attractions for me, chiefly, I think, because of my loyalty to geology. Teaching presented itself to me then wholly from the point of view of the subject, and not at all from the point of view of the art. It would have seemed to me a distinct treason to have accepted any but strictly geological work. I remember looking upon the fellows who went into business as somehow subtly disloyal to a higher calling. It did not occur to me to teach English, in spite of my interest in writing. For one thing, I should not have felt myself qualified, and for another, the teaching of English has always seemed to me rather fatal to the writing of it.

It was not until four years later that I began regularly to teach. But these intervening years were so full of adventure and experience that I count them among the most profitable years of my life. They were very hard years, but they meant so much to me personally that I can hardly imagine any immediate graduate study that would have yielded such human returns. I have been disposed to think ever since that it would be

a wise plan for most students to leave college at the end of their undergraduate course, and see something of the world of events before they go in either for teaching or graduate study. I should not like to think of my own life with the university left out. I feel very much as a young lad did whom I persuaded to go to college. When I inquired how he liked it, he replied most enthusiastically in the affirmative, and then added: "Why, sir, if I had not gone, I should never have known what I missed!" But in spite of this keen appreciation, I do feel that it is possible to remain in the academic world too long and too continuously, and so lose touch with that large world in the great open of life which it behooves each one of us to meet and to know. It is also true that the too-long doing of these ready-made academic tasks does rob a man of initiative and power. My own first plunge into the world of affairs was an heroic one. But I see that I must take it up in the next paper.



"The Past and Future of To-Day." A Breton Grandfather with his Grandson. This charming picture will form one of the illustrations in the article by Dorothy Wells about "Children of Brittany," which will be found in TEACHERS MAGAZINE for January.

There are said to be 439,596 teachers in the United States, of whom 27.8 per cent. are men. New York has 36,636, and Pennsylvania 30,640, while Nevada has but 319. Illinois, Iowa, and Ohio have more than 20,000 each. Arizona; Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Idaho, Indian Territory; Louisiana; Montana; Nevada; New Hampshire; New Mexico; North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, Rhode Island; Utah, Vermont, Washington, and Wyoming each have less than 5,000.

Robbie and the Others: Tales of a Real School-Room

By Alma Grant, Denver, Col.

Chapter IV. A Birthday Party.

AS the season advanced, the special days brought with them the usual amount of healthy excitement. The children listened to the thrilling tales of the heroic achievements of our forefathers, when the axe and the tomahawk were used to clinch arguments and advance the cause of civilization; when log cabins, wigwams, and war whoops were an expected part of it all, not to mention the harrowing experiences of the Puritan children, as compared with those of our own first grade.

But the special days were not confined to past history. On a conspicuous part of the blackboard there appeared every month an artistic calendar, seasonably decorated, bearing on it a verse to be remembered after the month had gone by, and often having the faces of the heroes pasted on the dates made noteworthy by their births, to make the stories that went with the days more interesting and complete. Each child's birthday was likewise noticed in some simple manner, as it occurred. At times Anne was asked to visit in the various homes of the children in her class, and when reasonably sure that their parents had had a voice in the matter, sometimes accepted an invitation.

Her judgment in this respect had been seasoned by experience, but her experiences were not yet ended, for Frieda Schultz was going to have a "birthday." Stella Lauberheiner and Josie Jereneck had each recently had one, and Robbie and Rachel had duly celebrated theirs, and in addition to the privileges of being allowed to mark off the day on the calendar with red crayon instead of white, in each case the event had been honored by a party. At all of these parties Anne had been a distinguished guest.

Frieda Schultz had not been invited to any of the parties, but now it was her turn, and Anne was not to be slighted. Indeed, she found before it was over that not only was she to be invited, but she was to help furnish quite an important part of the entertainment on this occasion.

It was about a week before the time, when Frieda first introduced the subject to Miss Howard: "Teacher, you should come by us next week, I gots me a birthday. It comes on Friday."

Recalling some of Frieda's peculiarities and her own recollections of other social functions of a similar nature, Anne gave a guarded reply this time, expressing appreciation of the favor but reserving an unqualified acceptance of the invitation.

But on the next and each succeeding day, the pleasure of her much desired presence was urged. "Oh please teacher, come by us! My big brudder, he comes, and our Annie, and my cousin and whole much odders. We want you to play with us, like in the stories you tell. Oh

please, teacher! Our Annie's teacher, she comes too."

"Where do you live? How far is your house from here?" inquired Miss Howard, the importance of the event increasing in proportion to the number of teachers invited.

"Oh you go one block down the street, den two out, den one more, und go in, und dere it stands. Taint far, shust a little ways. I'll wait after school and you can come home mit me und our Annie."

Now, tho Frieda's mother was a wash-woman, that was no reason why Frieda should be denied the privilege of celebrating her birthday as well as anyone else. In truth, it pleased Anne to think that any mother who worked so hard to earn her livelihood could feel like making merry over such events. So Miss Howard made Frieda happy by saying that she would go.

When at length the important day arrived, Miss Alton, "our Annie's teacher," and Miss Howard came to school clad in pretty, becoming dresses, enough of a change from their every day school-room apparel to evoke from the children those expressions of approval or delight, or whatever emotions were in sway, when with drawn breath and adoring eyes they furtively exclaimed, "Oh, how nice!"—"So I have when I get big!"—"And so I make my hairs too!"—"So nice, teacher!"

Little hands shyly patting, rubbing and touching Miss Howard's fine clothes, as she passed up and down the aisles during the day kept the admiration that was rampant in the atmosphere, as it were, constantly in mind, until self-satisfaction very nearly approached vanity in the heart of this weakminded young woman, so subtle is the effect of children's ways upon their victims.

Promptly after dismissal Miss Alton entered, duly escorted by "our Annie." Miss Howard noticed that both little girls were in their usual school day attire. No change had been made in their dress on account of the coming festivities. It was only a passing thought, however, as they left the school grounds.

The teachers, for a birthday gift and to add to the pleasure and plenty of the feast, had provided a generous contribution of nuts and candy, which parcels Frieda at once espied. "Oh, leave us carry dose!" seizing the packages and handing a part of them to her sister, as the teachers willingly assented to their plan.

They moved onward for several blocks, led a'long the streets by the children, until at length they passed thru a front yard occupied by a good-sized frame house, and on, into the back part of the lot, where there was a smaller house.

"Here it stands," said Frieda. Opening the door they entered. A woman was on her knees scrubbing the floor. A baby was penned up

with chairs on one side of the room. The air was redolent with the odors of steam, soap suds and garlic. As they stood there, the woman, Frieda's mother, looked up and rose to her feet, wiping her hands upon her apron, and with an unmistakable air of surprise greeted her very evidently unexpected guests.

"We have come to the party," said Miss Howard, after a slight pause.

"The party, what party? We gots no party here," said the woman looking cross.

"Why, Frieda said she had a birthday party to-day, and asked us to come to it," explained Miss Alton.

"Yas," insisted Frieda, "dis is my birthday, I am seven years old."

"Yas," said the woman, "she gots a birthday but she gots no party!"

"Yas, I have, see, mamma! Teacher's brung it."

"Where are the other children you were telling about that were to be here?"

"Oh, dey don't come, only shust you and Miss Howard."

The teachers made a brief call, during which no invitation to remove their hats or wraps was extended, while the children looked on with a slightly abashed expression, not enough of embarrassment, however, particularly to disturb their serenity. So Anne and Miss Alton with a feeling of having encountered one of the little ironies of fate, had to confess themselves victims of circumstances over which they had no control, and quietly made way for the "party,"

which had been so successfully, if innocently, provided for at their expense.

"It might have been pathetic, if some one else had taken the leading parts instead of us," said Miss Alton after they had left.

"Oh, Frieda and our Annie have been taking those places, right along! I shall hereafter make the social ethics of birthday parties a point to be dwelt upon, whenever the subject can be appropriately introduced," said Anne.



The Snow-Ball.

The sky is speckled with the snow,—

Keep the ball a-rolling!

Up and down the hill we go,—

Keep the ball a-rolling!

Small at first, but how it grows!

What care we for purple nose,

Ruby fingers, tingling toes!

Keep the ball a-rolling!

Trees are in their downy beds,—

Keep the ball a-rolling!

Blankets wrapped around their heads,—

Keep the ball a-rolling!

All together, with a will,

Up the lane and down the hill;

We are merry snow-birds still;—

Keep the ball a-rolling!

Giants make these, one by one,—

Keep the ball a-rolling!

Where they snow-ball just for fun,—

Keep the ball a-rolling;

From a single flake it grew;

Hour by hour, so fair and true,

Grow the good deeds that we do,—

Keep the ball a-rolling!

—Selected.



A Group of Mormon County School Children in Utah.

The Teaching of Civics. IV

By Flora Helm, Head Assistant, Robert Morris School, Chicago

Hero Worship: The Ideal.

IF we were to inquire what manifestations of animal life are the most primary in order of unfolding, and the most dominating as forces in existence, the psychologist would doubtless mention first: adapting the self to the environment by the acquiring of food, protection from natural elements, defense and offense with enemies.

For the second, he would doubtless select the instinct to continue one's species, under which would come the social instinct, sex manifestation, and propagation.

We find these primary instincts common to all forms of life, in varying degree, from the simple cell up to and including the complex organization of man.

When we consider man's primal instincts, we find that to these two we may add a third,—the tendency to idealize.

To idealize in its simplest manifestation is to conceive of something better or more desirable than what is. In its higher manifestation, it is to form a conception that the reason, imagination, observation, and experience combined define as the best or most desirable in that line.

This conception is high or low according to the stage of development of the race and of the individual.

No matter to how low a stage in the race of man we go in investigation,—the savage for instance, and no matter how degraded the individual,—the degenerate, for example,—there is found some primal manifestation of idealizing.

It may take the form of conceiving a greater amount of food or a less energy to acquire it; it may take the form of a poem, a song, a dream, a religion. Since this instinct of idealizing is universal, and since it is the first differentiating point between higher and lower animal life, and since it is the basic principle which leads to progress, it is obvious that the educator's work is to develop it by strengthening the power and refining and elevating the quality of the ideal conception.

It is axiomatic that to be great or to be good one must admire greatness and admire goodness.

High ideals then precede the cultivation of virtues; cultivation precedes the possession of them.

In first grade civics our special purpose was related to the first instinct, adaptation to the immediate environment.

In the second grade our special purpose, also based on this instinct, was the study of primary man's adaptation to his environment.

In the third grade let us have the special purpose concerned with the third instinct, that of idealization.

In the department of civics it is natural that this process should be specialized to human idealization. That is, in this study we are teaching the child to conceive high ideals of his knowl-

edge of people. Not ideals in art, nor in letters, nor in action of any kind only inasmuch as these are connected with the creator of the action. At this stage of civics our purpose is to cultivate a child's *human ideals*.

Subjects.

No matter how highly differentiated or specialized a man's or a race's ideals may be there are some features of mankind that are generally recognized as essentials to ideals. Among these are power, beauty, bravery, justice, charity, and service to others. These elements are especially prevailing and dominating among those civilizations that represent the greatest progress in evolution, the Greeks and the Norse peoples. A little study of history shows also that the great events of the world's history are owing to the possession of these qualities by man.

Method.

Let us make three steps out of our purpose:

First, to cultivate ideals in the concrete. A child that admires a character in myth or story or history or life is in the first stages of idealization. And, in this connection, let the teacher frequently *tell* the story. What charm can the expression of face, inflection of voice, and all the nameless subtleties of personal fascination throw around the *told story*!

Second, to separate abstract ideal elements from the character and crystallize them into definite form and name.

The kindergarten child knows instinctively that he likes Jack-the-Giant-Killer, but of course what it is that he admires in this character is a question meaningless to him. But the third grade child can understand that it is because Jack did something great.

From admiring the character of Jack-the-Giant-Killer, he passes into admiration of *power* in general.

From admiring the character of Cinderella, he passes into admiration of *goodness* in general.

From admiring a character, the child grows into admiring the qualities possessed by that character.

From the concrete we deduce the abstract. So let us with the further aid of the myth and the story enable the first grade child to separate the essential elements constituting ideals from the character and crystallize them in his mind as qualities. Let us cultivate his admiration for bravery, power, etc., by presenting these qualities to him first in a concrete form and then cultivate his admiration for them as abstract qualities.

Third, to lead him to see that those qualities he has learned to admire as ideals can be applied to persons and events in his own environment—the fireman who risks his life to save others' lives and their property; the policeman, who safeguards us from crime and accident; the light-house keeper, who guards vessels and their

occupants from the dangers of fog and rock; the man who watches ever from the shore that he may save the drowning person (life-saving service); the soldier and sailor, who lose life and limb that their country may give to all the rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

We add a list by way of suggestion for carrying out the purpose.

The Greek myths concerning Bellerophon, the Argonaut heroes, Hercules, Achilles, Ulysses, and others. (Strength, skill, courage, bravery, service to others.)

Leonidas and his Spartan followers. (Service to others, bravery.)

Horatius, Regulus, Cincinnatus, Caractacus, Boadicea, Androclus. How the Mountain was Clad, Bjornson. (Service for others.)

The Heimskringla myths that relate the prowess of Odin, the strength of Thor, and the lovingness of Balder. Also in this series the story of the god Wunseh or Wish. (Power.)

Story of Aladdin. (Power.)

The Niebelungenlied.

Story of William Tell.

Story of Arnold Winkelried.

Stories of King Arthur's Round Table of Knights. (Bravery, chastity, justice.)

Stories of Robin Hood and his band. (Bravery, generosity, justice.)

Stories of Canute, Alfred the Great, William Wallace, Robert Bruce, Sir Philip Sidney, Cromwell, Napoleon.

Story of the Pilgrims, John Smith, William Penn, Franklin, Wolfe, Washington, Putnam, Stark, Marion, Wayne, Boone, Clark, Fremont, Lincoln, John Brown, Civil War Soldiers.

Story of Grace Darling.

Story of Florence Nightingale.

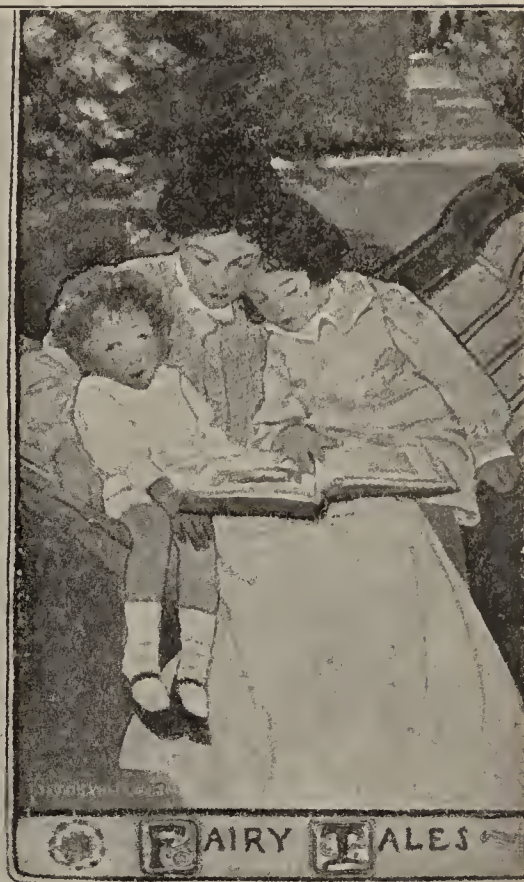
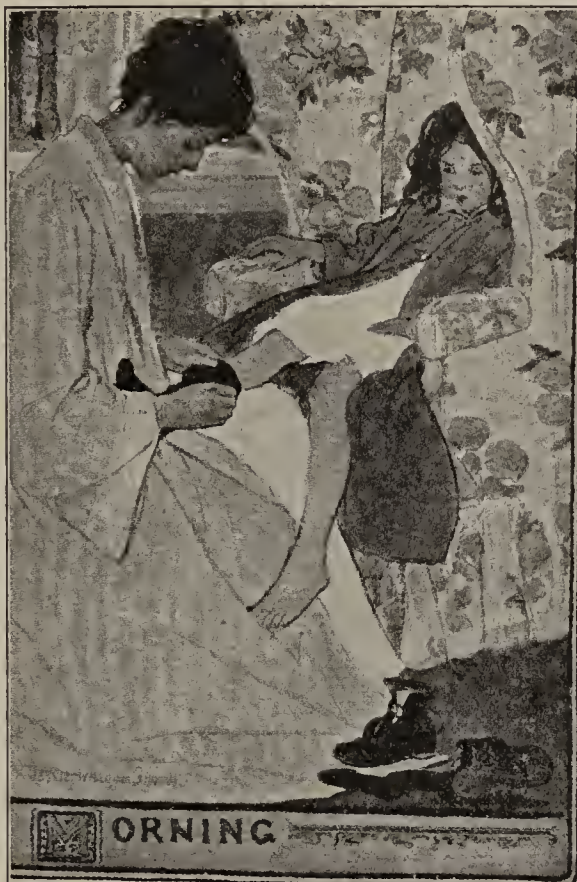
Patrasche (A Dog of Flanders).

The Leak in the Dike (a poem).

Newspaper clippings and magazine stories of the bravery, service, and faithfulness of policemen, firemen, light-house keepers,

life-saving guard, soldier, sailor.

"A race of nobles may die out,
A royal line may leave no heir,
Wise nature sets no guard about
Her pewter plates and wooden ware.
But they fail not, the mightier heed,
Who starry diadems attain,
To dungeon, axe, and stake succeed
Heirs of the old heroic strain."



Picturers of Motherhood, drawn by Jessie Wilcox Smith.
Reproduced from *Scribner's Magazine*.

Courtesy of the Publishers.





Christmas in Other Lands.

By OLIVE A. SMITH, Kansas.

An exercise for eight children, to precede the distribution of presents from a tree. Each child represents a country, wearing an appropriate costume, and, if possible, displaying a representation of the national flag while speaking. Curtain rises on a little girl dressed as "America."

1. Recitation—"America."

The Christmas tree is ready, now, and waiting,
The Christmas candles shining, clear and bright,
From far and near the joy bells, sweetly
ringing,

Tell their tidings of the holy Christmas night.

I've been thinking, since I read my morning
lesson,

Of those eastern lands, so far beyond the sea,
If I knew how all the children keep their
Christmas,

How very wise and happy I should be!

2. Seven Children enter repeating in concert:

To this land of the brave and home of the free,
We have come to keep Christmas, dear cousin,
with thee.

3. Recitation—Italian Child.

Come to sunny Italy,
And you'll quickly learn
How our famous Mother Goose
Fills our Christmas urn.

Little songs and verses
We carefully repeat,
When, on January sixth,
With our parents dear we meet.

Then, while candles glimmer,
And the bright fires burn,
We draw our gift so precious
From our Christmas urn.

4. Recitation—Austrian Child.

In my beloved Austrian land,
With reverent heart and loving hand,
We place in each window a candle bright,
That the Christ-child, passing, may see the light.

Were it not for our care, he might stumble and
fall,

He, the one who came to bring light to all.
Then we sing of the joyous Christmas morn,
Each one repeating: "The Christ is born."

5. Recitation—Holland Child.

I'm a little boy from Holland,
A land that belongs to the sea,
On the day you call December sixth,
St. Nicholas comes to me.

On that holy night we children
Remember the Christ-child's birth,
In the lowly Bethlehem manger,
When the angels sang, "Peace on earth."

Close together on the hearth stone,
We place our shoes of wood,
Each filled with hay and oats, for we know,
That the saint's white horse needs food.

And when we wake in the morning,
The boys and girls who are good,
Find beautiful presents hidden,
In the little shoes of wood.

And I'm almost ashamed to tell it,
It seems so very sad,
But awful rods are found in the shoes
Of the boys and girls who are bad!

6. Recitation—German Child.

In Germany we try to keep,
The holy Savior's birth,
By being kind to all the poor
And lonely ones of earth.

With warm and useful garments,
And many pretty toys,
We always send our Christmas cheer,
To poor little girls and boys.

7. Recitation—Norwegian Child.

Thru forest of pine and fir tree,
Across great drifts of snow,
To choose our own jolly Christmas tree,
We little Norwegians go.

Our papa cuts it for us,
And gayly takes it home,
Where, at five o'clock on Christmas eve,
The gifts begin to come.

We make feasts for all our creatures,
The birds and beasts all share
The joy that comes with Christmas,
Thru our tender love and care.

8. Recitation—Spanish Child.

We little dark-eyed Spanish boys and maidens,
On the night before our glad Epiphany,
Hide our shoes from good old King Balthasar,
Who comes across the desert far away.

His camel's laden with the precious presents
For all the anxious, waiting girls and boys,
And our brothers and our sisters, howe'er
distant,
Come home to share with us our Christmas joys.

9. Recitation—French Child.

Like my Holland brother I place my shoes
In the corner where Pere Noel passes thru,
On the night before Christmas our French
shops glow,

With a brilliance unknown in this land, I know.

No presents are found on our Christmas tree
For the older people, for, don't you see,
They say that the Holy One, meek and mild,
Came down to earth as a little child.

(All join hands and sing a Christmas song.)





Christmas in Italy.

In Italy the peasants celebrate Christmas by the building of a grotto representing the adoration of the Christ Child by the Magi, more or less true to life. The Child, wrapped in swaddling clothes, is placed in a manger, with Joseph and Mary at either side. Before them stand the three Magi. Over the grotto is a five-pointed star. There are also to be found angels, shepherds, and sheep, with often a castle in the background to emphasize the lowly birth of the *Bambino*. The figures are usually cut out of wood and the costumes are wrought by loving hands and with painstaking effort. The whole scene is placed upon an old sideboard or dresser. In the picture here shown the gaily-attired young girl is fixing the Christmas candles in the chandelier, and the candles will burn thru the greater part of the Holy Night. The joyful mother, with her first-born in her hands, feels something of the mystery of the scene symbolized before her. The playing nomads have entered to pay their homage to the Saviour, upon the ancient instruments. The woman in the foreground is plucking the chicken for the Christmas table, which takes the place of the turkey and goose, in Italy. Chickens and cabbage are the traditional presents exchanged between friendly peasant families on the day of the Nativity. The artist has made the scene very realistic, and typical of the celebrations in Meridional Italy.



Pieces to Speak for *Young and Old.*



Hilda's Christmas.

Standing apart from the childish throng,
Little Hilda was silent and sad;
She could not join in the happy song,
She could not echo the voices glad.

"What can I do on Christmas day?
I am so little and we are so poor,"
She said to herself in a dreary way;
"I wish there was never a Christmas
more."

"Mother is sick and father can't know
How children talk of their gifts and joy,
Or he'd surely try, he loves me so,
To get me just one single toy."

"But Christmas isn't for what you get,"
She heard a small, sweet, tender voice,—
"It's for what you give," said wee Janet,
And the words made Hilda's heart rejoice.

"It isn't our birthday," went on the mite,
"It is Christ's, you know; and I think he'd
say
If he were to talk with us to-night
That he'd wish us to keep it his own way."

A plan came into Hilda's head;
It seemed to her she could hardly wait.
"I can't give nice things," she bravely
said,
"But I'll do what I can to celebrate."

"I can give the baby a day of fun;
I can take my plant to the poor, lame boy;
I can do mother's errands—every one;
And my old kite I can mend for Roy."

"I can read to father and save his eyes;
I can feed the birds in the locust grove;
I can give the squirrels a fine surprise;
And grandma shall have a letter of love."

Now when that busy day was done,
And tired Hilda crept to bed,
She forgot that she had no gift of her own,
"What a lovely Christmas it was," she
said. | —M. A. L. LANE.

The Fir Tree.

O singing Wind
Searching field and wood,
Canst thou find
Aught that's sweet or good,—
Flowers to kiss awake,
Or dewy grass to shake,
Or feathered seed
Aloft to speed?

Replies the wind:
"I cannot find
Flowers to kiss awake,
Or dewy grass to shake,

Or feathered seed
Aloft to speed;
Yet I meet
Something sweet,
When the scented fir,—
Balsam-breathing fir,—
In my flight I stir.
—EDITH M. THOMAS.

Christmas Comparisons.

By ACHSA B. CANFIELD, Wisconsin.
What is brighter than the twinkling of the
candles on a heavy laden Christmas
tree?
'Tis the dancing eyes of little children
when the pretty sight they see.

What is merrier than the bells a-jingling,
jingling Christmas day?
'Tis the happy laugh of little children with
their Christmas fun and play.

What is sweeter than the Christmas can-
dies that good Santa brings to all?
'Tis the kisses that the children scatter
as they "Merry Christmas!" call.

What is better than to make the children
happy? Make joy come and sorrow
cease?
Oh! there's nothing that the old world
brings us can compare with Christ-
mas joy and peace.

A Christmas Good Night.

By ACHSA B. CANFIELD, Wisconsin.
(Air: "Merrily We Roll Along.")
Good-night, children! Good-night, chil-
dren! Good-night, children!
The Christmas tree is decked.
Brightly shine its tiny lights, tiny lights,
tiny lights,
Brightly shine its tiny lights 'neath the
popcorn snow.

Good-night, children! Good-night, chil-
dren! Good-night, children!
The stockings all are hung.
Gaily hang they in a row, in a row, in a
row,
Gaily hang they in a row from Grandma's
down to Babe's.

Good-night, children! Good-night, chil-
dren! Good-night, children!
Old Santa Claus will come.
Merrily he'll roll along, roll along, roll
along,
Merrily he'll roll along, with reindeer, bells
and sleigh.

Good-night, children! Good-night, chil-
dren! Good-night, children!

weet dreams till Christmas morn.
Merrily we'll laugh and shout, laugh and
shout, laugh and shout,
Merrily we'll laugh and shout, early on
Christmas morn.

Mothers Always Do.

By ACHSA B. CANFIELD, Wisconsin.
I made mama an apron, I tried to sew it
true,
And I'm sure she'll think it's lovely—
mothers always do.

I crocheted papa's slippers, they look so
fine and new;
Of course my mother helped me—
mothers always do.

I knit a ball for baby, of soft yarn, red
and blue;
My mother showed me how 'twas done—
mothers always do.

I want a ring for Christmas and another
dolly, too;
Mother said she'd write to Santa—
mothers always do.

Autumn Fires.

In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers;
The red fire blazes,
The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons,
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall.
—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Christmas Selection.

Please, sir, I wish you'd tell us
The shortest road to go.
We want to find Kris Kringle
We children love him so,
He brought me Rosybella
And Jack this lovely sleigh—
Please, sir, we'd thank you kindly,
If you'd tell us the way.
We started off quite early
'Fore the sun could melt the snow,
'Cause we heard he lived in Iceland,
Where on sleds they always go.
And I've saved some bread and butter,
And a cake for little Jack,
So please tell us the way, sir,
For we have to hurry back.

The way to Christmas land, dear,
Is that the thing you seek?
First take the path named "Flight of
Days,"

And then a lane named "Weeks,"
Then turn at the fourth corner,
"Months" road you'll surely meet,
And as you travel on it,
Wee maid, be kind and sweet.
Eleven roads you'll find, dear,
That are very much like this,
Tho some are warm and others cold,
The way you'll never miss.
So travel slow but sure, dears,
Till on the last you stand,
Then looking down the lane of days
You'll see the Christmas land.

Winter.

The frost is here,
And fuel is dear,
And woods are sear,
And fires burn clear,
And frost is here
And has bitten the heel of the going year.

Bite, frost, bite!
You roll up away from the light,
The blue woodlouse and the plump dor-
mouse,
And the bees are still'd and the flies are
kill'd,
And you bite far into the heart of the
house,
But not into mine.

Bite, frost, bite!
The woods are all the searer,
The fuel is all the dearer,
The fires are all the clearer,
My spring is all the nearer,
You have bitten into the heart of the
earth,
But not into mine.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

Winter Time.

Late lies the wintry sun abed
A frosty, fiery sleepy-head;
Blinks but an hour or two; and then,
A blood-red orange, sets again.

Before the stars have left the skies,
At morning in the dark I rise;
And shivering in my nakedness,
By the cold candle, bathe and dress.

Close by the jolly fire I sit
To warm my frozen bones a bit;
Or with a reindeer-sled explore
The colder countries round the door.

When, to go out, my nurse doth wrap
Me in my comforter and cap,
The cold wind burns my face, and blows
Its frosty pepper up my nose.

Black are my steps on silver sod;
Thick blows my frosty breath abroad;

And tree and house, and hill and lake,
Are frosted like a wedding-cake.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

December.

December, oh, December, dear,
We know your laughing face,
And who that jolly fellow is
Who drives at such a pace.

The prancing deer, the jingling bells,
The sleigh with toys heaped high,
Proclaim to every child on earth
That dear St. Nick is nigh.

—LIZBETH COMINS.

Winter.

Old winter is coming; alack! alack!
How icy and cold is he!
He's wrapped to his heels in a snowy
white sack;

The trees he has laden till ready to crack;
He whistles his trills with a wonderful
knack,

For he comes from a cold countree.

A funny old fellow is winter, I trow,
A merry old fellow for glee;
He paints all the noses a beautiful hue;
He counts all our fingers and pinches
them, too;

Our toes he gets hold of thru stocking and
shoe,

For a funny old fellow is he.

Old winter's a rough old chap to some,
As rough as ever you'll see,
"I wither the flowers wherever I come,
I quiet the brook that went laughing
along,

I drive all the birds off to find a new
home;

I'm as rough as rough can be."

A cunning old fellow is winter, they say—
A cunning old fellow is he;

He peeps in the crevices day by day
To see how we're passing our time away,
And mark all our doings, from sober to
gay;

I'm afraid he's peeping at me.

—Selected.

Winter's Coming.

Go bring the sled
From out the shed,
Hunt up your mittens, boys;
For well I know
There'll soon be snow,
And then for winter joys.

We'll build a fort;
Oh, boys, what sport!
So pile the snow-walls high!
We'll have a fight
With bullets white—
Ah, won't the snowballs fly!

Hurrah! my chums!
The snow-storm comes,
Ah, now's the time for fun!
The flakes fall fast,
It snows at last,
The winter is begun.

Oh, oh, oh, oh,
Just see the snow,
The ground is almost white!
To-morrow, boys,
For fun and noise!
I hope 't will snow all night.

—Selected.

O, White, White World.

We live in a white, white world
That's only one day old,
'Twas turned to white all in a night,
When earth was still and cold.
When the day came up the hills
The frost king followed on,
And he worked and worked, and never
shirked,

Till day was past and gone.
And we cry, "Brown world, adieu, adieu!
And hail to the world that's white and
new.

—IDA SCOTT TAYLOR, in *Living Thoughts
for all Ages*.

Mother Earth's Bedquilts.

Four bed quilts are yearly folded and
spread

On Mother Earth's old trundle bed.
The first, a brown and white old thing,
She puts on in the early spring.
The summer one is green and bright,
With four-o'clocks, nodding left and
right,

And then when winds begin to blow,
She spreads a red quilt on, you know.
She sews it thru with yellow thread;
It makes an autumn leaf bedspread.
And by and by, all in a night,
She spreads her quilt of snowy white.

—S. RAYMOND JOCELYN

Kittie to Santa Claus.

Jolly old Kris, what a fellow you are,
Riding all over the world in the air,
Sliding down chimneys thru ashes and
smoke,
Fur-covered Kris, you're a regular joke.

How do you manage to carry such loads?
How do you manage to keep the right
roads?

How do you know all the good girls and
boys?

Why don't we wake with your clatter and
noise?

How can you guess what we all would like
best?

How can you please all "the birds in the
nest"?

What are you doing the rest of the year?
Sleeping, I s'pose, with your little rein-
deer.



Oh, how I'd like to know true if you look
Jolly and fat like the one in the book,
I'd keep awake, but I know that you stay,
When children are watching, quite out of
the way.

Kriss, when to-night you come round
with a whirl,
Do'nt forget Bessie, the washwoman's
girl;
Bring something pretty, for last year,
you know,—
That was a chimney where Kriss did'nt
go.

How does it happen you like the rich best,
Giving them much and forgetting the
rest?

Kriss, that's all wrong, and it is'nt the
way;

All should be equal on Santa Claus' day.

Kriss, good old Kriss, I'm afraid you'll be
mad;

I was just joking, don't put me down bad,
If poor Bessie's chimney is crooked and
small,

Never mind going to Bessie's at all.

Bring up her playthings and put them
with mine,

Wrapped with a separate paper and twine;
Soon as it's day, poor sick Bessie I'll see,
And give her the package you leave here
with me.

—Selected.

Who's the Rogue?

A roguish old fellow is prowling about
In field and in garden; you can't keep him
out.

No matter how tall
You build up your wall,
He'll find a way over in spite of it all.

On the glass of the window his pictures
you'll see,

A grand exhibition (admission is free);
He works hard at night

While the stars glitter bright;
But when the sun rises he keeps out of
sight.

He'll sketch you a snow-covered moun-
tain or tree,

A torrent all frozen, a ship out at sea.
He draws very fast,

But his work does not last;
It fades when the chill of the night-time
is past.

Before the sun rises, while hardly 'tis
light,

He feels of the fruit, and takes a sly bite;
He has a fine taste,
Tho a great deal he'll waste,
Then off he will go in very great haste.

Now, who do you think this old fellow
may be,

The bright, sparkling work of whose fin-
gers we see?

All winter he'll stay,
What more shall I say?
Only this, that his first name begins with
a J.

—Selected.

Jack Frost.

The door was shut, as doors should be,
Before you went to bed last night;
Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see,
And left your window silver white.

He must have waited till you slept;
And not a single word he spoke,
But penciled o'er the panes and crept
Away again before you woke.

And now you cannot see the hills
Nor fields that stretch beyond the lane;
But there are fairer things than these
His fingers traced on every pane.

Rocks and castles towering high;
Hills and dales and streams and fields;
And knights in armor riding by,
With nodding plumes and shining
shields.

And here are little boats, and there
Big ships with sails spread to the breeze;
And yonder, palm trees waving fair
On islands set in silver seas.

And butterflies with gauzy wings;
And herds of cows and flocks of sheep;
And fruit and flowers and all the things
You see when you are sound asleep.

For creeping softly underneath
The door when all the lights are out,
Jack Frost takes every breath you breathe,
And knows the things you think about.

He paints them on the window pane
In fairy lines with frozen steam;
And when you wake you see again
The lovely things you saw in dream.

—GABRIEL SETOUN.

Old Winter.

Old winter sad, in snowy clad,
Is making a doleful din;
But let him howl till he crack his jowl,
We will not let him in.

Ay, let him lift from the billowy drift
His hoary, haggard form,
And scowling stand, with his wrinkled
hand
Outstretching to the storm.

And let his weird and sleety beard
Stream loose upon the blast,
And, rustling, chime to the tingling rime
From his bald head falling fast.

Let his baleful breath shed blight and
death

On herb and flower and tree;
And brooks and ponds in crystal bonds
Bind fast, but what care we?
Let him push at the door,—in the chim-
ney roar,

And rattle the window pane;
Let him in at us spy with his icicle eye,
But he shall not entrance gain.

Let him gnaw, forsooth, with his freezing
tooth,

On our roof-tiles, till he tire;
But we care not a whit, as we jovial sit
Before our blazing fire.

Come, lads, let's sing, till the rafters ring;
Come push the can about;—
From our snug fireside this Christmas-tide
We'll keep old winter out.

—T. NOEL.

Snow in Town.

Nothing is quite so quiet and clean
As snow that falls in the night;
And isn't it jolly to jump from bed
And find the whole world white?

It lies on the window ledges,
It lies on the boughs of the trees,
While sparrows crowd at the kitchen door
With a pitiful "If you please?"

It lies on the arm of the lamp-post,
Where the lighter's ladder goes,
And the policeman under it beats his
arms,
And stamps—to feel his toes;

The butcher's boy is rolling a ball
To throw at the man with coals,
And old Mrs. Ingram has fastened a piece
Of flannel under her soles;



No sound there is in the snowy road
 From the horses' cautious feet,
 And all is hushed but the postman's
 knocks,
Rat-tatting down the street;

Till men come 'round with shovels
 To clear the snow away—
 What a pity it is that when it falls
 They never let it stay!

And while we are having breakfast
 Papa says, "Isn't it light?
 And all because of the thousands of geese
 The old woman picked last night

"And if you are good," he tells us,
 "And attend to your A, B, C,
 You may go in the garden and make a
 snowman
 As big or bigger than me!"

—RICKMAN MARK, in *A Book
 of Verses for Children.*

Kindly Winter.

The snow lies deep upon the ground;
 In coat of mail the pools are bound;
 The hungry rooks in squadrons fly,
 And winds are slumbering in the sky.

Drowsily the snow-flakes fall;
 The robin on the garden wall
 Looks wistful at our window-pane,
 The customary crumb to gain.

On barn and thatch and leafless tree,
 The frost has hung embroidery,
 Fringe of ice and pendants fine
 Of filigree and crystalline.

Pile up the fire! the winter wind,
 Altho it nip, is not unkind: And winter
 days, tho dark can bring,
 As many pleasures as the spring.

If not the floweret budding fair,
 And mild effulgence of the air,
 They give the glow of indoor mirth,
 And social comfort round the hearth.

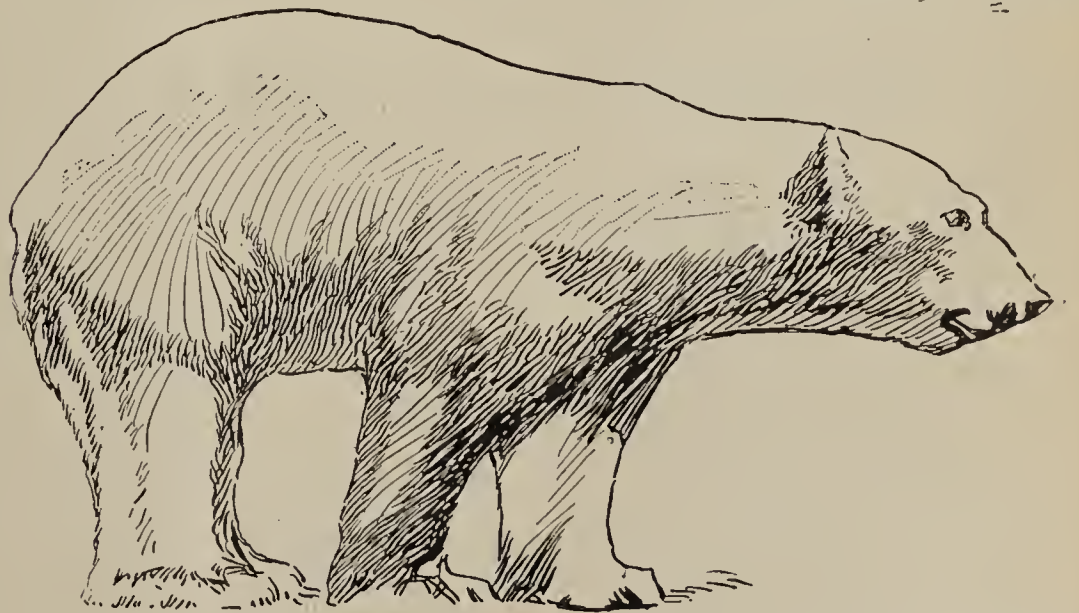
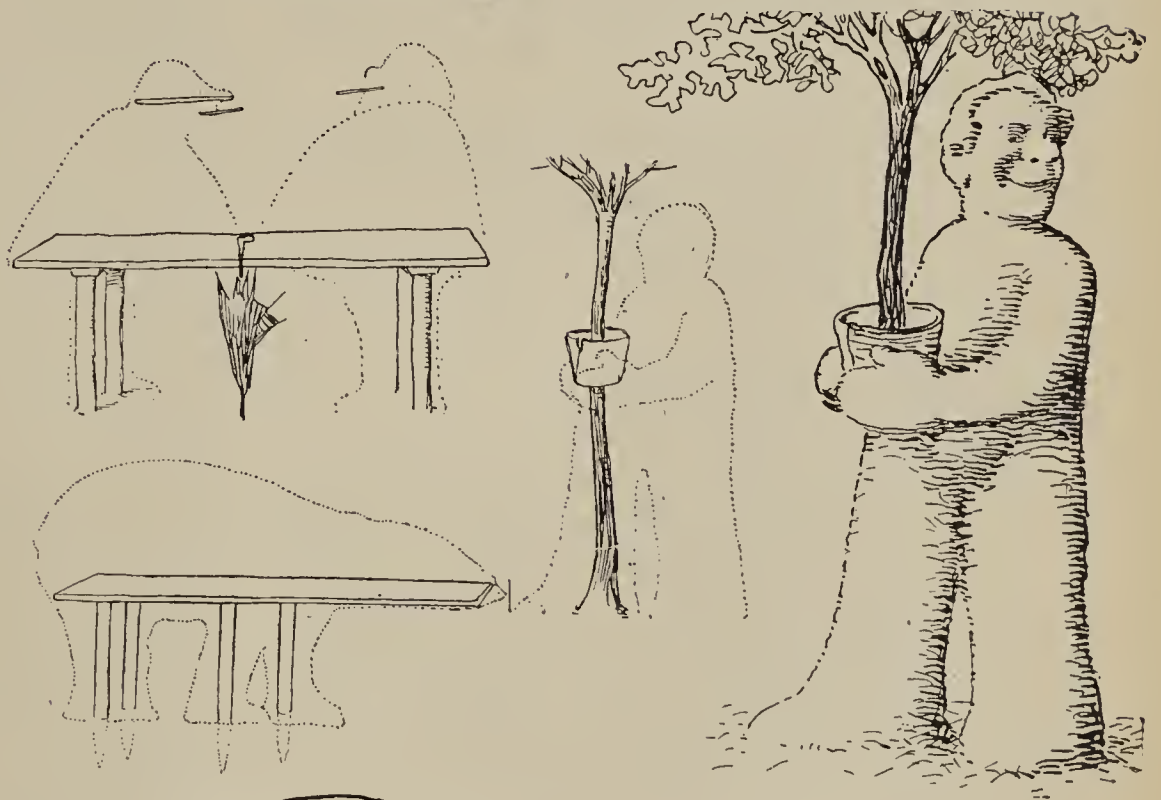
The winter is a friend of mine;
 His step is light, his eyeballs shine;
 His cheek is ruddy as the morn;
 He carols like the lark in corn.

His tread is brisk upon the snows,
 His pulses gallop as he goes;
 He hath a smile upon his lips,
 With songs and welcomes, jests and quips.

'Tis he that feeds the April buds;
 'Tis he that clothes the summer woods;
 'Tis he makes plump the autumn grain;
 And loads with wealth the creaking train

Pile up the fire! and ere he go,
 Our blessings on his head shall flow—
 The hale old winter, bleak and sear,
 The friend and father of the year.

—MACKAY.



**Fun for the Older Boys and Girls—What can be done with Snow.
 Let them see this page. They will know what to do with it.**

A Mountain Christmas Tree.

By ELIZABETH FERGUSON SEAT, OHIO.

MISS ELLIS gazed with eyes that comprehended not only the cabin with its fourteen children, but the window, the open door, the gray skies, and the purple hills dotted with clumps of pine and cedar.

The teacher, after her manner, was dreaming dreams, and as her dream grew she told it.

"I'm certainly going to try it! Yes, children, we will! We're going to have a tree, a Christmas tree. One of these blue-green cedars from up there on the side of old Bald Knob!"

The children arose in a body and made for the door and window to regard with sudden interest the stretches of green above their cove.

Miss Ellis waited a moment, and as they remained staring at the cedars, she talked on.

"As soon as I dismiss for noon, I wish the boys to take the axe and go up to cut it for us. Choose the prettiest, but one not too tall. Remember our low ceiling. We will hang nuts on it. A nut tree will be new and very pretty, and a few apples will give color. Listen, boys and girls. You may place presents on this tree, as many as you like, but all for others and none for yourselves."

The teacher was so young that she remembered quite distinctly how self sometimes struggles and strives with good intentions.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive.' See that others get presents. Don't expect to find your own name upon every branch of your tree."

She paused and gazed into their faces; they gazed back with wide-open eyes.

"Presents for others!" How generous it sounded! But where, wondered these little people of the silent coves and barren hills, where are they to come from? Perhaps that was a part of the mystery. Maybe it was always so with Christmas trees, and they would find the new, pleasant fruit all ready for the tree. It would be all right, they told themselves; the teacher knew what she was doing, and those vague, mysterious things which she called "presents" would come in time.

The teacher, new to this bare mountain life, where children had always missed so much, had not yet learned the full extent of their deprivations.

The smallest boy held up his hand. He was red-haired, with eyes the color of larkspurs and skin that was always aflame; the poorest child in all that settlement of poverty.

"Where do we find any to hang on the tree?"

"Any what?" demanded the teacher, who had not quite awakened from her dream.

"Presin's," he answered briefly.

"Oh, Love will find a way," was the optimistic answer; "and now it's time to bring the tree."

In another minute she was alone. Every child had made a dash for the slopes of Bald Knob to have a voice in the selection of this wonderful tree. "Remember, dear boys and girls, our celebration will be in the morning at ten o'clock, so that I will have time to drive over the mountains

to the train. And, oh! how ashamed I shall be if you have forgotten that you are to give, not receive. It is more blessed to give. Remember that, dear children."

The tree was lavishly hung with nuts—walnuts, hickory nuts, chestnuts—polished until they shone. A few red apples gleamed among the masses of green, and it really was very pretty. When the last child had disappeared, reluctantly, for the teacher usually walked down the canyon with them, Miss Ellis closed the door and opened her desk. She took out fourteen parcels, wrapped in snowy paper, tied with red and green ribbons, each plainly labeled.

She suspended the gift for the larkspur-eyed boy last, in plain view, nearest the door. Then she put on her hat, locked the door behind her, and hung the key upon the nail just outside, remarking, "There are no thieves upon these bald heights; the mountain air doesn't seem to agree with them!"

When the last gleam of her red jacket had vanished into the canyon, there uprose with a mighty rattling of tin pails from behind the rock ledges, the entire school with the exception of the larkspur-eyed boy, who had not understood.

"Hurry before it's dark. We must get them presents that Love left for us to put on the tree for somebody else. We're going to be blessed givers!"

The earnest, lean, nervous little girl who made this speech was unlocking the door of the school-house; the others stumbled out into the shadowy room behind her. Having never received very much, they were not prepared for an expression upon the blessedness of receiving, but they did know that the uncertainty of the expected giving was very exciting.

There was no little mound of gifts left by Love in the middle of the room all ready to be hung, as had been expected, but—they formed a circle about the blue-green cedar and stared with eyes that shone at the mysterious packages.

The little girl spoke again in tones that broke: "She's put 'em where we're shore to see, on the limbs! We c'n each give our'n to anybody we like; I'll give mine to her."

Not without a few regretful protests were the coveted gifts transferred—six to Jim, who had one already, and seven to her! If it had not been that they loved her so, with a love that was almost adoration, it couldn't have been. It was Love and nothing else that found the way! When the last little ragged, lean figure had stepped out into the gloom of the wintry evening, the labels had been laboriously changed, and every present had been most unselfishly hung. The teacher and the Larkspur Eyes had them all, and the school hadn't any. But never had gray mountain night-skies seemed so beautiful nor keen mountain winds so mild. Never had little children's hearts so throbbed with the exultation of sacrifice; they were testing the teacher's favorite maxim. What the blessedness of receiving might be they could not tell; but giving, ah! it was ecstasy! They could hardly wait until the morning and the completion of their sacrifice.



Thoughts for Teachers



'Work for some good, be it ever so slowly,
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly
Labor, all labor is noble and holy,
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy
God."

—GEO. SCHAEFER.

"It is not work that kills any one,
It is worry, work is healthy,
You can hardly put more upon a man
than he can bear.

Worry is rust upon the blade."

—LEROY KELLER.

For he who always does his best,
His best will better grow;
But he who shirks or slights his task,
He lets the better go.
What if your lessons should be hard,
You need not yield to sorrow;
For him who bravely works to-day,
His task grows light to-morrow.

—C. COHEN.

O do not pray for easy lives: Pray to
be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks
equal to your powers. Pray for powers
equal to your tasks. Then the doing of
your work shall be no miracle. But you
shall be a miracle. Every day you shall
wonder at yourself, at the richness of life
which has come to you by the grace of
God.

—PHILIPS BROOKS.

There is dew in one flower and not in
another because one opens its cup and
takes it in, while the other closes itself
and the drop runs off.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The Realm of the Girl.

'Tis the Kingdom of all that is gracious,
And all that is lovely and sweet;
Of realms in the Fairyland spacious,
Where Knighthood and Maidenhood
meet.

And things that are lovely and pleasant
Unknown to the boor and the churl,
For the Queen on her throne, or the
peasant,
All this is the realm of the girl.

The bright, gleaming land of Romances,
Of dreams in the night and the day;
All musings and exquisite fancies,
All kindnesses done by the way.
And goodness and gentle behaving,
And quiet more sweet than the whirl,
For ministries lovely still craving,
All this is the realm of the girl.

To furnish the heart like a Palace,
With thoughts that are lovely and kind,
To raise to the thirsty Love's chalice,
The hearts that are broken to bind.
To lighten the home with her beauty,
The banner of Love to unfurl,
To keep alive Faith, Hope, and Duty,
All this is the realm of the girl.

All things that are winsome and tender,
All things that are bought not nor sold,
And all that her nature can lend her
Of worth beyond rubies and gold,
That cannot be bought but by merit,
Nor had for the price of the pearl,
All this may a maiden inherit,
All this is the realm of the girl.

—FRANK ELLIS.

The Way to Heaven.

Heaven is not gained at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we
rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted
skies,
And we mount to its summit round by
round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step towards
God—

Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are 'neath our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and
gain;

By the pride deposed and the passing
slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly
meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and
light,
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the
night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on
wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the
men!

We may borrow the wings to find the
way—

We may hope and resolve and aspire
and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire
walls;
But the dreams depart and the vision
falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of
stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we
rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted
skies,
And we mount to its summit round by
round.

—J. G. HOLLAND.

The Doing.

To try is better than the thing you try
for,
To hope is higher than the height at-
tained,
To love is greater than the love you sigh
for,
To seek is nobler than the object gained.
To "wrestle with the angel,"—this
avails,
Altho the motive for the wrestling
fails.

To learn is more essential than the
knowing,
To know is deeper than the wisdom
found;
To live is grander than all life's be-
stowing,
To advance, more fruitful than the van-
tage-ground.
To give is far more blessed than receiv-
ing,
To tell the truth needs not to force
believing.

—RUTH G. D. HAVENS, in the *Metropolitan*.



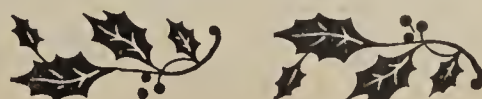
Mistress Merryface.

Little Mistress Merryface,
Dance down the way
With a fairy's airy grace,
Cheerful all the day:
In the little songs she sings
Sweet the note of gladness rings,
Love looks from her eyes;
Gentle, joyful, jubilant,
Every sunbeam seems to slant
Her way from the skies.

Is the world a dismal place
Hedged about by woe?
Little Mistress Merryface
Does not find it so:
Every day that follows night
Brings new joys she has the right
To possess or see:
When she laughs all things appear
Glad to know that she is near
Blessing with her glee.

Sadness may not linger where
Her sweet song is heard;
Hatred hurries off with care,
By her laughter spurred;
Grateful, joyful, jubilant,
All the sunbeams seem to slant
Downward but let
Little Mistress Merryface
Keep the world the fairest place
God has made as yet.

—S. E. KISER, in *Christian World*.



Waiting for Santa-Claus.

By HELEN COUTANT PECK.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

Dorothy.—A little girl in school dress.

Fairy Godmother.—A little girl as old woman with a cane.

Fairy.—A little girl in tarlatan dress carrying wand.

Helpers.—Eleven little girls and boys in school dress.

Santa Claus.

SCENE—A SITTING-ROOM.

Curtain off one corner of the room leaving enough space behind the curtain for twelve children to stand. On the front of the curtain fasten the home-made clock-dial described below, cutting away the curtain behind it. A large rocking-chair should be opposite the clock and a doll placed near it.

CLOCK DIAL.

On heavy wrapping paper draw three circles, one within the other, the radius of the first being 24 inches, that of the second 22 inches, and that of the third 4 inches.

With very light dots mark off each circle into twelve equal parts, the divisions coming directly in line. Those on the outer circle give the spacing for the hours, which should be painted on in Roman figures, the entire length of the space between the first and second circles. (Liquid blacking and a sponge are very good substitutes for paint and brush if the latter can not be readily provided.) Care must be taken to place the figures so that the dots come directly over the center of them. From 2½ inches each side of the dots on the second circle, to the corresponding dot on the third circle, draw lines, very lightly, which form twelve sectors coming directly under the hours.

With a sharp knife cut on these lines and loosen the sectors so that they can be easily drawn back, when the children, who are behind the clock as representatives of the hours, are ready to recite.

Make the hands of pasteboard, having the hour hand stationary at twelve and the minute hand movable.

If possible have a metronome behind the curtain set at slow tempo.

The children should be elevated on a little platform, or boxes, so as to come directly behind the hours they represent.

Part First.

Enter Dorothy saying.—Oh dear me! how slowly that old clock does run,
'Twill never be midnight for Santa to come.

If I only could hurry the hours a bit,

I'm sure everybody would thank me for it,—

Except maybe mama, who has so much to do;

That I'm truly afraid, she'll never get thru

In time for the house to be quiet and still,

When Santa is ready our stockings to fill.

Oh! wouldn't it be dreadful if he should pass by it,

As they say he will do if all is not quiet.

So maybe your own way is best, Mr. Clock,

With your dreadfully slow tick-tock and tick-tock.

Come dolly, I'll give you a treat very rare,

And rock you to sleep in my grandma's big chair.

As soon as Dorothy is settled in the chair the curtain falls (screens can be used instead of curtains), and the Fairy Godmother steps out and addresses the children in the audience.

Fairy Godmother.—Now listen my children, and you shall hear

Of something which happened exceeding queer.

Just as Dot and dolly fell into a nap,

They heard at the clock a gentle rap.

Oh, who can it be, said Dot in fear,

As a little fairy to her did appear.

With her I now leave you,

And be quiet, dears,

As she tells wondrous tales,

For listening ears.

(Exit Fairy Godmother.)

Part Second.

Scene the same as when the curtain fell. Dot's position is unchanged, but her eyes are wide open and intent upon the little fairy who is standing by the clock.

Little Fairy.—Of me, little Dot, have not any fear,

For I am the fairy of time, my dear,

Who knew you were having a dreary day,

And have come to help pass the hours away;

With my little helpers, who have asked me to tell

A story I know you will like very well.

So watch, Dotty dear, each turn of this hand,

(Pointing with wand to minute hand.)

And you'll hear what is happening in Santa Claus land.

As the clock strikes one (use a small gong bell), the fairy moves the minute hand with her wand a little past the hour, which is the signal for One O'clock to lift his sector, lean forward and recite. Each in turn follows suit, all keeping their places until the end of the play.

I.—The workers from lunch have just gotten back,

And now with saw, hammer, nail, and tack,



Suggestion for a Blackboard Design.

Are working on the latest toys
Invented by Santa for his girls and boys;
While he at his desk is taking a look
At each child's record in his big roll book.

II.—The dolls are all finished and placed at one side,

Where Santa is looking them over with pride.
This year they excel all others in beauty,
So he claims it is most surely his duty
To leave them only in places where
He knows they will have the tenderest of care.

III.—The mail is just in from north, south, east,
and west.

And Santa is trying his level best
To read every word, and remember each thing,
Which the girls and the boys have asked him to bring.

IV.—Santa is back in his shop again,
Saying he does not remember when
The letters have been so neat and polite,
And he in his book had so little to write.
So every one he intends to remember,
Provided they stay good till the twenty-fifth of December.

V.—I wish you could hear the dreadful noise
Just now being made by the talking toys.
The dolls all saying "how-do-you-do?"
The dogs "bow-wow," and the cows "moo-moo!"

VI.—Santa is working all his forces,
Currying and saddling his hobby horses.
The engines and autos are most finished too;—
Every one has a great deal to do.

VII.—Santa is having a dreadful time, truly,
For the Jacks-in-the-boxes are most unruly.

As soon as the lids are shut down tight,
Up they jump with all their might,
Smiling and nodding like queer little elves,
Till the men are laughing in spite of themselves.

VIII.—Santa is trying the tops which wind,
So the broken ones will be left behind,
The way the clowns jump, the monkeys dance,
The elephants show off, and the horses prance,
You truly might think it a real live show,—
Tho not anywhere near as dangerous, you know.

IX.—With spy-glass Santa is now viewing the land,
To be perfectly sure he will understand,
The shortest and quickest way to go,
For he has thousands of children to visit, you know.

X.—All hands are now helping the bags to fill,
And working away with a merry good will,
To ^(Insert name of the school where the play is given) I first will go,
Santa is saying, for there, you know,
The children are waiting for me to appear,
And I'll not disappoint a single child there.

XI.—Santa is just being packed in his sleigh,
And in a few minutes will speed on his way.
His helpers are cheering with merry call,
While he is giving good wishes to all.
At the strike of twelve his bells you will hear,
And then in a moment will Santa appear.

As the clock strikes twelve have sleigh bells rung behind the curtain and Santa Claus enter the room in a bright, brisk way.

Santa Claus.—Ah! here I am at last, little Dot,
You see old Old Santa forgets you not.
A merry Christmas to you, my dear,
And to all the dear friends who are gathered here.



The Christmas Market of Vienna, Austria.



Little Talks on School Management. V

By Randall N. Saunders, Hudson, N. Y.

Keeping Pupils Busy.

The inexperienced teacher, tho "to the manor born,"—tho thoroly qualified educationally,—tho zealous and conscientious, will puzzle over the spirit of unrest, of listlessness, of consummate deviltry that again and again will pervade the school-room to paralyze endeavor and create disorder. Often, in such cases, by the exercise of a little ingenuity, or thru a knowledge of common helps at hand or easily accessible, the strain on nerves could be relaxed by occupying the wandering or exuberant energy with novel and educating tasks.

I assume that we all realize the bearing on good order and good work that is had by a judicious seating of the pupils. If our seating is not done with reference to the natures, temperaments, and discovered habits, which we desire, in a measure, to balance by bringing, so far as we can opposites into correcting contact, we might plan to have all of our work "busy work" and then fail of attaining the object at which we are aiming.

I assume also that we have our higher grades so interested in the "business" of school that we are seldom, if ever forced to resort to pedagogical "sleight-of-hand" to lure them back into the path of rectitude.

With my older boys and girls, I have seldom had much occasion to consider the question, aside from regular tasks presenting sufficient variety in the course of progress to keep them "busy." But occasionally, I have had pupils who were extraordinary and very active, and have succeeded with history and historical romance in keeping them interested and occupied in moments that without such helps would have been spent in idleness. While I had no regularly appointed reading table, such as has been successfully used by many teachers and is to be recommended, I always had a large number of magazines and the better class of papers which served a good purpose for those able to make use of them in unoccupied periods.

The nature of "busy work" in the lower grades must be carefully studied. In fact, the teacher, like the chess player, should make no move for which he cannot clearly give good reasons. He should aim to have this "busy" work bear on the evolution,—the education, of the child mind. Anything that will lead pupils to think while keeping their attention and occupying their hands; anything that will lead to a cultivation of the senses, quickening sight, touch, smell, taste; anything developing ingenuity and an exercise of the powers of ob-

servation and expression is permissible and only advisable. But anything done without a method under the seeming "madness"—as much of this play with sticks, pictures and color and letter cards would be called in rural districts,—anything done merely to kill and not beneficially to fill time, would better be left undone, as it would tend to shatter the powers which it is desired to strengthen and concentrate.

It is not permitted me here to go into detail regarding helps or apparatus for "busy work." There are many excellent works published on the subject and much assistance will be found in the pages of *TEACHERS MAGAZINE*, where also stimulus to individual and original invention will be found. Let me say that it is not necessary to have expensive paraphernalia, for good results can be gotten from a bundle of twigs or a handful of pebbles gathered on the school grounds. If helps are not at hand the resourceful teacher will not be long without substitutes improvised from materials available. Let us strive for adaptability and the fullest development of intelligence.

The true artist takes a little pigment, a brush, and a stretcher of canvas, and, after a little, rounds out an object of beauty that is pleasant to contemplate. The savage potentate would knock a hole in the canvas, wear the stretcher around his neck, stick the brush thru his nose, plaster the pigment on his person and make himself superlatively ridiculous with the misused materials. Let us strive to be artists.

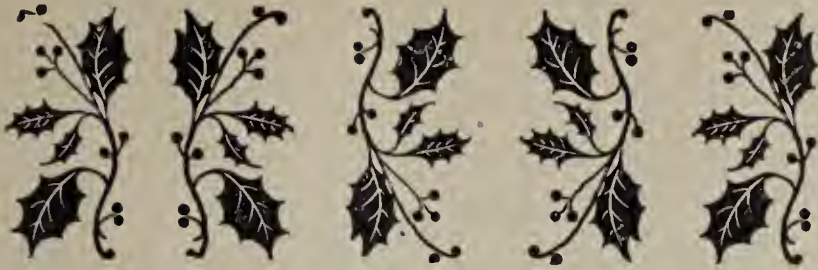


Pebbles.

Out of a pellucid brook
Pebbles round and smooth I took;
Like a jewel, every one
Caught a color from the sun,—
Ruby red and sapphire blue,
Emerald and onyx too,
Diamond and amethyst,—
Not a precious stone I missed:
Gems I held from every land
In the hollow of my hand.
Workman Water these had made;
Patiently thru sun and shade,
With the ripples of the rill
He had polished them until,
Smooth, symmetrical, and bright,
Each one sparkling in the light
Showed within its burning heart
All the lapidary's art;
And the brook seemed thus to sing:
Patience conquers everything.

—FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.





My First School.

By E. L. COWDRICK, Kansas.

AT these words my memory recalls the low log building, —nearly surrounded by woods,—in which I spent my first term as a teacher.

It was a very small building, the windows, narrow openings where lengths of logs had been sawed out, and the furnishings within of the most primitive character, being merely one long desk, running around three sides of the room, with a long bench behind, so the pupils all faced inwards. The stove I shall always remember, for it took two pupils to "fix the fire," one to hold the door from falling when it was opened, and the other to put the wood in. The ceiling was so low that the heads of the tallest pupils nearly struck the log joists which it held up, and was composed of rough unsmoothed boards.

I was seventeen years old, and had left school when I was sixteen. I had worked on the home farm vacations, but for a year or two had been clerking in my father's store. I had no thought of teaching,—on the contrary I had frequently said that I never would teach school, whatever came; but one day, when my uncle came to me and asked me to take the school in his district, offering me thirty-two dollars a month, I forgot my resolutions, and accepted the proposition at once, dazzled by the munificent salary.

It was to be a two-months' school, and on the appointed morning I was on hand, eager to try my fortune.

Now, what follows may be a disappointment to the reader, for I shall not follow the fashion and ridicule my first efforts, and tell how crude they were, and what great mistakes I made, and how much better I can do now. I do not admire that kind of *real* self-glorification, of ostentatious humility. I worked honestly, earnestly, and persistently, and was rewarded by a fair degree of success,—probably fully as much as I deserved.

I had pupils who were grown men and women, but who had never been held in proper restraint either at home or at school; it was a rough settlement and went under the name of "The Lost Tribes;" the pupils, or big boys rather, pitched their teacher out of doors the winter before, but I did not know that. Young as I was, and slight in build, I taught them a regard for law and order to which they had been strangers heretofore, and I did not whip them either. I kept very strict order for two reasons, one was that then I was too new in the work to do any other way, and the second was because it was dangerous to do otherwise. With such a class of pupils, I should do the same way now, I think. I governed by force of will, not by physical strength. I remember one instance in point: A boy who was much larger than I,

and strong enough to have thrown me out of the window, was creating a disturbance one day, and I ordered him to me; he refused. I had the smaller boys come out from the long desk, so as to be out of harm's way, and again ordered him to come. He again refused, but was evidently weakening. I took my watch in hand and told him I would give him just one minute to obey. Within the specified time he came out from behind the intrenchment of the desk, but with an ugly and defiant look and bearing which boded no good to me. I saw he wanted me to attempt to punish him.

I ordered him to hold both arms out, horizontally, and he obeyed by sticking his hands in his pockets.

I again gave him one minute in which to obey me, and counted off the seconds for him. Finally, I said, "You have just one second left," closing my watch with a snap and placing it in my pocket, when out went his arms with a jerk, and I made him hold them there eight minutes and a half, from which the boy's strength may be judged. My design was to thoroly subdue him, as I thought it fatal to

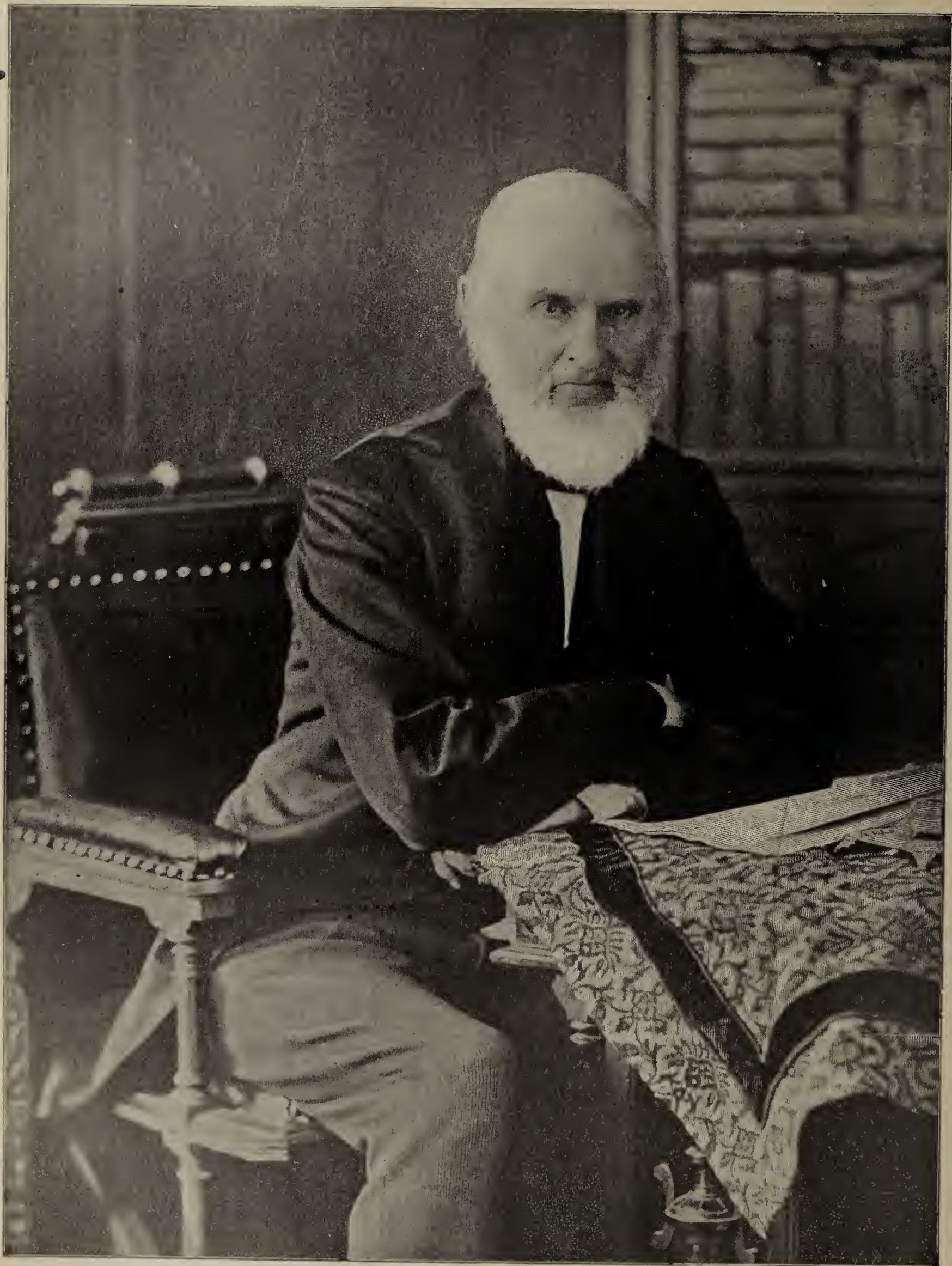


have left him without doing so, and I succeeded, for when I got thru with him he was bellowing like a calf. Would I do the same now? Probably not, I never have since then.

Sometimes I kept the pupils in at recess, and that seemed a grievous punishment to them. One day a young man of nearly twenty-one, and a quiet, well-disposed man, said to me, "I am willing to study, and mean to obey, but I do not think I should be deprived of my play spell."

The pupils learned quite rapidly, and when school closed I could look back upon it with a degree of satisfaction, for I knew that I had worked hard, and I felt that what success I had was deserved. Of course I made many mistakes, but I do that now. I may have been too strict, but I am one of the old-fashioned teachers who believe that the foundation stone of a good school is good order,—obtained by moral suasion if possible, but obtained at whatever cost; nothing less will do.





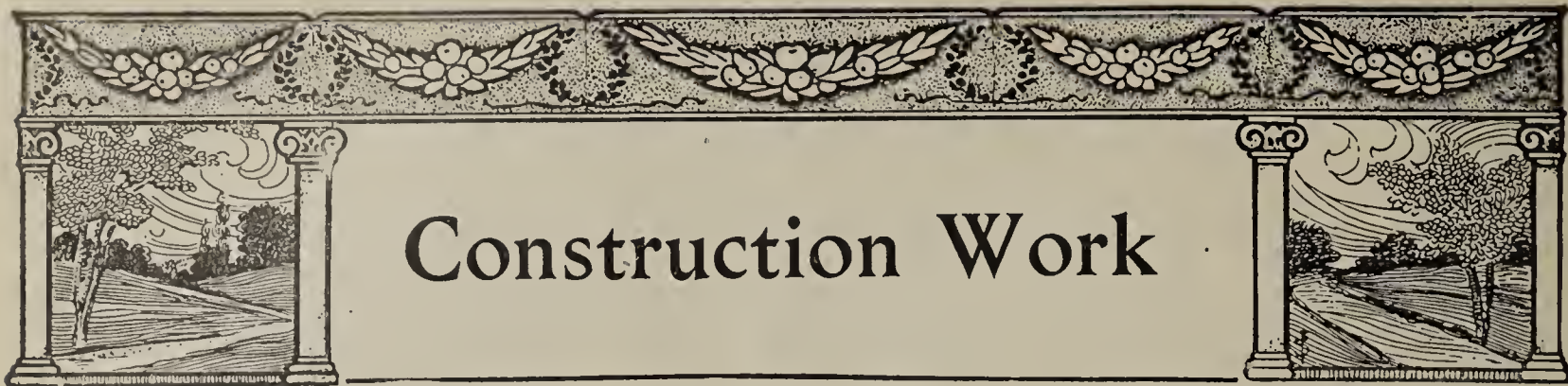
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER,
(Born in 1807; died Sept. 7, 1892.) Whose birthday occurs on December 17.



WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE, HAVERHILL, MASS.



WHITTIER'S HOME, AMESBURY, MASS.



Construction Work

For the Christmas Month

By A. J. LINEHAN, Supervisor of Manual Training,
Asheville, N. C.

Grade 1.

1st week.—Lesson on cylinder. Modeling same. Also objects like it, such as muff, rolling pin, drum, etc.

2nd week.—Cutting bells, each child cutting double on straight line at top of bell or singly.

3rd week.—Cutting bells and coloring them red. If cut double Christmas greeting to be written between covers; or, if singly, on the white side. Children to take them home.



Grade 2.

1st week.—Lesson on cone and modeling same.

2nd week.—Folding and decorating booklet.

3rd week.—Cutting and coloring fir-trees, and finishing booklet to take home.

If preferred, the class could make cornucopias of square weaving mats or of colored paper.

Grade 3.

1st week.—Lesson on square pyramid. Modeling same in clay.

2nd week.—Folding and planning design for booklet.

3rd week.—Coloring and finishing same to take home.

In the first grade the teacher may prefer to make lanterns, by taking paper 4 inches square, laying off border of one-half inch on the four sides, then cutting parallel strips one-fourth

inch to the border. Paste the border lines parallel with strips, press upper and lower edges a little to spread out strips, and fasten a quarter inch strip on upper edge for handle.

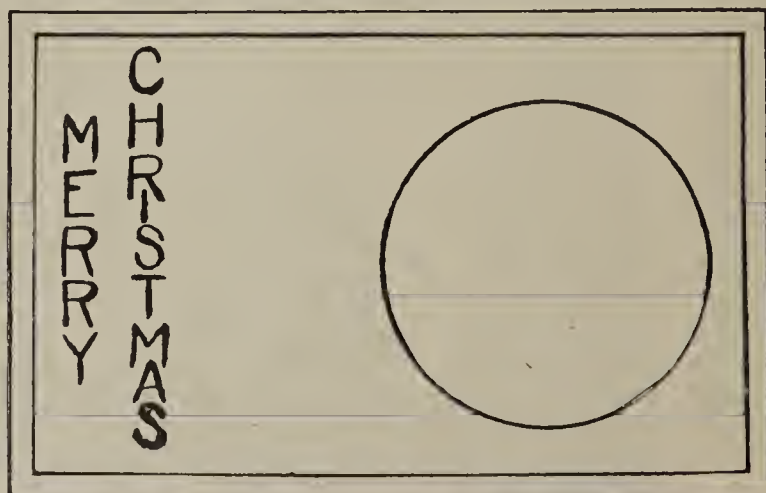


If the bells are made, a deep red should be used to produce the best effect.

If the teacher will draw a few bells on the blackboard, it adds to the interest. She should tell the children how the bells of the churches all over the world are ringing out the glad story.

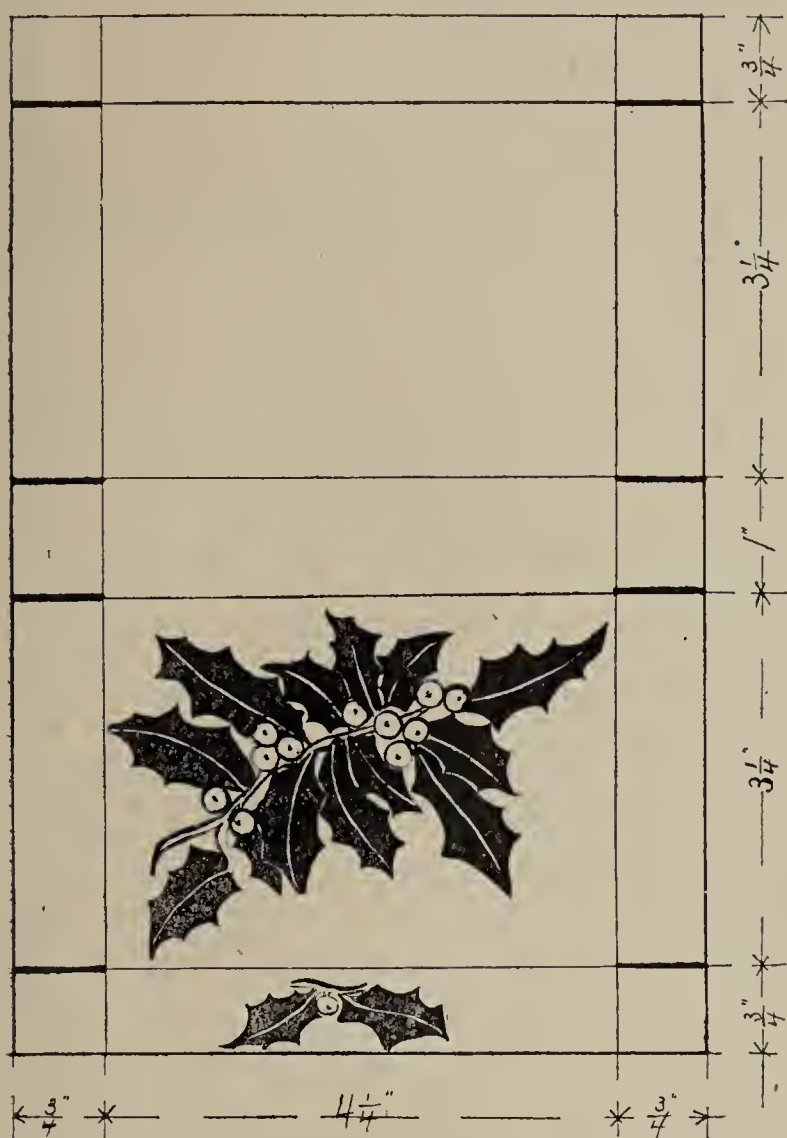
For the second grade have pieces of manila paper $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6$ inches. Bisect 6-inch side and join points by very light line. Fold vertical edge to this line, and the booklet will be folded.

In the previous lessons the children had practiced cutting trees, so they should have no trouble in cutting good fir trees for inner panel. When finished the tree should be a dark green.



The outside panels may be decorated with red or green candles with red flame, and the border lines should be red and green.

In place of the trees the teacher may prefer to have one of the small Christmas pictures which may be easily procured.



For the booklet given for the third grade take a piece of manila paper 4 by 6 inches, fold on short diameter, and decorate cover with some simple design in red and green. Between the leaves of the booklet some greeting may be written; or, one of the Madonna or other Christmas pictures may be neatly pasted in.

A neat little box can be made from the drawing of the square basket given in the November number. If two are made, with one about one-sixteenth inch larger than the other, it will make a cover for the smaller one. The cover can be decorated with some simple design, if only lines in red and green.

Having drawn the box given for fourth grade, fold carefully on all the lines. Cut the three-fourth inch lines which are darkened, fold under and paste. The cover should be decorated before folding.

In the fifth grade the pupils could make a calendar mount either panel or easel effect. A case for clippings could be made by taking red or green construction paper $8\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Fold carefully thru long diameter. Place five or six No. 9 envelopes between the folds, with closed edges against the fold, glue them in place or make holes with eyelet punch and fasten with ribbon or gilt cord. The same may be used to close it.

The sixth grade could make picture frames, square, oblong, or circular, by taking two pieces of the same size heavy paper, cutting them the

shape desired, and pasting them together, leaving a place on top for picture to be slipped thru. These frames may be decorated or not as the teacher may desire. The frame can be finished with two rings on the back by which to hang it up, or a piece of stiff paper can be fastened on the back for a rest.

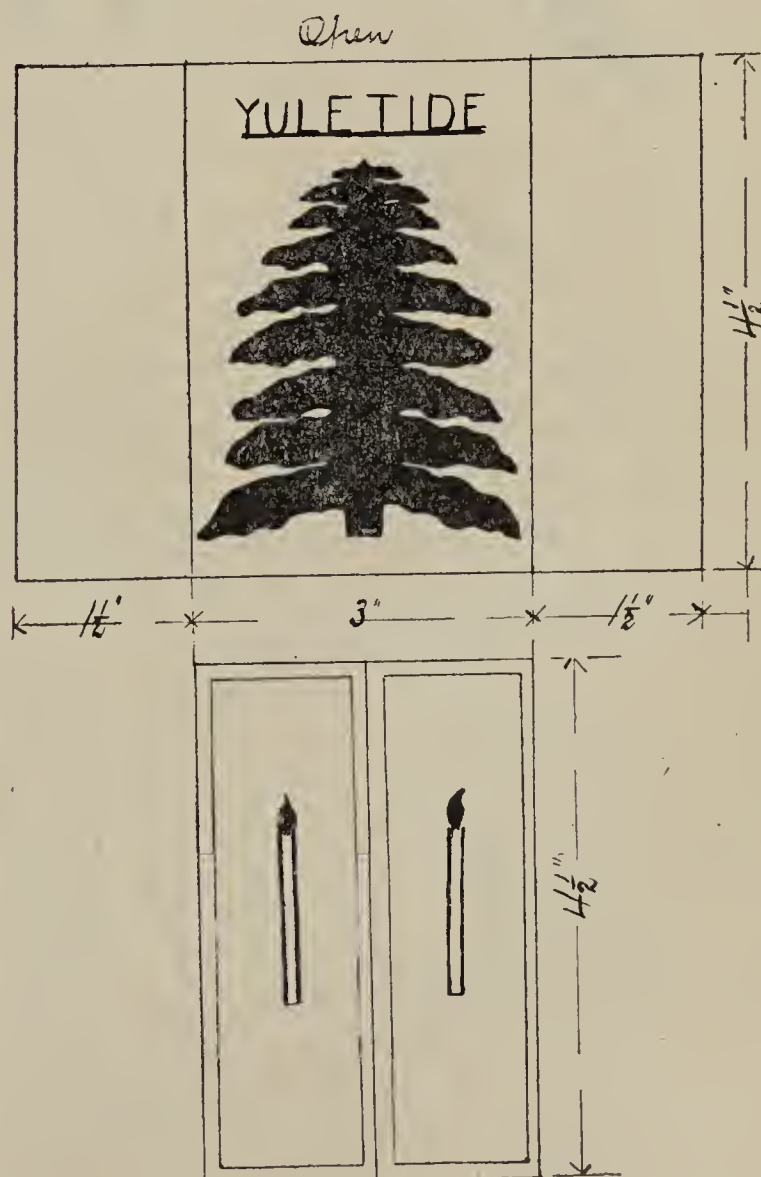
If in the beginning of December the teacher urges the pupils to bring in pictures of sprays or wreaths of holly or mistletoe, the collection can be placed in some prominent part of the room, and it will help very materially in their design work for Christmas gifts.

Old magazines, catalogs, or lists of books furnish good examples for them and are easily procured. Observation and discrimination are developed, as well as help given to the drawing.

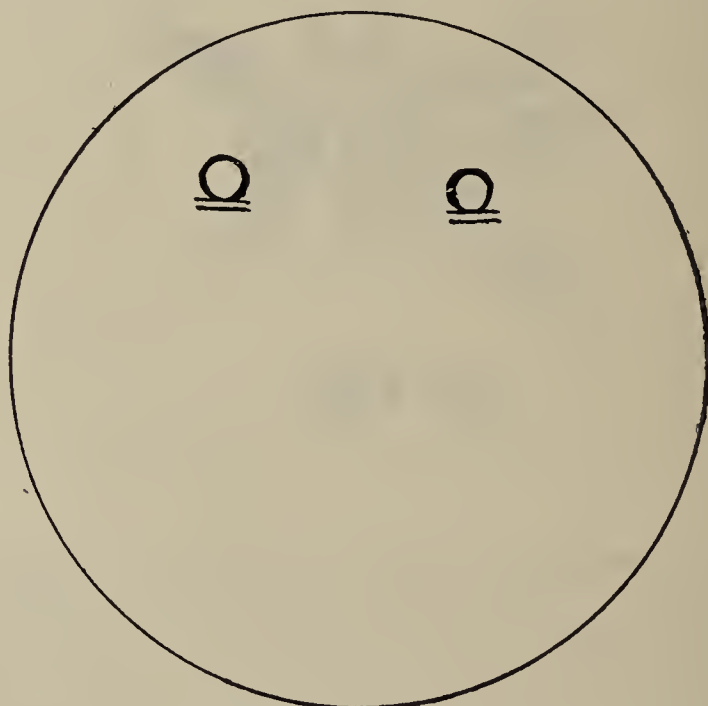
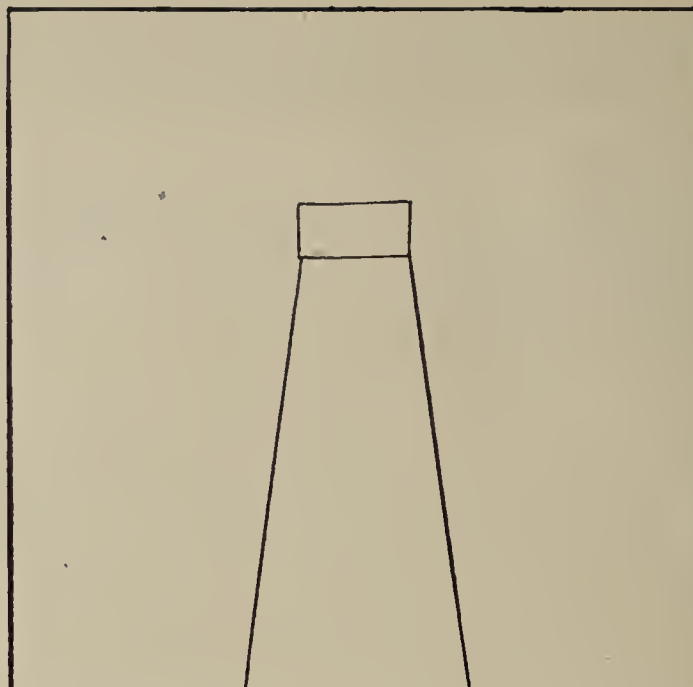
Water colors are not within the reach of every class, but a box of good crayons, containing seven colors, can be purchased for five cents, and with care will last thru the year. Water color crayons are more satisfactory than wax ones.

In the upper classes baskets of raffia or reed will always be useful for Christmas gifts. Tilo matting is attracting attention now for portfolios, brush holders, &c., and that as well as book linen, which could be used for the same purpose, show off very effectively designs in water color.

But, for lack of time or material, should articles of these materials not be possible, the upper



grades having learned to do good lettering, working to a scale, would be able to make



acceptable gifts by carefully printing some appropriate quotation for the holiday season, using either paper or tracing paper of good quality.

The Christmas colors are red and green, and if the pupils in the upper grades have acquired some degree of proficiency a little gilding could be used with discrimination, especially for the initial letter of the quotation.

Every child should have some gift for a dear

one at home, and simple as the gift may be, it should show care and neatness.

"Let him who hath, his plenty share,
And him who lacks, his lack.
Give, each one, what he may, nor care
What recompense comes back,
If only love his heart shall swell,
And kindness guide his hand,
His Christmas he shall keep as well
As any in the land."

Santa Claus.

He comes in the night! He comes in the night!

He softly, silently comes;
While the little brown heads on the pillows so white

Are dreaming of bugles and drums.
He cuts thru the snow like a ship thru the foam,

While the white flakes around him whirl;

Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home

Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide;

It will carry a host of things,
While dozens of drums hang over the side,
With the sticks sticking under the strings.

And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,
Not a bugle blast is blown,
As he mounts to the chimney-top like a bird,

And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills,
Till the stockings will hold no more;
The bright little sleds for the great snow hills

Are quickly set down on the floor.
Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird,

And glides to his seat in the sleigh;
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard
As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the East and he rides to the West,
Of his goodies he touches not one;
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast

When the dear little folks are done.
Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;
This beautiful mission is his;
Then, children, be good to the little old man,

When you find who the little man is.

—SELECTED.

History and Civics

Causes of the Revolutionary War.

By Supt. G. B. COFFMAN, Lewistown, Ill.

HISTORY should be taught from the standpoint of cause and effect. Teachers are learning that it is best to put more time in working out the cause of the war. The war itself is but the measurement of the strength and ability of nations. The causes of the Revolution and those things that led up to the fight are far more valuable to the student than the fight itself. If the pupil can be led to see how one thing brought on another and how the independent spirit was worked in the colonists, he can then see how it was possible for the colonists to gain their independence.

This independent growth started away back in 1643 when the New England colonists united to protect themselves against the Indians and the Dutch. While this in a way had nothing to do with the Revolution, it had the tendency to show the colonists if they wished to accomplish anything they must unite. Even to protect themselves against the Indians, they must be organized. This and the Inter-Colonial wars helped to unite the colonists in one common cause. It brought them together and gave them a chance to discuss things that were of common interest. It also gave them confidence in their ability to do.

On the other hand, there were many things that had the tendency to keep them apart and make them strangers. The Navigation Act was the principal thing. This act and others along that line caused them to trade directly with England. All goods must be carried in English ships. Acts were passed that prevented the colonists from trading with one another. This had the tendency of keeping them apart and preventing them from getting acquainted. Where they were permitted to deal with one another they naturally talked of the conditions of their trade and became interested in one another's troubles and pleasures. This England sought to prevent. Another thing that kept the colonists from uniting was the different nationalities. The unsettled condition of the churches had the same effect. It is true with nations just as it is true with individuals, the more they are thrown together in trade and business, the better they understand one another. England certainly handled the colonists so that they were alienated.

After the French and Indian war the all-absorbing question was taxation without representation, the colonists claiming that England had no right to tax them unless she allowed them to have a voice in parliament. England

took the stand that the colonists were represented, because as she said, when a man is elected from any district, he is then not the representative from the district, but from the whole empire including the colonists. The colonists replied that that could not be because they, the representatives elected in England, knew nothing of conditions in America and thus could not know what laws would be wholesome. He therefore could not vote just taxation on the colonists.

England attempted to govern the colonies for the benefit of England, ignoring that which would be best for them. The all-absorbing question was how far can we go? How much can we get from them without breaking with them? This spirit is brought out fully by the acts that prevented the colonists from trading with one another and the acts that prevented the colonies from manufacturing the things that were made in England. England wanted the colonies to raise those things that she did not raise, and she prevented them from producing things which she could raise and manufacture, so that she might have market for her goods.

England gave as her excuse for taxing the colonies, the great debt and the great expense made by the French and Indian war. She claimed that it was for the good of America that the war was brought on. In 1764 parliament under the leadership of Lord Grenville made a formal declaration that it had a right to tax the colonies and in the year 1665 passed the Stamp Act. This act touched almost every man, woman and child in the colonies. It was just the thing to get the common people turned against the mother country. It was just the thing to work up the spirit of union. When they read a newspaper they were reminded that it cost an extra penny for the benefit of the mother country. When they wrote a letter or made a deed they knew they were paying taxes to England. Thus the colonists from the highest to the lowest resented this act and organized against it. Meetings were held and very bitter speeches were made and a very strong feeling grew up against England. Lawyers all over the country agreed not to regard paper as made illegal by the absence of a stamp. Newspapers were issued bearing the sign of a skull and crossbones in place of a stamp. Stamps were seized and burned on their arrival from England.

The resentment was so great that parliament was compelled to repeal the act, but at the same time held that it had the right to tax the colonies. After the repeal of the Stamp Act the Townshend Acts were passed. The colonies were forbidden to trade with the West Indies so

that it would give England a better market. A duty was put on glass, paints, paper, and tea. But the most obnoxious act was the Writs of Assistance. The officers carried these papers, signed, but with the name of the person whom they wished to search, blank. When the officer thought best to search a house for smuggled goods all he had to do was to insert the name of the owner in the blank space.

These acts brought a storm of opposition. People pledged themselves not to use the taxed articles. The Massachusetts Assembly sent a circular letter to the other colonies asking them to join her in resisting the acts. The king on hearing this ordered the governor to demand



They soon came in contact with the colonists, and in Boston several men were killed. This was known as the Boston Massacre. The spirit of resentment grew so high that it was necessary to march the troops out of Boston and place them for a while on an island near by.

England soon recognized that it would be impossible to enforce her laws and collect the tax. So she repealed all but the tax on tea. She kept the tax on tea in order that she might still claim the right to tax the colonies. The tea was made so cheap that it could be bought for less money in America than in England. This was done so that the colonies might be induced to use the tea, thus acknowledging the right of England to tax them. But the scheme did not work. At some places the tea was sent back, at other places it was burned or stored in damp cellars where it soon spoiled, and at Boston it was emptied into the bay. At no place was the tea used, so bitter was the feeling against the principle. This treatment surprised England very much. She thought this plan would surely work. When England learned of the reception of the tea in the different ports she became very angry and passed what is known as the Five Acts. It was these acts that precipitated the crisis.

The Boston Port Bill closed the port of Boston. No ship was allowed to enter or leave the port till Boston paid for the tea that she emptied in the bay. The Transportation Bill provided that a person accused of crime might be taken back to England to be tried. This was to prevent the colonists from bribing judges. It was the custom of the legislature to control the judges and governor appointed by the king, by withholding their salary. The judges and governor were paid by the colonies. In order for them to get their salaries they must favor the colonies. England in order to punish the leaders of this resistance were compelled to take them to England. The charter was taken away from Massachusetts and the governor was given plenary power. The fourth of these acts quartered troops on the people and made them feed them. The Quebec Act gave all the land west of the Alleghanies and north of the Ohio, to Canada. As this territory was claimed by the colonies, the act was regarded as a gross infringement.

As soon as the acts became known in America, steps were taken to unite the colonies for resisting this tyranny. It was plainly seen by all the colonies that they must unite or allow England to crush them one by one. That was England's plan. And, indeed, the time had come when this could be done. The different acts of parliament had stirred every man and woman and even the children so completely, that England was hated in almost every household. Each colony had a committee of correspondence, whose duty it was to find out what was being done in every other colony. This committee completed the union and brought about a meeting of men from each colony. The meeting is known by the name First Continental Congress. After this meeting things rapidly drifted on to war. It was this body that organized the army and later formed the Articles of Confederation.

the Assembly to rescind the request. He did so, but the order was disobeyed and the governor dissolved the Assembly.

John Dickinson stirred the people to the uttermost by his famous Farmer's Letters. These were written on the obnoxious laws and sent out from time to time.

The organization of the colonies against these acts was so great and the feeling was so bitter that England felt it her duty to send troops across the ocean to restore order and enforce the law. This was another act that helped to bring on the war. The soldiers, as did their generals, supposed that they were coming among an ignorant set of people. And the worst of all, they thought the colonists were a set of cowards. They had the same spirit as did the king who sent them, haughty, unprincipled, and stubborn. It did not take them long to cause trouble.

Miss Helm's article on Civics will be found on page 298.

Nature Study and Geography

At the convention of the National Educational Association held in Boston in 1893 a committee was appointed to investigate the feasibility of industrial education in schools for rural communities. In its report, recently issued, this committee has given some helpful suggestions with regard to the teaching of nature study, suited both to city and to country schools. The nature study material given below is taken from the report.

Earth and Sky.

(For the Lower Grades.)

THERE are four leading categories in this group: (1) the weather; (2) the natural events of the year; (3) the conformation of the surrounding country; (4) survey of a brook or other strong natural feature of the country.

The Weather.

First year.—The child should observe and tell what the weather is, and should begin to learn to be weatherwise and to know the "signs" of the weather.

Second year.—Clouds, sunshine, and shadow, both indoors and outdoors; sun-dial.

Third year.—Wind; making and flying kites; weather vanes; chimney hoods; effect of wind on shape of trees; begin weather record, perhaps as blackboard exercise.

Fourth year.—Temperature; begin thermometer readings; continue record, perhaps in notebook.

Fifth year.—Barometer; weather maps, signals, and forecasts.

Events of the Year.

First year.—Note the change of seasons; position of the sun at different seasons; holidays.

Second year.—Begin seasonal observations, chiefly on date of appearing of frogs, migrations of birds, etc.

Third year.—The calendar; continue observations, chiefly on trees, fruit trees, etc., begin a record, perhaps on blackboard.

Fourth year.—Continue observations, taking up the farming industries if in the country; times of plowing, tilling, sowing, harvesting, wood-hauling, fence-building, etc.; making a diary of work in the community.

Scenery, or Conformation of Region.

Second year.—General observations as to contour of country, perhaps as seen from school-room windows.

Third year.—More detailed observations, classifying into swamps, hills, flats, woodlands, riverbeds, orchards, grazing lands, etc.

Fourth year.—Describe the scenery in oral and written work; how the scenery can be improved.

Fifth year.—Observations on a particular area, one farm, the school yard, the main road, etc.; make charts and drawings.

Survey.

Third year.—Begin a regular "survey" of a brook or other prominent natural feature of the region; it is better if the feature is near the school-house; the first work will be chiefly exploration.

Fourth year.—Continue survey; begin to take definite measurements of the brook, width, depth, length, tributaries, pools, etc.

Fifth year.—Continue; describe the brook; make charts; determine the drainage basin and how the brook affects its region.

A Rain Storm.

(For the Lower Grades.)

Purpose of the Lesson.

(1) To put the pupil in the right attitude toward the weather. (2) To interest the pupil in the changes to be seen in the out-of-doors after a storm; to lay foundations for geography lessons.

The Lesson.

Altho discussion of a rain storm may take place profitably in the first and second grades, the best time for continued observation will be the third year in school. Then the pupils are ready to do some independent observing, and they can seek certain definite results of the storm.

The spring shower comes up suddenly; the room darkens and the children cannot see to work. This is the time to have them feel the part that the rain storm takes in their lives. It will be restful to lay all books aside, to clear the desks and study the shower. Can the rain be heard on the roof? How cheery it sounds! With closed eyes, you know that the drops are coming down thick and fast. Let us go to the windows. It is interesting to watch the water dash against the window panes and roll down; to see it falling on the trees and flowers; to think what it means to the fields. How fast the streams flow in the gutters and ruts in the road! Why? How muddy the rills and rivulets are! Why? Where are the birds? What a good time Robin is having out there in the rain! Do you suppose the squirrel dislikes the rain? Do the wild animals run for cover? Are the cows and horses in the fields in a hurry to seek shelter from the storm?

The nature of the rain itself should be noted: Drops large or small? Very numerous or relatively few on the pane? Does the rain fall straight down or does it come slanting? Does it strike hard? Does it seem to come from a great height, or are the clouds low? Let the first few drops strike on a clean piece of glass, then dry

the glass. Is the glass soiled? Why? Catch some of the last drops in the same way.

It frequently happens that the spring showers are heavy and brief. They cease before the close of school. The wise teacher will go out with the children to see the results of the storm. If her class is large, she can limit the observations to one or two definite things, as, for instance, the flowing of the water, making tiny valleys and carrying the waste material; but if there is time, she may take this opportunity for teaching some of the land and water forms, for after a shower these are present in miniature and are best taught afield. If the class is large, preparation for this lesson can be made by means of sand and clay maps, and then the children may be told what kinds of things to seek before leaving the school-house. Young people enjoy a particular quest. Who will be the first to find an island, a peninsula, a lake, a mountain, a valley, a delta, a mountain range? Then will come the question: How are these land and water forms made?



A Tree. (Maple.)

(For the Upper Grades.)

Purpose of the Lesson.

(1) Still further to relate the pupil to the world in which he lives. (2) To bring the pupil into contact with a tree as a living organism. (3) To determine what phenomena are transpiring about the tree and within the limits of its parts. (4) To become acquainted with the different parts of a tree. (5) To discover what events overtake the tree during the year. (6) To learn or identify the kinds of trees.

The Lesson.

It is best to study one tree during an entire year, thus cultivating in the pupil the habit of seeing and knowing a tree thoroly. This habit will be of the greatest importance in a later study of the trees of the region. To begin the study, the pupil should have a notebook which is to be devoted to his observations on the tree for a year. This notebook should be large enough so that a leaf may be sketched in it lengthwise. A favorite tree in a school yard should be chosen for this observation; it is far better if this tree may be seen from the school-house window. The maple is an excellent subject for this first study in the northeastern states, as it has many interesting features; but similar work may be undertaken with any kind of a tree, only it is always best to choose a species that is characteristic of the surrounding country.

Call attention first to the relation of the tree to its environment. If the tree is a maple, determine on what soils it usually grows. How abundant are these trees in the neighborhood? In what places are they commonly found? Do they grow alone or with other trees? Do they grow to be very large? To what use do the people put these trees? And similar general questions.

The Tree Itself, in Foliage.

Work may be begun in September and be continued once a week until all the leaves have fallen.

The work should be done in separate observation lessons, not more than fifteen or twenty minutes long, and may be made in the yard with the teacher or by the pupils themselves at recess, the teacher each time suggesting lines of observation. These observations should cover the following points:

1. The shape of the tree, i. e., whether its trunk is bare for some distance or whether the limbs grow near the ground; whether the branches at the top are spreading or close. A sketch should be made in pencil or water color of the general shape of the tree.

2. Are the leaves borne near the trunk of the tree, or are they borne on the tips of the twigs? Get from this observation the relation of leaves to the light.

3. Are the leaves opposite each other on the twigs?

4. What is the color of the leaf above? Beneath? Are all the leaves on the tree of the same color? This observation must be made each week, showing the change due to the autumn influences.

5. The approximate length and width of the largest leaf; of the smallest leaf.

6. Find the greatest variation in shape, if possible, on two leaves of this tree.

7. Study the leaf-stalk, or petiole, and its relation to the twig. Is the stalk the same length on different leaves? Does the length of the stalk have to do with the leaf reaching the light? Is there a bud in the axil where the stalk joins the twig?

8. What sort of an edge has the leaf? What is the color of the veins of the leaf, i. e., does each vein branch off the midrib or do the veins themselves branch? Do the veins extend to the end of the leaf? If so, do they end in a point on the margin or at the base of a notch?

9. Careful drawings should be made in the notebook of a normal leaf of the tree and its fruit (if the fruit can be had). The changes of the color of the leaves should be noted each week, and also when the first leaves begin to fall; also, the effect on the leaves of the heavy winds and rains, and finally what becomes of the leaves after they have fallen.

The Tree in Winter.

1. General shape of the whole tree.
2. Height of bole as compared with height of tree.

3. Is the bole slender or stocky? Does it continue straight up or divide into great branches?

4. What sort of bark has it, rough or smooth? If rough, are the ridges or sutures far apart or close together? Do they intersect or are they distinct and vertical?

5. What is the color of the bark and what blotches or marks are there on it?

6. Are the lower branches very large? Does the bark on them resemble that on the trunk?

7. At what angle do the branches in general stand to the trunk?

8. Are there many large branches?

9. Where is the spray borne, along the branches or at the tips? ("Spray" is a term used for the mass of twigs because they re-

seemble the spray of a fountain). Study the spray; is it coarse or fine? Does it stand erect or droop? What is its color?

10. Make a drawing of the tree in pencil, showing it bare of leaves.

The Tree in Early Spring.

About the last of March bring in twigs from the trees to be kept in a warm room and in the sunshine. Place the twigs in water and watch the opening of the leaves. Later, when the leaves open on the trees, note the following:

1. How the leaves are folded, as shown by the wrinkles in them, as they come from the bud. The falling of the bud-scales. The color of the leaves when they first come out, and how long it takes to change them to green. The leaf should be sketched in a notebook, in all its stages of development.

2. The flowers of the tree should be studied, noting the shape and color; and week by week the development of the flower into the seed should be noted.

3. During the spring the shade cast by the tree should be studied, noting how it grows more dense; also the extreme points reached by the shade night and morning should be marked and noted.

4. In connection with the shade, the arrangement of the leaves should be again studied, noting that the leaves in their efforts to reach the light make a complete canopy. A water-color sketch of the tree in its June dress should be made, showing the shadow which it casts, and the shape of the shadows in the top indicating the position and the direction of the branches.



Spruce—Winter Tree Study in the North.

Studies of North America. V

A Series of Lesson Outlines by Adelaide R. Pender, Connecticut

(To be used with any geography.)

Climate.

To the pupils.—In what belts or zones is North America? We learned these in our study of latitude. What kind of weather would you expect to find were there no modifying influences from the Tropic of Cancer to the Arctic Circle?

What is one of these modifying effects? (Winds.) Let us see what story the winds of North America tell us; the reason why they exist and why they take certain directions.

Did you ever see vapor rising when the sun is setting? We say the sun is "drawing water." You have seen vapor rising from water boiling on the stove. You have learned that this occurs because heat is driving the molecules of the liquid farther and farther apart, thus forming a vapor or gas.

Vapor is rising all the time from some parts of the earth. Mention any. (The equator is the best example.) What influence is hard at work at the equator, making vapor rise? (Sun's direct rays.)

Mention other places where there is little heat from the sun. Would you find vapor rising here? All parts of the earth are heated unequally, therefore the air is kept in motion which results in winds.

To the teacher.—Review briefly the work or talks on heat expansion. This will lead to the fact that at the equator the light air or vapor flows north. From the poles the cold air flows southward.

To the pupils.—Now we have learned that there is always something everywhere, therefore, when the hot air of the equatorial belts moves outward, cooler air flows in to take its place. A constant interchange is carried on.

'Look at your picture of the equator and show with your finger a cool wind flowing in from from the cooler belts of the north and south. Owing to the constant motion of the earth there winds do not strike the equator exactly vertically, but are turned a little toward the west. So we have trade winds blowing westward. Draw roughly the globe on the board, and show the equator with arrows to represent western blowing trade winds.

What characteristics have the trade winds? (On the ocean, steady blowing with little change day and night.) Of what benefit is this to mariners? Why are the trade winds not so constant on land? Point on the map to places in North America that are in the trade wind belt. What topographical features in this section would change these winds from their constancy?

As the trade winds enter the warm belt they hold a great deal of moisture which they deposit when they come against any chilling surface. Hence there is a great deal of rain on the windy side of highlands in this belt.

Another kind of winds is the westerly which

deposit rain on the coast of North America before they cross the high mountains.

Let us look at our map of the winds and trace them. Notice how the trade winds whirl about into the westerly winds. In British America, toward the western coast, the westerly winds are curved upward. Why is this? Notice where the arrows converge in the center of the continent. Were it not for continents and earth movements, how would the winds move?

Watch the daily weather bulletin for wind movements. What winds are common in Chicago, California, Texas, New England?

Can you think out a reason for a sea breeze toward nightfall? (Use your knowledge of the primary cause of winds.)

There is a little breeze stirring the leaves of our trees. What causes it? There is a breeze on the mountain when there is none in the valley. What is the cause? Why do you fan yourself? What is the cause of heavy winds that often accompany thunder showers? What effect does a summer breeze have on the air? What difference is noted between seashore air in summer, and inland air?

What names of winds have you heard? (South, west, and so forth.) What is a "northeaster?" What is an equinoctial or line storm? What is meant by Boreas, Auster, Mistral, Siroces? What is the cause of a sandstorm? What effects does a mountain have on the climate of a place. Name all. Why is mountain air preferable in summer? Suppose the mountain near your home were taken away what direct effect would the loss have upon the climate of your town? How would storms be affected by it?

What difference between the climate of Denver and New York city, and why? What difference between the climate of your town and San Francisco? Between Chicago and New Orleans? What between an inland city and a coast port? Compare the rainfall of several cities. Account for differences.

The Rocky mountains are in the path of westerly winds but do not receive rainfall. Why?

To the teacher.—Have the pupils account for climate on the Pacific slopes, in the Cascades, the Sierra Nevadas, in the Great Basin, the prairie region, the Mississippi valley. Many facts may be obtained from the geographies, as supplemental to the lessons.

To the pupils.—What kind of a climate would you expect to find on the tiptop of Pike's Peak? Mt. Washington? Why is there snow all the year on some mountains? Did you ever stand on a mountain top or high hill? How did the air differ from that in the valley? Compare the temperatures of a mountain and valley in summer and winter. Some of your friends live on hills; do they ever compare the air they breathe with that which you breathe? What do they say?

Let us take a trip in imagination from a val-

ley in the Rocky Mountains to the top of a high peak. What kind of air do we breathe at first? As we go higher? On the very top? The higher we go the rarer becomes the atmosphere. People who have lung trouble seek high altitudes where there is less work for the lungs to do.

To the teacher.—Talk about the fact that water boils much more readily in high altitudes, and the inconvenience to cooks under those conditions.

To the pupils.—Recall your picture of the relief map and tell whether you think the region between the Rocky mountains and the Pacific ocean would get much rain from the westerly winds that blow from the Pacific ocean? Why not?

The Sierra Nevada mountains are higher than the Coast range. How does that affect the rainfall on the former? (They are in the path of the moist westerly winds and their west slope, consequently, receives heavy rains.) This is also true of the Coast range and slopes. But what condition do you find existing in the Great Central Basin?

Turn to the relief map and find sections that ought to be fertile, if the land were level, and tell why they are not. Give your reason for there being barren sections. Why are the Appalachian slopes fertile? Why the gulf plains?

To the Teacher.—One of the most interesting subjects under a study of climate is rain. With the older pupils an effective method is to have read famous descriptions of rain storms. The class will enter into the author's spirit and be led to give their own experiences. Here also is a fruitful source for written language descriptions.

Select such passages as the storm in "The Little Minister"; the flood in "The Mill on the Floss"; the storm in "Richard Carvel"; the rain in "Barnaby Rudge" or the storm in "David Copperfield," and hosts of others. Among the poems there are: "Summer Rain," by Beecher; "Thunderstorm," by Prentice; "Rainy Day" and "Rain in Summer," by Longfellow; "Before the Rain," by T. B. Aldrich; "Rain in September," by Collins; "The Equinoctial," by M. E. Blake. Many excellent rain poems, including those mentioned above, are found in "Poetry of the Seasons," published by Silver, Burdett & Company.

When these descriptions and poems are read have the pupils select words and phrases which aptly describe the events taking place. A few of these that were noted in rain poems are: The long, slender spears quiver and flash; clouds send cavalry down; a rushing of waters is heard in the air; drops pelt; the dancing lines flash on the water and brim the dusky pool; rain loads the heavy boughs with moisture; in pools a thousand points dart up in the light.

Have the pupils select rain and snow pictures in geographies.

Animals.

To the pupils.—Let us turn to the animal map and make an alphabetical list of the animals found in North America.

To the Teacher.—Such a list might include: Alligator, antelope, bear, beaver, bison, birds, caribou, cattle, civet, cougar, dog (prairie), duck (eider), eagle, ermine, fish, ferret, fowl, fox, gopher, hare, herring, hog, horse, iguana, lobster, lynx, manatee, martin, mink, mole, moose, muskrat, ocelot, opossum, otter, peccary, porcupine, ptarmigan, puma, raccoon, rabbit, sable, salmon, seal, shad, sheep, snakes, sponge, squirrel, turkey, turtle, walrus, weasel, whale, wildcat, wolf, woodchuck.

Select a few of these animals and study carefully from pictures in the geography, readers, zoological works. Have the picture described with eyes closed. Have the animals sketched roughly at board and on paper.

The following topical outline may be used to advantage with the picture study. It presupposes familiarity with text either in geographies or supplementary works.

Family, name, color, size (measure and compare with a known domestic animal), head (eyes, mouth, teeth, tongue, ears), legs, (feet), body, tail, habits, food, home, uses, (compare with any of our domestic animals.) (Found where on the continent?) Weapons of defense, why does it live where it does? Adaptation to home (including climate, food, covering, shelter, habits). Select places in North America and tell what animals you would expect to find there (bearing in mind soil, altitude, latitude and so forth), what effect climate, mountains, rivers, zones have on animals, how animals depend on vegetation and soil; relation of animals to us.

What animals familiar to us were used in Bible times? What animals in North America have been favorites with artists? Watch the daily papers for any interesting animal items.

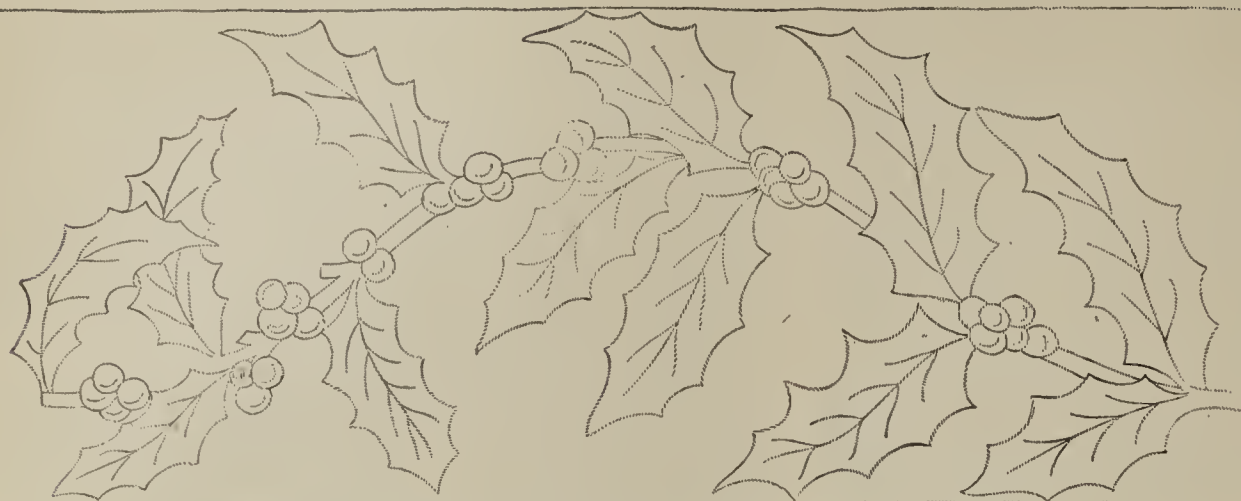
Most of these topics will be developed by questions. The field for thought is wide here, and time only will be the teacher's limitation.

In one geography used by the writer for reference there were pictures of the following animals: Beaver, buffalo, caribou, cattle, dog, donkey, fish, horse, seal, sheep, sponge. All of the pictures told varied stories of life in the section where the animal was found.

Take the cattle pictures, for instance: After developing them by the topics, comparing constantly with farm scenes near home, why not go further into the realm of poetry and art?

Study such celebrated pictures as these by Rosa Bonheur: Ploughing in Nivernais, Scotch Cattle at Rest, Straits of Ballachulish, Landais Peasants, Cattle of Brittany; Dupre's Escaped Cow, Milking Time, Group of Cows at Milking Time, Cows Going Home, The Cow; Vuillefroy's Return of Herd; Landseer's Wild Cattle of Chillingham; Edwin Douglas's Sark, A Jersey Family, Alderney, Jersey, Evangeline; Corot's Landscape with Cattle; R. Bonheur's Cows at Watering Place; Troyon's Cattle Resting from Work; Van Marckes Cattle in Marsh; Paul Potter's The Bull; Swinsted's Morning Greeting; Le Rolle's By the Riverside.

Also read with the pupils Ingelow's High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire and Kingsley's The Sands 'o Dee.



A Border for the Christmas Blackboard.

Suppose Landais Peasants is selected for a critical picture study during the language period. Topics the teacher has in mind may be: Landais where? (Use map to locate.)

Prominent features in picture—Sheep, oxen, men, woman, child, vegetation, sky.

Any landscape like this seen by the student at home.

Reasons why picture pleases.

Subjects noted in the picture: Geography, zoology, botany, meteorology, mineralogy, ethnography, and so on.

Study of people.—
Dress, stilt, expression on faces (happiness, mother's affection and care), health, vigor.

Special study, sheep and oxen. Play of light and shadow; massing of light and shadow.

Compare people, wagon, dress, with our farmers, wagon, dress.

Beauties and lessons in picture.





Music Lessons

Quiz in the Grammar School.

By ADELAIDE GRIGGS, New Hampshire.

1. What is music ?
2. A musical sound can be high, or ?
3. “ “ “ “ “ long, “
4. “ “ “ “ “ soft, “
5. How many lines in the staff ? Why ?
6. “ “ spaces “ “ “ “
7. If each line and space is called a degree, how many degrees are there in the staff ?
8. What letters do we use to name the degrees ?
9. Repeat them backward.
10. What clefs are in general use ?
11. On which line of the staff is the G clef placed ?
12. What letter does it place on that line ?
13. Where is E ? its octave ?
14. Locate the two F's ; G's ; A's ; B's ; D's ;
15. “ “ three C's.
16. Name by letter, the spaces of the staff G clef.
17. “ “ “ “ lines “ “ “ “ “
18. On which line of the staff is the F clef placed ?
19. What letter does it place on that line ?
20. Name the letters on all the lines of the F clef.
21. “ “ spaces of the F clef.
22. What characters represent the relative length of tones ?
23. How is a whole note made ? half note ? quarter note ? etc.
24. What characters are employed to indicate silence ?
25. How is a whole rest made ? half rest ? quarter rest ? etc.
26. What effect has the Dot ?
27. How many eighth-notes is a dotted quarter note equal to ?
28. What is a scale ?
29. Give the numerals of the scale
30. “ “ syllables “ “ “
31. What syllable is always applied to One of every major scale ?
32. What syllable is always applied to the first of every minor scale ?
33. With the G clef, on what degree is One of the scale of C located ?
34. With the F clef, on what degree is One of the scale of C located ?
35. Give the letters in the scale of C, G, D, A, A flat, B, D flat, F sharp, C sharp, B flat, C flat, E, E flat.
36. What tone pitch do we use in the key of G that we do not use in the key of C ?
37. On which line of the G clef is One or do in the key of G ?
38. What pitch is 7 in the key of G ?
39. What key is indicated when the clef is used alone ?
40. What is the signature of the key of— G, D, A, E, F, B flat, E flat, A flat, B, C sharp, C flat, F sharp, C ?
41. How does the pitch of F sharp differ from F ?
42. What is the chromatic scale ?
43. Give syllable names of chromatic scale ascending, and descending.
44. What is an interval ?
45. Give the staff intervals.
46. Which are the perfect consonances ?
47. “ “ “ imperfect “
48. “ “ “ dissonances ?
49. When is an interval major ?
50. “ “ “ “ minor ?
51. Give a major third on C, G, F, D, A, E, B, B flat, E flat, A flat, G flat, D flat, C flat, C sharp, F sharp.
52. How many did we skip over in naming our thirds ?
53. What is a chord ?
54. What is a triad ?
55. How many positions has a triad ?
56. When is a triad in its first position, second position ? third position ?
57. What is transposition ?
58. “ “ modulation ?
59. “ “ melody ?
60. “ “ harmony ?



What Santa Claus Will Bring.

By ANNIE STEVENS PERKINS.

Oh, Santa Claus is coming soon, it's really Christmas time!
We'll hear his (A) sleigh-bells jingle far away.
He knows what boys and girls all like, and oh, what fun
'twill be
To watch him and to see what's in his sleigh.

CHORUS TO VERSE 1.

I guess there'll be a (1) rattle and a (2) big, big drum,
A doll with (3) "truly" hair that (4) shuts her eyes;
A (5) rubber ball that bounces and a (6) red tin horn
to blow,
And a (7) sled that goes so fast it really flies.

Yes, Santa Claus is coming and I'm sure that he will bring
A present fine for grandma and mamma,
And something for big brother and for sister dear, Louise,
And something for dear grandpa and papa.

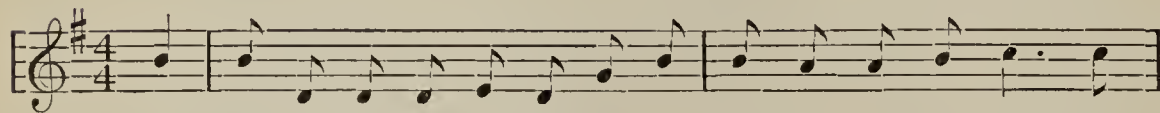
CHORUS TO VERSE 2.

I guess there'll be some (8) scissors and a (9) thimble
bright;

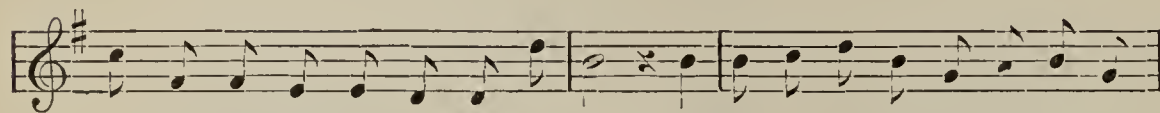
What Santa Will Bring.

(Action Song for Christmas.)

Words and Music by ANNIE STEVENS PERKINS.



Oh, San - ta Claus is com - ing soon, It's real - ly Christ - mas time! We'll



hear his sleighbells jin - gle far a - way; He knows what boys and girls all like, And

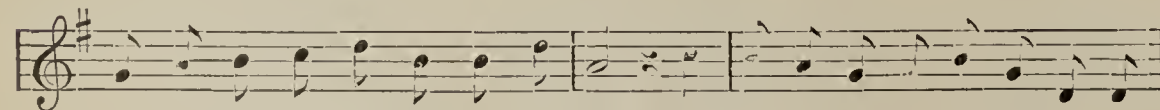


oh, what fun 'twill be To watch him and to see what's in his sleigh.

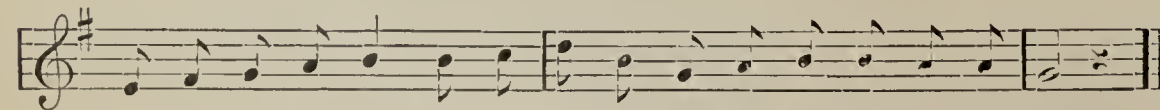
CHORUS.



I guess there'll be a rat - tle, and a big, big drum,— A



doll with "tru - ly" hair, that shuts her eyes; A rub - ber ball that bounces, And a



red tin horn to blow, And a sled that goes so fast it real - ly flies.

Some (10) compasses to draw a circle true;
Some new piano (11) music, too, for somebody to play;
(12) An umbrella and some (13) glasses bright
and new.

Before the song is rendered, let one child (or more) retire
to an ante-room with a string of bells which are to be
jingled at (A).

(1.) In lifted right hand energetically shake imaginary
rattle.

(2.) Both hands, holding imaginary drum-sticks, in
vigorous thumping motion.

(3.) Left hand touches hair.

(4.) Forefinger of both hands shut eyelids down.

(5.) Right hand at low right moved up and down as
if bouncing a ball.

(6.) Both hands form around an imaginary horn held
to lips,—not too closely.

(7.) Slide palm of right hand along palm of left (held
horizontally) and off to extreme right.

(8.) Forefinger crossed at lowest knuckles.

(9.) Motion of putting thimble on forefinger of
right hand by left hand.

(10.) Right thumb vertical in
palm of left hand turned so that
fingers describe a circle as com-
passes would do.

(11.) Imitate playing the
piano, as children naturally do
this, using both hands.

(12.) Left forefinger held ver-
tical, the other fingers curled
away; right hand horizontal above
the forefinger "stick" palm down
ward.

(13.) Forefinger and thumb of
each hand make circles for the
"glasses." Hold to eyes.

NOTE.—The song can be used
in the school-room, or if desired,
at a Christmas entertainment,
preceding the entrance of Santa
Claus. All reference to a Christ-
mas tree is eliminated, as an in-
creasingly prevalent sentiment
obtains against the waste of trees
for celebration purposes.

Let the children make the song
a help to themselves by deciding
who shall receive the compasses,
glasses, etc., mentioned in verse
2. The order of relatives men-
tioned is the order of the gifts of
the chorus, except that papa's
gift precedes grandpa's.





Games for School and Playground.

The games described in the series of which the second instalment is given in the present number were arranged for use in the schools of New York city. They are accordingly suited to the school-room, or small playgrounds as well as large. Many of the games are old and many are new. All have been tried and are enjoyed by pupils.

Circle Ball.

The players form a ring. One of them throws the ball at another player, who must catch it, and throw it at some other one in the ring. It should be thrown in quick succession and unexpectedly. Variations may be made by bouncing the ball, by clapping the hands before catching it, or the person who fails to catch it may sit down. The game may also be played with the players seated.

Center Base.

The players form a ring, one player standing in the center and holding the bean bag. He tosses it at some player, who must catch it, place it in the center of the circle, and at once chase the one who threw it. The one who threw the bag runs out of the circle, and tries to return and touch the bag before he is tagged. If he is tagged, he is out of the game, and the other player throws the bag. If he is not tagged, he throws again.

Ball Tag.

Arrange the players in two lines facing each other, and about forty feet apart. One side sends out a player, who stands in the middle, half-way between the lines, and facing his own side. One of the opposite side throws the ball, and strikes the one in the middle on the back. The one struck must guess who threw the ball. If he guesses correctly, one of the opposite side takes his place. If he does not, the opposite side continues throwing until he is successful.

Guess Ball.

The players form a line. One stands several feet in front of the others, with his back toward them. He counts aloud a given number. Meantime the ball is passed back and forth along the line. When the given number is called, the person who holds the ball throws it, and strikes

the player in front on the back. If he is hit, he turns quickly, and tries to guess who threw the ball. If correct, the two players change places; if not, the game is repeated, with the same player in front. If the player in line fails to hit the one in front with the ball, they change places.

Catch Ball.

The ball is thrown into the air, and the name of a player called. If he catches the ball before its second bounce, he tosses it up, and calls the name of another player. If he does not catch the ball, he loses a point. When a player has lost four points, he is out of the game.

Days of the Week.

Each player is given the name of a day of the week. One throws the ball against the wall, and calls the name of some day, as Monday. The player named Monday must catch the ball before it touches the floor. If he catches it, he throws the ball; if he does not, the first player continues.

Dodge Ball.

Half the players form a circle, the other half stand inside it. The ball is thrown by any person in the circle at any one within the ring. If the person is hit, he joins the circle. The player wins who is the last to stand within the circle.

Circle Catch Ball.

Form a circle, the players standing from six to eight feet apart. Toss the ball from one to the other, either to the right or left. The first player who does not catch the ball steps into the circle, and throws it to some player. It is then passed from one to another, so as to be difficult to catch. The one in the center tries to catch it. If he is successful, the one who threw it last may take his place, or, if preferred, the one who failed to catch it.

Pass Ball.

The players form a ring, with the feet placed sufficiently far apart for the ball to roll between them, and each foot touching a neighbor's foot, so that the ball cannot readily pass between players. One stands in the center of the circle, and tries to roll the ball between the feet of a

player; who rolls it back with his hands. If it passes between his feet or if he moves his feet so that it cannot pass, he takes the place of the player in the center.

Still Pond.

One person is blindfolded; the other players move about the room until he counts seven aloud, and calls, "Still pond, no more moving!" After he has said this, each one may take only seven steps. He tries to catch one of the players. If he is successful and guesses who it is, the one caught is blindfolded.

Ball and Bases.

Mark a place for home plate and three bases to complete the diamond, as in baseball. Choose sides, which may be called Reds and Blues. Appoint an umpire and a scorer. The first Red player stands at the home plate, the first Blue not less than five paces from him. The Red player strikes the ball with his hand as far as possible in any direction, and runs to the first base, to the second, the third, and the home plate, if he can, before the Blue has returned the ball to the home plate. He scores as many points as he has run bases before the ball is returned. If the Blue catches the ball, the Red is out. If the runner reaches the third base before the ball is returned to the home plate, he may remain over and try for the home plate when the next one of his side strikes the ball. When all the Reds have played, the Blues have their innings. A game consists of two innings.

Fives.

On a wall free from obstacles draw a line three feet and a half above the ground. On the ground or floor draw a line parallel to the wall and ten feet distant. Draw lines to mark the outer edge of the court on the wall and on the ground. One player throws the ball against the wall above the chalk-line. When it has bounced back and rebounded from the ground, or before it touches the ground, a player of the opposite side strikes it against the wall with the palm of his hand. One of his opponents must strike it next. The ball is thus struck alternately by one of each side until a failure is made. A failure consists in

missing the ball, striking it against the wall below the chalk-line, letting the ball touch the ground outside the court, or not striking it until after its second bounce. When any such failure is made, it scores one for the opposite side. The game is won by the side which first scores a certain number, as 11 or 21.

Preparation for Volley Ball.

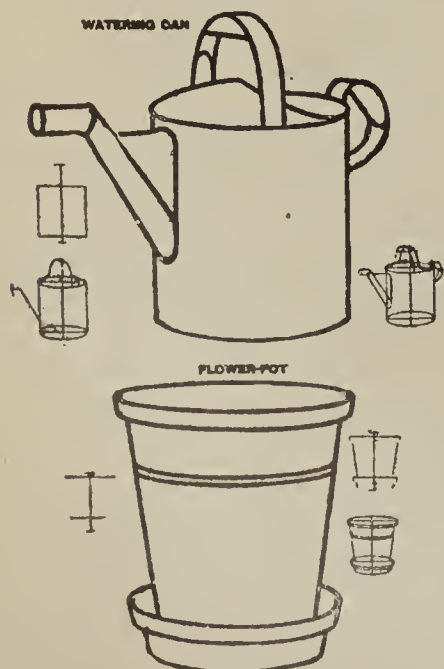
Mark off a court 40 by 40 feet. Draw a line thru the center, dividing the space into two equal courts A and B. Call the players in A and B Nos. 1, 2, 3, etc. Let No. 1 A serve first. He takes the ball, bounces it, and then bats it over to Court B, using either or both hands. The ball is allowed to bounce once, and then must be returned, or it may be returned before it bounces, except immediately after a serve. A wins a point if B fails to return it before it bounces twice or if he returns it outside A's court. When the ball is not properly returned by either side, No. 1 B serves, then No. 2 A, and so alternately on each side. The score is kept by the scorer; and is called before each play begins. A's score is always called first. Any number of players on a side may bat the ball to return it, so long as they do not let it touch the floor twice while it is in their court. The game may be modified by forbidding the use of more than one hand or of either the left or the right. Bouncing the ball, except after the service, may also be forbidden.

The Belled Cat.

Hang a bell around the neck of one player; calling him the cat, blindfold two, and let the others form a ring, inside which the two blindfolded may chase the cat. When the cat is caught, the successful player becomes cat, wears the bell, and chooses one from the ring to be blindfolded.

French Blind Man's Buff.

One player is blindfolded; the others form a ring about him. All in the ring are numbered. The one in the center calls two numbers. The players having these numbers change places at once, while the center player tries to catch one. If he succeeds, the one caught takes his place.



Simple Drawings.

Christmas in Other Lands

By Dorothy Wells

CHRISTMAS means good times for the children wherever the day is celebrated. However much the ways of keeping it may differ in the various countries, everywhere reigns the same kindly thought, expressed in our land by the words, "I wish you a merry Christmas!"

Many of our Christmas customs have come from England. In the olden times the festival there lasted for several days; and in many parts of the country the ancient ways of celebrating are still kept up. The fun begins on Christmas eve, when the great Yule-log is brought into hallway or sitting-room. By its light the children dance and play such games as blind-man's buff, or shoe the white mare, until they are tired; then they are glad to gather about the fire and listen quietly to stories of days gone by. They go to sleep amid visions of candles and plum pudding, always intending to watch on the sly for the coming of Santa Claus, whom they somehow never manage to see.

The decorating with holly, and the hanging of the mistletoe, are English customs, too. The hunt for the mistletoe began, in the olden times, several days before Christmas, people going to the woods in a long procession to find it. When a spray was seen, as it grew on a large oak tree, the vine was cut with a silver knife, and dropped upon a white cloth spread out below the tree. The mistletoe was fastened to a doorway, or chandelier, and every time a maiden was caught beneath, and had paid the penalty with a kiss, one white berry was taken from the bunch. When the last berry had been removed, no more kisses could be snatched.

The boar's head was as much a part of the old English Christmas as the famous plum pudding. The head was cooked to a crisp brown color, and, when placed in a dish, surrounded by rosemary, with the ears pointed upward, and a lemon in its mouth, looked very enticing. The dish was always placed at the head of the table, with a candle on each side.

For many years, either Christmas morning, or the night before, boys and girls went about singing carols. The custom still exists in some of the older English cities, as well as those of Germany and France. They sing under the windows of every house, receiving money in return, which they spend for Christmas goodies, or carry to their parents, if it is needed in the home.

Names for Santa Claus.

Santa Claus is known by various names in the different countries. In the Netherlands he is known as St. Nicholas, from which our own name Santa Claus comes. St. Nicholas is specially loved in Amsterdam, where besides Christmas a day in November is devoted to his honor. The Dutch children leave their two little wooden shoes by the fireplace Christmas eve, to be filled by the good old saint, instead of stockings, as we do here.

The Christmas messenger in Alsace is supposed to be a lady dressed in white, whose face is powdered with flour. She has long, yellow hair, and a golden crown, ornamented with tiny candles. She carries a basket of presents in one hand, and a silver bell in the other. Hans Trapp, a mysterious some one of whom the little ones are all afraid, rides with her on the same donkey. The children place a bunch of hay behind the door for the tired donkey, with a glass of wine beside it for the lady and Hans Trapp.

Christmas in Norway.

The Yule-log was first burned in Norway, where many Christmas legends and stories are still told. There it is Kristine who brings the gifts, and in many places candles are left burning in the window, to give her light. Bright pictures are used for decorating the houses, instead of evergreens. The festivities last among the Norwegians for thirteen days, during which all the people dress in their gayest clothing, and no guest may leave the house without tasting the strong Yule ale. A very pretty custom is practised in Norway: the giving of a Christmas dinner to the birds. Every barn-door or gable is decorated with a sheaf of grain fastened to a long pole, and even the very poorest people manage to save a few stalks for the birds. The Norwegian children believe that at midnight Christmas eve all the cattle turn their faces toward the east, then bow down and worship the Christ. Since the Child was laid in a manger at His birth, a special dinner is prepared for the cattle on Christmas day.

Customs in Brittany and France.

In Brittany a quaint custom has been preserved from ancient times. When the country people go to mass at midnight Christmas eve, all, even the children, carry lanterns to light them on their way. Upon their arrival at the church they give the lanterns to the poor old women of the parish, who are gathered in a crowd outside the church awaiting them. When the mass is ended, and they are dismissed with the benediction, they come forth to find the patient women still waiting for them. The lanterns are given back to their owners, and as each takes his own, he gives in return for it a piece of money. The value of the piece varies, but it is as large as the owner of the lantern can possibly afford.

After the Christmas dinner is over, in this same country, a large cake is brought in, of which all the girls eat a piece. Somewhere in the cake is a bean, and the girl who finds the bean in her piece is queen of the festival. She chooses some one to be her king, and the two receive special honors thruout the Christmas time.

French children are sent to bed, with the promise that "le petit Noel," the Christmas Child, will bring them a present while they sleep. The gifts are usually found in the shoes, or they are placed on the two ends of the Christmas log.

Russian Stories and Festivities.

It is probable that the idea of St. Nicholas, or Father Christmas, as he is sometimes called, comes from Russia. A great many years ago there was an old Russian nobleman who, once a year, went about the villages near his castle, distributing presents of clothing, food, and toys to all the poor children whom he could find. After his death, the custom was kept up by others, and so has continued from that day to this.

The story that is told in Russia corresponding to our Santa Claus is of old Babousca. When the three wise men of the East, seeing the star, started to find the Christ Child, they stopped at Dame Babousca's hut, and asked her to show them the way to Bethlehem. The night was cold, so the old woman refused; but after they had gone, she regretted her decision, and, filling a basket with toys, she said to herself, "I will find the kings, and together we will search for the Child, and lay these gifts at His feet." She started, but tho she has searched every year since, she has failed in her quest. When the children find the Christmas goodies and toys, they exclaim, "Old Babousca has passed this way!"

Preparations for the celebration in Russia begin about two weeks before Christmas. In the villages the peasant boy drives home his load of wood; that the cottage may be snug and warm; and the father kills a boar for the feast. This is a custom that no Russian peasant neglects. In some parts of the country boys go about the streets singing carols. One of the boys carries a star made of paper, as the emblem of the light that brightens the universe.

At dawn, on Christmas morning; the church bells ring, and every one, young or old, hastens to give thanks for the Redeemer's birth. Later in the forenoon carriages and sleighs are rushing in all directions, for everyone calls on everyone else on Christmas day; consequently most of the visits cannot be more than a minute in length. In the evening the city or town usually gives a dance for the boys and girls of the schools. The festivities continue for several days. The morning after Christmas tobogganing and skating parties are arranged, and in the village the boys gather to sing, and join in a choral dance, every lad trying to outdo the others. The girls make snow-men, play tag, and have dances of their own.

Christmas Among the Germans.

Germany is the children's paradise thru the Christmas season, for this is the true home of the Christmas tree. So many of these are required that the raising of the trees is an extensive industry, and many train-loads are carried to the cities, in anticipation of the day. The market-places appear almost like forests of evergreens that spring up at Christmas time. The tree is usually brought home and concealed in some cool place till the evening of the twenty-third; when it is placed in the most favorable position in the best room, and the doors are closed. Then the decoration begins; lasting thru the next day. As the mother hurries in and out of the room, the excitement of the children grows more and more intense;

and the air of mystery pervading the whole house is one of the enjoyable features of the holiday season.

Christmas is the occasion of family reunions. Grandmother always has the place of honor. As the time approaches for enjoying the tree she gathers her grandchildren about her, to tell them the story of the Christ child, with the meaning of the Christmas tree; how the evergreen is meant to represent the life everlasting, the candle-lights to recall the light of the world, and the star at the top of the tree is to remind them of the star of Bethlehem.

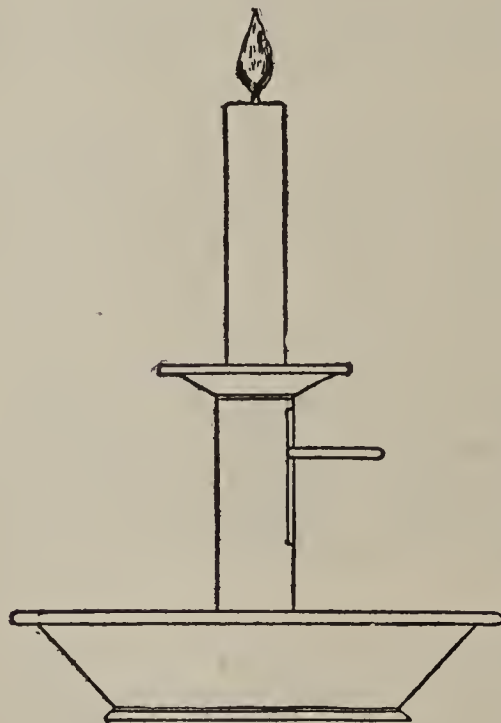
Meanwhile the father has been lighting the candles on the tree, and as the story is finished; parents and children gather about the still closed door and sing a Christmas hymn. Then the doors are opened, and again all sing a hymn. Beneath the tree are little baskets of apples, candies, and nuts, each marked with the name of its owner. As the hymn is finished the children rush for the

tree, each selecting the basket marked with his name. The presents are then distributed; and after being duly admired, are put away until the morning. The little ones give to parents and each other the simple gifts over which they have toiled with their own hands, and the evening is finished with singing and games.

Here in America the children are apt to scorn

a present that is strictly useful; but it is not so in Germany. Altho each child is remembered with some little toy; the gifts are most of them practical. One child will receive a much-needed pair of shoes, another a new dress, or a pair of mittens. The fact that these come at Christmas time gives added value to even the simplest articles. An orange or an apple coming from the magic tree tastes sweeter than any other, and Christmas shoes or cap are enjoyed as such until they are worn out.

At five o'clock Christmas morning all must be at church for the early service. In some parts of the country each person carries a Christmas candle, to be placed on the edge of the pew in front, the candles furnishing all the light for the church. As the people go home the trees in the houses are lighted, and the shades are raised, so that the Christmas cheer penetrates the darkness of the street.



Christmas Cakes.

The making of a special kind of cakes for Christmas is a custom quite general among European nations. On the farms in central France a certain cake is baked on Christmas eve to which astonishing virtues are attributed. Like the Good Friday bread of Old England, it remains uncorrupted during the year, and if a person or an animal fall ill, a piece of the cake given to the sufferer is a most effective cure. Cakes endowed with like medicinal virtues are known in other parts of France, and even as far away as Sweden.

Among the peasants of Berri, a province of central France, it has been customary for generations to give crescent-shaped cakes, called bullocks' horns, to the poor at Yule-tide, in addition to the alms always bestowed at that season. The shape of these cakes perhaps bears reference to the ox, said to have been present at the Nativity. It is more probable that these cakes, formed of the produce of the field, and baked on the hearth for the benefit of the poor, are of pagan origin, being primarily sacrifices to the power controlling cattle and crops. There is undoubtedly some connection between the manufacture of the crescent cakes, as those ornamented with an ox or cow, and the devotion shown to the celestial bodies.

In some of the towns of Berri the bakers make little cakes for Christmas in the shape of the infant Jesus. These are known as Naulets, the popular name of the Christ child. Many of the French provinces have their Naulets, some of them oblong, forming an infant of sugar, others representing men, women, horses, or oxen.

In Wurtemberg the biscuit-like Christmas cakes are of no special pattern, tho they may have the imprint of a boar. Some of them represent religious subjects, such as the crucifixion, the head of Christ, or one of the apostles. Effigies of New Testament characters may be seen heaped together with Bismarcks, Moltkes, and other German heroes; all of them manufactured of flour, sugar, and lemon juice.

In Finland, similar cakes are shaped like some implement of agriculture. The favorite shape in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway is that of a pig. This is most likely in allusion to the boar, which, according to the Norse mythology, drew the chariot of Frey, god of sunshine and rain, giver of harvest; and lord of light. Before the Christian religion was adopted in these countries, the Yule-tide was sacred to Frey. On Yule eve a boar, consecrated to him, believed to represent the grain-spirit of Scandinavian mythology, was sacrificed, while men laid their hands on it and plighted solemn engagements. To the present day, ideas apparently connected with this sacrificial animal and with his prototype, Gullinbursti (Gold Bristles), whose brilliant bristles, yellow, like ripe corn, could illumine the thickest darkness, are to be traced in the familiar practices of the Teutonic nations.

The Scandinavian Christmas cake is therefore no common loaf. Often it is baked from flour ground from corn of the last sheaf harvested, and is kept on the table thruout the days. Frequently it is preserved till sowing time in spring, when

part of it is given to the ploughman and his horses; that the harvest may prove to be good.



An Old English Christmas.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all its hospitable train,
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night;
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung:
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holy green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.

Then opened wide the Baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner
choose;

The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to
grace,

Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn
By old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's-head frowned on
high,

Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,
How, when, and where the monster
fell;

What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassel round, in good brown
bowls,

Garnished with ribbons, blithely
trowls,
There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas
pie;

Nor failed old Scotland to produce
At such high tide, her savory goose.
Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roared with blithesome
din;

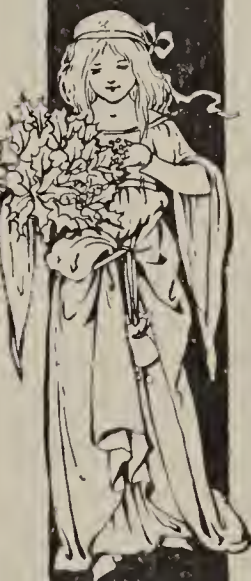
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
dressed

But, O! What masquers, richly
dight,

Can boast of bosoms half so light?
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again
'Twas Christmas broached the mighti-
est ale;

'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart thru half the
year.

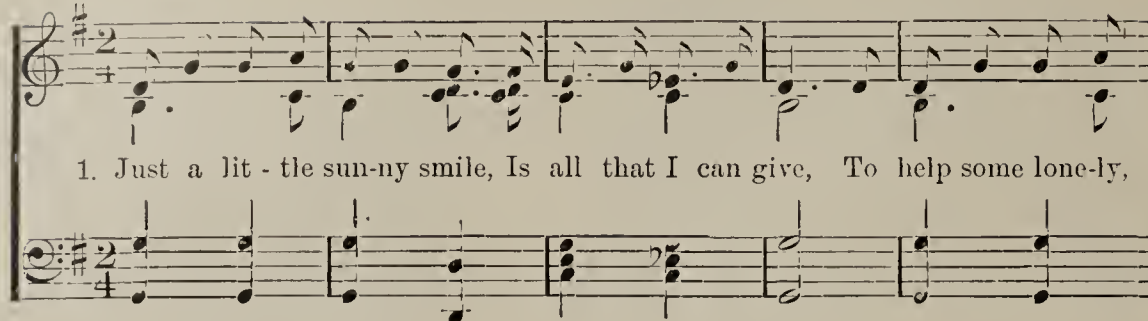
—From "Marmion," by SIR
WALTER SCOTT.



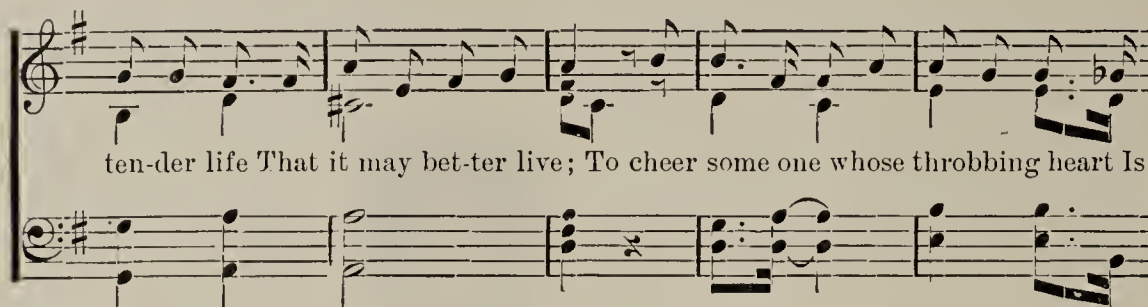
Child's Gifts.

Motion Song.

Words and Music by T. B. WEAVER, Prospect, O.



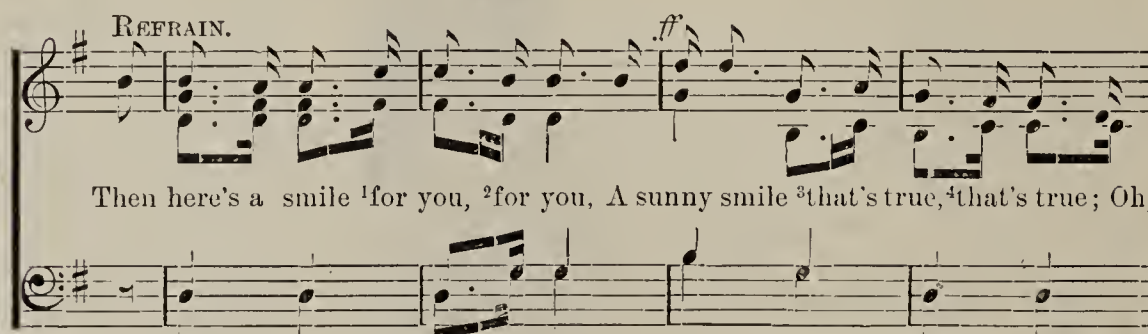
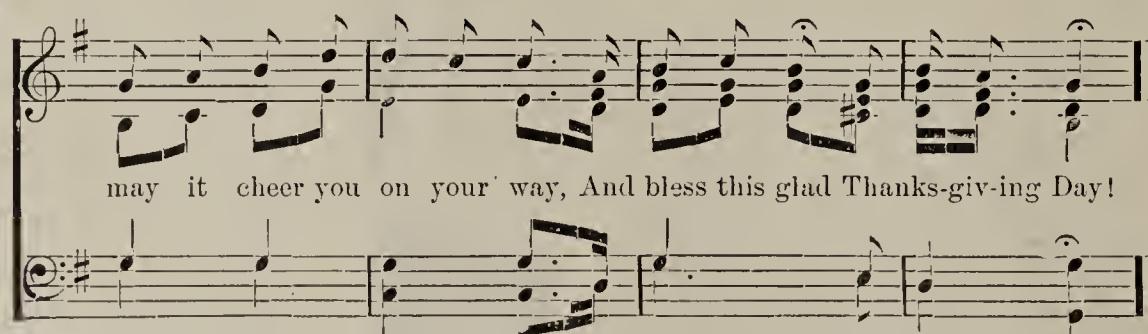
1. Just a lit - tle sun-ny smile, Is all that I can give, To help some lone-ly,



ten-der life That it may bet-ter live; To cheer some one whose throbbing heart Is



heav - y with its care, And be a lit - tle sunbeam shining ev - 'ry - where.

Then here's a smile ¹for you, ²for you, A sunny smile ³that's true, ⁴that's true; Oh,

may it cheer you on your way, And bless this glad Thanks-giv-ing Day!

MOTIONS—1 Gesture to left. 2. Gesture to right. 3. Place left hand on heart. 4. Place right hand upon left hand over heart.

2nd. Just an earnest wish I bring,
So earnest, kind, and true,
Is that the birds may always sing
Their sweetest songs for you,
The flowers and the sparkling
brooks,
The woods and meadows wide,
The flowers and the sparkling
brooks,
The woods and meadows wide,
May keep for you their charming
nooks,
Where joys abide!

REFRAIN.—Then here's a wish (1) for
you, for you,

An earnest wish that's (3)
true, that's true, etc., etc.

3rd. Just a simple little lay
Of smiles and wishes true,
On this glad Thanksgiving Day,
I humbly bring to you;
'Tis all I have, 'tis all I need,
To make this life more dear,
Love is the greatest gift indeed
Our lives to cheer.

REFRAIN.—Then here's a song (1) for
you, (2) for you,
A simple lay that's (3) true,
that's (4) true, etc., etc.

Language Work

Rules in Spelling.

VERY much help will be had by the seventh and eighth grade pupils in spelling if certain rules are drilled into their memories by examples. But all these rules should not be forced upon them at one time. The best way is to give an example—point out the rule and ask that it be written in their “blank books”; then give a pupil the next day an example that will employ the rule and ask that it be stated. (The “blank book” referred to is for placing important matters and conclusions stated by the teacher; every pupil should have one; it should be kept neatly; it will be a treasure in after years.)

Dropping the e.—The teacher gives out “move” and then “movable.” Then asks that the rule be stated: “The *e* is dropped when ‘able’ is added.” Then several examples are given, the pupils citing them as well as the teacher. Then the teacher gives out “manage” and then “manageable,” placing both on the blackboard.

He says: “Here the *e* seems to be retained; it is an exception; there are exceptions to all rules.” He asks for a rule to cover this case. “The *e* is retained when *c* or *g* precede it.” The pupils are asked to find examples.

Now this step is interesting and easy; but unless the teacher recalls the rule and the exception many times, they will be forgotten. Good teaching consists in recalling what has been learned and weaving it into the new materials. Suppose a week has passed; he will call one of the pupils to the blackboard saying, “I want to see whether John ever forgets; write ‘likable.’” If the *e* is not dropped another is called to state the rule. Those who remember the rule are praised. Then the teacher gives out “changeable” and follows a like course.

Other rules:—In the same way the doubling of the ending consonant in monosyllables is dealt with as in “shipping”; the exception is shown in words like “trooper.” In the same way the rule needed in words like “committing” where the only exception is “chagrined.”

There is a large class of words like “mill,” “sell” etc. Here a rule is needed. Suppose “gall” to be an entirely new word, the teacher will ask “Why are there two *l*s?” They will say, “Because all monosyllables ending in *l* have two *l*s.” Let them give many examples. But how about “mail,” “sail” etc? the teacher asks. Here the letter or letters that precede the *l* must be taken into account.

Words like “faithful” are given out. It appears that words of more than one syllable ending in an *l* sound require only one *l*. Let many

examples be given of this. But, if the accent falls on the last syllable it ends in a double *l*; as “befall,” “recall,” etc.

The teacher gives out “have,” “having” and demands a rule; then many examples. “But” he says, “how about ‘see’ ‘seeing?’” State a rule for the exception.”

He gives out “brave” “bravely” and demands a rule; he asks for examples.

He gives out “refine” and “refinement” and asks for the rule. Exception: “acknowledgment.” He gives out “money” “moneys” and asks for the rule, and for examples. “But how about ‘bounty’ ‘bounties?’” This leads to an investigation of the letters that precede the *y*. He gives out “beauty” “beautiful” and asks for a rule.

At other times he puts such words as follow on the blackboard and demands the rule: “accompaniment,” “wholesaling,” “cheerful” (only foretell distill, instill, fulfill retain the double *l* of the primitive) “omitted,” etc. This drills the rule into the memory; they learn to spell by rule by employing the rule.



Outline for Study of Evangeline.

(For higher grades.)

By STATE SUPERINTENDENT W. E. HARMON, Montana.

For the story of the exile of the Acadians see Bancroft's United States History, Volume II., pages 425-434.

Was there any possible justification for their being sent into exile by the English?

For the origin of the poem see Hawthorne's American note-books.

Read the selections first for the story. After the pupils have received a general impression, make the following study of the whole poem:

I. Notice the divisions in the poem. Reason for each division.

II. Chief characteristic of the poem? (Pathos.) How are the pathetic effects produced? (Thru the feelings and acts of the characters and the description of nature.)

III. Is the poem chiefly a character study, a story, or a series of beautiful pictures?

IV. Try to analyze the charm of the poem. Why is it so popular?

V. What use does the poet make of nature in the poem? (He uses nature as a background for human figures, to intensify or change our moods and to produce pleasing images.)

VI. What is the climax? Describe it.

VII. What is the central thought? (Woman's devotion).

After studying the poem as a whole, study the parts.

1. Give the purpose of the introduction.
2. Describe Grand Pre.
3. Describe the betrothal of Evangeline and Gabriel.

Describe and characterize :

1. Evangeline.
2. Gabriel.
3. Benedict Bellefontaine.
4. The notary.
5. The priest.

Give several descriptions of nature. Purpose of each description.

Give example of superstition in the people.

Give scenes that show a deep religious sentiment in the people.

1. Describe the effect on the people when they are ordered to leave their homes.

2. Describe scenes while they are embarking. Locate Nova Scotia on a map and trace the wanderings of Evangeline while she is searching for Gabriel.

Give the circumstances of their meeting for the last time.

Why does the poem close as it does?

Memorize choice selections from the poem.

The following figures of speech should be recognized and named by the pupils: Simile, metaphor, personification, synecdoche, metonymy, hyperbole, climax, and irony.

Simple Dictation Exercises

The public schools of Milton, Mass., of which Mr. Asher J. Jacoby is superintendent, publish a paper once a month. The *Milton School Journal*, as it is called, is mimeographed instead of being printed, and contains many good things that can be used to advantage elsewhere. The dictation exercises given below come from this school paper.

Introductory to the exercises are the following pertinent suggestions relative to their use:

Writing from dictation, sentences, paragraphs, and stanzas in which attention is given to spelling, capitalization, punctuation, and arrangement, is an effective aid in teaching the written forms of English, and making pupils skilful in their use. The mere writing of sentences, paragraphs, and stanzas, altho models in form as they should be, without reference to content, is too formal, however, and will not produce the best results. The exercises should be rich in content—"the vital quality of thought and feeling embodied in words,—and the child should get the thought and feeling contained therein. They should be interesting, and the facts they contain should be valuable. They may be used to familiarize the child with social and business forms, to introduce him to choice bits of literature—prose and poetry, and to instill into his mind moral truths. Exercises of this nature are on a broad plane and likely to produce excellent results.

The exercises should be carefully graded in thought, feeling, and on the mechanical side of expression. Each lesson should be chosen for a purpose, otherwise there will be loss.

There should be no exercises in Grade 1, except toward the close of the year when very short sentences may be written from dictation. No sentences should be used for this purpose, however, with which the pupils are not familiar. In Grades 2 and 3 the exercises should increase somewhat in number and difficulty. The teachers in Grades 1-3 should remember that the greatest stress should be laid on easy and correct oral expression

Grade 1.

I.

I see.
I eat.
See me.
I can see.
See me eat.
See the man.
I see the man.
See the man eat.
The man can see.
The man can eat.

II

See my kitty.
She is little.
My kitty can run.
Can you catch her?
Run, kitty, run.

III.

Jack is a bad boy.
My cap is black.
I was sick last week.
You must rake up the grass.
Can you skim a stone?
Fan's doll is pretty.
The hen's head is small.

Grade 2.

I.

I have a ball.
Has the boy a top?
A girl likes a doll.
Did you see the man?
Let us play tag.
Can he run fast?
She gave it to me.
Is this your hat?
I saw a little dog.
A cat can catch a rat.

II.

That is a large house.
Dr. Kite lives here.
I walk on Canton Avenue.
Mrs. ——— is my mother.
Mr. ——— came to our school.
Where is the teacher?
Have you a brother?
My sister jumps rope.
Does he live in Milton?
Thank you, I will go.

III.

My name is ———.
I live on ——— St., or Ave.
My father's name is ———.
My mother's name is ———.
Do you live in Milton?
Mr. Robin has a nest.
Mrs. Mouse will run.
That is the boy's hat.
Isn't the bird pretty?
Dr. Brown lives here.

IV.

I am a little (boy).
(girl).
My name is ———.
I live in Milton.



My home is on ——— St.
 My mother is Mrs. ———.
 My father is Mr. ———.
 I have ——— sisters.
 I have ——— brothers.
 Our doctor is Dr. ———.
 I play with my (cat) (dog).

V.

Some grapes were on a vine.
 A fox saw them.
 He was hungry.
 He liked grapes.
 He jumped and tried to get some.
 He tried many times.
 He could not reach them.
 He went away.

VI.

Are there any ripe apples?
 Their feet are wet.
 The cow's horns are sharp.
 John's pencil is broken.
 Mr. White is a farmer.
 The boy's top is lost.
 Many stars are in the sky.
 Dr. Kite came to me when I was sick.

VII.

I am a little plant.
 My flower is a bright yellow.
 I have pretty green leaves.
 They are long and narrow.
 They have sharp points.
 See my pretty seed ball.
 It is fluffy and white.
 Children tell the time by it.
 Do you know my name?
 It is dandelion.

VIII.

Milton is near Boston.
 Mr. and Mrs. Brown are not at home.
 Dr. Lane's office is on School St.
 Come and play with me on Saturday.
 Isn't this your knife?
 Wouldn't Mary come?
 Father's story made us laugh.
 Fish live in the water.
 The boy is happy.
 The boys are happy.

Grade 3.

I.

There are two robins in our apple tree. They have built their nest there. There are four blue eggs in the nest. By and by there will be four baby robins. Then their father and mother will have to work hard to feed them.

The little birds must stay there until their feathers grow. Then their mother will teach them to fly. As soon as they can fly they will leave their home and make nests of their own.

II.

I must always do my best.
 Where are the frogs in winter?
 Oh, what can little hands do?
 The golden-rod is an autumn flower.
 Mr. Hunt comes on Friday.
 My mother's name is Mrs. ———.
 My home is on ——— (St. or Ave.)

Mr. Lincoln was born Feb. 12, 1809.
 When do you sail for Boston?
 Is this horse for sale?

III.

South wind said; "Where are you, Pussy Willow?"

"I will blow your house in," said the wolf.

Henry W. Longfellow was a poet.

Longfellow and Whittier were both born in 1807.

Mr. Snow's family lives on Hillside St.

Alice hasn't any pencil.

This is my brother's cart.

Christmas comes in December.

IV.

My mother and I start for New York on Monday.

Jennie, did you give the book to John?

Yes, ——— gave it to ———.

Two knives are too many for a little boy to have.

When we found the house, the doors ——— locked and the family ——— gone.

"Doctor, I don't like your medicine," whined fussy little Ernest.

Mary lay on the bed asleep.

Her doll was beside ———, with ——— eyes shut.

Your brother is a polite boy, ——— takes off his hat to those older than he.

This is a stanza I ——— in May.

V.

The Fox and the Grapes.

A fox found a vine full of grapes.

The grapes were far up from the ground.

The fox looked up and longed for them.

He jumped and sprang about for a long time.

But he was unable to reach them.

Then he went away saying to himself, "Green; sour things. I will not have one of them."

VI.

I live in ———.

My house is on Oak St.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown live near us.

Dr. Lee came to see us.

My teacher is Miss ———.

Tuesday is the second day of the week.

This is the month of ———.

Why didn't you write your lesson?

Is this Mary's pencil?

"The bell rang," said Annie.

The children took ——— seats. (there—their.)

VII.

Mary said; "Will you come now?"

"I will if I can," said he.

The boy's cap is lost.

The boys' caps are lost.

I'll try.

Mr. Smith is here.

The girl is on Adams St.

Is it he?

It is I.

To-day is Monday.



King Santa Claus.—A Christmas Exercise

By Frances M. Fenwick, New Jersey

CHARACTERS.

Fairy Queen	Jim ..
Santa Claus	Bob ..
Little Boy Blue	Tom..
Jack the Giant-Killer	Bill .. Six Small Boys
Puss-in-Boots	Bert..
Little Red Riding Hood	Jack..
Cinderella	..
Little Bo-Peep	Little Jack Horner
Simple Simon	Blue-beard

Scene opens with the six boys in night gowns and night-caps lying in one large bed. Six large stockings dangle above their heads.

Jim.—Oh, boys, this is the best night in the year.

Bob.—Oh, don't you wish Santa Claus would appear.

Tom.—Oh, pshaw! He never comes till one's asleep.

Bill.—I wish that I could get one little peep.

Bert.—Let's lie awake and see the dear old man.

Jack.—I always mean to, but (yawns) I never can (yawns again).

Bert.—Oh, stupid! I'm not going to sleep to-night (throws pillows at Jack).

All.—Oh, Sport! We'll have a rare old pillow-fight!

All throw pillows and laugh and make a great noise. Deep, angry voice from behind the scenes "Boys!" Boys arrange pillows quickly behind their heads, settle down and pretend to go asleep. They are quiet for a minute or two, then one after another snores loudly; then all snore together in chorus about a dozen times. Door opens. Fairy Queen enters. Stamps and waves her wand. Stage illuminated. Boys stop snoring and start up.

Fairy Queen.—Wake up, my dears! I am the Fairy Queen,
And 'tis not every night I can be seen.

Bert.—Why, no, indeed! This is a great surprise.

All.—Indeed we hardly can believe our eyes. (All rub eyes and blink.)

Fairy Queen.—Of course you've no idea what brought me here.

Jim.—No! (Shakes his head.)

Bob.—No! (Shakes his head.)

Tom.—No! (Shakes his head.)

Bill.—No! (Shakes his head.)

Bert.—No! (Shakes his head.)

Jack.—No! Do tell us, dear.

Fairy Queen.—

Yes, I will. You see it is this way,
The fairies in my kingdom night and day
Dispute as to which one you girls and boys
I like best of all. Therefore, to stop the noise
I'm going to bring them to your room to-night,
And you shall say who gives you most delight.

Jack-the-Giant-Killer, Cinderella fair,
Bluebeard, and all the others shall appear,
And see! this crown of finest fairy gold
Shall deck the head that wins your favor bold.
Now, boys! Prepare to give opinions right,
For one by one I'm going to call each sprite.

Stamps and waves her wand. Jack the Giant-killer runs in brandishing sword in left hand and heads in right.

Jack.—

Oh, boys, you all love me; I know,
And well you may, my dears.
Who was it killed all wicked giants,
Freed knights, stopped ladies' tears?
Why, Jack-the-Giant-killer bold,
So give to him that crown of gold.

Fairy Queen stamps and waves wand. Enter Little Red-Riding-Hood.

Little Red-Riding-Hood.—

Before you boys could read at all,
I know you heard of me,
And how that wicked, wicked wolf
Ate granny for his tea;
And tried to make a meal of me;
But oh! he didn't! for you see,
The brave men killed him quite stone dead.
Please put that crown upon my head.

Fairy Queen repeats gestures. Enter Little Boy Blue.

Little Boy Blue.—

Toot! Toot! Boys, did you hear that horn?
I blew it before you were born.
My sheep and cows run quick and fast,
And bleat and moo as I go past.
Now, boys! give me that crown! You know
There's no one else that you love so!

Fairy Queen repeats gesture. Enter Bluebeard. Boys shake their fists and hide their faces.

Bluebeard.—

Why, boys, what's up? You know quite well,
You love to read of me,—
And Fatima and Sister Anne.
Now don't be cross! You see,
I got killed in the end! So pray
Don't cherish malice at this day.
Give me that crown; my beard of blue
Will look fine 'neath that golden hue.

Fairy Queen repeats gesture. Enter Cinderella.

Cinderella.—

I once was a poor little drudge, dears,
And sat 'mid the ashes alone,
But now I have wedded a Prince, dears;
And sit by his side on a throne.
Don't think that I mean to be greedy,

But it certainly does seem to me
That that crown *should* belong to a Princess,
And I am a Princess, you see.
Fairy Queen repeats gesture. Enter Little Jack Horner.

Little Jack Horner—

I'm Little Jack Horner, who sat in a corner,
And pulled out a plum from a pie,
And I said what I thought at that time, and still
think,

Namely, what a good boy am I!
Now, boys! I'm a boy, and a good one at that,
A thing you don't every day see;
So show your good taste! Make all possible haste;
To bestow that gold crown upon me.

Fairy Queen repeats gesture. Enter Puss-in-Boots.

Puss-in-Boots (waves rabbit)—

Say, boys! Look at me!

I'm the cleverest cat

That ever wore fur on his back.

My master's a king, and 'twas I made him one,

And there's only one thing that I lack:

I have gallons of milk, and armies of mice;

I've of talents and virtues good store,

But I've not got a crown; please present me with
that,

And I'll never ask gift of you more.

Fairy Queen repeats gesture. Enter Simple Simon.

Simple Simon—

I'm Simple Simon, boys,

And I've nothing much to say.

Just as I once loved pie,

I love that crown to-day.

I do not mean to tease,

But give it to me, please.

Fairy Queen repeats gesture. Enter Santa Claus.

Santa Claus.—I'm good old Santa Claus—

Boys sit up in bed, throw up their nightcaps and shout
"Hurrah for Santa Claus!"

Santa Claus.—Thank you, boys! As I just
said—

Boys.—Hurrah for Santa Claus!

Jack.—He is the best of all! Oh, Fairy Queen,
give Santa Claus the crown.

Fairy Queen—

'Tis plainly seen

Whom you like best; but boys I want to know,

What is it makes you all love Santa so?

Bob.—It is because he is so kind and good.

Tom.—And thinks of others always.

Bill.—If you could,

Just crown him for us; we should be so
glad!

Bert.—For it is getting late; 'twould be too bad
If Santa had not time to pay his calls.

Jack.—Dear Queen,

Give him the crown.

All.—Crown Santa Claus, dear Queen.

Santa Claus kneels in front of Queen who puts crown on
his head. Boys get out of bed, form circle and dance
around Santa Claus and Queen. Fairies form circle and
dance around boys.



What the Snow-Birds Said.

"Cheep! cheep!" said some little snow-
birds

As the snow came whirling down;

"We haven't a nest,

Or a place to rest,

Save this oak tree bending down."

"Cheep! cheep!" said little Wee Wing,
The smallest bird of all;

"I have never a care

In this winter air—

God cares for great and small."

"Peet! peet!" said her father, Gray
breast;

"You're a thoughtless bird, my dear;

We all must eat,

And warm our feet,

When snow and ice are here."

"Cheep! cheep!" said little Wee Wing;

"You are wise and good, I know;

But think of the fun

For each little one

When we have ice and snow!

"Now I can see, from my perch on the
tree,

The merriest, merriest sight—

Boys skating along

On the ice so strong;

Cheep! cheep! how merry and bright!"

"And I see," said Brownie Snow-bird,

"A sight that is prettier far:

Five dear little girls

With clustering curls,

And eyes as bright as a star."

"I see some sleds," said Mother Brown,

"All filled with girls and boys!

They laugh and sing,

Their voices ring,

And I like the cheerful noise."

Then the snow-birds all said, "cheep
and "Chee!"

"Hurrah for ice and snow!—

For girls and boys

Who drop us crumbs

As away to their sport they go!

"Hurrah for the winter clear and cold!

When the dainty snow-flakes fall,

We will sit and sing

On our oaken swing,

For the dear God cares for all."

—Selected.





Among Ourselves

The Editor's Round Table

THIS number brings an abundance of poems suitable for the Christmas and winter time, besides exercises for all grades, stories and descriptions enough for several entertainments. I hope they will be a means of making this joyous season a memorable one in your life and that of your pupils, and that parents and friends will share the pleasure with you. I wish I could be with you all on the eventful morning, evening, or afternoon. As it is, I can only send you my good wishes. May you have as fond a time as I used to have with my pupils and their parents and friends at our Christmas celebrations, in my own teaching days.

Last month I spent several very pleasant days in visiting schools at Buffalo, N. Y., my former home. Several of the good things seen in the buildings presided over by Miss Gates, Miss Brennan, Mr. Duschak, and Mr. Moyer will be passed on to the readers of this magazine. One especially gratifying experience was to see one of my own former pupils at work in Principal Duschak's school and to hear that still another of my girls is teaching in the same building. I met still another teacher who as a little girl was for a time under my educational care. These are pleasures which no one but a teacher can fully understand. They help make teaching the most precious work in the world.

To teach love of labor is to teach respect for labor. He who has not learned the lesson in his youth is destined to suffer in the hard school of life itself. The teacher can spare the children many bitter hours of disappointment in later days by training them properly to a genuine appreciation of labor. Such healthy, hearty poems as Longfellow's "The Village Blacksmith" do accomplish something: they pave the way. But the realization of the dignity and worthiness of labor, especially labor of the hand, must be learned by experience—by actual work with the hand. Miss Amy C. Scammell, in her article on page 280, has taken up in an eminently practical way, a very important matter.

One's chances for happiness are increased a hundred fold by clinging to the banner of hope. Be hopeful for yourself, for the growth of your own powers, the increase of your influence, your growing efficiency in social service. Be hopeful for your pupils. Put away the pedantic spectacles that magnify harmless evidences of fun-loving youngsters, bubbling over with energy, into crimes and signs of depravity. One teacher told

me not long since that he never felt smaller in his life than when he had to report to his board of trustees, composed of reasonable laymen, concerning the conduct of children who were giving trouble at school. Occasional whispering, a smile out of season, lack of enthusiasm in carrying out an unpleasant behest, and other things that, to the cramped vision of the teacher, had looked like riotous behavior, began to dwindle into nothingness when he considered how to explain to his trustees the weight of his complaints. Let us be reasonable—and hopeful.

Some readers evidently do not agree with Superintendent Coffman's views with reference to the early French colonies in America. Neither do I. That does not necessarily prove Mr. Coffman wrong. My policy with regard to historic matters is that the writer may state his own views of them in his own way, provided his position is not clearly contrary to facts. It is always dangerous, of course, to suggest motives for recorded acts and events. However, without a frank statement of one's convictions, there will be no stirring of the spirits, and without the clashing of views there will be no clearing of the fog, and an ultimate establishment of truth. I enjoy running up against an opinion, now and then, which is opposed to my belief and yet appears to have considerable weight in its favor. The wrestling with it, till I have it either disproved or made partly or fully my own, is always profitable.

Take Mr. Coffman's article, for example. My personal convictions all run counter to his criticisms of the attitude of the early missionaries in New France toward the Indians. Considering the extreme danger to which the life of a missionary was exposed among the Iroquois, it would seem ridiculous for an intelligent man to choose this road to earthly glory. On the other hand, there were undoubtedly better chances for ecclesiastic preferment in Canada than there were in France. Who will be the judges of motives?

There comes to my mind the example of Marguerite Bourgeoys, a woman of wonderful power, who founded the Congregation of Notre Dame of Montreal. She was refused support by the Bishop of Quebec when she first began her splendid work. She arrived in New France in the fall of 1653, shortly after the first Sulpicians had begun their missionary labors. For a long time she was regarded as a suspicious person. She was, however, so filled with zeal for teaching that she bore her fate patiently. It was not till a year or so before her death, which occurred in 1700, that the rules of her Congregation received the Bishop's

approval. The partisans of Sister Marguerite in their zeal said things which no doubt gave a wrong view of the matter. Some of these things sound very much like Mr. Coffman's assertions, tho I doubt if his opinions sprang from this source.

And now a word to show why I cannot agree with a portion of the article in question. The priests of St. Sulpice were saintly heroes if ever there were any in the American colonies. Their posts were constantly exposed to the fury of the Iroquois. Of course they loved France and wanted to build up a new France in the wilderness for the greater glory of their country. This is but laudable, especially as *La Grande Nation* held the faith which these preached to the American aborigines. What to an unsympathetic eye, therefore, appears selfish may in reality be a noble example of self-abnegation. The incontrovertible fact is that the Indians of New France have ever remained loyal to the church whose priests first taught them the gospel of the Cross. Even to this day the Micmacs are devout believers. Would that be the case if the Indians had been treated as Mr. Coffman suggests? I cannot believe it. At the same time I see no reason for forcing my views upon him. I have been stimulated by the presentation of his views to a re-examination of my own conclusions in the matter. That is worth something, too. If this magazine were published for children, instead of reasonable teachers, I should not want to let questionable statements appear in any article. But this is the TEACHERS MAGAZINE, written by teachers, for teachers, in the interest of teachers.

This has seemed to me an opportune time for stating my attitude concerning contributed articles. Generally speaking, the magazine reflects the views to which I would like to have every reader subscribe. But there must be freedom of speech for the clearing of mooted questions. The contributed articles furnish more or less of stimulus to a friendly contest of opinions. That is what they are for to some extent. They are as carefully edited as time and strength and the limitations of my judgment permit. A reasonable point well argued is often allowed to stand, tho I may differ from it and others with me. The magazine is intended to present a round table meeting of teachers with the editor in the chair, rather than a pulpit, a lecture platform, or a normal school class. Discussion is always welcome. Short replies are published in the "Hints and Helps" columns; for longer ones we have a department of "Letters" whenever there are such. This latter department appeared in the *Teachers' Institute* also, under the title "Teachers' Forum." Come, let us reason together, and let us be fair.

A number of school boards require that publishers who desire to have their books considered for adoption must supply free sample copies to every member of the board. Sometimes this means that fifty copies must be given away with a possible chance of selling five hundred. Disregarding wholly the side of the publisher, who has come to be regarded as a legitimate victim for amercement. Suppose the superintendent of a county poorhouse should require butchers and grocers and bakers and dairymen to

supply samples of their wares to all heads of departments in the institution. What a temptation to dishonesty that regulation would conjure up.

The dealers in second-hand books could collaborate a tale that would show how many of the books were disposed of, with which an unrighteous regulation supplied the members of school boards at the expense of the publishers and the higher considerations of honesty and fair dealing. There is no doubt that samples should be submitted, in order that an intelligent choice of texts may be made, but there is no reason why more than one sample should be needed for the average school board, nor why those samples should be kept after a selection has been made.

To be sure, some publishers are perfectly willing to have their samples preserved for future reference. In that case these books should be kept in an accessible library as the property of the school system. Anything coming to a man in an official capacity should be regarded strictly as official and not as personal property. A superintendent or principal leaving one position for another, or members of a school board retiring from office should leave behind them whatever does not belong to them by rightful acquisition.

Getting things for nothing is unworthy of educators. A moral attitude toward life requires that an equivalent, or value considered equivalent by the recipient should be given in return for everything accepted. The frequent violation of this rule has wrought much mischief in the land.

This is an era of free trade in the world of ideas. Individual men may not rejoice in it, but mankind is profiting by it. The school garden conducted in the heart of the crowded tenement district of the New York city Ghetto, under the wise leadership of Miss Rector has attracted attention far and wide. From New Zealand, East India, Germany; Great Britain, Tasmania, and other countries have come news clippings and letters giving evidence of the interest taken in the experiment. The supply of numbers of *The School Journal* in which a description of the garden appeared has long been exhausted. It is barely possible that next spring I may be able to republish the story in TEACHERS MAGAZINE. Here is an extract from a recent letter addressed to Miss Rector by Mr. Geo. Gilchrist, editor of the *Cape of Good Hope Teachers Annual*, which shows that in South Africa, too, the seed has fallen on fruitful ground. Mr. Gilchrist writes:

I was much interested in the article which spoke of your school in Rivington street showing how it was possible to have a school garden even in a New York city Ghetto. We are reproducing—if one may compare small things with large—some of the features of New York city life in Cape-town, and I should very much like to hear more about the enterprise you have initiated in your city. I have long been convinced that the conditions under which children study here and the actual method and the end of the study are capable of improvement.

Truly the works of our hands preach sermons. The age of publicity has increased individual responsibility. What is done in the smallest corner may become a blessing to all mankind in a marvelously short time—or a curse.

THE CHILD WORLD

A Magazine of Supplementary Reading.

Supplement to TEACHERS MAGAZINE, December 1905.



The Fir Tree.

Out in the deep forest there once grew a pretty little fir tree. It stood in a very pleasant place. The sun warmed it, and the breezes played with it, and all around grew pines and firs. But the fir tree was not contented. It longed to be taller. In the summer time the children came to the forest to look for strawberries and raspberries. When they had their baskets filled and had strung berries on a straw, like beads, they would sit down by the little fir tree. Then one child would say, "How pretty this small one is!" And the others would say, "What a pretty little tree!" The fir tree did not like to hear that. One year went by, and another and a third, and each year the fir tree grew taller. But it was not yet satisfied.

"Oh, if I were only as tall as some of the other trees!" it sighed, "Then I would spread my branches far around and look out into the wide world. The birds would build nests in my boughs, and when the wind blew I could bow as grandly as that tall fir over there."

It took no pleasure in the sunshine, nor in the birds, nor in the red clouds that sailed over it morning and evening.

When it was winter and the snow lay all around, white and sparkling, a rabbit would sometimes come scampering along and pop over the little fir tree. Oh, how provoking that was! But two winters went by, and when the third winter came, the little tree had grown so tall that the rabbit had to run around it.

"Oh, to grow, to grow, and to become tall and old! That's the finest thing in the world," thought the tree.

In the fall the woodcutters came and cut down several of the largest trees. The little fir tree was now quite well grown, and it shuddered, as the great trees fell to the ground with a crash. Then the branches were cut off so that the trees looked so naked, long and slender one would hardly have known them. They were laid upon wagons and dragged by horses out of the woods. Where were they going? What would happen to them?

In the spring, when the swallows and the stork came back, the tree asked: "Do you know where those trees went? Did you meet them?"

The swallows knew nothing about them. But the stork looked thoughtful, nodded his head, and said: "Yes, I think so. When I flew out of Egypt, I met many new ships; on the ships were tall masts; I fancy these were the trees. They smelled like fir, and they were very tall and slender."

"I wish I were tall enough to go over the sea. What is the sea, and how does it look?"

"It would take too long to explain all that," said the stork, and away he stalked.

THE CHILD WORLD

“Rejoice in your youth,” said the sunbeams; “rejoice in your sweet growing life.”

The wind kissed the tree, and the dew wept tears upon it; but the fir tree did not understand them.

When Christmas time came the woodcutters appeared again with their axes and took away many trees. They selected young firs, the prettiest that could be found. They did not chop off the branches, but put the trees upon wagons and carted them away.

“Where are they going?” asked the fir tree. “They are not larger than I---indeed, one of them was much smaller. Why do they keep all their branches? Where are they going?”

“We know! we know!” twittered the sparrows. “We have been in town and looked in through the windows. Oh, those trees are made to look glorious. We looked in through the windows, and saw them planted in the middle of a warm room, and covered with the most beautiful things—gilt apples, silver chains, sweetmeats, and many, many, bright candles.”

“And then?” asked the fir tree, trembling in every twig; “and then? What happened then?”

“That is all we saw. But it was beautiful; very, very beautiful.”

“I hope I may be taken to that glory some day,” cried the fir tree, with joy. “That is better than crossing the sea. Oh, how I long for the time! If it were only Christmas again! I am now tall and full of green branches like the others that were taken away last year. I wish I were on the wagon or in the warm room with all the pretty things on me. And then? Why, then something even better may come, or else why should they make the tree look so beautiful? There must be something grander still to come; but what? Oh, how I long to find out!”

“Rejoice in our love!” said the air and the sunshine. Rejoice in your youth and your freedom out here in the woodland.”

The fir tree took no pleasure in anything, but it grew and grew. Winter and summer it stood there, green and delightful to behold. The people who saw it said, “That is a beautiful tree!” And at Christmas time it was the first to be taken.

The axe cut sharply through the wood, and the fir tree fell to the ground with a heavy groan. It suffered pain and grew faint. Now the hour of parting had come it could not help feeling sad. It was hard to leave home, and the fir tree knew that it should never again see the dear old friends, the flowers, the bushes, the other trees---perhaps not even the birds.

The tree did not recover from its sadness till it was unloaded in a yard with other trees, and heard a man say, “This one is very fine; we want this one!” Then two servants picked up the fir tree and carried it into a large beautiful room. Everything the sparrows had told came true. Three young ladies began to adorn the tree. On some branches they hung little nets, cut out of colored paper and filled with candy, and many other pretty things. The gilt apples and walnuts looked as if they had grown on the tree. More than an hundred little wax tapers, red, white, and blue, were fastened to the boughs. Dolls that looked just like real people seemed to be dancing to and fro among the boughs. High up, on the very top of

the tree, was fixed a large star of bright gold tinsel. It was beautiful; very, very beautiful.

"To-night," said everybody, "to-night the tree will be lighted up."

"Oh," thought the tree, "I wish it were night now! and that the tapers were all lighted. What will happen then? I wonder if trees will come out from the forests to look at me? Will the sparrows peep in through the windows? Will they let me grow fast here, and stand adorned summer and winter?"

The fir tree guessed and wondered till its bark ached, and barkaches for a tree are just as bad as headaches for us.

At last the tapers were lighted. What a blaze of splendor! The tree trembled with joy in all its branches, so that one of them caught fire and was scorched.

"Oh, dear! how dreadful!" cried the young ladies; and some one quickly put out the fire.

The tree did not dare to tremble again. It was afraid that some of its ornaments might be scorched. It was dazzled and bewildered by the many lights.

The folding doors were thrown open now. A troop of children rushed in as if they would overturn the tree. The older people followed more slowly. The little ones stood silent, but only for a minute; then they shouted again till the room rang. They danced round the tree, and then one present after another was taken down.

"What are they doing?" thought the tree. "What will happen now?"

And the tapers burned down to the twigs, and were put out.

The children danced about with their pretty playthings. No one looked at the tree except the old nurse, who peeped among the branches to see if a fig or an apple had been left there.

"A story! a story!" shouted the children; and they drew a little fat man toward the tree. He sat down just under it. "For then we shall be in the greenwood," said he, "and the tree may hear my tale. But I shall tell only one. Will you hear the story of Henny Penny or of Humpty Dumpty, who fell downstairs, and yet came to honor and married a princess.

"Henny Penny!" shouted some. "Humpty Dumpty!" shouted others. And there was a merry noise again. Only the fir tree was silent, and thought to himself, "Am I to do some shouting, too? or have I no part in this?" But its work was already done.

The fat man told about Humpty Dumpty, who fell downstairs, and yet came to honor and married a princess. The children clapped their hands, and called out, "Tell another! tell another!" for they wanted to hear about Henny Penny, too; but they got only the story of Humpty Dumpty.

The fir tree stood silent and thoughtful. The birds in the woods had never told such a story as that.

Humpty Dumpty fell downstairs, and yet came to honor and married a princess! "Yes, strange things happen in the world," thought the fir tree. It believed the story was all true because the one who told it was such a nice man. "Who knows? who knows? Perhaps I shall fall downstairs and marry a princess." And it looked forward with pleasure to being adorned again the next evening with tapers and toys and fruit.

"To-morrow I shall not tremble," it thought. "I shall enjoy my splendor even more than I did to-day. To-morrow I shall hear the story of Humpty Dumpty again, and perhaps that of Henny Penny, too."

All night the tree stood quiet and thoughtful. In the morning the servants came in.

"Now they will adorn me again," thought the tree. But they dragged it out of the room and upstairs to the garret. Here they put it in a dark corner, where no ray of light could enter.

"What does this mean?" thought the tree. "What am I to do here? What is going to happen now?"

It leaned against the wall and thought and thought. And time enough it had to think, for days and nights went by and no one came into the room. At last somebody did come, but only to push some old boxes into the corner. Now the tree stood quite hidden, and seemed to be entirely forgotten.

"It is winter now," thought the tree. "The ground is hard and covered with snow, so the people cannot plant me. I suppose I am to stay here under shelter until spring comes. How kind and thoughtful men are! I only wish it were not so dark here and so dreadfully lonely! Not even a little rabbit is to be seen. How pleasant it was out in the forest when the snow lay on the ground and the rabbit scampered about;--yes, even when he hopped over me; though I did not like it then! It is dreadfully lonely up here!"

"Squeak! squeak!" said a little mouse, and crept forward. Then another mouse came. They smelled at the fir tree, and then slipped in and out among the branches.

"If it were not so cold," said the two little mice, "we should be comfortable here. Don't you think so, you old fir tree?"

"I am not old at all," said the fir tree. "There are many who are much older than I."

"Where do you come from?" asked the mice. "And what do you know?" They were very curious mice. "Tell us about the best place on earth. Have you been there? Have you been in the storeroom where cheeses lie on the shelves and hams hang from the ceiling, where one can dance on tallow candles, and goes in thin and comes out fat?"

"I know nothing about that," said the tree; but I know the forest, where the sun shines and the birds sing." And then it told all about its youth.

The little mice had never heard anything like it before. They listened and said: "You certainly have seen a great deal. How happy you must have been!"

"Happy?" asked the fir tree in surprise. Then it thought a while and said: "Yes, after all, those were pleasant times." Then it told of the Christmas Eve when it had been covered with toys and tapers.

"Oh!" cried out the little mice, "how happy you must have been, you old fir tree!"

"I am not old at all," said the fir tree. "I left the forest only this winter. I am quite young."

"What splendid stories you can tell!" said the little mice. And next

night they came again and brought with them four other little mice to hear stories. The more the tree told of its youth the more clearly it remembered what had passed. This time it closed by saying, "Yes, those were happy days. But they may come again. Humpty Dumpty fell down-stairs, yet he came to honor and married a princess. Perhaps I may marry a princess." Then the fir tree thought of a lovely little birch tree in the wood. For to the fir tree that birch was a real princess.

"Who is Humpty Dumpty?" asked the little mice. And then the fir tree told the whole story again. It remembered every single word, and the little mice were so pleased that they jumped to the very top of the tree for joy. Next night many more mice were there, and on Sunday came also two rats. But the rats said the story was stupid. The little mice were sorry to hear that, and then they began to like it less themselves.

"Do you know only that one story?" asked the rats.

"Only that one," replied the tree. "I heard it on the happiest evening of my life. Only I did not know then how happy I was."

"It is a very poor story. Tell us one about bacon and tallow candles, some kind of a storeroom story?"

"No," said the tree.

"Then we have had enough of you," said the rats, and off they ran.

At last the little mice stayed away, too. Then the tree sighed and said: "How pleasant it was to have all the merry little mice sit around me and listen when I talked! Now all that is past. I should be glad if some one would take me away from this place."

But when would that be? One morning people came to clean out the garret. The boxes were put away, and the tree was dragged out of the corner. It was thrown rather roughly on the floor, and a servant carried it down-stairs.

"Now life is beginning again!" thought the tree. It felt the fresh air and the first sunbeams. It was again in the yard. All happened so quickly that the tree quite forgot to look at itself; there was so much to look at all around. The yard was close to a garden, where many flowers were blooming. The roses hung fresh and fragrant over the fence, and a swallow twittered, "Quirri-virri-vit, my husband is come!" But it was not the fir tree she meant.

"Now I shall live!" said the tree with joyful hope, and it tried to spread out its branches. But alas! they were all dried up and yellow; and it lay in the corner among nettles and weeds. The tinsel star was still fastened to its top, and glittered in the bright sunshine.

Two of the merry children who had danced round the tree at Christmas time were playing in the yard. The younger one ran up and tore off the gilt star.

"Look what is left on the ugly old Christmas tree!" said the child. He trampled upon the boughs till they broke.

The tree looked at the blooming flowers in the garden. Then it looked at itself and wished it had stayed in the dark corner of the garret. It thought of its fresh youth in the wood, of the merry Christmas Eve, and of the little mice which had listened so eagerly to the story of Humpty Dumpty.

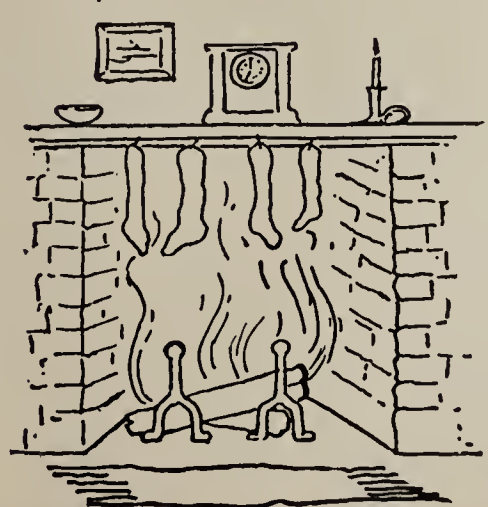


"If I had only tried to be happy while I could!" said the old tree. "Now all is over and gone."

A servant came and chopped the tree into small pieces. Then he set fire to them. The tree sighed, and each sigh was like a little shot. The children ran up and set down before the fire, looked into it, and cried, "Piff! puff! bang!" But at each sigh, the tree thought of a bright summer day in the forest, or of a winter night there when the stars were shining. It thought of Christmas Eve, and of Humpty Dumpty, the only story it had ever heard or knew how to tell---and at last the whole tree was burned.

The boys played in the yard, and the younger had on his breast the gilt star which the tree had worn on the happiest evening of its life. Now that was past, and the tree's life was at an end, and this story is at end, too, for all stories must come to an end some time or other.



December



Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.

Replies to Questions.

By Amos M. Kellogg.

It will not be possible to reply to all of the questions that have been received; several that seem of direct practical moment to the working teacher will be briefly discussed.

Keeping Order.—No specific rules can be given for the maintenance of order. The teacher must strive against fear of her pupils and against nervousness. If something unlooked-for happens she must not be startled—she must seem to be cool at all events. The letters come from inexperienced teachers evidently; bearing the above rules in mind, have and hold tenaciously to a program of recitation and study; have so many minutes (and no more) for each class.

Teaching U. S. History.—It is a bad plan to give so many pages for a lesson, and thus proceed thru the book. In some way (1) a general idea of the entire field will be given; this may be done by assigning the reading of the three periods (Colonial, revolutionary, and constitutional) for three days. Then (2) a chart is made and suspended, on which the main events of the first period are put down; this each pupil will copy. Subjects from this chart will be assigned for investigation; pupils will rise and tell what they can about these as their names are called; they may have their books open. (3) Having thus become familiar with characters, reviews will be had and pupils will be able to sketch out an entire period, naming events and persons. Only a few dates should be asked for.

Recesses.—If the schoolyard is large enough both sexes may take the recesses at the same time; then the room can be thoroly aired—an important matter. If there is nothing but the roadway for a playground the sexes will have separate recesses. Let the teachers insist on two properly constructed outhouses; the law in every state now provides for this; if local officers are delinquent, call on the county superintendent.

Prizes.—There are serious objections to the giving of rings, books, gold watches, etc., to the so-called "best pupils." In the case of J. B. M. the offer of a telescope to the one who ranked highest in studies, attendance, and deportment, being made by a man of influence, and a special friend to the school, can not well be refused by the teacher. She may suggest the giving of other things to the next five pupils on the list, and thus lessen the evil somewhat.

Officials.—How to interest officials is a matter of importance. E. L. S. reports that she was not visited by a single trustee during the year. This would seem to indicate that the entire district was negligent. Interest may be aroused by receptions; parents will usually come if their children speak pieces and present dialogs.

Criticism.—A Texas teacher asks, "Should teachers criticise their classes?" Certainly. But criticism is not synonymous with fault-finding. Just criticism holds an ideal in mind. Let us

suppose a class in arithmetic is before the teacher and he feels it needs criticism. He may say, "We have performed all the examples given out for the lesson, but is that all we should aim at? (Desiring to draw out the opinion of the class.) What do you say, Henry?" An opportunity is given to several to speak; one refers to the work on the board; another to the bodily attitude; another to the language, etc. After this expression of opinion the teacher comments *briefly*. This done rightly from time to time keeps an ideal before the class. But that must include more than mechanical or physical elements.

R. L. F., Vineland. It is not necessary that you antagonize the saloon interest in teaching temperance. The effect of alcohol on the human system is one thing, the traffic in liquor is quite another. There are many cases where the sellers of liquor are on school boards and act very efficiently. Such men do not object to a teacher's explaining to a class the evil effects of alcohol, but they might object to your going on to declare the saloon-keeper a wicked man. In this city, for instance, (and it is so in most cities and large towns), a majority of the people are in favor of the open sale of liquor. The class opposed to it is relatively small. They claim that every man must be his own judge as to whether a drink of whiskey is harmful or not.

Sound Sleep Can Easily Be Secured.

"Up to two years ago," a woman writes, "I was in the habit of using both tea and coffee regularly.

"I found that my health was beginning to fail, strange nervous attacks would come suddenly upon me, making me tremble so excessively that I could not do my work while they lasted; my sleep left me and I passed long nights in a restless discomfort. I was filled with a nervous dread as to the future.

"A friend suggested that possibly tea and coffee were blame, and I decided to give them up and in casting up about for a hot table beverage, which I felt was an absolute necessity, I was led by good fortune to try Postum Food Coffee. For more than a year I have used it three time a day and expect, so much good has it done me, to continue its use during the rest of my life.

"Soon after beginning the use of Postum; I found, to my surprise, that, instead of tossing on a sleepless bed through the long, dreary night, I dropped into a sound, dreamless sleep the moment my head touched the pillow. Then I suddenly realized that all my nervousness had left me, and my appetite, which had fallen off before, had all at once been restored, so that I ate my food with a keen relish.

"All the nervous dread has gone. I walk a mile and a half each way to my work every day and enjoy it. I find an interest in everything that goes on about me that makes life a pleasure. All this I owe to leaving off tea and coffee and the use of Postum, for I have taken no medicine." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

R. G. Pardee. The system of managing the liquor traffic in Sweden is often called the "Wohenberg system," because it was employed first in the town thus indicated. A corporation in 1865 undertook the business of managing the traffic--here it would be called a "trust"--the aim being to prevent abuses. It endeavors to make liquor (1) dearer (2) contain less alcohol (3) restrict the amount drunk (4) provide good and cheap food (5) prevent any under 18 from drinking. The results were so good that the plan has been generally adopted in Sweden and Norway; for instance in '68 there was one saloon for every 2293 people; in '99 one for 8158. The plan is to convert the saloons into restaurants and furnish (from 12 to 2 P.M.) liquor only with food and only one drink; also to open reading rooms where light refreshments are furnished, but no liquors. The general result has been to lessen the amount drunk 50 per cent. The "trusts" in both Sweden and Norway pay over large sums to hospitals, etc.

This method while it attempts simply to "regulate" the traffic does really educate the people to abstinence, and is probably the true one to be employed. Note (1) the people are allowed each five years to vote for or against the sale of liquor in towns; (2) the "trusts" make no money, the entire profits go to the town treasuries.

Lawrence. What is meant by the "private car" lines is such as the refrigerator car by the Armour Company. There are 300 such lines, owning 130,000 cars. The Interstate Commission found, for example, that a carload of grapes from Michigan to Duluth cost \$98.70; the Armour line got the business and the charge was \$160.20. From this and many similar disclosures it appears that the cost of all our articles of food are largely increased to make money for the "private car" interests.

D. Flynn. The Robert Hunter concerning whom you inquire is the author of a notable book on "Poverty" (Macmillan) that is destined to create a wide influence. He is a graduate of the Indiana university '96; a student at Hull House, Chicago; Toynbu Hall, London; at the University Settlement, New York. His effort is to better the condition of the poor.

D. J. Pratt, Toledo. The subject of attention to the teeth of school children has been often discussed in these pages; it is deemed a most important and practical one. In Darmstadt, Germany, according to Consul Liefeld, during the year 1776 children were examined; 1561 teeth were filled; 1871 extracted; in Strasburg 2666 children were examined; 699 teeth filled; 2912 extracted. Nine such municipal dentistries exist in St. Petersburg; several in Moscow.

Dakota Teacher. Brazil derives its name from the Brazil tree, used extensively in dyeing, and which was found growing wild in that country. As little was known of the country it was spoken of by the voyagers as the Brazil country, and afterwards as Brazil. But the so called Brazil nut does not come from this tree; it takes its name from being found in Brazil itself.

L., Pasadena. The account you give of the "municipal farm" is very interesting, but room cannot be found for it. It is plain that the field of municipal activity is widening; at present the following is a list of a part of the activities assumed, not all in one city, however:

Roads, bridges, sidewalks, sewers, ferries, markets, scales, wharves, canals, parks, baths, schools, libraries, museums, hospitals, lodging-houses, poor-houses, jails, cemeteries, prevention of fire, supply of water, gas, electricity, heat, power, transportation, telegraph and telephone service, clocks, skating-rinks, musical entertainments, exhibition of fireworks, and employment offices.

Miss W. Leonard. Teaching is not necessarily an unhealthy work; teachers and clergymen are among the long-lived class. But the matter is one that needs attention. The school-room should be kept clean and well ventilated.

R. L. D. It is not easy to advise in your case. It is probable that the normal schools of some states are superior to those of some other states; some are such only in name; that you attend a genuine normal school is, of course, essential.



Passing of Porridge.

MAKES WAY FOR THE BETTER FOOD OF A BETTER DAY.

"Porridge is no longer used for breakfast in my home," writes a loyal Briton from Huntsville, Ont. This was an admission of no small significance to one "brought up" on the time-honored stand-by.

"One month ago," she continues, "I bought a package of Grape-Nuts for my husband, who had been an invalid for over a year. He had passed through a severe attack of pneumonia and la grippe combined, and was left in a very bad condition when they passed away.

"I tried everything for his benefit, but nothing seemed to do him any good. Month followed month and he still remained as weak as ever. I was almost discouraged about him when I got the Grape-Nuts, but the result has compensated me for my anxiety.

"In the one month that he has eaten Grape-Nuts he has gained ten pounds in weight, his strength is rapidly returning to him, and he feels like a new man. Now we all eat Grape-Nuts food, and are the better for it. Our little five-year-old boy, who used to suffer from pains in the stomach after eating the old-fashioned porridge, has no more trouble since he began to use Grape-Nuts, and I have no more doctor's bills to pay for him.

"We use Grape-Nuts with only sweet cream, and find it the most tasty dish in our bill of fare.

"Last Monday I ate four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast, nothing else, then set to work and got my morning's work done by 9 o'clock, and felt less tired, much stronger, than if I had made my breakfast on meat, potatoes, etc., as I used to. I wouldn't be without Grape-Nuts in the house for any money." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Questions on Current Events

The answers to these questions are found in late numbers of *Our Times*. For the convenience of those who desire more complete answers, the pages and dates of issue are given.

When was the peace treaty officially signed? A. On Oct. 14. 115. Oct. 21.

What policy will Japan adopt toward Korea? A. A stern policy. It is predicted that the shadow of Korean government will soon be swept away. 115. Oct. 21.

What famous actor died lately in England? A. Sir Henry Irving. 116. Oct. 21. Where was he buried? A. In Westminster Abbey. 132. Oct. 28.

Why is Germany anxious to save Heligoland from destruction? A. Because it is desired to turn it into a naval station. 116. Oct. 21.

What is the oldest republic in existence? A. Switzerland, which lately celebrated the 714th anniversary of its founding. 117. Oct. 21.

When and where will the national convention on immigration be held? A. At New York, Dec. 6 and 7. 119. Oct. 21.

What celebration lately took place at New-Glarus, Wis.? A. The fiftieth anniversary of its settlement by the Swiss. 123. Oct. 21.

Who did the Norwegians choose for their king? A. Prince Charles of Denmark. 131. Oct. 28.

What league of peace did Andrew Carnegie advise? A. Britain France, and the United States. 132. Oct. 28.

What are some of the cities President Roosevelt visited on his southern trip? A. Richmond, Raleigh, Jacksonville, and New Orleans. 133. Oct. 28.

Where will the Panama canal be fortified? A. At Panama and Colon. 134. Oct. 28.

How much did the United States pay altogether for the friars' lands in the Philippines? A. About \$7,000,000. 134. Oct. 28.

What change is likely to be made in the Philippine policy? The free entry of Philippine products into the United States and the opening of the islands to investment. 134. Oct. 28.

Where was the cornerstone of the Jefferson Davis monument lately laid? A. At Richmond, Va. 135. Oct. 28.

Where is Henry George's theory of taxation being tested? A. In Baldwin county, Ala., at a place called Fairhope. 137. Oct. 28.

When did the czar sign an agreement to grant Russia a constitution? A. On Oct. 30. 147. Nov. 4.

Name some concessions proposed in the new treaty with China. A. The definition of what a laborer is; exceptions in favor of Chinamen from colonies of other countries, and better detention quarters. 149. Nov. 4.

What important civil service rule was lately made? A. In regard to the removal of employees of the government for inefficiency or misconduct. 149. Nov. 4.

What two towns have been created by the government in a desert? A. Heyburn and Rupert, in Idaho. 150. Nov. 4.

Name some special rights granted in the charter signed by the czar. A. Civic liberty, based on real inviolability of person, freedom of conscience, speech, union, and association. 163. Nov. 11.

How did the people receive the manifesto? A. In some places it was hailed with patriotic processions and devout thanksgivings in the churches. The radicals were not satisfied, as they desired more extensive reforms. Then followed strife between the conservatives and revolutionists and massacres of the Jews. 163. Nov. 11.

What was one of the results of the new order of things? A. The resignation of Constantine Pobiedonostzeff, procurator of the Holy Synod. 164. Nov. 11.

How did the Finns regain their freedom? A. By striking for it while the uprising in Russia was at its height. 164. Nov. 11.

In respect to government how did Finland differ from the rest of Russia? A. When it was annexed it retained

its constitution, and each succeeding czar swore to support it. 164. Nov. 11.

What remarkable order was lately carried out in Korea? A. In obedience to an imperial Japanese edict, the Korean people gave up their national white mourning costume and hat for dark garments and black headgear. 165. Nov. 11.

For what was a Russian general who lately died noted? A. Gen. Michael I. Dragomiroff was regarded as the leading authority on war tactics in Russia, if not in the world. 165. Nov. 11.

What noted English admiral was lately given hearty receptions in Annapolis, Washington, New York, and other places? A. Prince Louis of Battenberg, nephew of King Edward VII. 166. Nov. 11. 182. Nov. 18.

Where was the monument to the Erie railway dedicated? A. At Deposit, N. Y., where the road was begun seventy years ago. 166. Nov. 11.

Where will the U. S. lose territory as the result of a survey? A. On the border of Vermont. 168. Nov. 11.

Why is there really a closer relation between Norway and Denmark than between Norway and Sweden? A. Because, politically and socially, Denmark, like Norway, and unlike Sweden, is organized on democratic principles. 167. Nov. 11.

Why does Russia fear the influence of Germany? A. Russia fears Germany will take some action in Poland to advance her own interest at the expense of Russia. 177. Nov. 18.

Why did Greece and Roumania fall out? Because Turkey took the side of Roumania in the dispute over the Koelso-Wallachs, a people living on the Greek border, and over whom the Greek patriarch at Constantinople claimed jurisdiction. 180. Nov. 18.

How does Russia propose to change to the Gregorian calendar? A. By shortening February thirteen days and beginning March 1 in the new style. 181. Nov. 18.

Who was the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association? A. Sir George Williams, who lately died in London. 181. Nov. 18.

What important change in the constitution did Maryland vote down at the late election? A. The proposal to alter the constitution in such a way that not only negroes but many whites would have been deprived of the suffrage. 183. Nov. 18.

How was the question of frontier fortifications between Sweden and Norway settled? A. By a compromise. 116. Oct. 21.

DYSPEPSIA

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whose record of cures of this distressing disease is positively unparalleled in the history of medicine.

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Signs of the growth of this interest may be seen on every side—in the popularity of lecture recitals—in the multiplication of books on, "How to listen to music," "How to understand good music," "What is the meaning of music," etc.—in the growth of attendance at orchestral and chamber-music concerts and opera performances, in the introduction of historical and cultural courses in our leading colleges and universities, in the development of music clubs, and in many other phases of musical activity; but most, in the instantaneous response of the public six years ago, to the Pianola.

The rise and development of the Pianola, the most practically useful of all instruments, is one of the characteristic signs of our time. As printing revolutionized literature ages ago, so the Pianola is revolutionizing music, as a social, moral, and esthetic agency in the life of the modern world.

It is because the Pianola leaves room for the personal impress, because it constitutes a sensitive, responsive, and plastic agency, because, in short, it is not mechanical, but a mechanical aid to a musical performer, that it seems destined to play so great a part in making music known to the world.

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In many other schools, clubs, and associations, lecture courses employing as subject matter, the "New Musical Education," in one phase or another, illustrated with the Pianola, have been inaugurated with great success.

There can be no doubt that the Pianola and "New Musical Education" are destined to accomplish an inestimable amount of good in the musical world, by making the appreciation and understanding of the world's greatest music accessible to all lovers of music, whether they be performers or not.

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Special rates and terms to teachers and schools.

All those wishing further information regarding this "New Musical Education" and the Pianola, may receive the same by sending their names to

CARROLL BRENT CHILTON,

Editor-in-Chief, Music Lovers Library,
Æolian Hall, New York City.



God's Music.

Do you hear the music ringing, oh, my brothers?

All the melody of lives we live to-day?
For that life makes perfect music when it smothers

All the discords in the part it has to play.

For the Master hand has written out the numbers,

And set us each to play our little part;
To touch the strings of hearts wherein it slumbers,

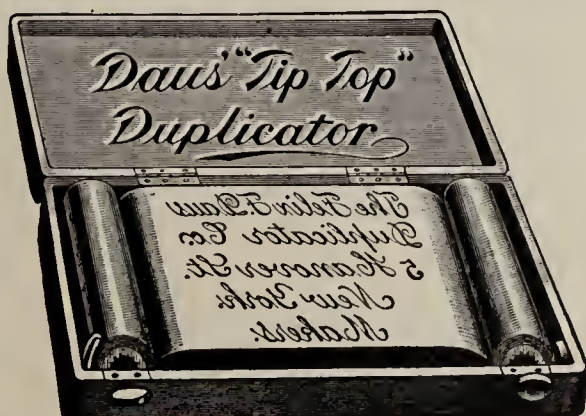
And waken them to glorify his art.

Do you hear the music ringing, oh, my brothers?

Do you hear the glorious anthem swell the breeze?

Is your little harp in tune with all the others?

Do you catch the strain of perfect melodies?



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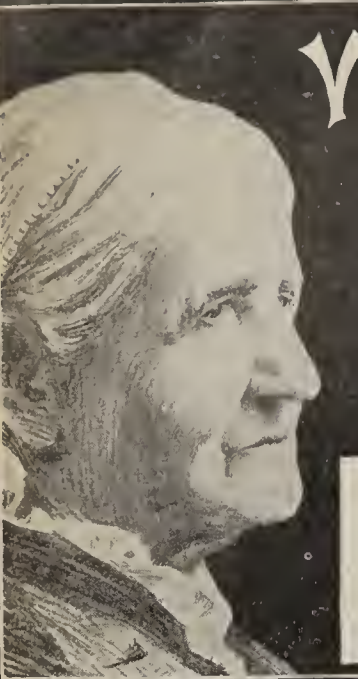
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READERS will confer a favor by mentioning TEACHERS MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

Is there discord in the music just beside you?
Does the melody ring harsh and out of tone?
Wake the sweetest notes of faith, whate'er betide you,
Till the harsher notes be softened by your own!

Do you hear the music ringing, oh, my brothers?
There's the viol and sweet-voiced clarionet;
There are instruments more sweet than all the others,
But your own may sing a grander beauty yet.
Must you play a simple second, faintly hearing,
While a silvery harp beside you charms the ear?
Strike your sweetest chords and trust, then, never fearing
That the One who wrote the music will not hear.

Do you hear the music ringing, oh, my brothers?
How its wondrous beauty surges thru the air,
How the grandeur of the simple praise song smothers
Out the voice of sin and sorrow everywhere!
Tho our part may be a simple one and lowly,
Tho you long to strike a nobler, grander string,
Yet play on, and swell the chorus sweet and holy,
Till the whole world sings praises to our King!



God of the Dew, God of the Sun.

God of the Dew,
In gentlest ministry,
As silently
Would I some soul afresh anew.

God of the Sun,
Far flaming heat and light,
Be my delight
On radiant errands swift to run.

God of the Star,
To its stern orbit true,
My soul imbue
With dread, lest I Thine order mar.

God of the Sea,
Majestic, vast, profound,
Enlarge my bound,—
Broader and deeper let me be.

—MALTBE D. BARCOCK.

What Sulphur Does

For the Human Body in Health and Disease.

The mention of sulphur will recall to many of us the early days when our mothers and grandmothers gave us our daily dose of sulphur and molasses every spring and fall.

It was the universal spring and fall "blood purifier," tonic and cure-all, and mind you, this old-fashioned remedy was not without merit.

The idea was good, but the remedy was crude and unpalatable, and a large quantity had to be taken to get any effect.

Nowadays, we get all the beneficial effects of sulphur in a palatable, concentrated form, so that a single grain is far more effective than a tablespoonful of the crude sulphur.

In recent years, research and experiment have proven that the best sulphur for medicinal use is that obtained from Calcium (Calcium Sulphide) and sold in drug stores under the name of Stuart's Calcium Wafers. They are small chocolate-coated pellets and contain the active medicinal principle of sulphur in a highly concentrated, effective form.

Few people are aware of the value of this form of sulphur in restoring and maintaining bodily vigor and health: sulphur acts directly on the liver, and excretory organs, and purifies and enriches the blood by the prompt elimination of waste material.

Our grandmothers knew this when they dosed us with sulphur and molasses every spring and fall, but the crudity and impurity of ordinary flowers of sulphur were often worse than the disease, and cannot compare with the modern concentrated preparations of sulphur, of which Stuart's Calcium Wafers is undoubtedly the best and most widely used.

They are the natural antidote for liver and kidney troubles and cure constipation and purify the blood in a way that often surprises patient and physician alike.

Dr. R. M. Wilkins while experimenting with sulphur remedies soon found that the sulphur from Calcium was superior to any other form. He says: "For liver, kidney and blood troubles, especially when resulting from constipation or malaria, I have been surprised at the results obtained from Stuart's Calcium Wafers. In patients suffering from boils and pimples and even deep-seated carbuncles, I have repeatedly seen them dry up and disappear in four or five days, leaving the skin clear and smooth. Although Stuart's Calcium Wafers is a proprietary article, and sold by druggists, and for that reason tabooed by many physicians, yet I know of nothing so safe and reliable for constipation, liver and kidney troubles, and especially in all forms of skin disease, as this remedy."

At any rate people who are tired of pills, cathartics and so-called blood "purifiers," will find in Stuart's Calcium Wafers a far safer, more palatable and effective preparation.

Cut-up Number Stories

There are two pencils and I put one more with them, how many are there now?

If I take one thimble away from three thimbles, how many are left?

There is one slate on the desk. If I put two more slates with it, how many slates are there now?

How many apples must I put with these two so that there may be three of them?

Tommy had three pennies but he lost one penny. How many pennies had he left?

There were three bones on a plate. How many will be left when the dog has eaten two of them?

Polly has two cakes and Lizzie has three cakes. Which has more cakes? How many more cakes has Lizzie than Polly?

Tommy has three oranges and Jack has one orange. How many must I give to Jack so that he may have as many as Tommy?

Three little boys are sitting on a bench. If I send two of them out to play how many will be left?

There are two red balls and one white one. How many balls can you see?

I gave away two kittens and then had one left. How many had I at first?

There are three books on that shelf. How many times can I take one away?

A little girl had three apples. She ate all but one. How many had she left?

If I give a penny for one bun, how much will three buns cost?

Dr. E. S. Ferris of Hamilton, O., writes: I have found antikamnia tablets an excellent remedy in all forms of neuralgia. Druggists dispense them and we would suggest your getting a dozen to have on hand in time of pain. Camping and out-ing parties will do the proper thing by having some in their medical kit for emergency cases.—*Courier of Medicine.*

Every day I have a breakfast, a dinner, and a supper. How many meals do I have each day?

There is one school for big boys, and one school for big girls, and one school for little children. How many schools are there?

When the clock strikes three times, what time is it?

There are three drawers in the table, and in each drawer there is one duster. How many dusters are there?

How many times will the clock strike at three o'clock?

There are three slates on the desk. How many will there be when three girls have taken away one each?

My cat caught one mouse on Sunday, one on Monday, and one on Tuesday. How many mice did she catch in the three days?

I had three pigeons, but I gave one pair away. How many pigeons had I left?

In each of three rooms there is one blackboard. How many blackboards in all?

The New Moon.

Dear mother, how pretty
The moon looks to-night!
She was never so cunning before;
Her two little horns
Are so sharp and so bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.
If I were up there
With you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely, you see;
I'd sit in the middle
And hold by both ends;
O, what a bright cradle t'would be!

I would call to the stars
To keep out of the way,
Lest we should rock over their toes;
And there I would rock
Till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay
In the beautiful skies,
And thru the bright clouds we would
roam;
We would see the sun set
And see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

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December Birthdays.

DEC. 4.—Thomas Carlyle, a Scotch writer, born at Ecclefechan, Scotland, Dec. 4, 1795, died Feb. 5, 1881. Most noted work, "Sartor Resartus," published in 1834.

DEC. 8.—Eli Whitney, inventor of the cotton-gin. Born at New Britain, Conn., Dec. 8, 1811. Died in the same place, March 7, 1879.

DEC. 9.—John Milton, the famous poet of England, author of "Paradise Lost." Born in London, Dec. 9, 1608. Died in the same city, Nov. 8, 1674.

DEC. 10.—Edward Eggleston, author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." Born at Veray, Ind., Dec. 10, 1837.

DEC. 12.—John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the United States, born in New York, Dec. 12, 1745. Died at Bedford, N. Y., May 17, 1829.

DEC. 17.—Ludwig von Beethoven, one of the most famous of the musical composers. Born at Bonn, Prussia, Dec. 17, 1770. Died March, 1827. Among his masterpieces are the symphony in honor of Napoleon, and the opera "Fidelio."

—John Greenleaf Whittier, "the Quaker poet." Born at Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 17, 1808. Died Sept. 6, 1892. Among his best known poems are the "Tent on the Beach," "The Barefoot Boy," "Maud Muller."

DEC. 22.—Thomas Wentworth Higginson, author of numerous books for young people. Born in Cambridge, Mass. Dec. 22, 1823.

DEC. 25.—Sir Isaac Newton, who set forth the theory of gravitation. Born Dec. 25, 1642, at Woolsthorpe, England, Died March 20, 1727.

DEC. 29.—Andrew Johnson, seventeenth president of the United States. Born at Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 29, 1808. Died July 31, 1875.



Words Often Misspelled.

The following list of test words recently appeared in *The Kansas Educator*. They were given as familiar words to one hundred students, and all were misspelled:

reminiscence
indispensable
intermittent
irresistible
belligerent
spontaneous
permissible
perceptible
controversy
inflammable
existence
conscious
recipient
efficient
competent
plausible

competitor
accumulate
admissible
exhilarate
occurrence
effervesce
exaggerate
prejudice
supervise
supersede
fascinate
criticise
eccentric
particle
blamable
occasion

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- No. 3. " \$1.08, 25 Xmas Cards and Booklet.
- No. 4. " \$1.08, 40 Fine Postal Cards (20 Xmas of the 40).
- No. 5. " 54 cents, 20 Fine Postal Cards (all different).
- No. 6. " \$1.08, 10 Beautiful Calendars.
- No. 7. " 54 cents, 5 Beautiful Calendars (all different).
- No. 8. " 27 cents, 10 Xmas Cards.
- No. 9. " 54 cents, 5 Booklets and Calendar.
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acclamation
assassinate

describe
symmetry
separate
license
pittance
nuisance
judgment
naphtha
embarrass

ANOTHER LIST—TRY IT.

If your advanced class can spell these words they have been exceptionally well trained:

separate
discrepancy
corroborate
repetition
eligible
emanate
guard
gauge

metallic
harrass
embarrass
commodities
recommend
supersede
indelible
until



Limitations.

An Owl and a Squirrel,
A Snake and a Bee,
Once met at the Tadpole's house,
To point out his failings
And sympathy bring
For the sorrow his wants would arouse.

Said the Owl: "I can't see
How you manage to be
So cheerful, with all that you lack;
Why—you wriggle all day,
In one place never stay,
And you cannot look over your back."

And the Squirrel declared:
"When I see how you've fared,
I'm as sorry as sorry can be.
You are wet all the time,
In this damp, chilly clime,
And, moreover, you can't climb a tree."

Then the Snake came apace
With a grin on his face,
And he spoke with a false, yawning
voice:
"You're so short, don't you see—
You'd be longer, like me,
I've no doubt, if you had but your
choice."

When the Bee's turn had come,
He began with a hum:
"Excuse me—but you are so funny!
Your wings haven't grown—
You can't fly, you must own,
And you do not know how to make
honey."

But the Tadpole replied
(And I've heard that he sighed
As he wriggled about in his bog):
"There is much I can't do—
But then, none of you
Can ever become a green frog."

—LILLIE A. SPAULDING, in Boston
Transcript.

Christmas Cards



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This is our biggest bargain in Christmas Cards and surpasses anything heretofore offered. It consists of two cards, 3½x5½ tied together with silk ribbon. The design on the first card is scenery and flowers, elegantly lithographed and embossed, with a Christmas and New Year greeting. The second card has a short poem appropriate for Christmas and New Year, surrounded by a border of holly, the leaves and berries being in their natural colors of green and red. It is an elegant card in every respect and we guarantee satisfaction. By making them in immense quantities we are able to cut the price to

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Series E—New designs, 5x7, embossed, flowers and scenery, 2c. each, 60 for \$1
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Cut-Up Story

The Sky Flowers.

By MARY LEWIS HARRIS, North Carolina.

This morning when Janie came in she had roses in her cheeks. Jack Frost had put them there.

What has Jack Frost done to the flowers out of doors? All of them are gone.

He kissed them, and they withered, and he blew his frosty breath on the leaves. They turned all sorts of bright colors and danced away.

The roots are asleep in the ground. Many little seeds, cozy and warm, are waiting for the spring sun to wake them.

The Cat and X-Ray.

Our Tom is as fine and brave a Maltese house cat as one ever had, and a fighter, but the other evening he entered into a scrap from which he has not recovered yet.

It seems that Milancie, our "queen of the kitchen," had polished up her stove with the new X-Ray Stove Polish, which has the peculiar faculty of not burning off from a hot stove. Tom came in and discovered what he thought was another cat on his stamping ground, but which was his own reflection in the stove. A fight was on in an instant, and, according to Tom, the other cat was as ready as he. The result was a sad one. Poor Tom burned his paws, upset a dish of hot fat, and finally turned a double somersault backward out of the kitchen, and has now transferred his domicile to the woodshed, and no amount of coaxing can bring him back to the kitchen. Housewives must not use X-Ray Stove Polish unless they introduce their house cat by degrees; otherwise a catastrophe is likely to occur.

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But there are some flowers that bloom all the year. They look brightest in the cold weather.

They are not like the roses in Janie's cheeks. They are not like the sweet flowers in mother's garden, but they are very beautiful.

They bloom in the sky. What are they?

Yes, they are the stars, and we call them the sky flowers.

Look up into the sky to-night, and see how many there are. There are many more than you can count, tiny baby stars, and beautiful bright ones.

In one part of the sky you may see seven little stars very close together. They twinkle, twinkle, all night long, and all day, too, if you could only see them.

They are the "Seven Sisters," and there is a pretty story about them.

The James F. McCullough Teachers' Agency has grown rapidly from small beginnings to a position of commanding influence in the central and far West. It has become necessary to enlarge its scope of work and extend its organization. Mr. F. B. Spaulding, who for six years was manager of the Fisk Agency in Chicago, has been added to the organization, and will have the active management of the agency. Mr. Spaulding is widely and favorably known in educational circles both East and West, and we predict continued success for this popular agency under his vigorous management.

The seven stars, says the story, were once seven sisters. They were always together, and they loved each other very dearly.

One of them must go away from home, but her sisters could not bear to have her leave them. So they were all changed into stars, and put together in the sky.

One day there was a great battle upon the earth, and the sisters saw it. It frightened one of them, and she hid behind her sisters.

And what do you think? No matter how hard you look, you cannot find her—you can't see but six stars shining in the sky.

But even if your bright eyes cannot find her she is there close to her sisters. And with the rest, she twinkles down on you at night when you are fast asleep!

Some day I will tell you about the Great Dipper, a big bunch of sky flowers, in the northern heavens. Ask mother to teach you this little verse:

"I cannot do much, said a little star
To make this dark world bright,
My silvery beams cannot pierce far
Into the gloom of night;
Yet I am a part of God's great plan,
And so I will do the best that I can."

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BOOKS of THE DAY

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SPECIAL METHOD IN LANGUAGE, by Charles A. McMurry, Ph. D., is one of a series by the same author in which all the studies of the eight grades are considered. The change that has taken place in the old curriculum, adding especially literature and nature study, has given opportunity to treat Language more broadly than once possible. In the old school, reading, spelling, and

grammar were taught, but language was taught only incidentally. There was much effort expended to make the pupil acquainted with the symbols of language, but not with its power.

This volume discusses the relation of language to other studies (a most important consideration); it also gives illustrative lessons and a course of study. The suggestion is made that in the first year the child should be introduced to the treasure house of English literature by having read to him such stories as "The Three Bears," "The Ugly Duckling," etc. Thus a literary taste will be developed, and during the entire course the strong, beautiful and noble productions of the best writers should be introduced to the pupil. The technical methods of language teaching as proposed by the author are excellent; the day of making the study of grammar the main thing in the elementary school has gone by; how to speak correctly, how to write sentences in logical order concerning appropriate objects of thought, these are things to be striven for. The reader cannot but follow the author with exceeding delight; he will find himself often saying, "True, true" repeatedly as he reads. (The Macmillan Company.)

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What Liquozone Is.

The virtues of Liquozone are derived solely from gases. The formula is sent to each user. The process of making requires large apparatus, and from 8 to 14 days' time. It is directed by chemists of the highest class. The object is to so fix and combine the gases as to carry into the system a powerful tonic-germicide.

Contact with Liquozone kills any form of disease germ, because germs are of vegetable origin. Yet to the body Liquozone is not only harmless, but helpful in the extreme. That is its main distinction. Common germicides are poison when taken internally. That is why medicine has been so helpless in a germ disease. Liquozone is exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying; yet no disease germ can exist in it.

We purchased the American rights to Liquozone after thousands of tests had

been made with it. Its power had been proved, again and again, in the most difficult germ diseases. Then we offered to supply the first bottle free in every disease that required it. And over one million dollars have been spent to announce and fulfill this offer.

The result is that 11,000,000 bottles have been used, mostly in the past two years. Today there are countless cured ones, scattered everywhere, to tell what Liquozone has done.

But so many others need it that this offer is published still. In late years, science has traced scores of diseases to germ attacks. Old remedies do not apply to them. We wish to show those sick ones—at our cost—what Liquozone can do.

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These are the diseases in which Liquozone has been most employed. In these it has earned its widest reputation. In all of these troubles we supply the first bottle free. And in all—no matter how difficult—we offer each user a two months' further test without the risk of a penny.

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Goitre—Gout
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Occupations for Little Fingers.

Does it not sound fascinating? And when I add that the book is a manual for grade teachers, mothers, and settlement workers, by Elizabeth Sage and Anna M. Cooley, both connected with Teachers College, New York, you will realize how excellent it is certain to be. There are many books of constructive work for primary grades, but this is one of the best published. It tells how children can make use of cord and string, raffia, paper (cutting and folding), clay, weaving, bead-work, furnishing a doll's house, crocheting and knitting, use of "nature's materials"—such as grape-vine, twigs of green wood, wistaria vine, birch-bark, corn husks, grass, and hemp. I know of no other book that tells about constructive work with materials that can be gathered by the rural school teacher at first hand, or by the children themselves. It is, accordingly, especially fitted for the rural school, tho it can be used anywhere, even in New York, the metropolis of America. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

It is a pleasure to comment upon the conservative methods employed by the G. & C. Merriam Company in the publication of the Webster's International Dictionary. Not every little slang word or phrase is put into the book regardless of its scholastic or linguistic qualities. It is this conservatism backed by the scholarship of the editor-in-chief, William T. Harris, Ph. D., LL. D., United States Commissioner of Education, and hundreds of others of the greatest educators of this and other nations, which has made the International a standard in the United States Supreme Court and in all the courts of the nation, as well as in colleges and public schools.

The Pure Food Era.

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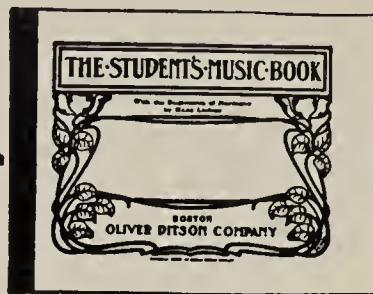
"Hurrah for Ireland! Hurrah for Hell!"

"That's right," answered Pat. "Every man for his own country."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

The Reason.

A Scotch dominie, after telling his scholars the story of Ananias and Sapphira, asked them: "Why does not God strike everybody dead that tells a lie?"

After a long silence one little fellow exclaimed: "Because there wouldn't be nobody left."—*Exchange*.



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The Reindeer.

The reindeer is a species of deer, and inhabits the Arctic regions of Europe, Asia, and America.

The reindeer is a heavy and rather clumsy animal. It has short, strong limbs, and cloven feet like the camel, which spread out when walking on snow. Its neck is short, with a tuft of hair underneath. The color is brown, which becomes almost white in winter. It is covered with two coats, one of thick, coarse hair, under which lies a soft, wooly fur. It sheds its branched horns or antlers each year.

The reindeer is extremely useful to the Laplanders, as its skin and hair are used to make clothes, its flesh forms food, its milk is drunk, and it carries all their burdens. The skin of the face is made into boots.

This animal can run about ten miles an hour with a weight of two hundred pounds behind it.



The Camel.

There are two kinds of camels, one with a single hump, called the true camel, from Arabia, and the two-humped, or Bactrian camel, from Africa.

The camel is called the Ship of the Desert, as it would be impossible to cross many deserts without it. The camel can stand long and tiring journeys without requiring much food or water.

The camel is about eight feet high. Its neck and limbs are long. The hump is on its back, and is made up of fatty balls. This fat supplies nourishment when food is short. At the beginning of a desert journey the hump is firm, but at the finish very limp and drooping.

The camel can do without drinking water for a long time, because in its stomach there are several divisions to hold about a gallon of water each. Travelers sometimes kill the animal for this water when short themselves.

The feet of the camel have two padded toes, which spread out when the animal walks, and give it a firm hold on the sand. The nostrils can be closed by the camel to keep out the blowing sand, and the eyes are covered by long lashes. The tail is long, almost reaching the knees.

The fur of camels is used for clothing, the finer kind for painting brushes.

Camel flesh is eaten by the Arabs, who also drink its milk. They use its fat also, as we do butter.

The camel is stupid, and never shows much attachment to its master.

AN AGENCY is valuable in proportion to its influence. If it merely hears of vacancies and tells is something, but if it is you about them THAT used to recommend a teacher and recommends you, RECOMMENDS. that is more. OUR C. W. BARDEN, Syracuse, N. Y.

The Bear.

There are many kinds of bears, the chief kinds being the brown bear, the white polar bear, and the grizzly bear. Bears are found in Europe, Asia, North Africa, and America.

Bears feed chiefly on vegetables, but the polar bear can also eat flesh.

Bears are covered with fur, and swim and climb well, having five toes on each foot, with very strong claws.

The brown bear was found formerly in Great Britain. It is a clumsy animal, three and a half feet high and five feet long. It shuffles along very slowly. It lives alone, eats vegetables, and likes honey.

Its skin is used for rugs, muffs, and capes. Its flesh is eaten, and its fat is made into pomade for the hair.

Bears, before winter starts, generally gorge themselves and become very fat. They then find a cave where they sleep thru the winter. As soon as spring comes, they come out, looking very thin.

When the bear goes honey-hunting, and finds a bee's nest, it clears the entrance, blows into the hole and draws out the air again with great strength, which brings out the honey by suction. Hunters often find the bear by the great noise it makes in blowing.

Bears do not often attack man, except when provoked. They kill their victims by squeezing them. Bears can be tamed and made to do many tricks.

The Beaver.

The beaver is a rodent animal, that is, one that has gnawing teeth, like rats and mice.

It is found in Europe, but owing to its being so much hunted it is getting scarce. In Asia and North America it is found in large numbers.

The beaver measures about two and a half feet long. It has a heavy body with flat scaly tail. Its front gnawing teeth grow as long as the animal lives. On each foot are five toes, and it uses its front feet for carrying food, wood, etc., and its back feet for swimming only. These back feet are webbed like a duck's such feet being found on no other quadruped.

The beaver's fur is used for jackets, muffs, etc., Indians eat its flesh.

Beavers are great workers, and live in companies. If a beaver is lazy, its companions turn it out of their colony, and it has to live alone.

Beavers build their homes on the banks of rivers covered with shrubs and willows. They eat berries and the bark of trees.

When making a house, a tree is eaten round the bottom till it falls. The branches are used to make the walls and roof, being plastered together with mud or clay. The floors are covered with moss, and the door is made under the water. If the water is not deep enough the beaver makes a dam with trunks of trees plastered together to hold the water up.



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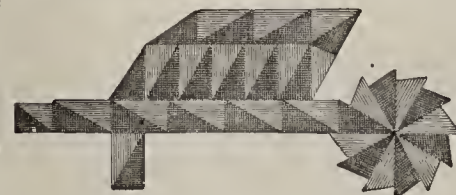
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Publishers' Talk.

To each individual member of our family of readers we extend a most cordial wish for a Happy and Successful New Year. The year cannot fail in the realization of either of these enjoyments if the duties falling to your lot are fulfilled faithfully and efficiently. Happiness is in doing, and success in achieving. In all your ministrations, whether it be in the class-room, the home, the social circle, or elsewhere, we hope that the satisfaction and pleasure found will be in the consciousness of a relationship sustained with credit to yourself and helpfulness to others. Thus the new year will bring to you a wealth of happiness and success.

New Year's day is a time for retrospection, introspection, and prospection. This experience is not without its disappointments, its regrets, and its fears. Neither is it without its pride, its satisfaction, and its anticipations. As publishers we congratulate ourselves upon the successful creation of this Magazine, upon the host of friends it has made, and upon the still larger family of readers that we hope it will minister to, but good as it is, it is not good enough for the splendid constituency for which it is published. Perhaps we are too exacting, perhaps our ideal of what a Teachers' Magazine should be is too exalted, but it certainly is no fault to be dissatisfied with one's attainments so long as it does not result in despondency. We hope, sincerely hope, that this magazine may improve more and more, until it can most worthily represent the teachers of this country, which it so earnestly is trying to serve.

Perhaps our ideals are too advanced for the revenue that we shall have to work with. If this should prove true, it will be your fault and not ours. We confidently believe the teachers will ratify our efforts and encourage us by an ever-expanding patronage. We hope, however, that they will not feel that they have reached the end of their co-operation when they have sent us the price of their subscription. There are other ways in which you can assist. Write the Editor now and then a word of encouragement, let him know your problems, tell him what you like in the Magazine and also what does not help you, inform him of devices and methods you have found

successful in your work. That is one way. Again, if you like the Magazine talk about it. Your friends may not know its virtues, tell them about them. Let your approbation spill over until your enthusiasm may lead to some friend gaining the benefit. Don't add any "but" to your endorsement either; even tho you have cause. That is another way. Again, if you happen to be in arrears for your subscription send us the amount promptly. It costs a good deal of money to put up this Magazine in its present form, and your subscription is a great help. Again, read the advertisements and if anything appeals to you, and you need it, write the advertiser and tell him you are doing so because you saw his advertisement in TEACHERS MAGAZINE. Furthermore, if you are compelled in the process of living to utilize any given article of whatsoever nature of which there are many kinds made, buy the one advertised in your educational paper if it appears therein. Reciprocation is one of the merits of friendship, and if advertisers try to help you by making it possible to improve your educational magazine will you not respond by giving to them such little support as your daily wants may make possible? Again, be patient with our faults. We have been fighting against some difficulties that have seemed hopeless, but please don't become discouraged. We know we ought to have the Magazine in your hands by the first of each month or before, and we have been trying hard to do so, but first one difficulty arose and then another to prevent the accomplishment of our purpose. We admire and thank you for your patience and loyalty under these trying circumstances, and if our resolution and determination count for anything we hope to correct this fault very shortly. Let us have your co-operation and support in all of these essentials, and then we shall be striving together for a better and more prosperous TEACHERS MAGAZINE, which shall be well for us and well for you.

Again we wish for you the fullness of your powers; the broadening of your aspirations, the enlargement of your service, and the attainment of noble results. Surely such would mean to you a Happy and Successful year.

Pussy=Cat—A Cut-Up Story.

If a mother cat could talk, do you know what she would say to her kittens? I think I do, so I will tell you.

When they are big enough to find their own food, she will tell them how to use their claws to catch a mouse for their dinner or supper.

Now, my dears, she would say, you have sharp claws at the ends of your toes. With these claws you can climb up a tree or catch a mouse.

You must keep your claws well drawn in, when you are walking, and step softly on the pads under your feet. Then you will not be heard as you move about.

To keep your claws from growing too long, you must scratch something hard. Any piece of wood will do, such as a table, a chair, or the trunk of a tree.

When you smell a mouse, steal along, one step at a time. Do not be in a hurry. If you do not learn to watch and to wait, you will not make a good hunter.

When you see a mouse, crouch down and get ready to spring. As soon as you are sure of it, pounce upon it like a flash, and thrust out your sharp claws and seize it.

When you have caught a mouse you may toss it about, and play with it, until you are ready to crush its bones with your sharp teeth.

Mind you keep your soft, warm fur as nice and clean as you can. You must often wash it with your tongue. The parts you cannot reach with your tongue—your face, your ears, and the top of your head—you can rub with your wet paw.

Your tongue is rough and is covered with sharp points, which turn backwards. With your tongue you can comb your fur and keep it smooth. You can also scrape the meat off a bone and lap up milk.

If you are good mousers, you will always have a good home. Almost anyone will be glad to keep you, and find you a warm corner to sleep in.

If you are good and kind you will have many friends, who will pet and feed you. But you must not scratch or bite those who pet and play with you. If you do, no one will love and care for you. If you are good, every one will say—I love little pussy.

When you move about after dark, always feel your way with your long whiskers. Where your whiskers can pass, there is plenty of room for your body.

Do not think you can see when it is quite dark. No animal can. But you can see when there is very little light. In the darkness your eyes will open wide.

Now you are kittens and fond of play. No one expects you to be as wise as I am. As you grow older, you will learn many things which you do not know now.

If you have seen a cat catch a mouse, you will know how quick she is, and how well she can use her claws and her teeth.

Kitty has five toes on her fore feet and four toes on her hind feet. Each toe has a sharp claw, which is like a small hook. She can hold fast to anything she seizes with them.

The claws on the hind feet are not as sharp as those on the fore feet. They are not used to catch mice. Each claw is kept in a sheath, and puss can push it out and draw it in when she pleases. When she springs on a mouse or a bird, she thrusts all her claws out at once.

Her teeth are made to seize her prey, and to hold it fast. Her front teeth are long and sharp. When she shuts her jaws, these teeth will go through the skin of any animal she has caught.

Cats sleep a great deal in the daytime, and are very lively at night. This is because they are night hunters. In the darkness they can catch animals which hide in their holes during the day.

The cat is made for hunting. Her teeth and claws are those of a beast of prey. Her eyes also help her to hunt by night.

If you look at your eyes in the looking-glass, you will see a dark spot in the middle of each eye. This dark spot is the hole which lets in the light. It is called the pupil.

If you look at a cat's eyes during the day, you will see that the pupils are narrow slits. They are then almost closed to keep out the bright light.

At night the pupils of the cat's eyes open wide, and become large and round, to take in all the light there is. Then she can see when you and I could not see at all.

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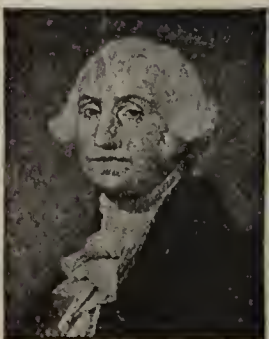
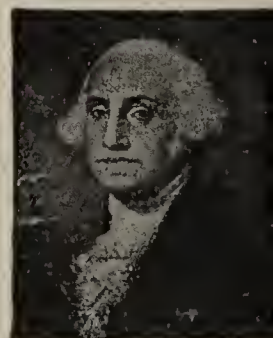
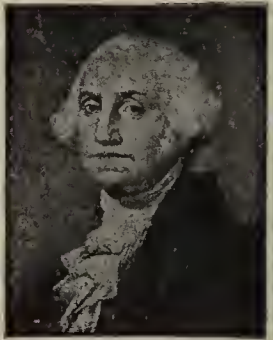
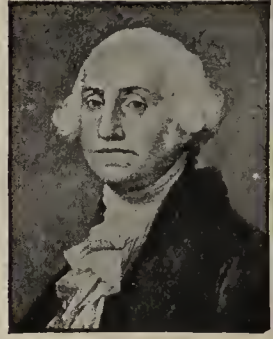
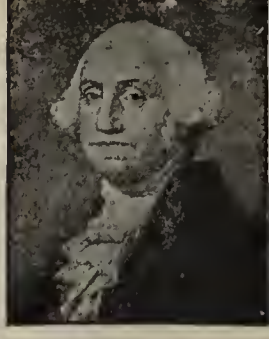
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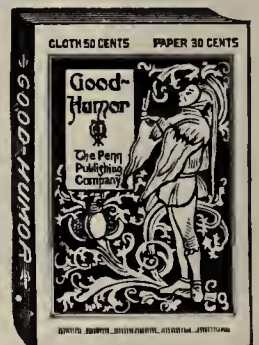
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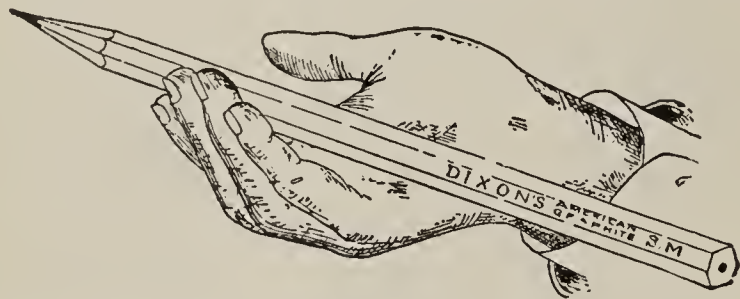
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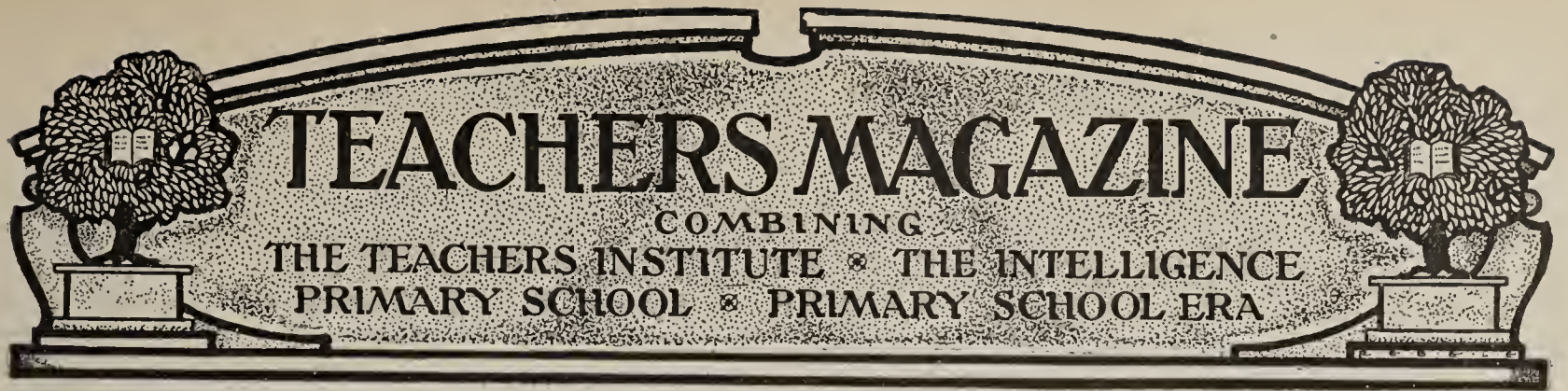
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Vol. XXVIII

JANUARY, 1906.

No. 5

The Spirit Quickeneth



SCHOOL cannot be judged by its course of study. The right sort of teacher will turn a narrow program into a feast of "fat things full of marrow," and a poor teacher will reduce the richest curriculum to a dull gradgrind. The children will come from the room of one teacher with full note-books and from another with hearts aglow.

The important consideration is not so much the subject on the program, as what the teacher puts into it. Whatever the powers that be may prescribe, they cannot wholly prevent a good teacher from doing good work.

There is little excuse for the oft-heard groan; "If I could only be *free* how much good I might be able to do for my pupils!" No doubt educational authorities sometimes arrogate to themselves the dictation of the course of study down to the lowest detail. But except under the very worst conditions, the efficient teacher may still find abundance of opportunity for the kind of work that shapes lives.

Judging by programs we may classify schools as narrow gage and broad gage. The former limit themselves to the traditional three Rs; the latter attempt to awaken in the children interests of various kinds and to increase their powers of self-expression by training in the manual arts and crafts. The three R schools are slowly but surely receding to the land of the dodo and of the saurians. The wonder is that specimens of them may still be found here and there. However, the new education schools are not yet so absolutely in possession of the field that challenges have altogether ceased. Even parents occasionally fail to appreciate the value of anything beyond the barest rudiments, as is witnessed by the following pointed note received by a teacher from an irate mother:

i sends my childer to skule to larn redin ritin an figgers an no tomei rott as you larn them i want you to no yous respectful Mrs——

The case is plainly stated. That is the beauty of it. There is no doubt that Mrs. —— wants her children taught the three Rs. All parents are practically agreed on this point. It remains to be shown that after making the fullest allowance for these demands, there is still time left for other studies. Here we can talk just as plainly as Mrs.——.

The remarkable series of researches made by Dr. J. M. Rice have placed at our disposal some absolute facts. He has proved by data which cannot be argued away that from ten to fifteen minutes devoted to spelling each school day for a number of years will produce results which no larger ex-

penditure of time can surpass. The greater or less success depends upon the efficiency of the teacher, and not upon the amount of time. Forty minutes a day is the reasonable maximum for arithmetic. English composition and language work need not consume more than fifty minutes a day at the utmost. All that is commonly included in the three Rs can therefore easily be managed in from two hours to two and a half hours a day. A good teacher can produce in this time the best possible results, the poor teacher with twice as many minutes will still fail to do satisfactory work.

People who point to the schools which they and their fathers and grandfathers visited in their youth as models and who are forever telling how much better spellers and better cipherers were produced when the schools had smaller programs, should be acquainted with a recent investigation made at Springfield, Mass., by Principal Riley. Careful comparison of the spelling, arithmetic, and geography in 1846 with the work in these same branches in 1905 showed conclusively that the pupils attending the present-day grammar schools at Springfield are much better grounded in the rudiments than were their forebears of sixty years ago. The story of the test may be read in *The School Journal* of December 2, in *Educational Foundations* for January, and in *The Forum* for January-March. This is a most valuable contribution to education. It establishes clearly that the enrichment of the school programs has not reduced one iota the possibility of attaining as good results in the three Rs to-day as at any time in the past. The spelling of our grandparents was no less fearfully and wonderfully made than that of their descendants. Shall we then withhold from the children the good things that may be theirs simply because ignorance claims that there is no time?

The teacher who constantly strives to perfect himself in efficiency can open to his pupils sources of life and usefulness and joy which to the self-satisfied are forever closed. The good shepherd spends his strength that his sheep may have life more abundantly: for the hireling there is no place in education. The value of a school is not in the studies taught, but in the spiritualization of the program by the teacher. Here is the key to the situation. Teaching must be spiritual work. "The letter killeth, but the spirit quickeneth." The more we give of ourselves the richer our own lives will grow. What wonderful promise this holds out to the teacher! Truly, there is no grander work to be found anywhere.

Autobiography of a Teacher. IV

By C. Hanford Henderson

"Adventures Are to the Adventurous."

AS I have said, my own first plunge into the world of affairs was an heroic one, for it took me into the wilderness of Eastern Kentucky, something like a hundred miles from the railroad. Just why I selected such a remote spot to begin my quest for fame and fortune, I am quite at a loss to remember. There was no immediate haste for me to be making money, for the family fortunes had by this time so far repaid themselves that we were in wholly comfortable circumstances. I think that it must have been the first work to present itself which really satisfied my geological conscience. It may also have been that the spice of adventure which it promised was not unwelcome. It is sometimes observable that your very quiet people have hidden away under their demure and drab exterior a genuine appetite for adventure which would quite respectably fit out the most dashing cavalier. I detect such a strain in myself, and it both amuses and pleases me to find that it is not yet dead.

This journey to Kentucky was the longest that I had ever undertaken and was the beginning of very wide wanderings over land and sea.

I have just been reading Haeckel's last book,—"The Wonders of Life,"—a book, it seems to me, full of more than questionable philosophizing; but rich nevertheless in wise and beautiful observations about nature. He calls attention to those organisms which move about quite freely when they are young, and become stationary in mature life. It seems that this settling down is attended by quite disastrous results, involving as it sometimes does, the loss of bones, or even of the head itself! Both Haeckel and Arnold Lang, who have studied the same phenomena are disposed to draw the conclusion that the stationary habit in both animals and man means in many cases an absolute loss of power, and in all cases a lessened possibility of development. Such a point is much too good not to be seized upon by so inveterate a wanderer as myself. Perhaps it does not quite justify the fact that for the past dozen winters I have lived in a dozen different places; but it is to be hoped that it may later when I come to settle down and make use of my gains.

My going to Kentucky came about very naturally. While I was looking about for something suitable to do, a cousin of mine, who had, quite unknown to myself, been taking a very kindly interest in my career, sent for me to go and see him. Such an unexpected summons also suited my fancy and I was not slow in responding. I was hardly acquainted with my cousin personally, but I found him a delightful old gentleman, at least he seemed old to me then; in reality I suppose that he was about forty-five. He explained to me that two acquaintances of his, gentlemen of considerable wealth, owned something like 200,000 acres of land in Eastern Kentucky and Southwestern Virginia which they proposed to develop and even add to, and that they wanted a geologist

to examine the whole tract. It is safe to say that I felt very important at the prospect of such responsible work.

My cousin quizzed me a bit in a good-natured way, and even put me thru a very informal examination. I always hated examinations, but as my old professor of geology used to say to me, "You might as well get over your aversion to examinations, for out in the world you will have them *every single day!*"

I have found this to be true, and I have not always had such kindly examiners as my delightful old cousin. His capitalist friends, he said, knew their small principality to contain unlimited quantities of coal and iron; and believed that it also covered rich deposits of gold and silver and copper and lead. That the list of treasures was not even longer than this was probably due to their own lack of chemical knowledge. My cousin did not take these large expectations too seriously and laughed with me over gold specimens that had clearly been manipulated.

The upshot of the matter was that the capitalists offered me the work and that I accepted. I think they must have taken me on faith, for I was a boy of twenty, without any practical experience, and of so slight a physique as to suggest reasonable doubts as to whether I could successfully cope with even the bodily demands of the enterprise. They agreed to pay me seventy-five dollars a month and all my expenses. I do not remember how this pay impressed me, but I hope I was duly appreciative, for even now, in the present expansive state of the financial mind, it seems to me very good for such a mere stripling.

I was to start in August. When the time came my mother was ill in bed, and I was wholly miserable at the prospect of leaving her. The propriety of waiting over a few days does not seem to have occurred to either of us. But then, as my sister says, we have the blood of martyrs in our veins! In addition, I believe that Mr. Jonathan Edwards; if not a direct forbear, was at least a kinsman,—so much is accounted for. It was a cruel thing to do, to go away at such a time. Even after more than twenty years, it makes me catch my breath to recall the misery of that parting.

I have already observed, in the first paper, that my most commanding ancestors had the preaching habit, and added the reflection that I agreed with Haeckel as against Weissmann, that acquired characteristics are transmitted! When one confesses so openly to a fault, one expects, of course; to be allowed to indulge it without further reprobation. So I may offer, with a perfectly clear conscience, at least one preachment. And it is this: I have since come to see that it is a crime of the first magnitude to allow any supposed duty of an exterior and mechanical sort to interfere with the higher obligations imposed by human relationship. Those divine comrades whom God in his goodness allows us out of the vast loneliness of space to discover and make ours, we owe our first and supreme duty. Indeed, it now seems to me that the other acts can claim the dignity of

duty only as they serve those whom we love. He who loves most can most fulfill the duty of life. I did not see this when I was twenty. I am not sure that I saw it when I was thirty. At forty I began to see it, and it still has about it the glamor of a great revelation. Happily, my mother recovered, and I had her with me for several years longer, but I dread to think of the bitter, life-long regret that would have been mine, had it happened otherwise. Perhaps these mistakes, these crimes, I may even call them, were veritable teachers. Certain it is that I live now in a different world, a world in which things human are the element of supreme moment.

So I went to Kentucky. But the crime of going was punished then and there, for never did more disconsolate knight set out to seek his fortune in the unknown. The train left at midnight. My father went with me to the station. The city had about it the mystery of quiet and of the night. Something like terror took possession of me. The recurrent thought passed and re-passed thru my mind, "Perhaps I shall never see my mother again! Perhaps I shall never see my mother again!" And so my first real journey into the world began in a genuine agony, and all because I had not been taught the real values in life, had not learned to put persons before things.

The railway journey took twenty-four hours; and landed me, again at midnight, at what was then the small frontier town of Bristol. Part of the town was in Virginia; and part in Tennessee.

I got out of the train, a heavy valise in one hand, a surveyor's tripod in the other. A correspondingly heavy trunk was likewise vomited forth into the darkness. I had expected to be met by an agent of my two capitalists, but no one was at the station. The little town itself lay wrapped in complete darkness.

I think that I was almost the sole passenger. The sleepy but friendly station master took me to the end of the platform and gave me careful directions how to find the agent's house. I started off into the darkness without any great feeling of confidence that I should land in bed that night. I had gone only a short distance when I saw a lantern moving on the other side of the broad street. Thinking that it was probably my man out in search of me, I started to cross. I got half way over, when *voila*; my valise flew in one direction, the tripod in another, and I found myself curled up in a ball, and lying on my back! It was all so very sudden that I did not know what had happened to me. My outcry brought the lantern to my rescue. I found that I had been tripped up by a pile of sharp, broken limestone to be used in mending the road. My clothes were rather the worse for the encounter, but so quickly had the instinct of self-preservation acted (and I mention the incident on that account) that quite unconsciously I rolled into a ball, face and hands in the center, and escaped without a scratch.

The lantern, as I had supposed, was carried by the man I most wanted to see. With his help, I gathered up my belongings, and was soon settled for the night in one of those comfortable little cottages, vine-covered and veranda-surrounded, which were then characteristic of the South. Since she has taken to importing those ready-made designs, which, fitting everywhere, really fit nowhere, the new South has not been so happy in her architecture. I slept like the Seven Sleepers.

On the following day, with the help of mine host, I secured a pair of mules, a driver, and a covered wagon. I mention them in the order of their endurance. I mistrusted the wagon from the start. It would probably have withstood the driver and myself, for we were both rather slender, but my trunk was wickedly heavy. It contained some very solid surveying instruments and almost enough books of reference to supplement my own profound ignorance. But for a time, that is to say for two or three days, all went well. Our route took us across the southwestern corner of the Old Dominion, over the range of the Cumberland mountains, into the region since made famous by Mr. Fox's charming story, "The

Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," charming at least in its early chapters. Had it not been for my anxiety about my mother, I should have thoroly enjoyed the journey. Even as it was, the fresh air, the bright skies, the natural beauty brought out all my temperamental optimism and



Thou, who art ever the same,
grant us so to pass through the
coming year with faithful hearts,
that we may be able in all things
to please Thy loving eyes—Amen.

Mozarabic, 700 A. D.

I easily assured myself that my mother was better. It took us four days to make the hundred miles; for my poor wagon at last broke down completely. We left it at a wayside smithy and got a stout mountain wagon for the rest of the journey, so stout indeed that it had no springs and one had to stand up to prevent being jolted to pieces. For the greater part of the way I walked or ran alongside of the wagon, while my too heavy luggage paid for its sins by a shaking up which almost brought dissolution.

Late on the afternoon of the fourth day we reached our destination, the tiny town of Whitesburg, in Letcher county. It lies on the upper waters of the Kentucky, and occupies a little stretch of level land between the river and a low range of roughly gullied ridges. One straggly street runs parallel to the river, and midway between it the naked red ridge. Many of the houses were fair sized, even pretentious in appearance, and would have looked extremely comfortable after the many log cabins I had passed on the journey were it not that they were commonly unfinished. Second story doors opened onto balconies that had never been built. Gaps yawned in the weather boarding between floors for porch rafters that had never been inserted. Dormer windows filled with boards in place of glass turned blind eyes toward the passer-by. Pigs were everywhere, in the streets, in the gardens; in the muddy puddles between the two.

One who has never seen these Southern villages can hardly realize the sense of desolation produced by their disorder and unfinish. That first afternoon I felt pretty far from home. In fact, as it took four or five days for the mail to reach me, I was for all practical purposes as remote as if I had been in the far West.

I was fortunate in finding a home with a very kind and intelligent family. Their house was one of the few that had ever been really completed,—a roomy brick structure on the upper side of the street. My own apartment was a large front room in the second story. It had plenty of windows and a good sized fire-place. Its one defect was that every time I moved across the room, it shook so noticeably as to suggest to my engineering mind a speedy and disastrous collapse. This never occurred, however, and in my subsequent wanderings among the mountains, I came to look upon these headquarters as a veritable haven of comfort, even of luxury.

In India, the natives regard the Englishman as an "uncomfortable, unaccountable work of God." It was I think only my youth and high spirits that kept me from a similar verdict in Kentucky, for my ideas differed so radically from theirs, and especially in the matter of time. Having gone out there to geologize, I proposed to do it,—understandable enough,—but I also proposed to do it at once,—less understandable,—for in addition to my own nervous energy, I had my Puritan conscience along with me. I think I never quite forgot that my time was paid for, was not my own, and that I must use every available moment to further the purpose for which I had been sent out. That very night, if I remember correctly, I set about my first preparations, getting a guide and a horse. By way of guide, I secured a handsome young mountaineer by the name of Adams. He came to see me in my room, and either curiosity or his idea of politeness prompted him to remain an awkwardly long time. Partly to make conversation, I asked him if Whitesburg was a pretty orderly place. I shall never forget his answer: "Wal, thar's right smart killin' goin' on." Adams himself had never killed a man. Once he had fired with intent to kill, but thanks to mountain whiskey his aim was less sure than usual and he had missed the mark. He acknowledged that he was glad he *had* missed. Yet he proved a good comrade, faithful and considerate always, and I trusted him to the utmost. This was also true of another man with whom I had considerable to do. who had, since the war, killed between fourteen and twenty-one men,—estimates differed—but who was personally as gentle and kind to me as a father. I dubbed him "the firm man." I think he would have done anything in the world for me. Indeed, he afterwards assured my father that I was quite as safe in Kentucky as right in my own home; and that if any one had touched a hair of my head, he "would have smashed his ugly mug for him!" It is hard to picture the effect of such a statement when merely seen in cold print. One must add the gentle, almost tender drawl peculiar to the mountaineers of the South.

I was as fortunate in my horse as in my guide. Adams rode a little black mule, as small as he himself was large. I used to fancy that if Adams

but stretched his long legs, the mule must surely walk out from under him. My own mount was better, a chestnut mare of moderate size, who was willing to travel on the road or off it, and who made her way across fields and thru forests with rare success. When the ground got too rough or too steep, she would stop and look around at me, as much as to say, "Well, really, you don't expect me to go any further, do you?" Commonly I agreed with her, got off, tied her to a tree, and went on afoot, looking out the while for rattlesnakes and copperheads. As I had recently been reading Dickens, I called my mare "Little Nell." I should really have called her Rosinante, for Adams and I on our curious mounts and picturesque errand, often reminded me of Don Quixote and his redoubtable squire.

Two hundred thousand acres of land is a large amount, and combining loss of time thru floods and bad weather, it took the greater part of three months to cover it. The holdings varied from fifty or a hundred acres up to large tracts of ten or even thirty-five thousand acres, and each bit of property had to be visited. It was wholly virgin territory. While most of the land was on a true coal foundation, the carboniferous, not a single coal mine had ever been opened up. There were small clearings around the occasional cabins; patches of tobacco, straggling fields of corn, little apple orchards, rough pastures, but most of the land was *au naturel* primitive forests and untouched mountainside. There were native surveyors running off the boundaries of these varied tracts; but for my own guidance I had not so much as a rough sketch map. I had copies of the deeds, but they were so far from accurate that the final course, "so-and-so many rods back to the beginning," was quite likely to land one a mile or even more from the specified point.

With Whitesburg as a center, Adams and I radiated in all directions. We usually left headquarters early Monday morning and did not return until Saturday night. We had to stop wherever night found us, and seek accommodation in the nearest cabin. Often it contained but one room. This served for kitchen, dining room, and bed chambers. The living room might be said to be all out doors. The cooking was done on the hearth and usually there were no windows. A bed stood in each corner; and in one of these Adams and I found such rest as we could. I have vivid recollections of a night spent in such a cabin when there were thirteen persons in the one room; two dogs, and a burning lamp. Occasionally we were better off and had a whole cabin to ourselves. The food, too, was of the roughest, black coffee, bacon, and corn-bread. Sometimes, in the better cabins, we met fried chicken, apple sauce, and wheat biscuit. Beef and potatoes were rare. There were plenty of sheep, but the mountaineers had a curious objection to mutton, and seldom or never ate it. As I never touch pork; my own fare was very limited; and I wonder that I kept up and did my work. It must be that in the plenty of civilization we all eat more than is good for us. I recall one keen autumn morning when a long ride had given me a genuine boyish appetite. I looked over the dinner table in dismay, for the only things on it that I was willing to

eat were a saleratus biscuit and a pickled cucumber. But alas, the biscuit opened with a suspicious cleavage—there was a goose feather in the center of it and so my dinner reduced itself to the one pickle. My host never noticed how badly I was faring. He ate with the bowed head of one who says the perpetual grace.

News of myself and my work soon spread thru the mountains and I came to be generally known as "the mineral man." I think the mountaineers liked me personally, for I felt a genuine interest in them and tried to tell them interesting stories of the far-off world of railroads and cities, about which most of them knew absolutely nothing. Many of them had never seen a railroad, and some of the men confessed quite frankly that they would be "plumb scairt" to see a locomotive. It is hard to realize how primitive the life was. It is hard for me, writing, as I happen to be, on a luxurious trans-Atlantic liner, to believe that I did not imagine that life, rather than experience it. One evening, for example, Adams and I reached a cabin about nightfall. The family had already had supper, but willingly got us ours. They had no lamp, no candles, not even the customary tallow dip. We ate our meals by the light of something still more primitive, a pine torch held by a mountain girl, so like a creature of the woods that she seemed different in kind from the women of my home acquaintance. The older people regarded me with open-mouthed curiosity, and I could hardly blame them. Here was a slender youth, of different speech, dress, manners, carriage, and driven by motives not only not understood but wholly incomprehensible. Finally the old woman blurted out to her husband, "Eli, they tell me thar's as many as a thousand people in the place whar this man lives." Instead of letting it go at that, which would have been sufficiently wonderful, my alert sense of truth made me hasten to add that there were over eight hundred thousand,—a bit of liberalness which I am sure got me the reputation of being considerable of a liar.

At another cabin, a lad, he must have been sixteen at least, asked me if we had a railroad in Philadelphia. And this he did quite seriously and not after the manner of a New Yorker. When I replied that at one station a train arrived or departed on an average every three minutes during the whole twenty-four hours, he said nothing audibly, but his face put me down as a person to be classed with Ananias and Sapphira.

So long as I was recognized as "the mineral man," I was perfectly safe. I think the general attitude of the mountaineers was truthfully expressed by old man Polly, (his wife by the way was Mistress Polly Polly) when he assured me that he would take better care of me than he would of his own Lou. In addition to their personal friendliness, the mountaineers took pride in seeing to it that no stranger in their midst came to any harm. It was only when I was mistaken for someone else that I stood in any real danger. Surveyors, for example, were not in good repute. Many of the mountaineers occupied lands which they had never taken the trouble to patent. They had, of course, the moral right of prior occupation, but in the eyes of the law they were mere squatters, and

the land belonged to those who had covered it with "blanket" surveys and paid the nominal fee;—I think it was six cents an acre. Consequently the running out of the boundary lines meant ultimate eviction. The simplest way out of the trouble was to shoot the surveyor, preferably in the back; from a clump of bushes, and this was occasionally done. One morning,—a heavenly morning it was; too,—I was riding quite alone over a mountain trail. Adams could not go with me into that particular district, as the deputy revenue officer lived there, and had a warrant for the boy's arrest. I omitted to mention that my handsome mountaineer, in addition to other activities, was a moonshiner, a believer in State Rights as opposed to Centralization, and made mountain whiskey by moonlight without paying the tax. And so I was riding quite alone.

As I came down the mountain, I skirted a little clearing in which an old man was at work. I called out a cheery salutation. The old man looked up and remarked with perfect good nature; "Wal, they haint killed you yet!" I doubt if the gentle reader can imagine the effect of such words; coming from the heart of the wilderness, and addressed, if you please, to yourself. The old man had mistaken me for a surveyor; and explained that "they" allowed they'd kill the surveyors.

Revenue officers were even less acceptable than the poor surveyors. The best people in the mountains were moonshiners either in sympathy or in actual practice, and quite honestly believed that they had a perfect right to distill their own whiskey and brandy; and that the Federal Government was manifestly and inexcusably interfering with their natural rights in placing a tax upon the liquor. In this state of public opinion the revenue officer was a very unpopular person; a common enemy, and quite as likely as not to die with his boots on. The chance of violence was increased if he came from outside, and was open to the suspicion of being a spy. It is amusing that so peaceable a youngster as myself should have been mistaken for an officer, but this happened several times and got me, I suppose, into some real danger. At other times, it led to nothing more serious than an absurdity.

But my narrowest escape from a well-aimed bullet came one night when Adams and I got mixed up in one of those dreadful family feuds for which Eastern Kentucky was at that time all too famous. I knew perfectly well that the feud was on, but I could go with entire safety from one party to the other, and was at the time so much absorbed in my geological work, that I quite forgot the existence of the feud. We had been delayed, one dull, stormy day, until after dark; and had some difficulty in finding shelter. In a country wholly devoid of hotels, the law of hospitality—always very exacting in the South—demanded that any stranger must be entertained; but it also provided that he must present himself before dark, and must not dismount until invited to do so. I had learned a part of the mountain etiquette, but not all, and my ignorance came near costing me dear. Adams and I made our way thru the darkness, silently and unannounced; to the very cabin which happened that night to be

the headquarters of one party to the feud. We were naturally mistaken for the attacking party. We left our horses tied to the fence, and came quietly thru the orchard, all unconscious of our danger. It was perhaps the very boldness of this supposed attack that saved us from being shot then and there. As it was, the besieged, eight or a dozen of them, took to their heels, and spent the night in the woods, while I and my one squire marched in and occupied their quarters! The woman of the house ungraciously got us our supper and showed us to our beds, ungraciously got our breakfast and took our money. It was not until we rode away the following morning that I learned from Adams the true state of affairs, and the danger we had been in.

Meanwhile my geological work was going much to my mind. Fortunately for me, the geology of Eastern Kentucky is very simple, or I might not have been able to read it so easily. One vast fault extends thru this part of the state, throwing the sub-carboniferous limestone to the surface along flank of the Pine mountain. On top of this came the telltale Milestone Grit, the recognized floor of the Coal Measures. Aside from this one up-throw the rocks were practically horizontal and displayed the usual successions of sandstones, slates, and shales, interspersed with beds of coal varying from a few inches to as much as ten feet in thickness. It is essentially a coal country. There were no considerable bodies of iron ore discoverable, merely scattered "Ridneys" too poor and too occasional to be the basis of an industry. My own small knowledge of Economic Geology spared me from expecting the precious metals or even copper and lead. There was, of course, the traditional story of astute Indians and needy hunters who had resorted to Pine mountain to get lead for their bullets, but no one could quite find the locality.

I did not call it by that name, but the psychology of the mountaineers always interested me; and particularly their attitude towards Nature. They had spent their whole lives in the mountains, and yet knew so little about them. Very frequently the mountain stream uncovered beds of coal only a few inches thick, but bare for a score or more of feet up stream. Almost invariably such beds were reported to me as being of unlimited thickness. When I explained that a bed of coal a few inches thick could never be mined with profit, the general and comforting opinion was that the bed was young yet, and might in time be expected to grow. One rare autumn day I stopped for dinner with an old man who told me that he had very much rich ore on his place. I inquired how he knew it to be valuable, and found that he had it from a so-called geologist who had passed thru the country some twenty years before. When I asked what he pronounced the ore to be the old man replied without the least suspicion that he was talking nonsense, "Oh, he didn't know what it was, but he said it was the richest thing he had ever seen!"

I remained in Kentucky for three months, and completed a report which, tho clumsy and quite badly arranged, was nevertheless, I believe, an essentially true report. In spite of the very real hardship, I got a genuine pleasure out of my mountain life. An intense love for nature was

doubtless an original part of my make-up, and was deepened and intensified by this experience. I detect in myself an increasing dislike for village life, for small towns, and second-rate cities. On the one hand I love the cream of civilization,—Boston, Geneva, Florence, Kyoto,—places where one can get the best in music, thought, art, and beauty. On the other hand, I love the wilderness; its solitude, its primitiveness, its perennial and haunting beauty, and love it perhaps with the deeper and more abiding love. Whether the skimmed milk of the intermediate world is a social necessity, is a question which I have never been able to answer.

But I was glad to be going home. The journey back to Bristol was an emotional experience. I sent my luggage out by teamster, and travelled myself on horseback. What a beautiful journey it was! The days had an Indian summer softness about them; the fields were all shades of delightful yellows and browns; the trees, it is true, were bare; but they sent up shapely limbs and branches against the friendly blue of the sky; the distant hills and forests were a tender smoke color. At night, I gathered with other wanderers in front of great wood fires, the circle widening as the goodly logs dissolved into a devouring heat. I shall always remember my ride out of the wilderness; for it taught me to love the country in winter almost as much as in summer. And all the while; my heart was singing, for I was going home.

It was again midnight when I reached Philadelphia. My father was at the station to meet me. At home the family circle was complete. My mother was well; my sister was at home; my uncle was there; our good old housekeeper, Miss Robinson, was with us. I could ask nothing more. When the first estatic greetings were over, my sister surprised me by asking, of all questions in the world, whether I had eaten pork during my absence. When I assured her that I had not, little Miss Robinson slipped away and soon returned with a dollar bill in her hand. It seems that they had been betting about it, these two good friends of mine, Miss Robinson; recalling perhaps the keenness of a boy's appetite, betting that I would have to overcome my prejudice, and my sister, remembering my firm will, (sometimes she calls it obstinacy!) betting that I would not. But really I think it was not obstinacy so much as the fact that I was at heart a Brahmin, and somewhat inexorable in my rule of life. And so this first little journey into the world, which began in an unforgettable agony, ended in a merriment that was but the surface of a very deep happiness.

It may seem that these Kentucky adventures are not strictly germane to my professed purpose, but in reality I believe them to form a genuine part of my education, certainly a part which I should be most unwilling to have foregone. I have now a little brother who is very dear to me, and I find myself wondering whether I should be willing to have him meet similar adventures. Perhaps not, but for myself I feel that they were both educative and needful. They made me more tolerant; they made me less dependent upon creature comforts and conveniences; above all, they helped to banish fear from my life. And such lessons are well worth three months in a Kentucky wilderness.

Teaching the Art of Study

By Geoffrey F. Morgan

THE average child is not born with any knowledge of the art of study. It is usually acquired by him at enormous expense of time and brain energy in the course of his education. Some pupils never grasp its principles, even in college, but stumble blindly along, doing more work than many of their neighbors, and failing to realize why they are less successful.

Since the knowledge is not inborn in the child, it would seem to be the teacher's duty to teach and show the child how to study. This is a self-evident proposition, yet it is neglected by nine-tenths of the teachers of to-day. Nor are present-day teachers in particular to blame, for there has never been any systematic work in this connection. The pupils of a generation ago were even more mechanical, unthinking, and unreasoning than they are to-day. That they have improved at all is to be rejoiced at, but, unfortunately, the improvement is but little due to their having been taught the art of study.

One of the gravest faults of the graded system is that every teacher gives the one below her credit for having taught the incoming pupils certain facts. Thus it is that many children pass entirely thru the grammar school without learning things of common knowledge, because each teacher feels that the preceding one has surely covered the ground. The art of study is one of those things so often neglected. The teacher assigns a lesson in fourth-grade reading, and tells the pupils to "study it *hard*." What do they do? Usually they set to and read it thru, hard words and easy, over and over until the class is called. If the teacher has indicated certain words which must be defined, the pupils prepare certain lame and halting definitions in addition to their vigorous reading. Or a spelling lesson of twenty words is assigned to a fifth grade, with the same injunction as before. What is the result? Each pupil looks at the first word and mutters or murmurs to himself, "grammar,—g-r-a-m-m-a-r, grammar,—g-r-a-m-m-a-r, grammar," over and over again about twenty times. When his tongue fairly has the swing of it he shuts his eyes, or gazes at his neighbor across the aisle, and continues to mouth the letters. Occasionally, being diverted by something, he says g-r-a-m-m-e-r by mistake, but he does not notice it, and continues repeating it incorrectly as placidly as before. When he tires of the first word, or thinks he knows it, he attacks the second. Sometimes he uses poor discretion in his allotment of time to each word, and is called upon to recite when he has only completed fifteen words. At this he indignantly declares that he has not had time to study them all. To this the teacher replies that he has had plenty of time if he has studied properly, and since it is always well to let the teacher have the last word, he does not dispute the case. His lesson written, however, he probably misses about as many in the first half as the second. It does not occur either to him or the teacher to wonder at this, so he records his

per cent. to-day; and repeats the spelling performance to-morrow.

Now in the primary grades the word *study* has a more restricted meaning than in the upper ones. The small children usually find each part of the lesson of about equal difficulty, and requiring an equal amount of study. In reading, for example, the aim must be primarily the recognition and pronunciation of the words. In spelling, unfamiliar words of equal length present equal difficulties.

But this equality of difficultness is speedily lost as lessons become complex, until in the seventh and eighth grades the word *study*, as applied to lessons in grammar, geography, spelling, or history, connotes a very different operation from that performed in lower grades. It is with the art of study in its more complex meaning that we shall deal here.

Because of their ignorance of the way in which to approach and master a given lesson, children lose both time and knowledge. Not only do they waste the period which should be devoted to acquiring important points, but they doubly waste it by devoting their attention to unimportant details which were only inserted for illumination. But how shall they know unless they are taught? Therefore it is the duty of every teacher of grammar grades, yes, and of high school also at times, to show her children carefully and thoroly *how to study*.

It is almost an axiom that no lesson is entirely new to the average child. In the ordinary spelling lesson there are probably ten words with which he is familiar; there are almost certainly five. What, then, is the use of his studying those five? Is it not his first duty to mark out of his lesson the words which he already knows, in order to devote his whole time to the others? When he has selected those which require learning, what is the best way of going about it? It is not by saying the letters over and over in an endless jumble, but by intelligent examination of the words and careful recognition of the relations of the various letters. Among the words most frequently misspelled in every school-room are "grammar," "separate," and "receive." Teach the children to take these words, and all with which they have difficulty, and learn them, not by fruitless repetition, but by some peculiarity which marks them. The word grammar, to give one example, may be spelled either forward or backward when the g is removed. Let once a child be shown that fact, and he has a new grasp on the word which will never be shaken.

In lessons which are studied by reading a textbook, such as history, geography, and reading, there are certain facts to be grasped and retained. The rest is merely the quartz which contains and makes possible the gold, and may, nay, must, be rejected. Yet such a conversation as the following is commonly heard:

"Johnny, you don't know this history lesson. How long did you study it?"

"I read it thru two and a half times."

Now, no pupil should go thru a history lesson two and a half times any more than ne should try to eat his lunch two and a half times. One well-digested meal should be enough of either. Therefore, Johnny should be shown how to take his lesson paragrah by paragraph, reading each thoughtfully with a view to learning its outlines and purpose, noting as he does so any name or date which should be memorized. Let him go carefully thru it in this way, and at the end he should have mastered all the informa ion necessary, and need now only give a little time to committing to memory the dates and names he has recorded.

It is scarcely necessary to multiply illustrations in a case like this. By doing so, we might only antagonize readers by outlining methods contrary to their own ideas. Our point is not to teach you how to study, but to show that children need to be taught. We have seen a high school girl reading her medieval history aloud in monotonous tone, because, she said, that was the only way she could get it. We have seen, and you, reader, have seen it too, a boy spend half an hour on a grammar or geography lesson and then know nothing about it. We have also heard his indignant denial when accused of not having studied. But the teacher was really right. He had not studied, he only thought he had. He had spent his time wandering aimlessly in a fog of miscellaneous knowledge, from which he finally emerged knowing nothing. He had done his best, but it had failed because his energy was misdirected. But whose fault was it that he did not know how to study?

Lessons in studying may be given in various ways. Usually it is better to approach the subject directly, and by illustration. Preface the lesson by asking various pupil show they study, and what they think is the meaning of the word. Then ask directly how they intend to learn, or study, the next lesson in geog-raphy. When a full expression of ideas has been secured, and all points of value commended, take some lesson yourself and go carefully thru it aloud, in order that the pupils may see just what your method is. Illustrate various little helps to memory, such as topic sentences, outlines, cross dates, rhymes or jingles, similarity in either initials; sound;

meaning or syllables of words, and so on.

Such lessons as these are worth all they cost. They are worth taking regular school time for; because they teach the pupil that which will always be useful to him. In school itself their value is threefold. They save the pupils' time, they save the teacher's temper, and they enable both pupils and teacher to accomplish better and more lasting results.



Institute Week.

[The small boy's view.]

Goodness, me, how we did look
For Institoot week;
Didn't see nor touch no book,
Institoot week.
Prised our minds from schoolroom ruts
Hunted rabbits or gathered nuts,
Life was minus its "ifs" and "buts,"
Institoot week.

Folks at home were not so glad,
Institoot week.
Seemed like they were sorta sad,
Institoot week.
While we had just loads of joys,
Mother said, "Those boys, those boys!"
Sister said, "You stop that noise!"
Institoot week.

Played at circus and had a fight,
Institoot week.
Woe is me!—come Saturday night,
Institoot week.
Mother, in a tone severe,
Said, "Those lessons now I'll hear."
Goodby till another year,
Institoot week.

—JOHN L. SHROY.



Nebraska Teachers at a County Institute.

Courtesy of Supt. W. T. Bottenfield, Nelson, Nebraska.



Thoughts for Teachers



Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle.
—MICHAEL ANGELO.

I don't think much of a man who is not wiser to-day than he was yesterday.
—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow,
He who would seek for pearls must dive below.
—DRYDEN.

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie;
The fault that needs it most grows two thereby.
—GEORGE HERBERT.

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it each day and at last we cannot break it
—HORACE MANN.

Train a boy to be brave and to speak the truth, and you have done your best by him; the rest he must do for himself.
—LEW WALLACE.

Kindness is the music of good will to men, and on this harp, the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.
—ELIHU BURRITT.

A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong; it is but saying in another way that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.
—WILLIAM PENN.

No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him; there is always work—and tools to work withal for those who will; and blessed be the horny hands of toil.
—LOWELL.

It is a good thing to have a sound body and a better thing to have a sound mind; and better still that aggregate of virile and decent qualities which we group together under the name of character.
—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Live up to the best that is in you; live noble lives as you all may, in whatever condition you may find yourselves, so that your epitaph may be that of Euripides: "This monument does not make thee famous, O Euripides, but thou makest this monument famous."
—LONGFELLOW.

In all the affairs of human life, social as well as political, I have remarked that courtesies, of a small and trivial character, are the ones that strike deepest to the grateful and appreciating heart.
—HENRY CLAY.

Let us always remember that whatever differences about politics may have existed, or may still exist, we are all Americans before we are partisans, and cherish the welfare of all the people above party or state.
—WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

God grant that as our horizon of duty is widened, our minds may widen with it; that as our burden is increased, our shoulders may be strengthened to bear it. God grant us that spirit of wisdom and understanding, uprightness and godly fear, without which there is nothing, with which, even in the smallest things, there is everything.
—DEAN STANLEY.

This is the gospel of Labor—ring it, ye bells of the kirk—

The Lord of Love came down from above to live with the men who work.

This is the rose that He planted, here in the thorn-cursed soil—

Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is Toil.

—VAN DYKE.

A New Year Prayer.

Oh, calm and sweet this winter day
Of pure white earth and stainless sky;
Life's cares like cloud-wreaths fade away,
In God's own hand I seem to lie.

Good books, dear friends, and scenes so fair,—

Ah, they can make each day a prayer,
Each night a benedict.

I look not into a past that gives
No cause to linger or repent;
And day by day my calm soul lives
A present full of all content.
The future, a beatitude,
A Canaan full of endless good
It seems to Youth's anointed eyes.

Thou, to whom my glad heart turns
Unburdened yet by toil and stress,
The light that in my spirit burns
Let me not waste in selfishness.
Teach me to strive a manly strife,
And let me live an earnest life,—
Some truth reveal, some wrong redress.

Oh, keep me true to that high dream
That smote my upward looking face;
Let me not sink my life's fresh stream
In dull cold sands of common-place.
So shall the evening air be bright,
So shall the selfsame glory light
My western? my evening skies.

—AUGUSTUS M. LORD.

Find a Way, or Make It.

It was a noble Roman,
In Rome's imperial day,
Who heard a coward croaker,
Before the Castle say:
"They're safe in such a fortress;
There is no way to shake it!"
"On, on," exclaimed the hero,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

Is fame your aspiration?
Her path is steep and high;
In vain he seeks her temple,
Who is content to gaze and sigh;
The shining throne is waiting,
But he alone can take it
Who says, with Roman firmness,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

Is Learning your ambition?
There is no royal road;
Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode;
Who feels the thirst of knowledge,
In Helicon may slake it
If he has still the Roman will
"To find a way, or make it!"
—JOHN G. SAXE

One Deed.

One deed may mar a life,
And one can make it;
Hold firmly thy will for strife,
Lest a quick blow break it!
Even now from far on viewless wing
Hither speeds the nameless thing
Shall put thy spirit to the test,
Haply or e'er the sinking sun
Shall drop behind the purple West
All shall be lost or won.
—RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

A Thought From Walt Whitman.

There was a child went forth every day,
And the first object he look'd upon, that
object he became,
And that object became part of him for
the day or a certain part of the
day,
Or for many years or stretching cycles of
years.

The early lilacs became part of this child,
And grass and white and red morning-
glories, and white and red clover,
and the song of the phoebe bird,
And the third-month lambs and the sow's
pink faint litter, and the mare's
foal and the cow's calf,
And the noisy brood of the barnyard or
by the mire of the pond-side,
And the fish suspending themselves so
curiously below there, and the
beautiful, curious liquid,
And the water plants with their graceful
flat heads, all became a part of
him.

Mary Kingwood's School---Story of a Teacher's Success

By Corinne Johnson, Pennsylvania

(Continued from last month.)

WHEN Miss Kingwood walked towards the "old brick" the first morning after the Christmas vacation, she went not with fear and trembling, as she had gone on that first September morning, but with her heart full of joy that she was to meet again the little ones whom she had learned to love so dearly, and who had become so great a factor in her life. She greeted the children with her cheery "Good morning, children," and they with eyes fairly dancing had given back "Good morning, Miss Kingwood," in a tone that showed that their hearts also were full. She felt that this was a happy moment.

Each child was anxious to show to the teacher some gift or to tell about what he had received and what he had given, and she, with her penetrating vision, observed that the joy of giving was to them greater than the joy of receiving. But how unconscious they were of this growth into better living!

The Christmas gifts were the source of abundant lessons for the entire forenoon, and around them were woven stories of how this one or that one had enjoyed the Christmas vacation. It was a sort of experience meeting, and together they lived thru the experiences of the respective members of the little flock, and by this communion they gathered power to enter upon the remaining weeks of the term.

During the weeks following Christmas the heavens were full of glory, as one of the boys put it when he noticed the elements in their fury. The driving clouds, the howling wind, the snow-covered earth all contributed matchless material for observation and for discussion, and when the children came in after the New Year holiday Miss Kingwood centered her work around the topics snow, ice, frost, stars, winter clothing, winter food for man and animal, and habits of animals. In short, their work was science of the real sort, supported by literature and song in harmony with the environment.

It was a glorious month. Miss Kingwood told the story of the Star of Bethlehem and the Wise Men from the East, because she said this great theme not only gave vital life and interest to the work, but it naturally prompted the children to ask about the stars in the firmament, and she was thus given opportunity to teach certain facts about the solar system, the stars, the seasons. In pursuing this line of work she discovered that the observations of the children were wonderful and that with their mythological tales they had really acquired a great deal of scientific knowledge. She noted also the great joy that came to them by observation, and she again wrote down in her "observations," "Hitch on to the child's experience if you would lead him with pleasure into unknown fields," and it was into the unknown fields of knowledge and life that she felt they must ever go. Sympathy with all that is true, and sympathy with all life, was her sheet anchor, and so as they looked at the stars at night, they re-

solved to come to the school next day with questions and opinions about them.

One little girl, in her eagerness to express her conclusions said, "Oh, Miss Kingwood, the stars are little suns." This was a welcome proposition to Miss Kingwood. She wanted them to express conclusions in an unconscious manner, possibly I should say without being self-conscious, or with the fear that they might make a mistake. She wanted the freedom born of conviction, of knowledge, and again she made an "observation," that if the pupils in the higher grades could be kept free in their expression, what a school one might have with young men and young women who would do the right thing, both in thought and action, unconsciously. This unconscious expression is originality in its truest sense, whether it be giving out knowledge gained from the experience of another or from our own experience. In such expression truth comes at fever heat from the life that utters it, because it has become a part of that life. This manner of teaching, said she, would make a difference in our public schools, yes, and a difference in the men and women of the next generation.

With a definite purpose she took up the "points" on the stars and wanted to know what they indicated, what they are for. John Wallace said; "They give us light," another said, "They show us the way to go." Among a multitude of answers these two were taken as a basis of further work. "Light and guidance" was the lesson she meant to teach, and poem, song, and story were brought in to make the conclusions definite; relative to certain simple facts in astronomy and navigation. They talked of the "Dipper," or "Great Bear," the "Little Bear," the "Milky Way," and many other of the constellations that parents and interested friends told them about and pointed out to them, and soon the whole school could point out many of the principal ones. Then they wanted to play the Bear story and as one of the boys said, "We put it on again, and this time it was played better than ever"—wider experience enriches life.

The children's will was here given full rein. They had grown. So Miss Kingwood began to lead them into constructive work and they drew stars on their slates and tablets, cut stars,—five pointed stars,—and this was great pleasure because to them it seemed a difficult thing to do. They told her it was too hard to do, but she told them that difficult things honestly met and mastered were a means to success.

Almost every child knew some of the poem "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," by Jane Taylor. Miss Kingwood read it to them, and they all memorized it. It was an enlarging process, the learning of this poem; it brought them into the mysteries of the universe by inquiry—the threshold of knowledge.

One little girl said, "We have stars on the flag;" and when asked why, she replied, "Because we

love them," and another said, "Because they seem to tell us to look up," and Miss Kingwood again observed, "What a wonderful thing is the child mind, surely 'a little child shall lead them'."

Jack Frost was now supreme, and one morning the children came in with fingers and toes stinging with cold. This introduced Jack Frost as a lesson subject. They talked of all the things Jack Frost can do—build roofs for rivers and ponds; build bridges across rivers, as every one wanted to tell, for the high water had taken the bridge across the creek and the children could not cross the stream till the ice came. Now they could cross, and what glee this was.

Then ice cutting and packing came up for a lesson. Some one said, "Jack Frost makes ice for us so it will be pleasant for us in summer as well as in winter," and after they had told of his varied abilities Miss Kingwood observed that he seemed to be a "Jack of all trades," which pleantry pleased the children very much. But what seemed to be of the greatest interest were the pictures on the windows. One had seen trees, another a fence falling down, a fairy, a crooked steeple, high bridges, and all sorts of wonderful things.

That night when Mary and James Sellers went home they asked their mother if they might watch Jack Frost work. They went to the kitchen; where there was a big fire in the kitchen-stove; and on it the tea-kettle boiling. When their mother found them there and asked them what they were doing, they replied, "Helping Jack Frost." Their mother, interested, of course; in their doings, said, "how did you do that?" and looked at the windows where the magician had touched the glass with the finger of his art. James answered quickly, "We made the fire that boiled the water that made the steam that Old Jack worked with." So mother and children watched him work, and as they watched she softly told them stories of the wonders of nature and the wisdom of God, and the next day Miss Kingwood and the school listened with increased interest to the relation of this and other experiences of other children in other homes. And as the gentle voices told what mother had said, tears of gladness came into her eyes, for she knew that after all the mother is the great teacher.

One evening late in the month Miss Kingwood sat at her desk thinking of something new to interest the children, when her eyes rested on the calendar. "Why not have a weather calendar?" came to mind. It would teach them the seasons as well as the months and the days of the month; so next day she had them go to work. She began with January and had them mark special days with red crayon. Many of them marked their own birthday as a special day. This she recognized as a good thing to use to teach time. She had them observe the clouds, the direction of the wind, the snow and rain.

If the day was fair she allowed some child to mark on the chart a yellow circle, a darker one if the day was stormy, another mark indicated rain, another snow, and so on. Thus they were doing science work unconsciously, classifying, the important thing we will all admit, classifying because of investigation. She found that every child in

school was anxious for the privilege of marking the calendar. This, said Miss Kingwood, seems a trifling matter, but I feel sure of results in training the children to accurate observation, and then they get so much information that will be of use in the future, when they come to take up the formal study of geography and natural science.

The story of Hiawatha proved to be an excellent language lesson for this month. How they loved the little Hiawatha, and the grandmother, Nokomis, and they were overjoyed, after studying the stars, to have "stars and northern lights" in the story. They became fascinated with Hiawatha's friends, and when it came to hunting and killing the deer, they were spell-bound. Miss Kingwood took occasion to show that while the Indian had a need to kill game animals we have a different way of gaining a living, and her lesson on kindness to animals made a deep impression on the children. They sang "The Owlet Song," and their voices rang out clear and strong in both this and the "Cradle Song."

Miss Kingwood was not a good artist in drawing, but she made pictures illustrating the story; and the children were ever ready to tell the story from the pictures and to draw them, often in a very original and suggestive manner. In this lesson she realized how much is to be done in a short time, and this required new and more economic plans of work, so that as the days went by her work assumed a more formal and conventional appearance, but never for a moment did she permit the form to kill, for she knew full well that it is the spirit that maketh alive, and she expressed it "maketh a live school."

It was a busy month, but the work became more unified, and Miss Kingwood felt that her efforts were bringing results. She did not feel that she had made it a success; but there seemed to be a nearness between the pupils and herself that meant much in stimulating the growth of these lives under her direction, and in directing that growth towards a worthy ideal.



Blackboard Calendar for February.—Designed by Anna J. Linehan.

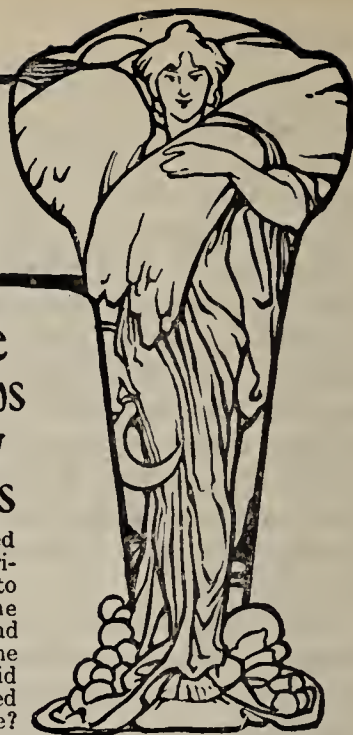


Hints and Helps

Plans,
Methods,
Devices, and
Suggestions

from the
Workshops
of many
Teachers

This feature, originally planned for *Institute* and *Primary School*, has proved so popular with teachers that it has been copied by nearly every educational periodical in the country. *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* will continue to publish the best to be had for this department. The Editor would like nothing better than that he might be able to visit the school-rooms of every one of the the hundred thousand teachers who will read this magazine. What an abundance of good things he would find! But that cannot be. The next best plan is to have the teachers aid each other by writing out the devices and plans and thoughts that have proved most helpful to them. Will you not contribute from the store of your experience? A good book will be sent for every contribution accepted for this department.



A Nature Study Exhibit.

ONE of the public schools of New York city held a very interesting nature study exhibit a few weeks ago. It was given under the direction of Prin. Carrie W. Kearns, and a portion of the basement of the large school building was used for the display.

The invitations consisted of pieces of dark gray paper, folded like a book cover, with the following written on white cardboard and pasted inside:

Our Flower, Fruit, and Vegetable Show takes place Oct. 11 and 12 from nine to four.

Won't you come?

P. S. 105, 269 E. 4th St.

Under the auspices of the Public Education Association.



On the outside of the invitation was pasted the appropriate photograph illustrated on this page. The children had ready to show the parents and friends invited, specimens of flowers, wild and cultivated, leaves of various trees, branches of hemlock, white pine, spruce, balsam fir, etc. These were arranged on long tables and draped from the walls. In a conspicuous place was a large collection of vegetables raised by the children on the farm connected with one of the city schools.

Who says city school children cannot have a nature study exhibit? Who says country children cannot? "Where there's a will there's a way."

An Experience Record.

A most valuable record for the teacher to acquire is a diary in which he enters day by day what he has taught, the methods employed, difficulties encountered, cases of discipline, how the "dull" boy's interest was aroused, bright answers, etc. The most important points of this nature might be noted down at the end of every recitation, as the memory cannot always be relied upon. The others may be added after school.

By this means the teacher will constantly have access to a vivid picture of his successes and failures and of the reasons responsible for them. He will have occasion in his daily preparation to consult his observations of individual pupils and the nature of children in general, to revive his experiences regarding the relative value of methods and the ways and means best suited to his particular class.

THE EDITOR.

Drills on Writing Sight Words.

We as teachers know that in order to obtain the best results in our work we must arouse the interest of our pupils, especially is this true in the primary grades.

I found that one of the most interesting drills for my pupils on writing sight words was this very simple one. The idea was suggested to me by one of the pupils who, during a paper cutting period when we had cut from white paper some chickens, exclaimed, "My chicken hasn't any feathers on it!"

They did look unusually blank, so I suggested that they put feathers on their chickens. I explained that we would use sight words for feathers and we would write as many as we could from memory on our chickens and see who could have the best feathered chicken.

When we had finished I put an outline of a chicken on the board and all who had written their words neatly were permitted to come up and put a feather (sight word) on the chicken on the board.

Virginia. RUTH O. DYER.

Primary Algebra.

Possibly some teachers who regularly read the columns of "Hints and Helps" in the *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* may be unfortunate enough in not having text-books in algebra for their grades which ought to begin the subject. Such teachers may not be directly responsible for this condition. The neglect of duty may rest with the board of education. For they may want to "save money" for the district which they represent and actually be ignorant of the evil they are doing by depriving the scholars from such text-books as they may be in need of. This is a lamentable condition that exists in many schools, not alone in the line of text-books, but in other necessary supplies as well. Where the teacher is thus handicapped in his work there are but two things to do, either to drop the subject altogether or to make up the deficiency by an increased amount of labor on the teacher's part. But the teacher that is trying to uphold the merits of his profession is ever willing and ready to furnish material for such classes, from other sources, and thus teach the subject rather than dispense with it.

Very satisfactory work can be done by beginners in algebra, even where there are no text-books at hand. Experiment on something like this: Explain to your class the rudiments of addition, such as signs, manner of placing quantities, and adding same. All this should be illustrated to the class by means of illustrated examples on the blackboard. When the pupils have these ideas clearly fixed by a sufficient number of examples place a few questions on the board for them to copy and solve for the following day's preparation. Insist on accuracy in copying, as it will assist them in solving the problems. On the following day let each pupil solve all the questions on the board in order to acquire all the skill possible. After correcting the work on the board have the pupils copy each question, in the order given, in a special note-book secured for this purpose only. After the first set of questions are thus mastered and recorded in the note-books place a second set on the board for their next preparation and recitation. The teacher can very readily make up a series of questions by which the subject of addition can very creditably be taught, and at the same time the pupils are making their own text-books on the subject. Do not leave the subject of addition too soon, but give them plenty of problems, in order to clinch the subject. When addition is mastered to the teacher's satisfaction, the subject of subtraction should be introduced and treated in a similar manner. Let the teacher be especially cautious in this subject with the explanations on signs. Give the pupils plenty of illustrations with examples before assigning problems to them for solution. The law of signs should be clearly understood by each pupil at the outset, then progress can be made. When the laws of signs are thoroly fixed, give plenty of problems, to acquire skill and clinch the subject. With the average pupil it takes a large number of problems to attain this end. Treat the subject of multiplication next in order. Explain the principles first by a number of illustrations and examples, then proceed as in the other subjects.

Division naturally follows with its peculiarities which the children are only too anxious to learn.

If patience and labor on the teacher's part are manifested, the four fundamental operations in algebra can at least be taught to beginners during a single term, without the use of text-books, save what the pupils have made for themselves by direction of the teacher.

Pennsylvania.

J. T. HOFFMAN.

Utility of the Tree. (Maple Sugar Making.)

[Keep this lesson outline for March.]

1. Is the tree tapped on all sides? If so, why?
2. How deep must the spiles be driven successfully to draw off the sap? Would you tap a tree directly above or at the same spot tapped last year; or would you place two spiles one above the other? Give reasons.
3. Why does the sap flow freer on warm days after cold nights?
4. Is the sap of which we make sugar going up or down?
5. How does the sugar come to be in the sap?
6. Why is the sugar made during the first "run" better than that which is made later? Why cannot you make sugar in the summer?
7. Does it injure trees to tap them?
8. Do the holes made in earlier years become farther apart as the tree grows?
9. What other tree besides the sugar maple gives sweet sap?
10. What animals, birds, and insects are often seen in the woods during sugar-making time?
11. Study the tracks of the animals on the snow in the woods; make pictures of them and tell what animal made them.

Santa Claus in Belgium.

[Keep this with your December material for next Christmas.]

The children in Belgium believe that Santa Claus goes from house to house with a little pony, instead of the reindeer with whose mysterious comings and goings the little folks of our own land are familiar. The children place their wooden *sabots*, or shoes, on the window-ledge, instead of hanging up their stockings. They fill the shoes with oats or hay for the Christmas pony. Early in the morning they look out, to find the fodder all gone, and the shoes brimming over with candies and toys. The little folks dance with joy, and wish with all their hearts that they had waked early enough to see the pony and watch him eat his oats.



Friday Afternoon.

My pupils always expect something out of the usual routine on Friday. I try to approach each lesson in some new and interesting way. Then during the last half hour books are laid aside, everything is put in order, and the look of expectancy on the eager faces is reward enough to the tired teacher for this "extra effort."

One Thursday evening as I was walking home from school I wondered what I could possibly have the next day. More than half the term was gone, and I felt that I had reached the end of my resources.

Then a happy thought came. My pupils love pictures—and my room is always well supplied with them. Why not, when reproductions are so cheap? By the way, let me here suggest that you let the children pay for them. They like to.

Everyone knows how children love to imitate. This, then, was my idea: to have them pose to represent the characters in the pictures.

That evening I selected the pictures I would use, and decided on the pupils who should take the parts. The next morning I asked those to remain in the room at recess, telling the others frankly that it was a secret for the afternoon—providing all lessons were learned and everybody was "good." It is always understood that if even one "forgets" the "good time" is forfeited.

Pictures and parts were assigned and all promised to come early at noon to practice.

None but familiar pictures were used, and those who cared to brought articles from home to help. For instance, one boy was so determined to act out the "Arab Sheik" that he came back with a toy pistol and a hobby-horse. This was in the eighth grade, too.

When the hour arrived, neat slips of paper, previously prepared, were passed to the class. On these had been placed as many numbers as there were pictures to be used. Opposite each number

the prettiest and easiest to represent.

"The Sower," "Man with a Hoe," "The Wood-chopper," and "The Road Minder" made the boys feel that they were not left out.

"The Angelus" was simple and beautiful, as were also "The Gleaners," and "Peasant Women."

From Murillo one might use "The Grape Eaters," "Fruit Venders," and the "Melon Eaters." Anything—or nothing—would do for fruit and melons, as only the posing is aimed at.

It was an exciting race, and how black, brown, and blue eyes danced as the name of a picture or of the artist was recalled.

If I, the teacher, think of that half hour as one of the pleasantest I ever spent, how must the children think of it?

They posed so well that they surprised me, too. It is gratifying to find that your pupils can do even better than you thought they could. Try it.

Illinois.

ELIZABETH GILLAN.

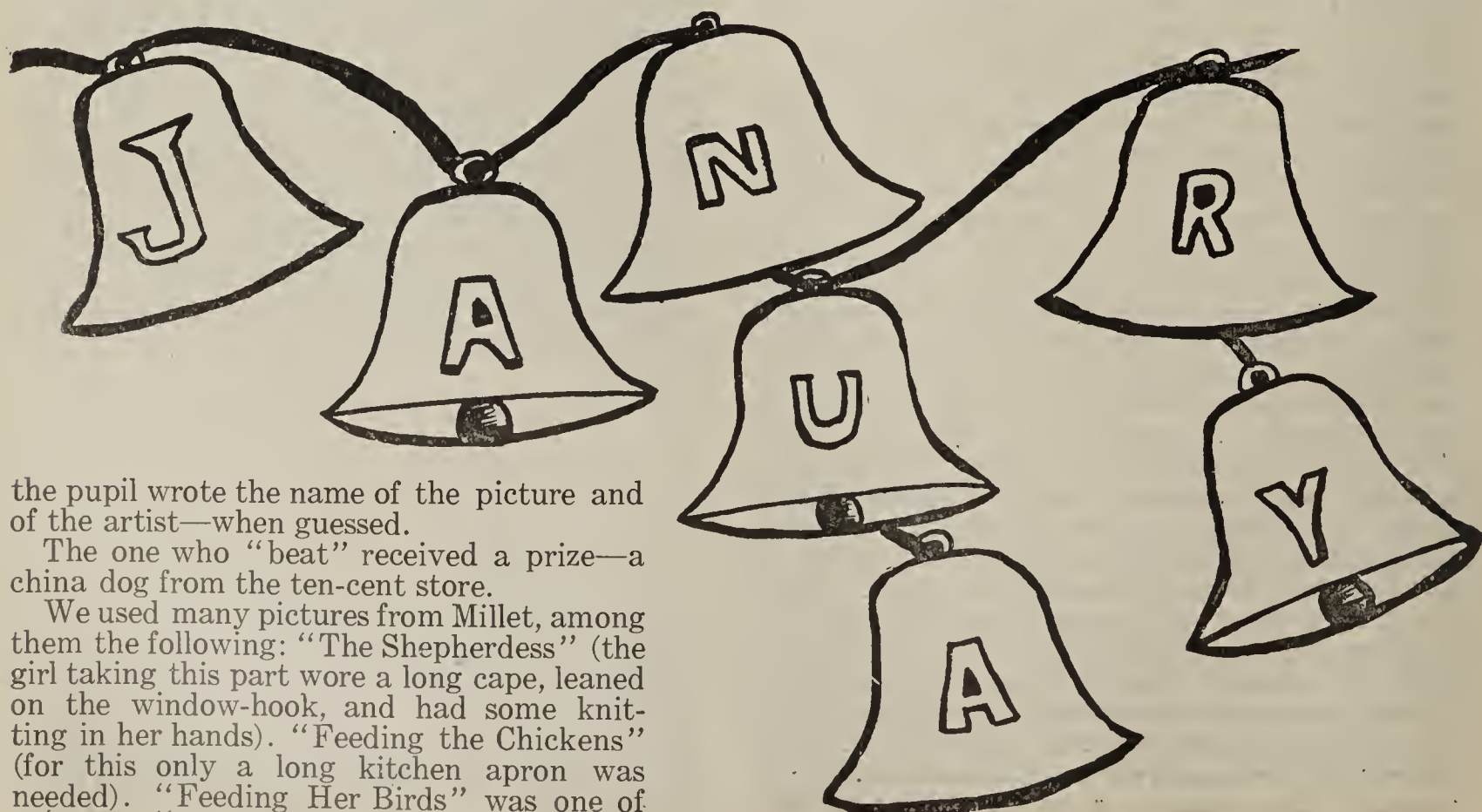
Drills on Recognizing Sight Words.

I. *The Flower Drill.*

As all teachers of little children are willing to acknowledge, pupils need constant drill on sight words in order that they may not forget, and the more attractive the form of the drill the more interest there is manifested, and the more firmly are the words implanted in the memory.

I found an excellent drill could be obtained by making on the board a flower garden, where quite a number of the most familiar flowers were drawn; such as the violet, daisy, forget-me-not, buttercup; and such flowers as require little skill for drawing.

Our sight words were placed under these flowers and I explained that we had a beautiful garden in which we had planted many flowers. All who could pick a bunch could have them. Of course, a bunch would mean all on the board. I would give one child at a time permission to come into the garden and, as I pointed to the violet she would



the pupil wrote the name of the picture and of the artist—when guessed.

The one who "beat" received a prize—a china dog from the ten-cent store.

We used many pictures from Millet, among them the following: "The Shepherdess" (the girl taking this part wore a long cape, leaned on the window-hook, and had some knitting in her hands). "Feeding the Chickens" (for this only a long kitchen apron was needed). "Feeding Her Birds" was one of

pronounce the word under it, meaning that she had a violet in her bouquet, and so on with the daisies, buttercups, etc.

It makes the garden very attractive to give the flowers their natural color on the board, and as this drill can be used over and over again without becoming tiresome, it is not labor for one short lesson.

Often I would vary this by appointing one child as gardener, and telling him that he had the whole charge of the garden now and could call anyone in he wished to pick the flowers. Then he would take the pointer and call on the others to recite as I had done.

Then again I would let the children each take a flower and plant it in their garden, which would mean that they would erase the word under the flower they wanted and write it on another board.

II. *Buying and Selling Drill.*

But however attractive the flower drill may be, the children will tire of it in time and a change must be made. Then the commercial instinct which is found active in all children can be called to our aid and the buying and selling drill used. For this drill I placed on the board a number of articles found in a toy store; ball, top, drum, toy rake, hoe, etc., and under each placed a word.

We were then all purchasers come to select our favorite toys, and as I held the pointer and pointed in turn to each article the child who was reciting would pronounce the word under it and in that way become the owner.

In the same way as I appointed a gardener for the first drill I would select a clerk now who took my place, and who, with pointer in hand, would sell the toys on the board.

After we were well acquainted with the words I would greatly excite the children by announcing that the store was on fire, and the goods must be moved as quickly as possible. Then one child would be stationed at the board to pronounce the words as I pointed to them and another at another board to write them down very quickly as they were pronounced. Their imagination was so active that my pointing to the toy meant pitching it from the window to the small boy who pronounced, and his pronouncing the word meant pitching it on to the next, and the writing down was getting it to a place of safety.

III. *The Christmas Tree Drill.* When the Christmas season came and the spirit of Christmas was in and about everything, I changed our word drill, and in the place of the garden and the store I had a Christmas tree drawn on the board, from whose boughs were suspended many gifts such as children love. Under each gift was placed a sight word, and as I pointed to the words the child who was called on to recite would pronounce and receive the present. I would often appoint a child

to "pick the tree." He would take my place and call on the other children.

After we had used the tree in this way for some time I announced that as Christmas was over we would take all our presents off and carry the tree back to the woods, and the child who could take the greatest number of presents from the tree might carry the tree to the woods.

While I stood in front of the tree each child wrote on a small slip of paper, which had been handed him, all the words he could remember having seen on the tree, and the one who remembered the most was allowed to erase the tree from the board, which was to them carrying it to the woods.

Virginia.

RUTH O. DYER.

Raffia Napkin Rings.

I have thirty-five first primary children with the clumsy, inaccurate fingers of little people averaging six years of age.

I bought half a pound of green raffia from Milton Bradley & Co., for twenty cents.

We cut flexible cardboard in strips 6 by 1½ inches each, and sewed them together, allowing one inch for lap.

Then a piece of raffia was tied around this ring. We were careful to place the knot on the edge of the cardboard, double knotting for security. We passed one end of the raffia thru the ring and double-knotted it on the other edge, repeating the process until the cardboard was completely covered.

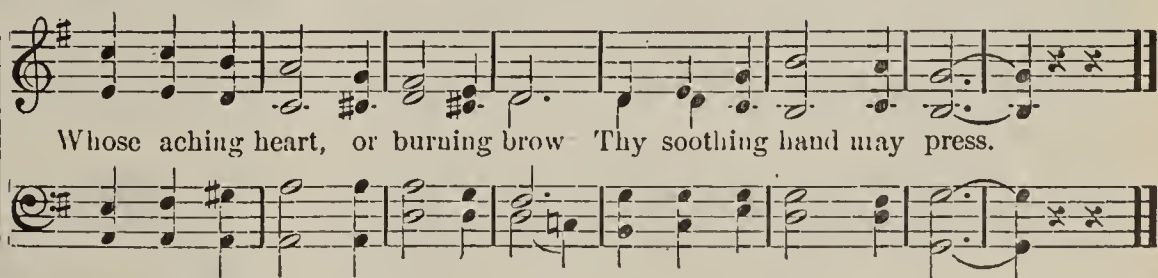
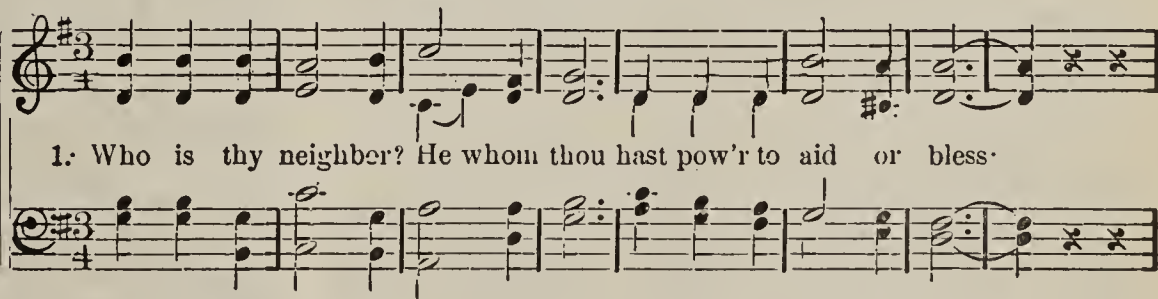
The time required to make the ring was two weeks, using ten-minute lesson periods daily.

Pennsylvania.

ANNIE WORRELL KNAPP.

Common School Hymns

THY NEIGHBOR



2 Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor, 4 Thy neighbor? 'Tis the weary slave,
Whose eye with want is dim: Fettered in mind and limb;
Oh, enter thou his humble door, He hath no hope this side the grave.
With aid and peace for him. Go thou, and ransom him.

3 Thy neighbor? He who drinks the cup, 5 Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by;
When sorrow drowns the brim; Perhaps thou canst redeem
With words of high, sustaining hope, A breaking heart from misery;
Go thou and comfort him. Go share thy lot with him.

The School Library.

Plans for Raising Money.

1. Interest some philanthropic citizen to make a proposition to give as much money towards the library as the school will raise.
2. Have the school board make such a proposition to the school.
3. Interest the community in your library and make a canvass among your citizens for subscriptions for a library.
4. Give a school entertainment or a series of entertainments and charge a small admission fee.
5. Have a series of spelling matches with other districts, to which a small admission fee is charged.
6. Secure a good lecturer with whom you can clear some money on the sale of tickets.
7. Have all pupils agree to contribute a penny each week during the term.
8. Secure as many good books as possible by donation.
9. Celebrate national holidays and commemorate birthdays of notable men, charging a small admission fee.
10. To arouse interest have pupils sign a petition and request for books and pledge themselves to read them.—THOMAS C. MILLER, State Supt. of West Virginia.

Practical Points.

1. Get a small collection of books and add to it gradually.
2. If books are donated, accept only those which are useful and interesting. Do not take as a gift anything unless it is bright, attractive, and, above all, readable.
3. Have a book-case of some kind, if you can get nothing better than a shoe-box made neat with paper, paint, and a curtain.
4. Have the book-shelves or case put up with screws in a convenient part of the school-room. The library should be as essential a part of school furniture as the blackboard.
5. Number and mark each book plainly. Do not cover the new books. An attractive cover will do much to draw the attention of the pupils, and will be read when a covered book will be neglected. A book worn out with use speaks well for its usefulness.
6. Have a regular place for each book, and when not in use see that the book is in its place.
7. Have someone, as an older pupil, act as librarian. Have stated times for drawing books, and a stated length of time for keeping them. Keep record of all books drawn and returned, and by whom.
8. The following blank form for use of librarian may be useful:

Name of Book	Taken	By Whom	Returned	Remarks

9. Use the books constantly. They will afford excellent supplementary work in language, geography, history, and almost any study.
10. Encourage children to keep note-books, in which they may copy favorite passages from books they have read. Frequently ask pupils to give or

write briefly the substance of some book which has interested them.—Supt. W. R. JACKSON, Nebraska.



Regarding Contagious Diseases.

The following information regarding contagious diseases was prepared by the medical inspector of the schools of Milton, Mass., Dr. Walter A. Lane. It is sufficiently non-technical to be easily understood by teachers, and should increase their alertness in detecting contagious diseases and preventing their spread.

In a letter to Supt. Asher J. Jacoby regarding the circular Dr. Lane says: "You will note that in this circular I have said nothing about smallpox or diphtheria, for the reasons that vaccination is required and will in the great majority of cases eliminate the possibility of smallpox in the vaccinated individual; and diphtheria offers no characteristic symptoms beyond the usual sore throat, nor is it desirable to my mind that the teacher should undertake the responsibility of differentiating the various types of sore throat."

When an epidemic of an eruptive contagious disease is prevalent in the district, particular attention is directed to the following data in the several diseases:

Measles.—Onset is characterized by sneezing, coughing, running at nose and eyes, redness of eyes, and intolerance of light. Eruption is bright red and is seen first on the forehead near the hair and back of the ears.

German Measles.—Similar to measles, but all symptoms are milder.

Scarlet Fever.—Onset is usually severe and sudden, beginning with chill, backache, vomiting, headache, and sore throat. Eruption is early, diffuse, and bright scarlet in color, first appearing over chest and neck.

Chicken Pox.—Eruption of smooth, raised spots, bright red in color, and changing in the course of a few hours to flat blister-like elevations with a slight red halo surrounding. Eruption begins over upper half of body.

Whooping Cough.—Is diagnosticated by the inspiratory "whoop." During an epidemic children with hoarseness and cough should be isolated until the character of the trouble is determined.

Measles and German measles, scarlet fever, and whooping cough are particularly contagious in the earliest stages.

In all contagious diseases, early characteristic symptoms are: Chilliness, backache, lassitude, dry hot skin, and flushed or pale cheeks.



National Holidays and Patriotic Exercises

Soldier Drill.

By ETHELYN T. ABBOTT, Minnesota.

THIS drill is an adaptation from the manual of arms of the United States army. In executing it there were sixteen children in the ranks (tho any multiple of four would do), plus a captain and sergeant. These latter were in uniform. The suits were made of blue denim and white tape. The sergeant wore a diamond-shaped ornament of tape on the right sleeve, surmounted by a circumflex. The captain had epaulettes of gold-leaf paper, and bore a silver-mounted sword on a red belt. The boy was little and the sword was big, but the captain wielded it with a will and greatly pleased the spectators.

At the beginning of the exercise, guns were on the floor in the front of the room. The sergeant came to the front, and with book, gun, and pencil in hand, ordered in decisive tones,

"Company, fall in!"

At the command the boys went to get guns and stood in front rank, gun resting on floor at right side of body.

"Right, dress!"

They made the line even, looking toward the right end man, who was stationary.

"Eyes, front!"

Each little body became quite rigid, with eyes resting on some object as high as the nose.

"Shoulder, arms! Two! Three!"

On the word *arms*, gun is grasped by both hands and points to left. On *two* it is hoisted to right shoulder, where it lies horizontally, with right hand at end of gun-stock. On *three* the left hand instantly goes to left side of body; arm extended downward, fingers straight as possible.

Next the sergeant calls the roll of men, using their last names only and marking in the book. At this roll call, when each soldier says "Here!" to his name, he quickly puts his gun in turn from *shoulder arms* to *order arms* position, doing it in three movements. On *one* the gun is clenched in both hands again and held in front of and close to the body, pointing obliquely to left. On *two* it is dropped to floor at right side, but held by right hand with forefinger under the lock. On *three* left hand drops to left side.

At close of roll call (in which names are alphabetically arranged) the sergeant shouts:

"Parade, rest!"

Each man leans on his gun, held in front of him, with gun-stock on floor. The soldiers are really resting from the more rigid positions. And here the captain comes in. Sergeant gives him the military salute in three silent counts. On *one* right arm is extended sideways. On *two* it is brought to forehead, palm down. On *three* it

returns to side. The captain returns salute in same manner. Sergeant then retires behind company, and stands merely a spectator, till the close.

Captain draws his sword and holds it at right side, point upward, but arm extended downward. His sword is held in this manner during the evolutions that follow. Captain says:

"Right, dress!"

His voice rang out with more decisive authority than the sergeant's.

"Eyes, front!"

"Carry, arms!"

Arms are quickly lifted from floor by left hand so that right hand, still hanging at side, clutches gun at the lock. At the same time gun has been turned so that trigger is forward and forefinger is under it, while thumb goes behind.

"Shoulder, arms! Order, arms! Present, arms!"

At *present arms* gun is brought directly in front of body and held vertically, with both arms extended, left hand above right hand.

"Carry, arms!"

These commands may be repeated *ad libitum*, to lengthen the exercise if desired.

"Count by fours, count!"

The man at right end of line says "one," the next "two," then "three," "four"; then these are repeated by the next group of four, and so on.

"Right, face!"

On the word "face," every man turns to right, keeping left heel planted on floor and lifting right foot a little. In fact, in all these facing commands the left foot remains on floor.

"Front, face! Left, face! Front, face!"

"About, face!"

Turn towards right until facing in the *opposite* direction.

"Right, face! Front, face!" *ad libitum*.

"Mark time, march! Backward, short-step, march!"

Pupils without turning head are to see that the line is straight. This they can do with a little practice.

"Attention, halt! Forward, short-step, march!"

"Attention, halt! Side-step left, march!"

"Attention, halt! Side-step right, march!"

"Attention, halt!"

Length of march to left and right, front and rear, to be decided upon by the teacher.

"Right, face! Two ranks form company, march!"

On the word *march* all the men with even numbers stepped one pace to the right, then one pace forward. This made a double file of small soldiers.

"Mark time, march! Forward to the right, march!"

Turning the corners as square as possible, this double file of two's went part way around an imaginary rectangle, namely, one end, the rear side, and the opposite end. The march was continued across the front again (we went toward the right of course), and there was no halting for commands. While company was now marching across middle of front of room the captain said:

"Forward to the right and left, in twos, march!"

Two went toward the right, two toward left, and so on, and when they met on opposite end of quadrangle they went in fours up the center of floor.

"Forward in twos, march!"

They went round again in this way.

"Forward in twos, march!"

They were now at the left end of quadrangle, and right side couple leading, they dovetailed from the two sides, making twos go across center of floor space again.

"Forward in ones, march!"

Here the column of twos became ones again, going on the long sides of the quadrangle.

"Forward in ones, march!"

Now at the left end of quadrangle they dovetail again into one file.

"Attention, halt!"

"Front, face!"

Here we sang a special school song. "America" would be suitable, or the flag salute.

The captain here says,

"Sergeant, dismiss company!"

The sergeant moving to a forward position, says;

"Company, break ranks!"



On the Life of Washington.

1. George Washington was born at Bridge's Creek, Virginia, Feb. 22, 1732. His early home was a plain wooden farm-house, built after the old Virginia pattern—four rooms on the ground floor, and an attic story with a long sloping roof.

2. Tradition names him "a fine, vigorous, healthy child." It also mentions that the little frock he wore at christening was fashioned in red, white and blue—the colors he chose for the flag of our Union.

3. Augustine Washington and his wife, the parents were worthy, sensible, straight-forward, devoted to the care of their family and estates.

4. When George was three years old he was taken from Bridge's Creek to the banks of the Rappahannock, where he began to learn to read and write.

5. Soon after his father's death he went to live with his half-brother Augustine, and attended school kept by a Mr. Williams. There he received a fair common school education.

6. He matured early, and was a tall, active, muscular boy. He could outwalk, outrun and outride any of his companions, as he could no doubt have thrashed them, too, tho he was notably a peaceable and generous playfellow, without being the goody-goody he is sometimes painted.

7. His mother, a widow with five children, was naturally anxious to place George, the eldest, in some position where he could earn his own living; and it was thought best for him to go to sea, at first; on a tobacco ship, with the hope that later he might join the crew of a man-of-war, or, per-

haps, become captain of a trading steamer.

8. Many plans were made for his sea service, but his mother, who was very unwilling to give up her eldest son, finally decided against it. So he remained at home and studied surveying with his old tutor.

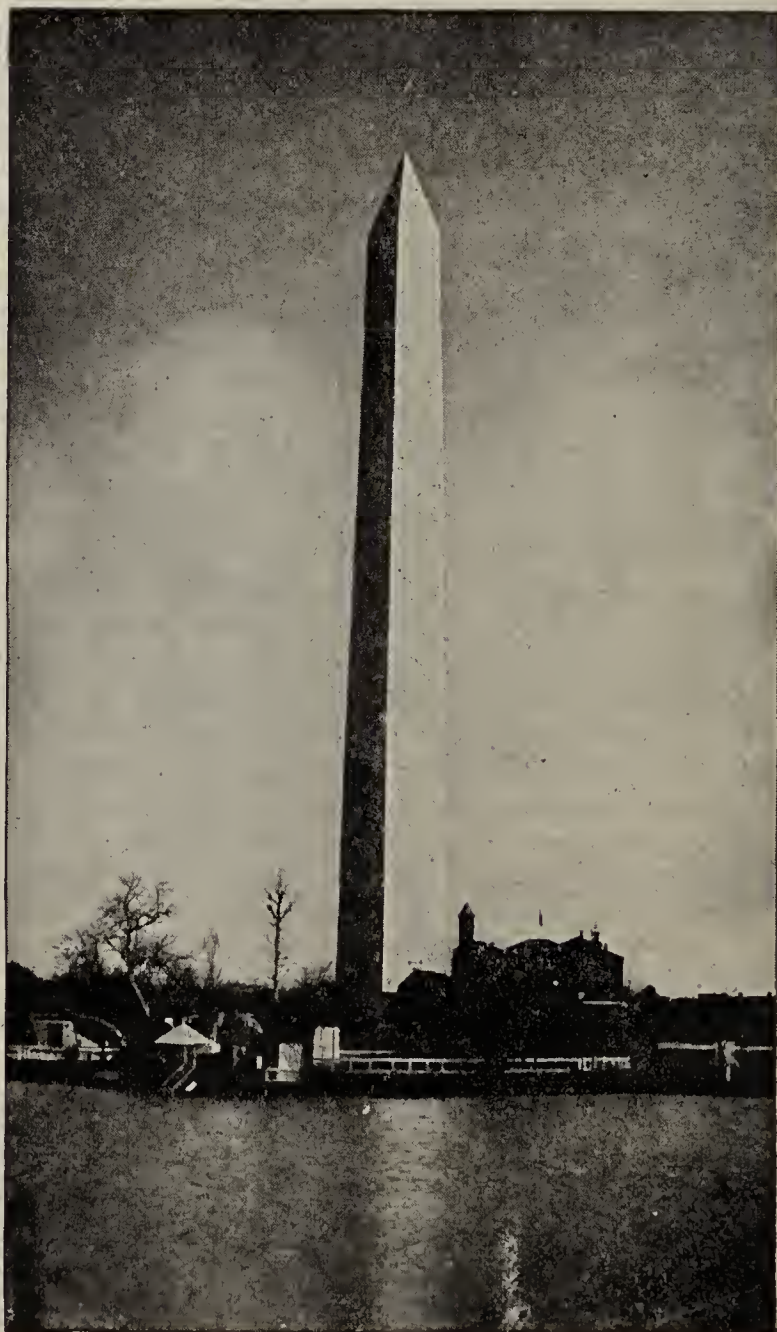
9. That Washington was a diligent student there can be no doubt.

10. There are still some early papers in existence belonging to his school days, chiefly fragments of school exercises, which show that he wrote a bold, handsome hand, and that he made geometrical figures and notes of surveys with the neatness and accuracy which clung to him in all his life work.

11. Washington as a youth was fond of outdoor sports. His earliest expedition as a surveyor was to go beyond the Blue Ridge mountains and survey the Fairfax estates. He was obliged to fight nature, the Indians, and the French.

12. At sixteen he was tall and muscular and rather spare, as is the fashion of youth. He was well shaped, active and symmetrical; had light brown hair, broad forehead, grayish blue eyes, a manly, open face, with square, massive jaw, and a general expression of calmness and strength. The noble youth was the prophet of the old man.—*Colorado Anniversary Bulletin.*

(Other material for patriotic celebrations will be found on pages 414 to 418 and elsewhere in this magazine.)



The Washington Monument, Washington, D. C.

Devices in Elementary Composition

By Joseph S. Taylor, Pd.D., District Superintendent, New York, Author of "Class Management"

NOTE.—The following suggestions are a portion of a book entitled "Composition in the Elementary Schools," which The United Educational Company is shortly to publish. This chapter is taken from about the middle of the volume.—*Editor.*

IN order to profit by the experience of others, I addressed a letter, during the preparation of this book, to a number of successful teachers and principals, asking them to describe devices which they had found useful in making composition interesting to children.

If interest is self-expression,* as Dewey says, then the lesson in composition must offer an opportunity to the child for self-realization; that is, it must make it possible to externalize an ideal or emotional phase of the soul—to make such subjective state an object of external cognition. This is precisely what the so-called "modes of expression" do.** Michael Angelo, looking at a block of marble, sees an angel imprisoned there. The angel, however, is not in the marble, as yet, but in himself; and sculpture is the art that makes it possible to transform the intangible angel in the artist's soul into a beautiful form with three dimensions.

The following devices, classified by grades, embody not merely the principle of interest, but the other principles enumerated as well. Where the language of another is used, quotation marks are employed. It is hoped that these suggestions may be of some use to teachers. Probably no one will employ them all; but they are sufficiently comprehensive to offer something to each grade.

First Year.—Oral Composition.

(1) *Positive and Definite Movements of the Body Help Clear Thinking.*

"If the teacher could be impressed with the fact that clear, well-defined movements of the body aid in clear thinking, the children would be required to move in a more positive manner, and not in the undecided way which makes one feel that the mind is not on the work, and therefore cannot be interested in it."—Miss R., P. S. 75, Manhattan.

Physical training, in order to possess educational value, must be conducted with precision and positiveness. I have been many times compelled to criticise slovenly work of this kind. Many teachers permit children to dawdle, and turn, and twist, and go thru a series of exercises without paying the slightest attention to the work. When an order or a direction is given during physical culture or any other exercise it should be obeyed by every child. The principle is applicable to walking, marching, and other movements involved in school work.

(2) *Require Clear Statements in Answer to Questions.*

"There are so many things in the make-up of a composition—so many things that the child must be able to do, that even with the interest, there is often failure. To be successful he must have

learned, by continued practice, how to express himself in plain language. He can learn this only by talking. The teacher must begin when the child enters school, and require him to answer questions, and tell about things in clear statements."—Miss R., P. S. 75, Manhattan.

(3) *Picture Stories.*

"Sometimes I read a story appropriate to the season. Children reproduce the story on paper in picture form. The teacher then calls on one or two to tell about the picture. At other times the children tell any story they like with a picture, and then tell me the story they have illustrated."—Miss M., P. S. 166, Manhattan.

(4) *Correlate with Reading.*

I have seen oral composition very successfully accomplished in the following way: A child would read a "story" on the board like "What can you do, little girl?" and before he sat down the teacher would say, "Now, John, you make a story"; whereupon the little fellow would give an original sentence; as, "The little girl can roll a hoop." The exercise was so skilfully conducted that within the short period of ten minutes every pupil in the class had read a "story" and invented a related composition.

(5) *Development Lessons in Reading.*

I have seen exceedingly skilful work in the way of oral composition done in connection with the reading lesson of the first year. In order to be successful, such an exercise must have plenty of "go" in it. If the teacher is slow and tactless the interest will not last long enough to accomplish anything of value. The teachers that are really successful with very young children are lively, full of resource, and thoroly prepared. They know before taking up a lesson just how they are going to conduct it. When the lesson period arrives there is no time lost in getting ready. As soon as the children have their places in the book, the questions begin to fly around the room, and in an incredibly short time every pupil has had something to say, and all have had the benefit of mentally doing the work assigned to each.

It is impossible to give in a narrative the effect of the celerity, intense interest, and charming naturalness that characterize a good development lesson. Here is a specimen of such an exercise witnessed by the writer in a first-year class:

T.—"Now, children, look at the picture. John; what is the boy doing?"

P.—"The boy is listening to the little girl."

T.—"Mary?"

P.—"The boy is standing up."

T.—"James?"

P.—"The boy is holding on to the collar of the dog."

T.—"What is the little girl doing? Katherine?"

P.—"The little girl is reading out of a book."

T.—"Paul?"

* Dewey—*Interest as Related to Will.*—University of Chicago Press.

** Parker—*Talks on Pedagogics.*—Kellogg.

P.—“The little girl is telling the dog something.”

T.—“Susie?”

P.—“The little girl is playing that she is a teacher.”

T.—“Now, children, look at the dog and tell me what he is doing. Emma?”

P.—“The dog is listening to the little girl.”

T.—“Minnie?”

P.—“The dog thinks he is in school.”

T.—“Now let us look at the words and see who can tell us what the dog's name is.”

A number of children try, and get it wrong; but it is a game and is exceedingly interesting. Finally, one succeeds in finding the name, and then the names of the boy and girl are learned in a similar way.

The principal merit of the lesson thus observed was that the children did the talking and every one used a complete sentence. The teacher used the least possible number of words herself. Her unique way of stating a problem and giving it to the entire class to work out silently, and then calling upon three or four individuals, by merely pronouncing their names, to give the results of their efforts, is particularly commendable. In a good development lesson the teacher minimizes her words, the pupils do the talking, and it is not necessary to remind each child that he must express himself in a complete sentence. That necessity is so fundamental that the wise teacher converts it into habit the first week of the term.

(6) *Play that the Teacher is the Audience.*

“In oral composition I try to make the children feel that I want to know something about a subject on which they are well posted, usually something that belongs to them. They seem to take more delight in telling me about ‘my dog’, ‘my cat’, ‘our tadpoles’, etc. Often the oral composition is on ‘What I saw on my way to school,’ or ‘What I saw in the park.’”—Miss C., P. S. 166, Manhattan.

(7) *Questions.*

“For a little written lesson, I use the questions: ‘What do you see in the room?’ Children answer, ‘I see _____’. ‘What do you hear?’ Children answer, ‘I hear _____’.

“Some days I call four or five boys to the front of the room and give each an object; as, a book, an apple, a pear, a fan, and ask: ‘What has John? What has Frank? What has Dan? Children write: ‘John has _____’. ‘Dan has _____’, etc.”—Miss M., P. S. 166, Manhattan.

(8) *Try to Overcome Diffidence and Timidity.*

“One difficulty arises from the diffidence of children rather than a lack of interest in composition. The little folks are afraid to hear themselves talk. They require much encouragement. By asking questions on what they like best we may induce a state of self-forgetfulness and thus start the flow of ideas.”—Miss A., P. S. 77, Manhattan.

(9) *Number Work.*

“Number work affords endless opportunity for oral expression. After having developed with objects the combinations: $3+2=?$ $6-3=?$ $2+2=?$ $6\div2=?$ etc., place the symbols on the blackboard and let the children make up their own number stories, using the symbols given. I offer a star

for the best story. Children love to invent and try very hard to have their stories unique. By number stories is meant applied arithmetic; as, for example, ‘Mary has six cents and buys three pencils at a penny a piece.’—Miss M., P. S. 166, Manhattan.

(10) *Game of Grab Bag.*

After a nature lesson, say on *the cow*, I take slips of paper three by two inches, and write on each a word introduced during the lesson. Here is the list actually used: *The cow, red, white, brown, eat, grass, hay, drink, water, horns, hoof, milk, butter, cheese, buttons, hair.* Each child receives a slip and is asked not to let anyone see his secret. The children then volunteer to give stories, using the words on the slips. Sometimes we play grab-bag and put all the slips in a box. The children close their eyes and pick out a slip, write the word on the blackboard, and the class raise hands to give a story containing the word. The pupil giving the best story may draw a slip the next time. This same device may be used in spring lessons on flowers.”—Miss M., P. S. 166, Manhattan.

Second and Third Years. Oral Composition.

(11) *Develop Ideas.*

“Never use in a class of young children such an expression as, ‘Give me a sentence for the word ‘hat’, for if you do, the interest attaches itself to the words ‘sentence’ and ‘hat’. It is better to call up ideas in the minds of children by such questions as these: ‘What covers your head while you are coming to school?’ or ‘How is your hat trimmed?’ or ‘Of what color is your hat?’”—Miss L., P. S. 58, Manhattan.

Third Year. Written Composition.

(12) *Let Children Supply Missing Parts.*

“This device is used in 3A, and is an exercise in writing complete sentences, or even an entire paragraph.

It is used by the teacher instead of the ordinary reproduction that follows the conversation, nature study, or reading, and consists in writing a number of incomplete or unfinished sentences upon the blackboard. The word or words omitted by the teacher are supplied by the pupils, and the pupils who can supply all the required words find much pleasure in this exercise. Children who would otherwise be unable to form a correct sentence in this way seem to gain confidence, and frequently write the entire story correctly, or describe a picture accurately.”—M. A. R., P. S. 179, Manhattan.

(13) *Let Children Construct a Model.*

“This device is used in 3A, where the pupils are required to copy model in paragraphs. Instead of this model being the teacher's composition, we strive to build it out of material supplied by the children. In answer to questions, or from an outline, each pupil is required to write a correct statement. The teacher selects the best sentences given by the pupils, and with them forms her model paragraph or model composition. Each child is anxious to have his sentence selected, and consequently much care and attention are given to the work.”—M. A. R., P. S. 179, Manhattan.

(14) *Develop Ideas.*

“The first requisite is familiarity with the sub-

ject. I take such subjects as 'Snow,' 'The Squirrel,' or 'What I Bought with My Ten Cents.' The written is always preceded by oral analysis. Sometimes I give information by reading. At other times the children and I have talks until I feel assured that each one *has clear ideas*.

The second step is to write. My compositions never contain more than two sentences. I encourage the children to use just the word they need, whether they can spell it or not. I hold myself ready to write on the board any word for whose spelling a child asks."—Miss L., P. S. 58, Manhattan.

(15) *Develop the Power of Criticism.*

"After compositions are written different children are asked to read what they have produced. Two or three usually copy their work upon the board exactly as it appears on the papers. Kindly criticism is invited, and faults of capitalizing, spelling, punctuation, and construction are corrected."—Miss L., P. S. 58, Manhattan.

Third to Eighth Years. Written Composition.

(16) Letter-writing is a convenient point of contact for beginners in composition. This device is suggested by Miss Spalding* in her admirable little book on elementary composition. "I am convinced," she says, "that, in order to gain co operation from the pupil—and this is absolutely essential—two things must be given him: a sense of security, of confidence; and a glow of delight. The sense of security, the feeling of confidence, will, I believe, be gained by working together at the very outset." The transition from oral to written composition may be made by showing the need of being able to write, as for example, when one wishes to speak to an absent friend. Then comes the co-operative class letter—"a simple, brief letter, contrived by putting all the heads together; a letter neatly written out and actually sent somewhere."

Interest in the subject will, of course, be deepened by the reading of children's letters written by famous men and women, such as Eugene Field's, Edwin Booth's, Macaulay's, Phillips Brooks'. These will reveal a charming spirit and create the moral atmosphere which stimulates the feelings and imaginations of children and thus makes composition easy and natural. It gives the pupil a motive for writing; he has something to say, and someone to whom he wishes to say it. These are the two conditions of successful composition in real life—a message and an audience.

(17) *Anonymous Compositions.*

"Sometimes have short compositions handed in unsigned. Pass them out and as they are read let the readers guess who the writers are. Let the teacher write a composition occasionally and slip it in with the others."—Miss J., P. S. 120, Manhattan.

(18) *Picture Stories.*

Show the class a picture which suggests a story. Let them write the story. Tell half the class to make the end pathetic, and the other half to bring the narrative to a happy conclusion.—See Shaw's "English Composition by Practice," p. 104.

(19) *Partnership.*

"Divide the class into groups of two and call the members of the group partners. Try to have partners of equal ability. Have them write a composition which shall be a joint production; or have one start it and the other finish it; or have one write a composition and the other write a criticism of it."—Miss J., P. S. 120, Manhattan.

(20) *Practice Variety of Expression.*

"We have most interesting exercises in trying to say the same thing in different ways. We alter expressions, turning them about in every possible way, changing beginnings, using figurative language, changing phrases to adjectives, and all in quite an informal way."

The following illustrations of this form of drill are furnished by Miss Schoonmaker; Principal P. S. 119, Manhattan.

(a) *Verbs:*

She *came* to meet me.

She *hurried* to meet me.

She *ran* to meet me.

She *sprang* to meet me.

"The waves beside them *danced*, but they outdid the sparkling waves in glee."

(b) *Specific vs. General Terms:*

General: We had nice things to eat.

Specific: We had thin, dainty chicken sandwiches, and little cakes with pink icing on them.

(c) *Synonyms.*

The day is clear, bright, sunny, pleasant, beautiful, fine.

(d) *Color Words: (7th and 8th years):*

Bright as the sun.

Yellow as gold.

Blue as the sky.

Pink as a rose.

White as snow.

Black as night.

(e) *Manner Words:*

She wrote slowly; rapidly.

She spoke gently, clearly, kindly.

"The wind came whistling, howling, shrieking, moaning, sighing, sobbing."

(21) *News Items Condensed.*

"News items may be used to secure clear thinking, and definite, concise statements. Such items should be uniformly mounted on paper four inches by six inches.

"Each pupil brings to school a mounted clipping from a paper or magazine; he is responsible for the pronunciation and meaning of any unusual word. The reading of the items and oral reproduction follow. The teacher, selecting four or five of the most interesting, uses them for class work, each pupil writing his own abstract of the several items.

"Variety of expression, topic sentences, periodic sentences are thereby practically taught and intelligently grasped even by the 'slow' pupils. The following is a specimen of items condensed in accordance with this plan:

Florrie Holzwasser.

Nov. 13, 1903.

Class 8A.

News Items Condensed.

"European representatives called upon Secretary Hay to-day, to consider diplomatic business.

"The discussion considered the attitude which

* The Problem of Elementary Composition, by Elizabeth H. Spalding, Heath & Co., 1897, New York.

would be assumed by the United States toward the 'Panama Canal Treaty.'

"Altho Alaska is partly within the Arctic Circle; its fertile tracts of ground produce sufficient grain and vegetables to sustain three million people.

"At present there are gigantic spots on the sun's surface, into one of which the earth might fall, and be consumed as a snow-flake in a bed of burning coals."—F. N. T., P. S. 119.

(22) *The Topic Sentence.*

"From the fourth year thru the eighth year; the *topic sentence* may be taught in connection with paragraph structure.

(a) *Illustration (4th or 5th year):*

Flowers of many colors bloom in the spring. There is the trailing arbutus that comes up while the snow is still on the ground. It is pink and white; it has a sweet perfume. The dandelion is yellow as gold; it shines in the green grass. The buttercup nods to her friend, the daisy. The daisy wears a pretty white frill about her bright little face. The blue violets play hide-and-seek under their dark green leaves.

(b) *Other Topic Sentences.*

(1) *Description:*

New York has many beautiful parks.

(2) *Narration and Description:*

Boston has an historical environment.

(3) *Narration:*

The story of Endymion is beautiful.

(4) *Exposition:*

The Panama Canal is greatly needed.

(5) *Description and Exposition:*

Radium is an important discovery.

(6) *Argumentation:*

The pen is mightier than the sword.

"Such topic sentences may be used for 'isolated paragraphs,' or may be elaborated into several 'related paragraphs,' that will constitute a theme or essay familiar to children as a 'composition.'"

—Emma C. Schoonmaker, P. S. 119 (Manhattan).

(25) *Anecdotes.*

"Once in a while tell the children to read an anecdote or joke at home and come prepared to tell it. End the lesson by requiring each pupil to write one of the anecdotes related in the class."—Miss J., P. S. 120.

Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Years.

Written.

(26) *Completing Stories.*

Give the children the beginning of a story and let them end it, drawing upon their imaginations for the facts.—See Shaw's *English Composition by Practice*, p. 39, etc.

(27) *Describing Known Persons.*

"Tell children to write a description of a person known to all the members of the class, without disclosing the individual's name. Have the descriptions read aloud and let the class name the person. If the correct name is given the portrait is life-like. Show that

the secret of successful descriptive writing is in selecting the characteristic feature of the person or thing described.—Miss J., P. S. 120, Manhattan.

(28) *Five Minute Compositions.*

"Sometimes have short compositions limited to five minutes or so, written without topics. Have these read aloud, generally calling upon the readiest writers, but sometimes slipping in the work of a poor writer. In the latter case do not call attention to any comparison. Criticise orally the compositions read, using about five or ten minutes for this purpose, then have another written and proceed as before."—Miss J., P. S. 120, Manhattan.

(29) *Drill in Variety of Expression.*

Language lessons should be given whose object is training in variety of expression. For this purpose active and passive forms of the verb may be employed as soon as the different kinds of sentences are understood: these offer an excellent opportunity for variety. A simple sentence may be followed by a complex one, and this in turn by a compound or simple one. The declarative form may sometimes give place to the interrogative. Direct quotation may alternate with indirect narration. In the highest grades pupils may be taught the distinction between periodic and loose construction. The teacher's duty is to bring these and other methods of securing variety to the attention of children and to show them by systematic training how to attain this very desirable quality of style. By way of example the teacher may show that it is possible to begin a composition on, say Longfellow, in fifty different ways. It should be the ambition of every pupil to be original. It might even be a wise plan to prohibit the use of a stock sentence like "Longfellow was born in 1807," thus compelling pupils to exercise their ingenuity in expressing the fact in another form.

Common School Hymns.

One By One.

1. One by one the sands are flowing, One by one the moments fall,

Some are coming, Some are going, Do not strive to grasp them all.

2 One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach;

3 One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing thro' the land.

5 Do not linger with regretting
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

5 Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Studies in English--Quotations.

Grades 5 and 6.

By AGNES C. GORMLEY, Rhode Island.

START the lesson with a talk on some interesting topic, after the manner of the one given below. Select a topic about which several things may be said. The teacher must direct the thought by careful questioning. Invite different answers and choose the one best suited to the requirements of the lesson. Since the child's vocabulary is limited, accept reasonably good expression. Use names of children in the class.

Tell me something you did yesterday; Willie.

"I went to the Park yesterday." [Teacher writes his answer on the board.]

I'd like to know something about Willie's trip. How shall I find out? [Ask him.]

Very well; you may ask him for me; Amy.

"What did you see there?" [Teacher write.]

If Willie is asked a question what is it polite for him to do? [To answer.]

"I saw people in rowboats." [Write.]

Who wants to say something about the rowboats?

"Did you get into any of them?" [Write.]

"No, I didn't." [Write.]

I'm going to say something about Willie's trip. Watch as I do so:

"I hope you had a pleasant time."

Those whose sentences have been written may stand.

Each may read his own sentence; one after the other, in the order in which they were said. When I talk, and you talk back, and I talk again, what are we making? Notice what we have made here.

[Now erase what has been written. Start a fresh topic and build up new sentences. A greater degree of spontaneity will be noticed in the second talk than was seen in the first one. If necessary, build up several times till the idea is well-entered in the mind that it is the words of the person who is speaking that is the object of the lesson.]

Look at the first sentence. Whose words are these? Have I written Willie's words exactly as he said them? Then tell me so. [Go over every sentence in this way to fix "exact words" idea.]

What kind of words have we in every sentence?

We call the exact words of a person—this: [Write on the board—"a quotation."] What do we call the exact words of a person? [Drill.]

[Point as you talk.] Since these are Willie's exact words, what shall we call them? Since these are Amy's exact words; what, etc. Since these are my exact words, what, etc. All of these sentences we call what? Why?

I'm going to write on the board something said by a person who was here yesterday. [Teacher writes "Forward—dress!"] What shall we call these words? Why? Suppose Mr. Russell were to say: Children, sing me the scale, what would be the quotation? Why? Suppose Miss Sweeney were to say, I like that poem very much, what would be the quotation? Why?

I am thinking of something the ant said to the

grasshopper. What shall we call it? Why? I am thinking of something the merchant said to the dervish. What shall we call it? Why?

Each of you may think of a quotation. How do you know it is a quotation? What do we call the exact words of a person? [Write on the board: "A quotation is the exact words of some person."]

Lesson II.—Quotation Marks.

Build up new sentences. The children will be much more ready to talk now than they were in the last lesson. Quoted words and sentences are to be written on the board.

Tell me something you did yesterday, Nettie.

"I wrote a letter yesterday."

Let us find out something about that letter. Fred may find out.

"To whom did you write?"

"I wrote to my aunt."

Let us find out something about the aunt, Fred.

"Where does your aunt live?"

"My aunt lives in England."

Watch what I say: "I am sure your aunt enjoyed her letter." [Write as you talk.]

Rapidly run over the first part of yesterday's teaching lesson to review "exact words" and its new name—quotation. Go as far as "All of these sentences we call what?" [Then advance.]

What does a man put around his land to close it in? This is the kind of fence we use to close in a person's words. [Put quotation marks before and after first sentence.] Notice that the marks turn towards each other. What do these marks close in? [Demand new name.] Since these marks close in a quotation, what kind of marks might they be called? [Emphasize the word which you want to impress and which you want given back to you.] We call them quotation marks.

[Point] Since these are Fred's exact words; what shall I need to close them in? [Insert marks as answer is given.] What shall I do to show the exact words in Nettie's answer? That these are my exact words? These quotation marks were used each time to do what?

[Write on board: Inclose quotations in quotation marks.]

What is a quotation?

What shall we do to show a quotation? [Now inclose word "quotation" in marks, and leave on board.]

Take your slates. Take your readers. [Cyr's Fourth in this case.] Turn to page 100. [Lesson is of course familiar to class.] Tell me what Jenny Wren says when the door opens. What do we call it? What is done to show it? All copy it.

Tell me the young man's answer. What do we call it? What is done to show it? Copy it. [Take many thus.]

Write any quotation you think of.

Whose words have you written, Esther?

How did you show that it was a quotation? [Drill.]

Occupation: Select and copy from your readers a great many quotations.

Lesson III.—Explaining Words.

Have yesterday's sentences on the board before this lesson begins. Let all be given again by speakers.

If Miss Turbitt were to come into the room and see these sentences would she be able to know from them as they now are which one was Nettie's? Which was Fred's? Which was mine? Watch and I will show you how she could know. Listen closely.

Who said the first sentence? Then right here after her sentence I shall say that. [Teacher write, "Nettie said."]

What does Fred do in the next sentence? Then perhaps you can think what words I shall need to write to show what Fred did. [Write, "Fred asked."]

What do people usually do to a question that is asked them? What did Nettie do? Give me the words I need for this sentence. [Write, "answered Nettie."]

When a person does not know where a certain street is that he is looking for, and he stops and asks to be directed there, what do we sometimes say he is doing? What did Fred do here? [Write "inquired Fred."]

Who made a remark about the letter? Then tell me that way. [Write, "the teacher remarked."]

[Have some one read the blackboard work as it now stands.] Would Miss Turbitt know now who said each sentence? These words help her to know.

When we tell all about our problems in the arithmetic lesson, what do we say we are doing to them? What does "Nettie said" do to the quotation? What does "Fred asked" do to the quotation? [All thus.] What do all of these words do to the quotations?

These words which tell about the quotations are called "explaining words."

What are the only explaining words in the first sentence? The second? Etc., etc.

Take your readers. [Assign a page. Here Cyr's Fourth, page 164. Teacher reads a quotation, pupils supply explaining words.]

Who said "Dorlecote Mill is my home?" Copy quotation and explaining words. [Drill on many others thus. That the mark of separation between the quotation and its explaining words is usually a comma, may be learned by direction, observation, and copying. Show that if the quoted sentence is a question or an exclamation the accompanying marks of those sentences is retained and the comma is omitted.]

Occupation: Find and copy from readers quotations and explaining words, and notice separating marks.

Lesson IV.

[Have on board.] "I think it may rain," said the teacher.

The teacher said, "I think it may rain." [Read.]

Where are the explaining words in the second sentence?

[Call attention to the fact that explaining words may be at the end as well as at the beginning of the quotation.]

Find quotations where explaining words come first.

Notice the quotation as I write it now. [Put on board as you talk.]

"I think," said the teacher, "it may rain."

[State that a quotation may be broken and that explaining words may come between the parts of a quotation.]

Find broken quotations in readers.

Occupation: [The following quotations selected and adapted from a reading lesson with which the pupils are familiar, may be changed to broken quotations. Have them on the blackboard.]

"Mamma, is Little Rosalie really alive?" said Kitten.

"Going to see Little Rosalie, isn't like going to the theater generally," said Tom.

"O, mamma, I think it is so cruel!" cried Maidie.

"When rehearsal is over, our Little Rosalie goes to market," resumed their mother.

"It all seems so strange that I can't get used to it," said Fanny.

"Well, we can't go to see Rosalie next Saturday unless Aunt Lydia gives us the money," interrupted Tom.

[Arrange others as above. Lesson is taken from Cry's Fourth Reader.]

The Opinions of Others.

A FABLE FROM DICKENS' HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A lamb strayed for the first time into the woods, and excited much discussion among the other animals. In a mixed company one day, when he became the subject of a friendly gossip, the goat praised him.

"Pooh!" said the lion, "this is too absurd. The beast is a pretty beast enough, but did you hear him roar? I heard him roar, and, by the manes of my fathers, when he roars he does nothing but cry ba-a-a!" And the lion bleated his best in mockery, but bleated far from well.

"Nay," said the deer, "I do not think so badly of his voice. I liked him well enough until I saw him leap. He kicks with his hind legs in running, and, with all his skipping, gets over very little ground."

"It is a bad beast altogether," said the tiger. "He cannot roar, he cannot run, he can do nothing and what wonder? I killed a man yesterday, and, in politeness to the new comer, offered him a bit; upon which he had the impudence to look disgusted, and say, 'No, sir, I eat nothing but grass.'"

So the beasts criticized the lamb, each in his own way; and yet it was a good lamb, nevertheless.



Advanced Grammar.

The work given below is taken from the Montana state course of study for use in primary and grammar. The course was arranged by State Supt. W. E. Harmon.

1. Give a sentence with an adjective clause introduced by a conjunctive adverb.

2. Classify the clauses and tell what they modify: (a) The more he studies the less he knows. (b) Make hay while the sun shines. (c) He knew what he should do.

3. Complete the clause of, (a) place, I must stop —. (b) Time, I shall go —. (c) Manner, he does —.

4. Name a conjunctive adverb of (a) time, (b) manner, (c) place.

5. Draw a line under the relatives in the following: (a) Who was there? (b) I know that he is right. (c) He took as many as he could find. (d) The pupil that studies diligently will succeed.

6. (a) What relatives refer to persons? (b) To things? (c) To both persons and things? Name the relatives.

7. Contract: (a) He is bright, but he is not industrious. (b) He goes to school that he may get an education.

8. (a) How are sentences classified with regard to form? (b) With regard to meaning? Illustrate.

9. Classify the clauses in the following sentences: (a) The man that took the prize was blind. (b) The longer he remained the more homesick he became. (c) When he had finished the work he went home. (d) Tho all the world should help him, he would fail.

10. Expand the participles: (a) The sun being risen, we resumed our journey. (b) Finding the report to be untrue, they were happy. (c) Sitting there he heard the trains go by.

11. Change infinitives to clauses: (a) He had a horse to sell. (b) He went to see the doctors.

12. Give case and syntax: (a) He was considered a good *man*. (b) To be a good *scholar* was his aim. (c) His being a good *person* secured the position. (d) We desire him to be a good *teacher*. (e) He sent the present to his *wife's brother*, Henry. (f) He did *what* was right. (g) He was rewarded for doing his *work* so well. (h) He went *home* that night.

13. Give voice, mode, and tense. (a) He has *been promoted*. (b) *Bring* Henry the knife. (d) *Were* I he, *I would not do* so. (d) *Finding* his money gone, he *returned* home. (e) He *tried* to *do* it.

14. Give principal parts of *be*, *set*, *lie*, *lay*, *sit*.

15. Write a short friendship letter.

16. Write a telegram.

17. Write a "want ad."

18. Write a short business letter.

19. Name the nominative form of the pronoun *my*; the objective.

20. Classify adjectives; adverbs.



A Spelling Race.

Take a piece of tinted card-board about 8 by 10 inches, and suspend from the wall by a narrow ribbon drawn through holes punched in the card-board near the corners. Have long side horizontal.

On short side write names of pupils and block off twenty or more spaces opposite each name. Each pupil is allowed to mark across one space every time he has a perfect lesson. The one that first fills all the space wins the race.

This is the best device for securing good spelling that I have found.

D. M.



Eskimo Life. Freehand Paper Cutting by the Third Year Class of a Common School at Asheville, N. C.

CHILDREN OF OTHER LANDS

Children of Brittany.

By DOROTHY WELLS.

THE very western corner of France is one of the queerest, and in some respects the most delightful nooks of all Europe. It is called Brittany, and the people who live there are called Bretons.

Many of us often have something that comes from Brittany for supper Sunday nights. It



A Breton Mother's Joy.

comes in small tin boxes, packed in oil. If you look on the outside of the next box of sardines your mother buys, you will perhaps see on the side of the box the name of the little village in Brittany where the tiny fish were packed.

Breton sardines—or French sardines as we usually call them—are caught in the quiet waters of the bays along the coast of Brittany. The fish are cleaned, cooked, sorted, and packed in factories. Most of the work is done by young girls, the older sisters of the children who play in the sands nearby, or who watch the heavy boats from which their big brothers are catching the little fish that we are to eat over here in America.

Quaint little boys and girls are the children of Brittany. They are dressed by their parents in the same kind of clothes that their grandfathers and grandmothers wore when they were little. They are trained to a life of hard work and simple pleasures. They are taught to be good Catholics, and to live up to all the requirements of their religion.

But Breton children are as full of mischief and

fun as other young folks. They can laugh at a good joke as heartily as can their cousins on this side of the Atlantic ocean. Yet they begin while they are still very young to help their parents, working hard, and living on the simplest fare.

The boys and girls learn to read out of their mother's prayer-books. Often, when they attend regularly the classes held at the village church, they master the catechism at the age of ten. They are then pronounced ready for the first communion.

Breton babies; are bound up very tightly in swaddling clothes, much like little Indian papooses. One of the first garments a new little baby wears is a black cap with a cross sewed on the back. This cap is not taken off until the little one is about a week old. This curious custom comes down from olden times, when people used to believe that fairies sometimes stone new-born babies. There are still country-folk in the rural districts who cling to this belief. They think that the cross on the little black cap will keep the fairies away.

The fathers and mothers love their children very much, but most of them are poor, so the children have few clothes and the simplest of food. The girls are often left to take care of the little ones, while the mother works in the fields or on the seashore. If you should go to Brittany you would often find a cottage left in charge of a wee maiden of six! When the old grandfather has become too feeble to work outside, he usually takes care of the children, giving them their dinner and telling them



Knitting.

fairy tales from his inexhaustible stock of delightful stories.

Little Yronette, the miller's daughter, often goes to the rustic bridge over the mill-stream to do her knitting, after she returns from school. The needles click cheerily as she turns the heel of her stocking. Her brothers keep her well occupied, they wear out their stockings so quickly. They kick off their heavy wooden sabots, or shoes; wherever they can, and walk about in their stocking feet.

Yronette, like other Breton girls of her age, can spin and mend. She can take the cattle to pasture, she can milk the cows, and make very good butter. She dresses just like her mother, except for the cap, which is simpler. The frock, of coarse brown woolen cloth, is protected by an outside pair of washable sleeves pinned to the shoulders. The bright colored kerchief is drawn neatly over

reckon up bargains for the market days to come later on. The little rural schools are very simply arranged. There are not even hooks on which to hang caps and wraps; they must be thrown down on the floor—except what the boys can stuff into their pockets.

Corporal punishment is forbidden in France; and some of the penalties devised by the friars in the parish schools are very amusing. One of them consists in making the boys march round the yard quickly, with eyes shut and arms folded, feeling their way along the wall with their shoulders. The squad-drill is another form of punishment. Those who have not studied properly, or who have played in school, form in single file in the play-ground. With book in hand they are marched up and down. Suddenly the master calls upon a boy to answer three questions on what he has been studying. If he succeeds in answering

all three he is allowed to go. If he cannot he continues his study and march.

One of the favorite games is hop-sotch; which Breton boys call *la marelle*. Another consists in hiding an apple or a roasted potato in a sand heap, and throwing a pen-knife into the apple. This is a game requiring considerable skill. When tired from romping, the girls and boys get one of their number to tell them a story. There are plenty of stories that the children know. In the long winter evenings large parties gather round the log fire, working. The men make baskets or nets, the women and girls spin, and the old grandfather tells some story of saints, hobgoblins, and ghosts. The children are the most interested listeners to the wonderful tales.

The children who come from a distance to attend school, usually bring a part of their dinner with them in a little basket. This lunch includes some rye or buckwheat bread, with a slice of fat bacon as an occasional luxury. Some woman in the village agrees, for a couple of cents a day to provide bowls of soup or sour milk in which they dip their bread. There is quite a rivalry among the village women for this chance to make a little pin money, and they often bid against one another. "And I give a portion of vegetables into the bargain," an eager bidder will cry.

In pleasant weather this noon-day meal is eaten out of doors. A large earthenware pitcher is brought out, and the bowls are filled. How good hot soup or the cold milk tastes only hungry school boys and girls can tell.

Three cheers for the children of the corner of western France, called Brittany!



Bowls of hot soup or sour milk are supplied for a small sum of money to the school children each day, by some women of the village.

a white vest. Over her new apron, which she wears in school, is an old one, darned in several places, but good enough to wear at home.

The children attend school, more or less regularly, between the ages of eight and twelve years. At eight o'clock in the morning the pupils begin to gather about the school-house. On the way from their homes they often tell conundrums or play games. A favorite play is to pretend that they are cattle, ploughing the fields or going to pasture. They often thread holly leaves on pieces of string as they walk along, each trying to get the most leaves on her string, or to make them look the prettiest.

At eleven o'clock the bell rings; and the children rush noisily out into the sunshine, eager to make the most of the two hours before the afternoon session begins. Unless a child is unusually fond of study, he is not taught much beyond the three R's. He learns just enough so that he can read the newspaper, write a letter if necessary, and



Construction Work and Drawing

Constructive Work for January.

By ANNA LINEHAN, Superintendent of Manual Training,
Asheville, N. C.

Grade 1.

1st Week.—Modeling dishes, such as teapot, sugar bowl, pitcher, cups, etc., shaped like sphere. Speak of work of the potter and the articles of his make in daily use.

2nd Week.—Drawing dishes from those modeled last week.

3rd Week.—Folding sled.

4th Week.—Making picture of girl or boy with sled; or, skeleton figures with sled, snowballing, etc.

Grade 2.

1st Week.—Modeling toy dogs, or cats, using as



models those received as presents during the holidays.

2nd Week.—Cutting same, and painting same with ink or water color.

3rd Week.—Drawing cat or dog, side and back view. It will add interest to the lesson if the language lesson for the day consist of a story of some pet cat or dog, and if the story is written, a picture of the subject may be drawn at the top of the paper.



4th Week.—Make and color borders of ellipses.

Grade 3.

1st Week.—Cutting and pasting box. It may be called either trunk or tool chest.

2nd Week.—Drawing the finished box. If the teacher prefers to call it a trunk the language lesson could be on methods of transportation; or if a tool chest, a talk on occupations and our dependence on the result of these occupations.

3rd Week.—Lesson on vase form. Drawing reversed curves.

4th Week.—Cutting designs for vases from colored paper, each child mounting a sheet of his own designs.

To make box according to diagram, follow dimensions given, fold on all the lines, using the sections marked 3-8 in. for flaps and paste it together. Cut on the darkened lines of the cover, fold in and paste. The cover will come over the main part about 1-16 of an inch.

Grade 4.

Studying perspective of cubical objects such as blocks, boxes, etc. Drawing winter vegetables, coloring same, having made large drawings. Beets with foliage make very satisfactory study.

Grade 5.

Constructing house from cardboard or heavy paper. Have class make drawings of different views of same.

The pupils will be interested in bringing in pictures of their own homes, having had lessons on perspective of the houses made.

Grade 6.

Simple groups in light and shade. Have the class make oblongs of different proportions containing views in black and white. Simple snow scenes such as farm house, path thru the woods showing trunks of trees, etc.

After the holidays the children will return to school with minds filled with thoughts of gifts and good times, and the lessons for this month have

been planned with the idea of getting the result of these thoughts educationally.

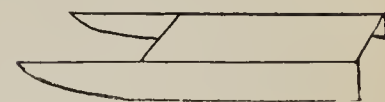
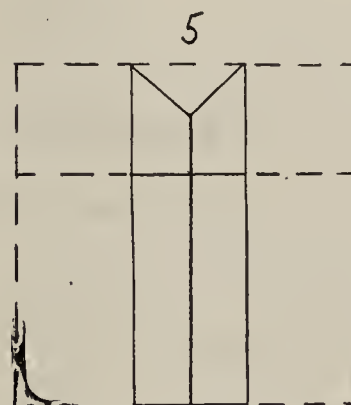
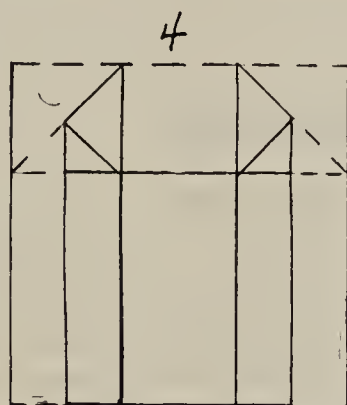
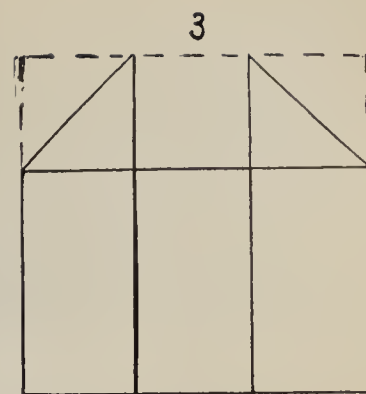
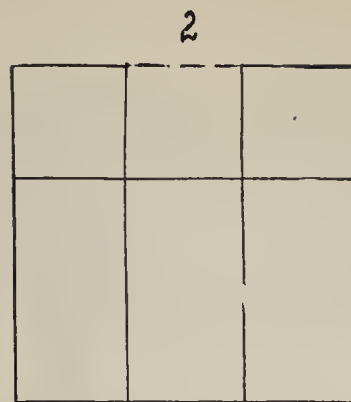
The clay dishes will be more satisfactory if the child first makes a sphere, then shapes it into the form he wishes.

To make the sled, take a 4-inch square of colored paper, divide into thirds vertically, as diagram 1; then fold one-third horizontally. Cut out middle, the square formed by the last fold. Turn down the corners to meet the crossing, then fold the outside edges to meet the vertical lines, as in diagram 4. Fold on these edges to the center as 5; press firmly; and the sled is ready to stand.

To make the border for the second grade, the children can cut ellipses from plain paper, having the long diameter about an inch, and then use this for the pattern by which to cut the colored paper for the repeats. Or, the border lines having been made, the children may trace around the unit, and then color the design.

It is always well to have the class see a few designs as models before beginning their work, but these need not be left out during the lesson.

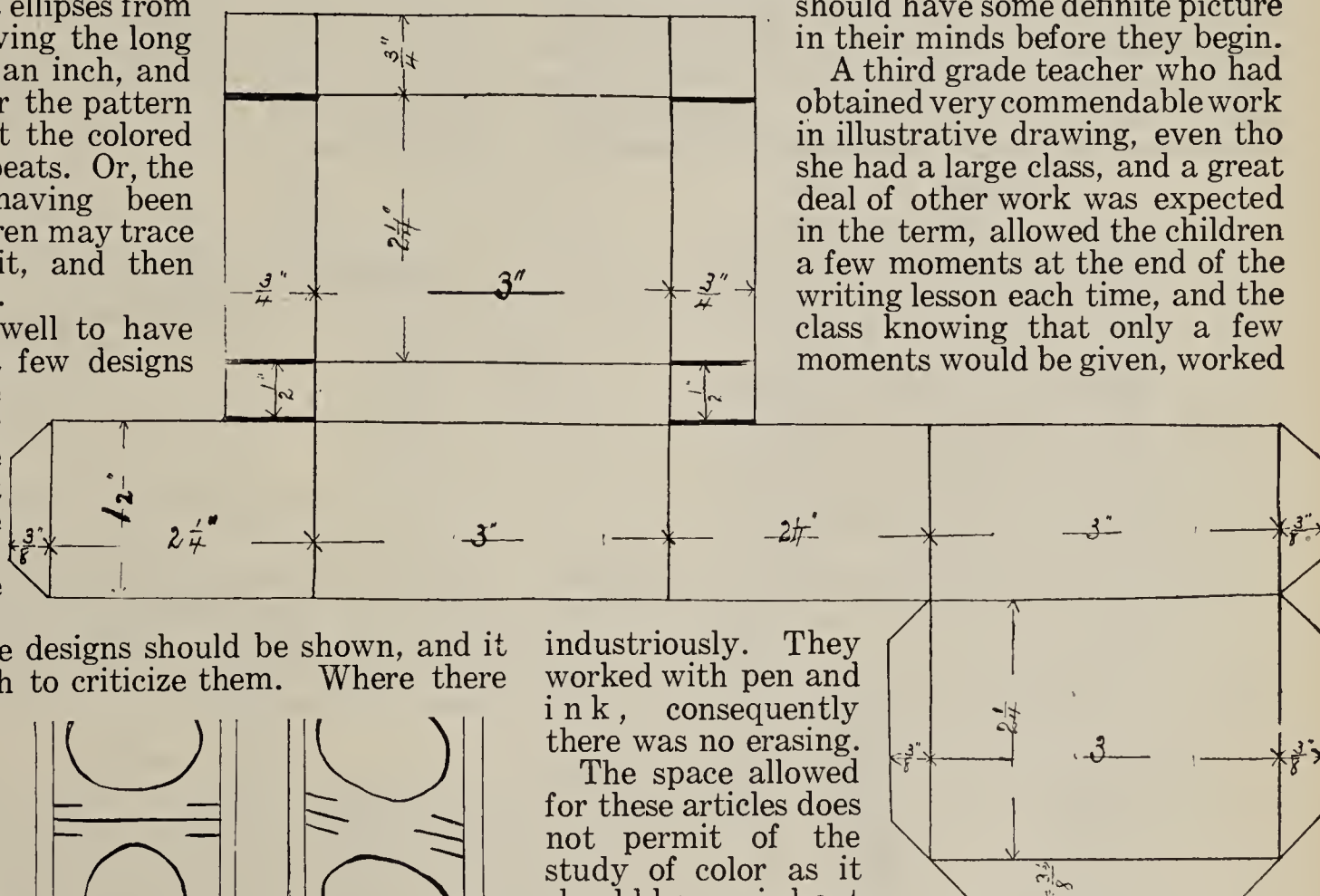
When the work is finished a number of the designs should be shown, and it helps very much to criticize them. Where there



is a crowded schedule it is difficult to get time to give out materials for drawing; but work on the board if only for a few moments at a time, is very beneficial.

Every child should be encouraged to do work on the board, for it helps to overcome self-consciousness, and gives freedom. However, the children should have some definite picture in their minds before they begin.

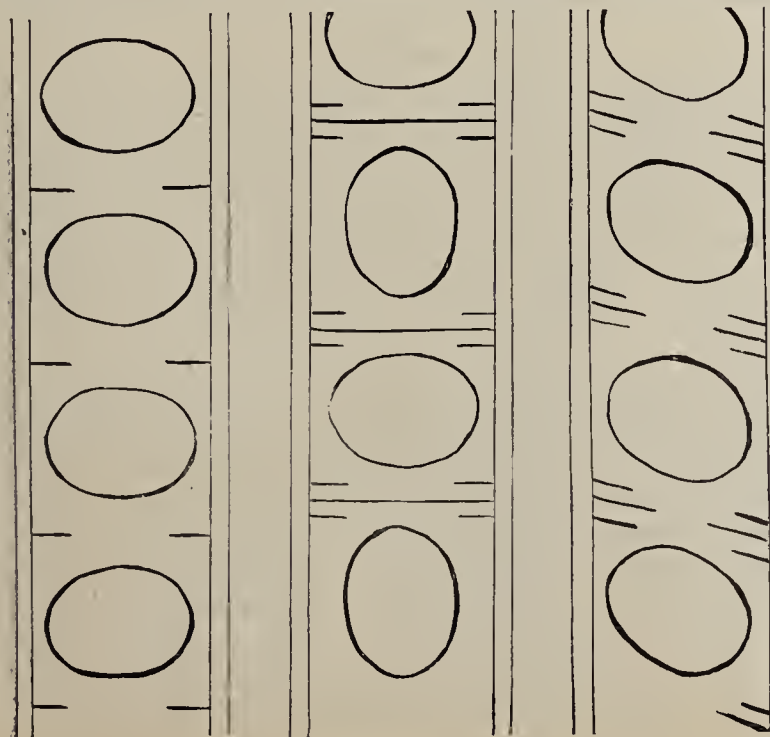
A third grade teacher who had obtained very commendable work in illustrative drawing, even though she had a large class, and a great deal of other work was expected in the term, allowed the children a few moments at the end of the writing lesson each time, and the class knowing that only a few moments would be given, worked

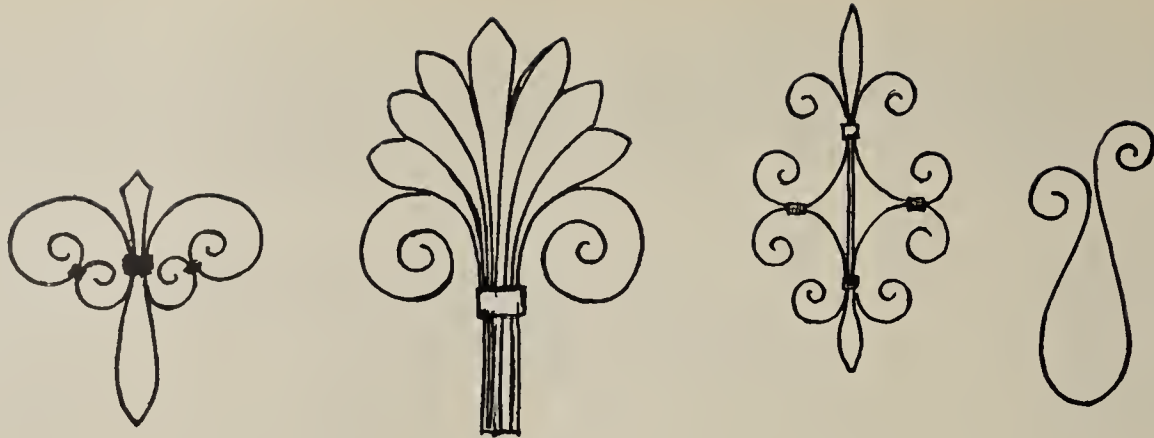


industriously. They worked with pen and ink, consequently there was no erasing.

The space allowed for these articles does not permit of the study of color as it should be carried out in the upper grades. The subject has been clearly worked out in the "Text-Books of Art Education," published by the Prang Educational Company. The teacher will be much benefited by studying these. The values from black to white are given, and the upper grade pupils will work more intelligently if they make a scale showing the gradations.

While taking up the subject some pictures from the current magazines should be shown, not only that the pupils may see what can be accomplished; but to make them more observant and appreciative of the material about them.





Venetian Ironwork

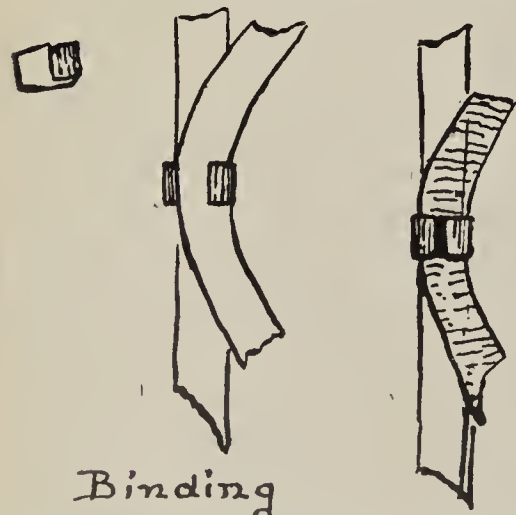
By Maria P. Mendes, New York

VENETIAN iron is a valuable medium in which to work on account of the facility with which it can be manipulated. It is inexpensive, and skill in the use of the tools is readily acquired, which fact makes it possible for articles of use and beauty to be made in a short time. The projects can be adapted to the requirements of the individual, and self-expression in its broadest and fullest sense is assured. The practicability of the designing, which looks so well on paper, is tested, and the faults more readily realized and corrected. Finally, it correlates naturally with arithmetic and geometry.

Materials and Tools.

Venetian Iron.—Venetian iron is a band of iron of such pliancy as to be easily manipulated into the required form with a small pair of pliers and but a slight exertion of strength. It may be procured in coils of fifty feet, ranging in width from one-eighth of an inch to three-eighths of an inch. Sheet brass and copper may be cut in strips and used very effectively in combination with the iron.

Binders.—For fastening pieces of iron together. They are little U shaped pieces of eighth-inch iron, made the width of the wire they are to bind. The ends are bent over and clamped snugly around the piece with square pliers. They are sold by the pound, and range from one-eighth inch to one-half inch in width. Tinstrips may be cut, and utilized for binders, with very satisfactory results. They make a neat joint, and when painted, look well.

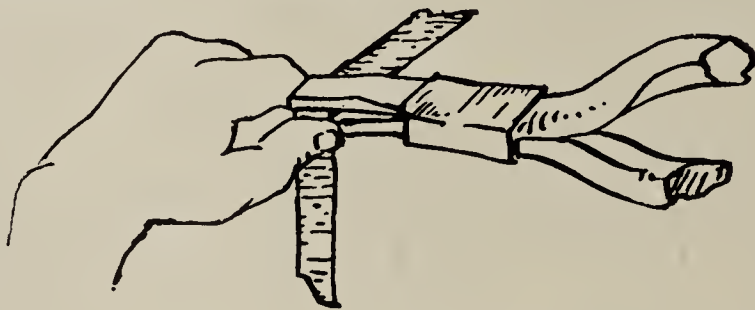


Binding

Tools.—A pair of flat-nosed pliers for bending square corners, a pair of round-nosed pliers for curves, and some snips, or shears, for cutting the wire, are all the tools that are absolutely necessary. Some additional tools such as a stout awl, for

making holes in the iron, a hammer, and a vise will be required for advanced work. An anvil is also indispensable when riveting is to be done. A small flat-iron fastened in the vise may be made to serve as a substitute.

Paint.—It is necessary to use paint to prevent the iron from rusting. A dead black is preferable to the garish Brunswick black. It can be applied with an ordinary bristle brush. If the iron is to be gilded, a thin coat of chrome yellow should be applied to it first, while silver will be more effective if used after the iron has been treated with a coat of white paint.



Bending square corners

All the material and tools can be obtained at a trifling cost from Hammacher, Schlemmer & Co., 133 Fourth avenue, New York city, also from Rose, Hastee & Co., 754 Lexington avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

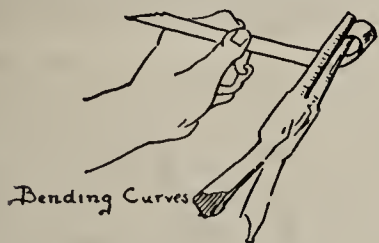
Operations.

Bending a Rectilinear Figure.—Mark off with a pencil the required length; place the square pliers directly on the pencil mark, bend sharply, by pressing the iron close to the pliers with the thumb of the left hand. From three-eighths of an inch to half an inch of wire must be allowed for laps, where binders or rivets are to be used.

Bending Curves.—Hold the wire in the left hand about two inches from the end. Grasp the right end firmly with the round pliers, and bend inward with a steady movement of the right wrist. Repeat, preserving an even pressure. The left hand should remain stationary. The amount of wire required for a curve can be ascertained by bending a piece of twine along it. The requisite length for the circumference of a circle, and all rectilinear figures, may be secured mathematically.

To make a hole thru the wire with an awl.—Place the iron in which the hole is to be made upon a block of wood, and with the hammer or mallet hit the awl sharply. A ragged hole will result, which may be made perfectly smooth and round, by first beating down the projections with the hammer, and then inserting the awl into the hole and twisting it round till the ragged edges crumble away.

Twist.—A piece of twisted wire is often required for ornamental purposes. In order to make it, place one end of the wire in the vise, and grasp it firmly about three inches from the vise-jaws, with the square pliers. Twist the iron with a steady, even movement, being careful to keep the axis of the wire straight. When the three inches of wire is twisted, remove it from the vise, mark off three inches more, and proceed as before. Unless the



Bending Curves



Gophering

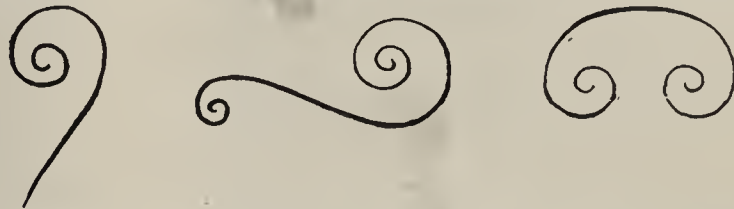
twisted portion is fastened in the vise it is apt to become uneven.

Gophering.—A kind of trimming very much used. Take a small block of hard wood, and drive thru it two wire nails; about one-quarter inch apart. Allow the points to project one-half inch above the surface of the wood. Place this in the vise, with the nail points upward. Insert one end of the wire between the nails, bend it around the first nail, over to the second nail. Remove the loops thus formed, and place it over the second nail. Bend the wire round the first nail, and back to the second nail. Repeat till the requisite amount of gophering is obtained.

Design.

The old rule is a safe one to follow. "Ornament construction, do not construct ornament." All appearance of weakness in construction must be carefully avoided. Structural elements must be emphasized, and all lines subordinated to them. The design should not consist of a few curves, thrown indiscriminately together to fill a space. In order to obtain satisfactory results there must be one strongly accentuated motif with which all minor details are so closely related as to appear as one harmonious whole.

Drawings.—Good designs are very difficult to obtain. Some ideas may be gleaned from F. J. Geskin's book on "Bent Ironwork," published by Charles Scribner. "Bent Ironwork," by L. and



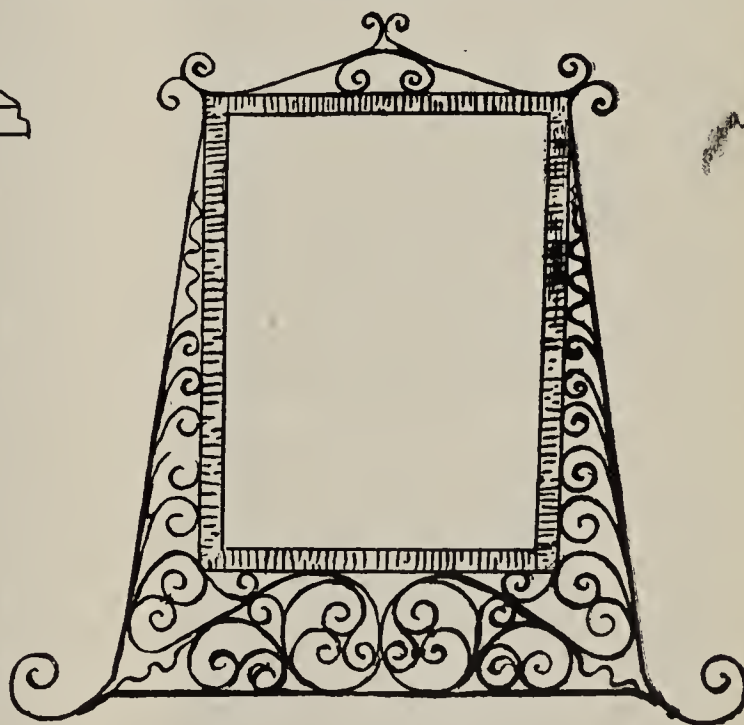
V. Wells; is a publication from which valuable suggestions may be obtained. "Progressive Exercises in Bent Ironwork" by Mrs. Burns may also be found helpful. Both these books are English publications and may be obtained from Gustave Stechert, New York city. The drawings should be made full size, so that the accuracy of the work may be frequently tested by placing it over the drawing.

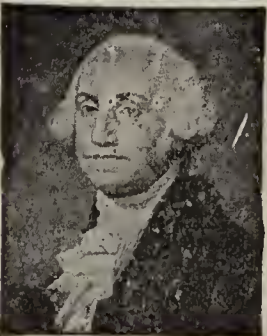
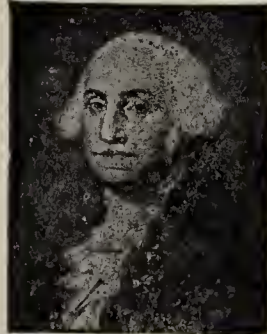
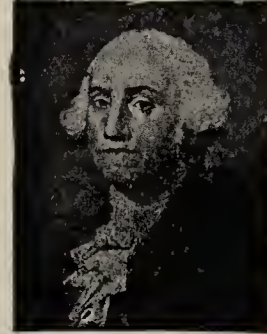
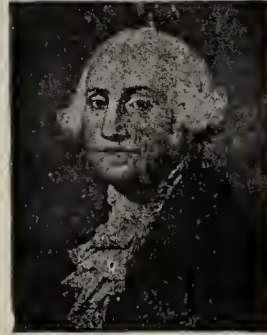
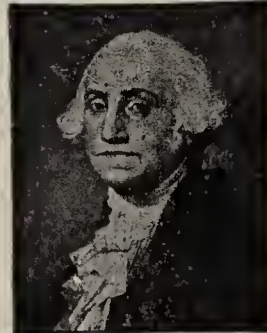
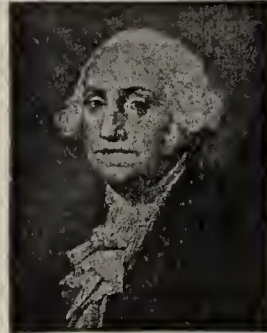
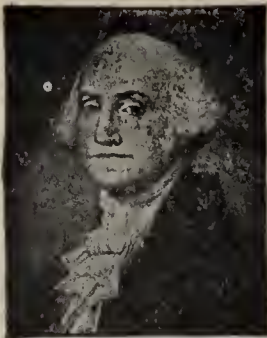
Some Articles That May Be Made.

Frames.

The use of iron in the construction of frames is one of the most interesting branches of the work; and the designs that can be devised are almost endless in variety.

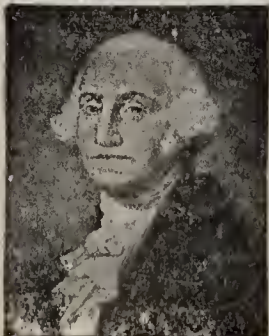
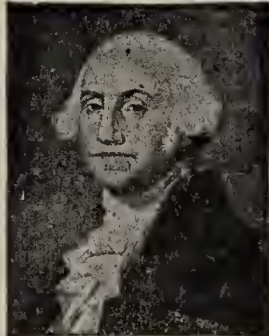
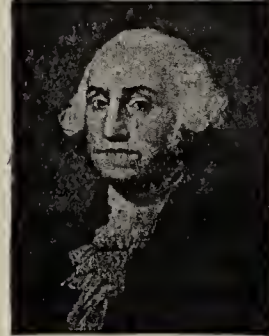
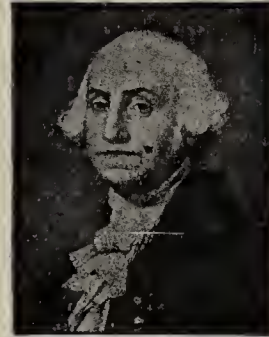
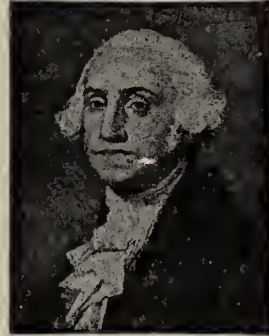
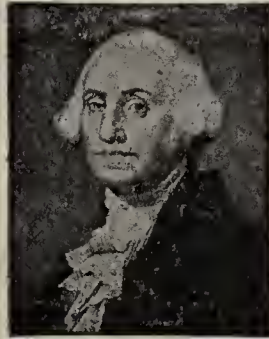
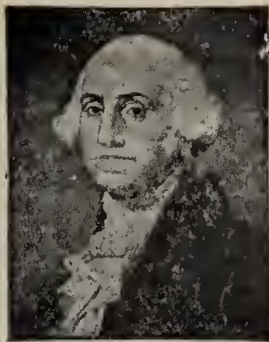
The following suggestions will, with modifications, be helpful in the construction of any frame. In order to insure satisfactory results the rectangle must be true and the corners sharp.





George Washington and

(Other pictures of Washington to paste on com



is Home at Mt. Vernon.

(pages will be found elsewhere in this number.)

Little Talks on School Management. VI

By Randall N. Saunders, Hudson, N. Y.

Recesses.

THE need of a recess in the middle of a session or the lack of it, is something of an indication of the quality of the teaching in a school. If the teacher be an old-fashioned routinist, a dull and prosy parrot trainer, his little pollies will get tired of repeating their want of a cracker, and then the ten or fifteen minutes of relaxation will be found to be an absolute necessity. But, on the other hand, if the teacher is wide awake and up-to-date and makes every moment of the session interesting, little need of the intermission will be found, as the recreation that comes of a change of occupation will be continuously enjoyed. Under such a teacher the "rush" at recess is not a "storming out to play," but is a gathering about the teacher's desk to glean more of that which has been dropped during the period, or a grouping of classes for a comparison of notes, so that nothing of that in which the interest has been centered may be lost.

In many of the rural districts it would be an unpardonable heresy for the teacher to discontinue recesses. I, therefore, never left the regulation allotment of playtime off the schedule, but left the matter to be decided by a vote of the school; and, happily, almost invariably a large majority decided to continue sessions without intermissions. In a way, I have measured my influence and usefulness in a school by this delicate but unmistakable barometer, the popular will.

In winter, when country schools are the largest. I seldom had more than a brief breathing moment when the school-room was thrown open for needed ventilation and as quickly closed for a resumption of work. When the season changed, and the weather became milder, and the school reduced to an attendance of the younger children, the recesses became longer and more regularly an institution, and on very warm or very fine days often a full fifteen minute allowance was given.

As in the country very young children are sent to school to remain there all day, to relieve them of inevitable weariness, I gave them frequent and lengthy play spells out of doors when the weather permitted, allowing them their own will as to when they should return. I seldom had to call them; for, tiring of play, or curious to know what was going on in the school-room, they would steal quietly in and up to their seats, and surprise me by being there, where I had not expected them, when wanted for an exercise.

When I first began teaching, I was prim enough and foolish enough to imagine that boys and girls should not be allowed to have recesses together, and consequently deprived myself of the aiding corrective that resides in a mingling of the sexes, and had a sterner struggle to keep the order and morale of the school at par. Of course, circumstances may sometimes be such that it would be better to have separate recesses, but they are a nuisance and a relic of that barbarism that excluded women from male assemblages,—perhaps wisely in the middle ages, because the action and the conversation of the Launcelots and Galahads were far from fit to be witnessed by the Vivians

and the Guiniveres. Happily a higher chivalry has been developed, with a loftier conception and a more earnest and intelligent quest of the Grail, than was possessed by the knights who reveled at the round table.

Any privilege or any usage in school management should be considered in its relation to the physical, mental, and moral well-being of the pupils; and in the matter of recesses, in my mind, they are only advisable when the pupils have been prepared to make the best use of them. In spring, summer, or autumn, if your boys and girls use the few moments in wildly rushing themselves into a heat and excitement that require an hour to reduce to normal temperature and calm, then recesses are more of a detriment than a benefit, and regardless of prejudice I should discontinue the liberty until I could educate the pupils in a proper use of play time and up to an appreciation of the privilege. It would be vastly better in winter for the pupils to remain in the school-room if they know no better than to deliberately wet their feet, or if they snowball until half frozen and have to spend an hour perched about the stove drying and warming, or, escaping notice, have to sit thru the remainder of the session uncomfortable, with their health in jeopardy, and unfitted to carry on the work which is the main object of their presence at school. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, indeed; but if in any way Jack's play impairs his capability for work, it is better that he run the risk of becoming dull.

For weeks together my recesses were momentary affairs for ventilation, to avoid the "Please-may-I-go-out?" nuisance, and the forming of the terrible and contagious drink habit, and for a brief and rapid preparation for the work to be continued; and this was not in obedience to the ukase of despotism, but in submission, as has been intimated, to *vox populi* in a little government whose motto was *Pro Bono Publico*.



One of the unique illustrations from Edwin L. Sabin's "When You Were a Boy." Courtesy of The Baker & Taylor Co., publishers, who hold the copyright (1905).



Games for School and Playground.

The games described in the series of which the third instalment is given in the present number were arranged for use in the schools of New York city. They are accordingly suited to the school-room, or to small playgrounds as well as large. Many of the games are old and many are new. All have been tried and enjoyed by pupils.

Tag.

ONE player is chosen to be it. He runs and tags some other player, who then takes his place as runner. The game may also be played without telling who is it. All may pretend to tag; but any one who is not it must whisper when he touches a player, "I am not it," while the one who is it must say, "I am it." The game is a very lively one.

Stoop Tag.

One person is chosen to be it. He pursues the other players, who cannot be tagged while stooping. The game may be varied by allowing each player to stoop only a certain number of times while the same person is it or by requiring some special gymnastic position to be taken.

Cross Tag.

One person is chosen to be it, and pursues the other players. If any one runs between the one who is it and the one pursued, the one pursued may not be tagged, and the one who crossed between must be chased by the pursuer. He in turn will be safe if some other player crosses between him and the pursuer.

Iron Tag.

A leader is chosen, who tries to tag the other players. They cannot be tagged while touching iron with the hand. The first player tagged is out of the game, the second tagged is it. The game continues until all are out.

Tommy Tiddler's Ground.

A line is drawn dividing the floor into two parts. One player, Tommy Tiddler, stands on one side the line, the other players on the other side. The latter venture across the line saying, "I am on Tommy Tiddler's ground, picking up gold and silver." While they are on Tommy Tiddler's side, they may be tagged by him. Whoever is tagged changes places with Tommy Tiddler.

Fox and Chickens.

One is chosen to be fox, and has a den marked off. The other players run before the den near enough for the fox to touch them. The fox tries to tag one while they pass. If he is successful, the one caught becomes fox.

Stone.

Mark off two goals, one at each end of the room; and draw a large circle half-way between them. One of the players who is it sits on the floor in the center of the circle, the other players dance around on the chalk ring until the one in the center jumps up. The players then run to either goal, and the one who is it tries to tag as many as possible before they reach the goal. All who are tagged return with him, and sit near the center of the circle. The players again dance around until those within the ring jump up. All tag as many as possible. The game continues until no one is left on the ring.

Mail-Man.

The players form a ring. Each one takes the name of a post-office. One of the players, the mail-man, stands in the center of the circle, and calls the names of two post-offices. The players having these names change places at once. The mail-man tries to reach one of the vacant places before the player who is running towards it. Whichever one fails is the next mail-man. Forfeits may be required of the players who do not run at once on hearing their names.

Jacob and Rachel.

One player is chosen to be Jacob; another to be Rachel; the others form a ring. Jacob is blindfolded; and chases Rachel about inside the ring, trying to catch her. He calls, "Where art thou, Rachel?" She must reply, "Here I am, Jacob." Two Jacobs and two Rachels may be in the ring at the same time if the number of players is large. Each Jacob must catch his own Rachel. When Rachel is caught she is blindfolded, and chooses a new Jacob from the ring.

Lame Fox and Chickens.

Mark off a den for the fox at one end of a room; and a house for the chickens at the other end. One player is chosen to be fox, and stands in his den; the other players, the chickens, stand in their

house. At a given signal all the chickens run out; and the fox, hopping on one foot, tries to catch as many as possible. All who are tagged become foxes. When a signal is given, the foxes must return to their den and the chickens to their house. All the foxes now hop out to chase the chickens when the signal is given. If a fox while outside his den touches both feet to the floor at the same time, the chickens drive him home with their handkerchiefs. He may change from one foot to the other, but he must not touch both feet to the floor. The fox may return to his den and the chickens to their house at any time for a rest. The object of the game is to have the foxes catch all the chickens.

Birds.

One player is chosen to be mother, another to be bird-catcher. The mother gives the players the names of birds, and then stands some distance from them. The catcher does not know the names of the birds, and calls different ones until he uses the name of some player, who immediately flies to the mother. If the bird-catcher can tag him before he reaches the mother, he belongs to the catcher; if he reaches the mother safely, he is hers. This is continued until all are flown. The game is won by either mother or catcher who has the greater number of birds.

Hill Dill.

Draw two parallel lines near the center of the room, from 10 to 15 feet apart. Between them stands the one who is it. He calls,

"Hill Dill,
Come over the hill!"

and the players run across the space between the lines. They may be caught while crossing. All that are tagged join the one who is it, and help him.

Catch of Fish.

Mark off a goal at each end of the room, and a prison called the net in some corner. Divide the players into two groups, one for each goal. The players in one goal join hands and are the net, those in the other are fish. A signal is given, and all the players must change goals. The net runs out, and tries to surround as many fish as possible. The fish can only escape thru the opening in the net, and, when the two ends close together, all that are within are caught, and are placed in the prison; called also the net. The fish then join hands; and are the net. The game is continued alternately, till all of one side are caught.

Grocery Store.

Mark off a goal at each end of the room. Half the players stand in one goal; the others choose some object sold in a grocery store; then walk up and stand in line in front of their opponents' goal, and tell the initial letter of their word. The

players inside the goal commence guessing the word. As soon as they mention the right one, the others run for their goal, while the ones from within give chase; and tag as many as possible before they are safely over the line. All tagged join the opponents' side. The game is won by the side gaining the greatest number of players. Instead of objects in a grocery store, geographical names may be used, or names of trades.

London-Loo.

The players run and touch the wall at the end of the room or some other object chosen as goal. The last one to touch is it. He stands at the goal. The other players stand at the opposite end of the room. The one who is it calls, "London!" the others reply, "Loo!" and try to touch the goal before they are tagged. The one who is it may tag as many as he can. All who are tagged join hands and, standing at one end of the room, call "London!" Again the reply "Loo!" is made and the tagging begins. Only the players at each end of the chain may tag. If the chain is broken at any point, the one thru whose fault it was broken is it, and the rest of the chain join the other players. The last person caught starts the new game.

Prisoner's Base.

Draw a line across the floor near the end of the room, and divide the space enclosed in half. Each half is a base. No. 1 base and No. 2 base each has a prison marked off in the corner diagonally opposite itself. The players choose sides. Each side stands in its base. One player runs out calling, "Chevy! Chevy! Chevy!" He is pursued by one of the opposite side. A player may only catch an opponent who ran out before he did, and may only be caught by one who has come out later than himself. All tagged are prisoners. Prisoners are released on being touched by one of their own side. To help free themselves, they may form a chain and reach toward their friends, so long as the last one has his foot inside the prison. If the chain is broken, all may be put in prison again. A player may only release one prisoner at a time. The game is won by the side that imprisons all its opponents.



January Blackboard Calendar. Designed by Anna Linehan.

1705



Benjamin Franklin



1906



In Franklin's Honor.

A CELEBRATION that will be observed with appropriate exercises in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities this month, is the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin. The magazines and newspapers have been filled with eulogies of the appreciations of the services to America and to humanity of the keenest and most human of the Revolutionary heroes. An article in the December *Atlantic Monthly* by Mr. William Macdonald, an English editor, considers Franklin and Washington as "the two outstanding personalities—the two-world personages—of the Revolution." The author makes a strong plea for consideration of the part played by the printer-philosopher in world-history as well as his provincial and domestic relations. In other words, the "real Benjamin Franklin," as depicted in so many recent gossipy biographies, is not altogether satisfying, perhaps, to the Brown historian; the little scandals and factional fights in which the "adorable" diplomat was concerned are not in any sense a measure of the man.

The scientific side of Franklin's achievements, as is natural in this practical age, is also receiving abundant attention. A Boston correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* observes: "Not unlikely, emphasis will be put upon his scientific achievements. As the first American to attain any reputation abroad in scientific pursuits, and particularly as the father of modern electricity, Franklin, aside from the fact of his having been born in the Puritan capital, has a peculiar claim upon the remembrance of this city, which has been the center of so many of the important electrical developments of the century.

"It was, so historians recall, during a visit to Boston, made long after he had become established in Philadelphia, that the great commoner acquired that first interest in electrical subjects which led to his discovery of the nature of electricity. The civilized world at that time was just beginning to grope for knowledge of the mysterious force. Only a short time before had Du Fay formulated his theory of the two kinds of electricity which, from the nature of the substances from which he produced them, he called vitreous and resinous, but to which Franklin later gave the name of positive and negative; and only a little while before that had Gray, an English pensioner at Charterhouse, first noticed that

different substances have different electrical conductivity. The Leyden jar, an entertaining device of the Dutch experimenters, had been discovered a year or so before and was being displayed thruout Europe by wandering mountebanks as a scientific curiosity. It happened, therefore, in 1746, while Franklin was in Boston visiting members of his family, that at the same time a Dr. Spencer of Scotland was exhibiting some of the new electrical apparatus and lecturing upon it. The philosopher, at that time in the prime of his achievements, attended the lectures, saw immense possibilities in the Leyden jar and other pieces of mechanism, and determined upon his return to Philadelphia to carry on investigations of his own.

"That was the beginning of Franklin's great accomplishment in making obsolete the idea that electricity is an obscure fluid, producing curious manifestations, and in causing it to be studied as a force capable of being applied to every-day problems of living. His subsequent studies, including the famous kite-flying episode, fairly entitled him to be called the father of modern electricity. Unless some one of penetrative and practical mind had made them, the telegraph, telephone, and trolley car and the numerous other utilities dependent upon electricity could hardly have come into being. So that Boston will naturally lay stress upon the man's scientific attainments—perhaps the more so because within a stone's throw of his birthplace, opposite the Old South Church on Milk street, are the buildings containing the headquarters of the Bell telephone companies, the earliest and the largest exponents of an industry which would have delighted Franklin's utilitarian soul, while not far away in Charlestown, a tablet marks the house in which Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph was born.

"In the coming celebration there is certain to be not a little surmise as to the pleasure Franklin would have experienced could he have lived to see the outgrowth in his native town of his own discovery—the vast dynamos providing power for the transportation of millions, the wireless messages thrown thru the air from shore stations and ocean steamships, the telephonic instruments on every business man's desk and in the houses of the comfortable. Imagine, if Franklin had been able to call up Philadelphia by long distance telephone and bid Collinson or other of his associates in scientific work to look into this new

matter of electricity. In Franklin's day the quickest means of communication was by slow-moving coach or chaise, and the journey between the two towns occupied weeks of weary traveling. Suppose that he could have foreseen the time when, with the aid of electricity, the sound of the human voice was to be carried over hundreds of miles of country, when the wires were to stretch to remote farmhouses and lumber camps in the wilderness as well as to populous towns and cities, and when the number of telephone users was to be so large that the subscribers to the Bell system alone would equal in number the population of the thirteen American colonies at the time when the philosopher sent up his famous kite."



A January Birthday—Benjamin Franklin.

By ANNIE STEVENS PERKINS.

Collect all the Franklin pictures obtainable from magazines, etc. Use Perry Pictures No. 110 (Franklin), No. 1417 (His Birthplace), No. 1418 (His Printing Press), No. 1377 (Old South Church, Boston), No. 1389B (Independence Hall, Philadelphia), No. 1390C (Independence Bell), etc. The pupils will enjoy making Franklin souvenir cards, with a few of his sayings in their best penmanship.

Q. When and where was Benjamin Franklin born?

A. Franklin was born Jan. 6, 1706 (old style reckoning of dates). The date corresponds with the seventeenth of January, as we reckon, and it is on that day we celebrate the anniversary of the birth of the great scientist and statesman. Franklin was born on Milk street in Boston, only a little way from the famous Old South Meeting House on Washington street. The baby Benjamin was born on Sunday, and he was carried to the Old South Meeting House, that very day, to be baptized. (Use Perry Picture.)

Q. Who were his father and mother and why had they come to Boston to live?

A. His father was Josiah Franklin, whose home in Northamptonshire, England, he left when he was a young man able to support himself. He learned to make soap and tallow candles. Hearing about the opportunities the new World afforded, Josiah Franklin came to Boston to live. He loved the new home here in America and it was here that Benjamin was born.

Franklin's mother was Abiah Folger. She was Josiah Franklin's second wife, whom he married after coming to America to live. Her father was Peter Folger, a surveyor of Nantucket and a student. Peter Folger learned some of the Indian dialects and taught some of the Indians to read and write.

Q. What kind of a child was the little boy Franklin?

A. He was a very bright child. He learned to read while he was very young and was always trying to find out about things he saw and heard.

Q. What schools did he attend?

A. His father wanted the boy to have a good education, so he sent him to the Boston grammar school. But he was too poor to bear even this small expense so he sent Benjamin to another, cheaper school. Two years in all was the extent of Franklin's school life. But his father, altho poor, was an intelligent man and could converse

well on many subjects. The home-life was simple but happy. Benjamin's father played the violin and sang in the evenings, after the work of the day was done.

Q. What work did the boy Franklin learn to do after leaving school?

A. He entered his father's shop to cut wicks and melt tallow.

Q. Did he like the work?

A. Not very well. He had many errands to do and he would often run both ways, when doing an errand, so as to be able to spend a little time near the shore. The sea fascinated him. He would have liked to go away to be a sailor and see strange countries. But his father was not willing; and Benjamin, like an obedient son, gave up the plan.

Q. Did Benjamin stay long in the candle-shop?

A. No. After a time, his father began to talk with him about other trades. They thought that, as the boy was so fond of reading, the printer's trade would be a good one for him to learn. He had a brother who had a printing office and press; so Benjamin was "apprenticed" to his brother. He liked the new work very much and he could read all the books he wanted to read.

Q. Did he like to read poetry?

A. He was very fond of reading poetry and began to write verse himself. His brother's paper printed many verses and prose letters of Benjamin's which the people liked. Benjamin used to slip the writings under the door and his brother did not know who sent them. Benjamin thought his brother and his father would make fun of him if they knew he wrote the articles.

Q. How did Benjamin happen to go to Philadelphia?

A. He and his brother had a disagreement. Benjamin could not get work in Boston, so he went away.

Q. Before we follow Benjamin to Philadelphia, will you please tell the story of the whistle and the story of Benjamin's saving his board money.

A. Benjamin Franklin learned many lessons from the book of life and experience and he gave other people the benefit of what he learned. This is the way he tells the story of the whistle, in his autobiography:

"When I was a child seven years old my friends; on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children and, being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me mind of what good things I might have bought with the rest of my money, and laughed at me so much for my folly that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure. This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing in my mind; so that, often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, 'Don't give too much for the whistle.' And I saved my

money. As I grew up, came into the world and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle."

The story of the board money also shows that Benjamin early learned to decide what were the best things to be chosen and how to use money wisely.

Benjamin's brother, to whom he was apprenticed, gave the boy his board, according to the usual agreement. Benjamin asked his brother to give him the money his board cost, in order that he might board himself and, by giving up meats, save something for books. He must have eaten sensible food and taken plenty of fresh air and exercise, for he thrived well and became strong.

Q. What can you tell us about Benjamin's leaving Boston?

A. When he found that he could not get work in Boston, he went to Philadelphia. He had a hard time getting to that city, and when he arrived he was soiled, tired, and hungry. He got three loaves of bread of a baker, put one under each arm and began eating the other vigorously. His extra clothing was stuffed into his pockets, so of course he looked odd and funny as he walked along. A pretty girl in a doorway made fun of him. Her name was Deborah Read. Franklin did not forget that the girl made fun of him. Afterwards, she was proud to know him and in the end she married him and made him a comfortable, cosy home, for Franklin found work, and his fortunes began to mend.

Q. Did Franklin remain in Philadelphia always?

A. He afterwards went to London. He had a good many ups and downs, hopes and disappointments, but he always had his trade to fall back upon and he kept his head above water. He stayed in London a year and a half, gaining much valuable experience, then he returned to Pennsylvania.

Q. Of what form of athletics was Franklin very fond?

A. Of swimming. He was an expert swimmer. While in London, he swam from a spot near Chelsea to Blackfriars, a distance of four miles.

Q. The publication of what periodical made Franklin famous?

A. When he was about twenty-six, he published a clever almanac, called "Poor Richard's Almanac." It contained many wise sayings. It became one of the greatest publications the world has ever known.

Q. By improving his spare moments, what accomplishments did Franklin attain?

A. He studied French, Latin, Italian; and Spanish. He practiced music a good deal and could play on the violin, the harp, and the guitar.

Q. Why should we think of Benjamin Franklin when we see willow trees?

A. Because, when there were no willow trees in our country, he planted a sprout which had come from an old willow basket and it grew. Willows grow rapidly in the damp places of our country and are often used for holding up roads in marshy places. Their roots form a network under the soil.

Q. When did people begin to call Franklin, Dr. Franklin, the great scientist?

A. After his experiment with the kite and the key, by which he drew electricity from the clouds during a thunder shower. This was the beginning of the use of that wonderful agent, electricity, which is now harnessed and made to do such wonderful things.

Q. What can you tell of his going to Europe again?

A. He was sent to Europe on important business for his country. He was welcomed, this time, as a great and influential man. He had become not only a scientist and philosopher but a statesman.

Q. With the making and signing of what famous document was Franklin concerned?

A. When the colonies decided they must become free from the tyranny of England, the chief men of the colonies drew up and signed the Declaration of Independence. Benjamin Franklin was one of the statesmen who helped make and who signed this famous document. It was at Philadelphia that the gathering was held.

It would be well to have given at this point, the recitation, "Independence Bell," beginning, "There was tumult in the city."

Q. On what errand was Franklin afterwards sent?

A. Because he could speak French and because he was a great, good, and unselfish man, he was asked to go to France to win favor for his countrymen at the gay French court. He was successful and France gave us aid.

Q. What can you tell of Paul Jones and Franklin?

A. Franklin's aid got for Paul Jones the ship called the "Bon Homme Richard," which was so named in honor of Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac."

Q. After our country became free from England, and Franklin had come home from France where he had done so much for his people, what very important matter was attended to?

A. The new country needed a Constitution and again the great men met together. Franklin was among them and gave them noble exhortations. He was then eighty-one years old, but he was able to be present at the sessions of the convention every day for four months.

Q. What can you tell of Franklin's last days?

A. He was helpful and honored, to the last. He died on the seventeenth of April, 1790, aged eighty-four years and three months. All the nation went into mourning for this great and good man. He is buried in Philadelphia in a graveyard at the corner of Fifth and Arch streets.

Q. What does one see in Boston honoring the great man who began his life in that city?

A. Before the City Hall, Boston, stands a fine bronze statue of Franklin. It was erected in 1856. The statue is after a model by the celebrated sculptor Greenough. The four sides of the pedestal are paneled and ornamented with bas-relief tablets of bronze, designed in Italy, and representing scenes in the life of Franklin. At the inauguration of the statue appropriate exercises were held.

Q. Will someone please read the poem of Mr. James T. Fields which was written for and rendered on this occasion?

A. Benjamin Franklin. By James T. Fields.

Give welcome to his sculptured form!
Art's splendid triumph here is won,
Thus let him stand in light and storm,
Our sea-girt city's greatest son.

His lineage sprung from honest toil,
Swart Labor trained his youthful hand;
High with the brave who freed our soil—
Where first he breathed let Franklin stand:

His genius stamped the Press with power;
His glance the glowing future saw;
His science curbed the fiery shower;
His wisdom stood with Peace and Law.

The world his story long has shrined—
To fame his spotless deeds belong—
His homely Truth, his ample Mind,
His Saxon hate of human Wrong.

Room for the gray-haired patriot-sage!
For here his genial life began;
Thus let him look from age to age,
And prompt new Thought ennobling Man.



A Franklin Character-Building Exercise.

Franklin's "Moral Guide."

Each participant should carry an oblong pasteboard box, or, better still, a brick, covered with crepe paper and bearing in large white letters on the front edge, the name of one of the following-named "Virtues." The colors of the paper should be red, white, blue, and the fifteen "Virtues" should be placed, one at a time, to form a pyramid,—five in the first row, four above, three above these, two, then one, the name on each toward the front of the stage.

First Pupil—Temperance. Eat not to dulness. Be temperate in all things.

Second Pupil—Silence. Speak nothing but what may benefit others or yourself. It is better to talk of things than of persons. Avoid trifling conversation.

Third Pupil—Order. Let all your things have their places. Let each part of your business have its time. Rise early and retire early.

Fourth Pupil—Resolution. Resolve to perform what you ought; perform, without fail, what you resolve.

Fifth Pupil—Frugality. Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself: i. e., waste nothing. Be economical, so that you may be charitable.

Sixth Pupil—Industry. Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions. Use up the bits and ends of time.

Seventh Pupil—Sincerity. Practice no deceit; think innocently and justly; and, if you speak, speak accordingly.

Eighth Pupil—Justice. Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty. It is just to be charitable, and it is charitable to be just.

Ninth Pupil—Moderation. Avoid extremes. Forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve. Cherish a steady zeal; a dignified self-respect.

Tenth Pupil—Cleanliness. Tolerate no uncleanness in body, clothes, or habitation.

Eleventh Pupil—Tranquility. Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.
Twelfth Pupil—Chastity. Carefully shun the company of such as are sensual or obscene; and let every thought, word, and action be regulated by a proper regard for modesty.

Thirteenth Pupil—Humility. Imitate Jesus. Great and good men are humble.

Fourteenth Pupil—Benevolence. Prove your love of God by your benevolence and usefulness to mankind.

Fifteenth Pupil—Piety. Trust, revere, and love your heavenly Father. Let your prayers be frequent and short.

The exercise may close with selections from the short sayings of Franklin. Ask the pupils to glean these for themselves. There are many good ones easily accessible.



Selections from the Writings of Benjamin Franklin.

The Kite Experiment.

PHILADELPHIA, 19 October, 1752.

SIR:

As frequent mention is made in public papers from Europe of the success of the Philadelphia experiment for drawing the electric fire from the clouds by means of pointed rods of iron erected on high buildings, etc., it may be agreeable to the curious to be informed that the same experiment has succeeded in Philadelphia, tho made in a different and more easy manner, which is as follows:

Make a small cross of two light strips of cedar; the arms so long as to reach to the four corners of a large thin silk handkerchief when extended; tie the corners of the handkerchief to the extremities of the cross, so you have the body of a kite; which, being properly accommodated with a tail, loop, and string, will rise in the air, like those made of paper; but this being of silk is fitter to bear the wet and wind of a thunder-gust without tearing. To the top of the upright stick of the cross is to be fixed a very sharp-pointed wire, rising a foot or two above the wood. To the end of the twine, next the hand, is to be tied a silk ribbon; and where the silk and twine join, a key may be fastened. This kite is to be raised when a thunder-gust appears to be coming on, and the person who holds the string must stand within a door or window, or under some cover, so that the silk ribbon may not be wet; and care must be taken that the twine does not touch the frame of the door or window. As soon as any of the thunder-clouds come over the kite, the pointed wire will draw the electric fire from them, and the kite, with all the twine, will be electrified, and the loose filaments of the twine will stand out every way, and be attracted by an approaching finger. And when the rain has wetted the kite and twine, so that it can conduct the electric wire freely, you will find it stream out plentifully from the key on the approach of your knuckle. At this key the phial may be charged, and from electric fire thus obtained spirits may be kindled, and all the other electric experiments be performed, which are usually done by the help of a rubbed glass globe or tube, and thereby the sameness of the electric

matter with that of lightning completely demonstrated.

B. FRANKLIN.

A letter to Peter Collinson. It was read before the Royal Society.

The Whistle.

When I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind of what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing in my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, Don't give too much for the whistle; and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle.

When I saw one too ambitious of court favor, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, This man gives too much for his whistle.

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles; neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, He, says, indeed, said I, too much for his whistle.

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens; and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, Poor, man, said I, you pay too much for your whistle.

When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune to mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, Mistaken man, said I, you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.

If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in prison, Alas! say I, he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.

In short, I conceive that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

Yet I ought to have charity for these unhappy people, when I consider that, with all this wisdom of which I am boasting, there are certain things in the world so tempting, for example, the apples of King John, which happily are not to be bought;

for if they were put up to sale by auction, I might very easily be led to ruin myself in the purchase, and find that I had once more given too much for the whistle.

B. FRANKLIN.

Some of Poor Richard's Sayings.

A word to the wise is enough.

God helps them that helps themselves.

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright.

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time; for that is the stuff life is made of.

The sleeping fox catches no poultry.

There will be sleeping enough in the grave.

If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality.

Lost time is never found again, and what we call time enough always proves little enough.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy.

He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night.

Drive thy business, let not that drive thee.

Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands.

He that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor.

At the workingman's house hunger looks in but dares not enter.

Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.

Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.

The cat in gloves catches no mice.

Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.

The diligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, everybody bids me good-morrow.

Three removes are as bad as a fire.

If you would have your business done, go. If not, send.

Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.

Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities.

When the well is dry, they know the worth of water.

Vessels large may venture more,

But little boats should keep near shore.

If you will not hear Reason she will surely rap your knuckles.

We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.



Pieces to Speak



January.

To and fro,
To and fro,
Athwart the tingling icy air,
The linden branches blow, and so,
With warp of wind and woof of snow,
The weaver Winter's shuttles go;
Such garment rare
The earth shall wear,
No softest ermine, neither vair,
Nor royal robing anywhere,
Nor any cunning looms may show
A fabric half so fair.
Upon the peach and apple trees
A thousand frosty fringes freeze;
The moon-vines lace the lattice bars
In filmy filigrees.
The grass is flecked with flaky stars;
The clover-tufts are hid from sight;
And, now and then, a bird alight
With burst of gleeful flutter, jars
The pearly-laden red rose-hips,
And tilting airily, so tips
A tiny tempest, pelting down
The slender briars bare and brown
Or else some sudden flurry stirs
The fleecy drifts that freight the firs,
And swept from silvery tassels slips
A swirling cloud of trailing, bright,
Like scarfs of powdered white.
Aye, richly, Winter, to and fro
Thus let your silver shuttles go,
Till every sparkling web is spun;
Still, with rare skill, unceasing ply
Your artful trickeries, and try
All chill enchantments, every one
Of all devices to beguile
This dreary overweary while
Wherein we wait the sun;
And since the north must yet prevail,
And bitter cheerless winds assail,
Come, white-wing'd snows, and over all
Like shreds of floating feathers fall,
And lightly lie!
So, by and by,
—Ah, by and by!—
Like blue flakes from an azure sky,
The April birds will fly.

—EVELEEN STEIN

The Two-Wink Express

You must live, I am told, to be sixty or so,
To go on this fast express;
There's a mellow bell and a whistle low,
As it stops at Drowsiness.
There you step aboard and you move
away
'Round the curve of Care-set-free,
Then you cross the bridge of Another-day
To the land of Used-to-be.
Oh, the mountains are blue and the val-
leys are green,
And the flowers are purest gold;
And the leaves are tipped with diamonds,
I ween,
And nothing in life grows old.
For now we stop at the station, Youth,
And we greet all the folks we know,
And the dreams we dreamed we forget are
truth
As we live in the Long-ago.
The school-house stands in the same old
place,
We cross the knife-carved stile;
At every desk a familiar face
Looks up with a welcoming smile.
No work, no worry—just fun and noise,
No teacher stern is here;
And roguish girls and jolly boys
Have never a care or a fear.
The old home hides in its bower of trees,
The old gate's open wide;
The old dog barks till he plainly sees
A loved one by his side.
And mother and father and all the rest
Are just as they used to be;
And a head is pressed to a throbbing
breast,
And a light heart leaps in glee.
There's a mellow bell and a whistle low,
And our train comes a rushing by;
And we're drawn on board before we
know,
In the twinkling of an eye.
'Tis the thru express to Old-Age-Land—
There's a sound of a tight'ning brake,
And the trainman calls in a loud com-
mand
"All out for Wide-awake!"

—JOHN L. SHROY.

"When the Teacher Gets Cross."

When the teacher gets cross, and her
brown eyes get black,
And her pencil comes down on the desk
with a whack,
We chilluns in class sets up straight in line
As if we had rulers instead of a spine.
It's scary to cough, and it's not safe to
grin,
When the teacher gets cross and the
dimples goes in.
When the teacher gets cross the tables all
mix,
And the ones and the sevens begin playin'
tricks;
The pluses and minuses is just little smears
Where the cry-babies cry all their slates
up with tears,
The figgers won't add, and they act up
like sin,
When the teacher gets cross and the
dimples goes in.
When the teacher gets cross, the readers
gets bad,
The lines jungle round till the chilluns is
sad,
And Billy boy puffs and gets red in the
face,
As if he and the lesson were running a
race,
Till she hollers out "Next!" as sharp as a
pin,
When the teacher gets cross and the
dimples goes in.
When the teacher gets good, her smiles
is so bright,
The tables gets straight and the readers
gets right.
The pluses and minuses come trooping
along,
And figgers add up and stop bein' wrong,
And we chilluns would like (but we
dassen't) to shout,
When the teacher gets good and the
dimples comes out.

—Rochester Express

Lazy Bones.

By SUSIE M. BEST. Ohio.

I know a little lady,
Her name is Lazy Bones,
When'er she has a task to do,
You hear her groan and grumble, too,
In discontented tones.

She's not a pleasant lady,
She lolls and leans and yawns;
She never enters in the race,
And never tries to win a place
Except among the pawns.

I'm sorry for this lady,
Her pleasures are so few;
She doesn't know the prize is gained
And all life's noblest joys attained
By those who dare and do.

Beautiful Grandmamma.

Grandmamma sits in her quaint arm-
chair;
Never was lady more sweet and fair;
Her gray locks ripple like silver shells,
And her own brow its story tells
Of a gentle life and peaceful even,
A trust in God, and a hope in heaven.

Little girl Mary sits rocking away
In her own low seat, like some winsome
fay;
Two doll babies her kisses share,
And another one lies by the side of her
chair;
May is as fair as the morning dew,
Cheeks of roses and ribbons of blue.
"Say, Grandmamma," says the pretty
elf,
"Tell me a story about yourself,
When you were little, what did you play?
Were you good or naughty the whole long
day?
Was it hundreds and hundreds of years
ago?
And what makes your soft hair as white
as snow?

Did you have a mamma to hug and kiss?
And a dolly like this, and this, and this?
Did you have a pussy like my little Kate?
Did you go to bed when the clock struck
eight?
Did you have long curls, and beads like
mine?
And a new silk apron with ribbons fine?"

Grandmamma smiled at the little maid,
And laying aside her knitting she said:
"Go to my desk, and a red box you'll see;
Carefully lift it, and bring it to me."
So May put her dollies away, and ran,
Saying, "I'll be as careful as ever I can."

Then Grandmamma opened the box, and
lo!
A beautiful child with throat like snow,
Lip just tinted like pink shells rare,
Eyes of hazel, and golden hair,
Hands all dimpled, and teeth like pearls—
Fairest and sweetest of little girls.

"Oh! who is it?" cried winsome May,
"How I wish she were here to-day!
Wouldn't I love her like everything;
Wouldn't I with her frolic and sing!
Say, dear Grandmamma, who can she
be?"
"Darling," said Grandmamma, "I was
she."

May looked long at the dimpled grace,
And then at the saint-like, fair old face;
"How funny!" she cried, with a smile
and a kiss,
To have such a dear little grandma as
this!

Still," she added, with smiling zest,
"I think, dear Grandma, I like *you* best."

So May climed on the silken knee,
And Grandmamma told her history;
What plays she played, what toys she had,
How at times she was naughty, or good,
or sad,

"But the best thing you did," said May,
"don't you see,"
Was to grow a beautiful Grandma for
me."

—Selected.

Pussy Cat.

Pussy-cat lives in the servants' hall,
She can set up her back and purr;
The little Mice live in a crack in the wall,
But they hardly dare venture to stir;

For whenever they think of taking the air,
Or filling their little maws,
The Pussy-Cat says, "Come out if you
dare;

I will catch you all with my claws."
Scrabble, scrabble, scrabble, went all the
little Mice,
For they smelt the Cheshire cheese;
The Pussy-Cat said, "It smells very nice,
Now do come out, if you please."

"Squeak," said the little Mouse;
"Squeak, squeak, squeak,"
Said all the young ones too;
"We never creep out when cats are about,
Because we are afraid of you."

So the cunning old Cat lay down on a mat
By the fire in the servants' hall;
"If the little Mice peep, they'll think I'm
asleep;"
So she rolled herself up like a ball.

"Squeak," said the little Mouse, "we'll
creep out
And eat some Cheshire cheese,
That silly old cat is asleep on the mat,
And we may sup at our ease."

Nibble, nibble, nibble, went all the little
Mice,
And they licked their little paws;
Then the cunning old Cat sprang up from
the mat,
And caught them all with her claws.

—Selected.

How to Look When Speaking.

"Louisa, my love," Mrs. Manners began,
"I fear you are learning to stare;
To avoid looking bold, I must give you a
plan,
Quite easy to practice with care.

It is not a lady's or gentleman's eyes
You should look at whenever ad-
dressed,
Whilst hearing them speak, or in making
replies,
To look at the mouth is the best.

This method is modest, and easy to learn
When children are glad to be taught;
And ah! what a pleasure it is in return,
To speak and to look as you ought!"

—Selected.

The Milkmaid.

A milkmaid, who poised a full pail on her
head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is
said:
"Let's see—I should think that this milk
would procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore to be
sure.

"Well, then—stop a bit—it must not be
forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some
may be rotten;
But if twenty for accidents should be
detached,
It will leave me me just sixty sound eggs
to be hatched.

"Well,—sixty sound eggs—no, sound
chickens I mean;
Of these some may die—we'll suppose
seventeen;—
Seventeen!—not so many—say ten at the
most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or
to roast.

"But then, there's their barley; how
much will they need?
Why, they take but one grain at a time
when they feed;
So that's a mere trifle;—now, then, let us
see,
At a fair market price, how much money
there'll be.

"Six shillings a pair—five—four—three—
and six;
To prevent ail mistakes, that low price I
will fix;
Now what will that make?—fifty chick-
ens, I said,—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—I'll ask
Brother Ned.

"O, but stop!—three-and-sixpence—*pair*
I mus' sell 'em,
Well, a pair is a couple—now, then, let us
tell 'em;
A couple in fifty will go—(my poor brain!)
Why just a score times, and five pair will
remain.

"Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how
plaguesome it is
That I can't reckon up so much money as
this!
Well, there's no use in trying; so let's give
a guess;
I will say twenty pounds, and it can't be
much less.

"Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy
me a cow,
Thirty geese, two turkeys, and eight pigs,
anyhow;
Now if these turn out well, at the end of
the year
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas,
'tis clear.

"Then I'll bid that old tumble-down
hovel good-by;
My mother she'll scold, and my sisters
they'll cry;
But I won't care a crow's egg for all they
can say;
I shan't go to stop with such beggars as
they!"
But forgetting her burden, when this she
had said,
The maid superciliously tossed up her
head;
When alas for her prospects! her milk-pail
descended;
And so all her schemes for the future were
ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely at-
tached:
Reckon not on your chickens before they
are hatched.

—JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

The Poor Man.

By CHARLES W. STEVENSON.

Let pity bend with tender eyes
Above misfortune and defeat;
The way is thick with rude surprise,
The path with plunder is replete!
Plans made with patient caution fail,
Hope after hope will sometimes fall;
The sighted sea may bear no sail,
The unknown rise a rocklike wall.

Success will never come to some:
To one, the failure—tho he tries;
To one, strong effort and—a crumb;
Another shall be rich and wise.
Help him, good friend, who is in need,
Say not "to all, all things belong."
That wealth is the unholy greed
Of one who does the world a wrong;
Assail no man whose prize is won,
Ask not that poor men have all place
But strive wherever deeds are done,
And do thy best to win the race!



The Children of the Year.

JANUARY.

January! tall and bold,
Stern of feature, distant, cold,
Is the eldest of my band.
Shake him warmly by the hand,
For his heart is good and true;
He is planning something new
Always, for his home and friends.
Cold and distant tho he be,
He is very dear to me.

FEBRUARY.

February, next in years,
As a little boy appears,
He's so very short and small;
But he's sturdy after all.
He can skate and coast and slide,
And his sisters, in their pride,
Greet him warmly, for they know
He must brave the winter's snow.

MARCH.

Slipping, sliding into view,
Here comes March! How do you do?
He's a noisy boy as ever
Breathed the breath of life, for never
Is he still unless he's sleeping,
"Stormy March" is oft his greeting;
Yet he's kind as he can be,
And his heart is full of glee.

APRIL.

Next comes April, fretful child,
Sweet at times, then cross and wild;
Cries a great deal, then she's sunny.
All her brothers call her "Funny."
But she has a loving face,
And her form is full of grace;
Bright blue eyes and sunny hair
Fall to pretty April's share.

MAY.

Here comes lovely, laughing May!
What can she have done to-day—
Roaming o'er the meadow sweet,
With the daisies at her feet,
And the buttercups so gay
Smiling at her all the way?
Little May's a fav' red child,
Gentle, loving meek and mild.

JUNE.

June is queen among them all;
Roses blossom at her call;
All her paths are strewn with flowers
Thru the long, bright, sunny hours.
Lovely June, with gentle hand,
Scatters blessings o'er the land;
Paints the roses, white and red,
While the pansies in their bed
Open wide their sleepy eyes.
June has such a happy way
That the neighbors always say,
"Come again another day."

JULY.

Panting with the noontide heat,
Thirsty, tired, with weary feet,
Comes July, my brave July.
Rising early as the dawn,
While the dew is on the lawn,
Off he goes with whistle gay
To the meadows far away,
Where the grass and clover bloom,
Yielding up their sweet perfume.

AUGUST.

August says: "The ripened grain
Is all garnered from the rain;
Let us go and have a play,
By the seaside far away,
Where there is no work to fear,
We will rest, and dream, and hear
What the voices of the sea
Have to say to you and me."

SEPTEMBER.

September appears with a bounding rush
That seems to say:
"I can put your merriest one to the blush
At work or play!"
He fills our mouths with his grapes and
pears;
He rattles his nuts about our ears;
We gathers his apples and binds his
sheaves,
While the days whirl by like the whirling
leaves;
Say who could buy
Better company
Than gay September, for you and me.

OCTOBER.

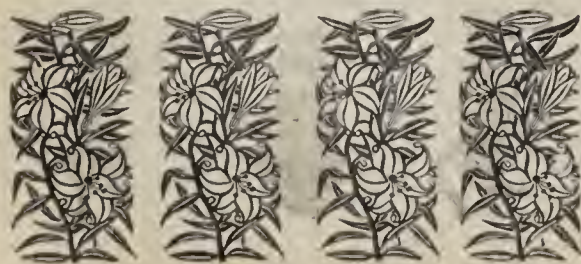
October comes in late; you must ex-
cuse her! She has been up all night upon
the river and on the hill-tops, seeking a
place where she may now begin her
autumn painting. All thru the day she's
painting pears and apples, but when the
evening comes she sallies forth, with
brush and palette, to brighten up the
fading leaves and grasses.

NOVEMBER.

Ah! here's November!—She's the sad-
dest child I have; she hardly ever smiles,
and makes all other people sad about her.
Nobody loves November, and yet she has
charms which all my other children might
be proud to have.

DECEMBER.

December! last of all—he loves a frolic
just as well as any one I know—and, like
his older brothers, he can skate and slide.
He loves the winter,—and is happiest in a
snow-storm; he revels in the drifts, and
thinks the cold north wind is nothing but
a plaything. I love them all. Each is
my favorite child. A fonder, happier
mother never lived.
—From "Little Pieces for the Children,"
Compiled by V. J. Campbell.



Bluebeard—For Concert Recitation

Centuries since there flourished a man,—
A cruel old Tartar as rich as the Khan.—
Whose castle was built on a splendid plan,
With gardens and groves and planta-
tions;
But his shaggy beard was as blue as the
sky,
And he lived alone, for his neighbors were
shy,
And had heard hard stories, by the by,
About his domestic relations.

Just on the opposite side of the plain
A widow abode with her daughters twain;
And one of them—neither cross nor vain
Was a beautiful little treasure;
So he sent them an invitation to tea,
And, having a natural wish to see
His wonderful castle and gardens, all
three

Said they'd do themselves the pleasure.

As soon as there happened a pleasant day,
They dressed themselves in a sumptuous
way,

And rode to the castle as proud and gay
As silk and jewels could make them;
And they were received in the finest style,
And saw everything that was worth their
while,

In the halls of Bluebeard's grand old pile,
Where he was so kind as to take them.

The ladies were all enchanted quite,
For they found old Bluebeard so polite
That they did not suffer at all from fright,
And frequently called thereafter.
Then he offered to marry the younger one,
And as she was willing the thing was done,
And celebrated by all the ton
With feasting and with laughter.

As kind a husband as ever was seen
Was Bluebeard then for a month, I ween;
And she was as proud as any queen,
And as happy as she could be, too;
But her husband called her to him one
day,
And said, "My dear, I am going away;
It will not be long that I shall stay;
There is business for me to see to.

"The keys of my castle I leave with you
But if you value my love, be true,
And forbear to enter the Chamber of
Blue!

Farewell, Fatima! Remember!"
Fatima promised him; then she ran
To visit the rooms with her sister Ann;
But when she had finished the tour, she
began

To think about the Blue Chamber.
Well, the woman was curiously inclined,
So she left her sister and prudence behind
(With a little excuse), and started to find
The mystery forbidden.

The room was gloomy and damp and
wide,

And the floor was red with the bloody
tide

From headless women, laid side by side,
The wives of her lord and master!
Frightened and fainting she dropped the
key,

But seized it and lifted it quickly; then
she

Hurried as swiftly as she could flee
From the scene of the disaster.

She tried to forget the terrible dead,
But shrieked when she saw that the key
was red,

And sickened and shook with an awful
dread

When she heard Bluebeard was coming.
He did not appear to notice her pain;
But he took his keys, and, seeing the
stain,

He stopped in the middle of the refrain
That he had been quietly humming.

"Mighty well, madam!" said he,—
"mighty well!

What does this little blood-stain tell?
You've broken your promise; prepare to
dwell

With the wives I've had before you!
You've broken your promise, and you
shall die."

Then Fatima, supposing her death was
nigh,

Fell on her knees and began to cry,
"Have mercy, I implore you!"

"No! shouted Bluebeard, drawing his
sword;

"You shall die this very moment," he
roared.

"Grant me time to prepare to meet my
Lord,"

The terrified woman entreated.

"Only ten minutes," he roared again;
And, holding his watch by its great gold
chain,

He marked on the dial the fatal ten,
And retired till they were completed.

"Sister, O, sister, fly up to the tower!
Look for release from this murderer's
power!

Our brothers should be here this very
hour;—

Speak! Does there come assistance?"
"No; I see nothing but sheep on the hill."
Look again, sister!" "I'm looking still,
But naught can I see whether good or ill,
Save a flurry of dust in the distance."

"Time's up!" shouted Bluebeard, out
from his room;

"This moment shall witness your terrible
doom,

And give you a dwelling within the room
Whose secrets you have invaded."

"Comes there no help for my terrible
need?"

"There are horsemen twain riding hither
with speed."

"O, tell them to ride very fast indeed,
Or I must meet death unaided!"

"Time's fully up! Now have done with
your prayer,"

Shouted Bluebeard, swinging his sword
on the stair;

Then he entered, and grasping her beauti-
ful hair,

Swung his glittering weapon around
him;

But a loud knock rang at the castle gate,
And Fatima was saved from her terrible
fate,

For, shocked with surprise, he paused too
late;

And then the two soldiers found him.

They were her brothers, and, quick as
they knew

What the fiend was doing, their swords
they draw,

And attacked him fiercely, and ran him
thru,

So that soon he was mortally wounded.
With a wild remorse was his conscience
filled

When he thought of the hapless wives he
had killed;

But quickly the last of his blood was
spilled,

And his dying groan was sounded.

'Twas a private funeral Bluebeard had;
For the people knew he was very bad,
And, tho they said nothing, they all
were glad

For the fall of the evil-doer;

But Fatima first ordered some graves to
be made,

And there the unfortunate ladies were
laid,

And after some painful months, with the
aid

Of her friends, her spirits came to her.

Then she cheered the hearts of the suffer-
ing poor,

And an acre of land around each door,
And a cow, and a couple of sheep, or
more,


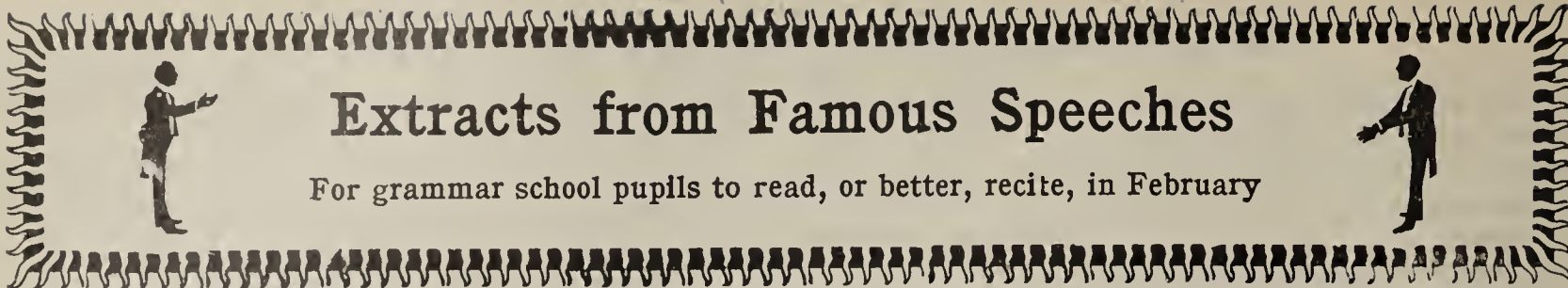
To her tenantry she granted.

So all of them had enough to eat,
And their love for her was so complete
They would kiss the dust from her little
feet,


Or do anything she wanted.

—J. T. TROWBRIDGE





Extracts from Famous Speeches



For grammar school pupils to read, or better, recite, in February

A Tribute to Washington.

THO the newest of the great nations of the world, none can surpass us in veneration for the founders of our liberty, the men who sacrificed the comforts of their luxurious homes, and the prospects of unlimited wealth for the cheerless camp and the perilous battlefield, and wrested our enslaved land from the hand of oppression, and laid the cornerstone of our glorious republic.

On Feb. 22, 1732, George Washington, to whom we unanimously turn as the colossal giant of our history, was born. Tho the one hundredth anniversary of his death has been but recently commemorated his memory grows keener with each succeeding year, and his sterling qualities and unblemished character are better appreciated with each step toward a fuller freedom and a broader life than he could have dreamed of.

No nation has reared to its chosen hero a more splendid monument than we, the people of the Union, have done for the "Father of Our Country" in the beautiful city which bears his name, our National Capital. Situated in the very heart of the scenes of his activity, surrounded by points made memorable in both our great struggles, the first of which made us a nation, and the last of which proved it impossible that we should ever be a house divided against itself, its very name kindles into new flame the sometimes seemingly smoldering fires of our patriotism.

With feelings of curiosity we visit the spacious buildings where for so many years the laws of our land have been enacted, and whose walls echo and re-echo the thrilling speeches of the statesmen whose names have shed luster on the pages of our history. With pride almost akin to awe we traverse the corridors of the magnificent library building which, for its kind, stands almost without a peer in the world. With wonder we clamber the winding stairway that leads to the summit of the Washington Monument and look upon the "City of Magnificent Distances" with its domes and spires pointing skyward, spread out below us. We tread with reverent sorrow the well-kept paths of Arlington, where sleep thousands of the brave boys of '61. Nowhere, however, do we love to linger as we do at Mount Vernon, the beautiful home and final resting place of George and Martha Washington. Neither the pencil of the artist, nor the fancy of the poet can picture a spot more delightful or more suggestive of rest and contentment than this old Virginia home overlooking the placid Potomac.

By a circuitous roadway leading from the river, we enter the spacious grounds. Halfway up the slope we pause beside the unpretentious tomb and look upon the marble sarcophagi which contain

all that is mortal of Washington and his wife. Resuming our upward course, we enter the house whose every room speaks of the hospitality of its former occupants. We walk out upon the broad piazza, and in our mind's eye we see pacing up and down, the statesmen and warriors who there discussed and solved the problem of our emancipation. We go farther and enter the old-fashioned garden filled with the odor of roses, with its hedges of box placed there by the direction of the owner himself, Washington becomes a reality indeed. We no longer think of him as a man of whom we have read, but he stands before us the personification of the courteous gentleman, the systematic man of the world, the noblest of patriots who, tho dead these hundred years, yet lives among us by the power of a well-spent life.

Washington as an Example.

Patriots of America—and military officers of every name, view the great example that is set before you. Emulate the virtues of Washington, and in due time your heads will also be adorned with the wreath of honor. Here you learn what is true and unfading glory. You will see that it is not the man who is led on by the blind impulse of ambition; who rushes into the midst of embattled hosts merely to show his contempt of death; or who wastes fair cities or depopulates rich provinces,—to spread far the terrors of his name—who is admired and praised as the true hero and friend of mankind;—but the man, who, in obedience to the public voice, appears in arms for the salvation of his country, shuns no perils in a just cause, endeavors to alleviate instead of increase the calamities of war, and whose aim is to strengthen and adorn the temple of liberty, as resting on the immovable basis of virtue and religion. The voice of justice and the voice of suffering humanity forbid us to bestow the palm of true valor on the mad exploits of the destroyers of mankind.

Washington's delight was to save, not to destroy. His greatest glory is, that with small armies and the loss of few lives—compared with the wastes of other wars—he made his country free and happy.—ROBERT DAVIDSON.

Washington's Birthday.

The birthday of the "Father of his Country." May it ever be freshly remembered by American hearts; may it ever reawaken in them a filial veneration for his memory; ever rekindle the fires of patriotic regard for the country which he loved so well, to which he gave his youthful vigor and his youthful energy; to which he devoted his life in the maturity of his powers, in the field; to

which again he offered the counsels of his wisdom and his experience as president of the convention that framed our constitution; which he guided and directed while in the chair of state, for which the last prayer of his earthly supplication was offered up when it came the moment for him so well, and so grandly, and so calmly to die. He was the first man of the time in which he grew. His memory is first and most sacred in our love, and ever hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and of might.

Yes, gentlemen, there is one personal, one vast felicity which no man can share with him. It was the daily beauty and towering and matchless glory of his life which enabled him to create his country and at the same time secure an undying love and regard for the whole American people. "The first in the hearts of his countrymen." Yes, first! He has our first and most fervent love. Undoubtedly there were brave and wise and good men before his day in every colony. But the American nation, as a nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774, and the first love of that young America, was Washington. The first word

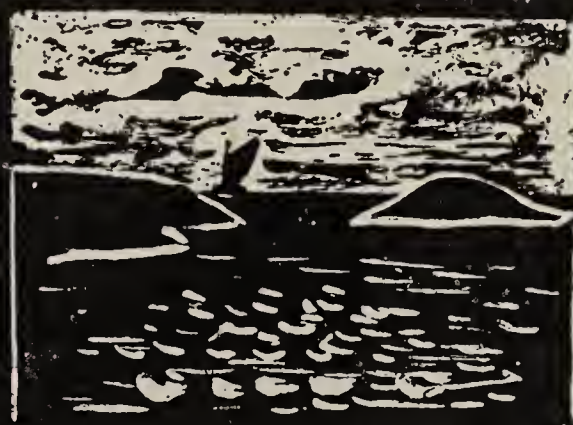
she lisped was his name. Her earliest breath spoke it. It still is her proud ejaculation and it will be the last gasp of her expiring life!—RUFUS CHOATE.

From Washington's Inaugural Address.

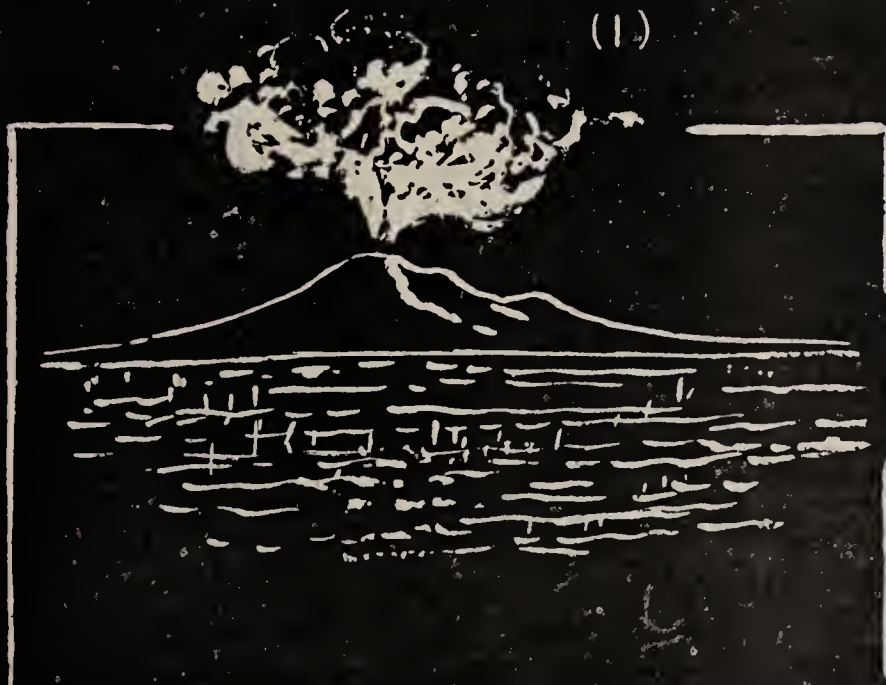
It would be peculiarly improper to omit in this first official act my fervent supplication to that Almighty Being who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils of nations, and whose providential aids can supply every human defect that His benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States, a government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes, and may enable every instrument employed in its administration to execute with success the functions allotted to its charge. In tendering this homage to the Great Author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your sentiments not less than my own, nor those of my fellow-citizens at large less than either. No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the Invisible hand which conducts the affairs of man more than the people



(1)



(2)



(3)



(4)

of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of Providential Agency."

To the preceding observations I have one to add. It concerns myself and will therefore be as brief as possible. When I was first honored with a call into the service of my country, the light in which I contemplated my duty required that I should renounce every pecuniary compensation. From this resolution I have in no instance departed, and being still under the impressions which produced it, I must decline as inapplicable to myself any share in the personal emoluments which may be indispensably included in a permanent provision for the executive department; and must accordingly pray that the pecuniary estimates for the station in which I am placed, during my continuance in it, be limited to such actual expenditures as the public good may be thought to require.

Delivered April 30, 1789.

Supposed Speech of John Adams on the Declaration of Independence.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity that shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it and it is ours.

Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? . . . If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or give up the war? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. . . . The war must go on. We must fight it thru. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. . . .

Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who first heard the roar of America's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure and my whole heart is in it. All that I have and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now here ready to stake upon it—and I leave off as I begun—that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment,

and, by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment—independence now; and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER.

The Twenty-Second of February.

Gentlemen, a most auspicious omen salutes and cheers us, this day. This day is the anniversary of the birth of Washington. Washington's birthday is celebrated from one end of the land to the other. The whole atmosphere of the country is the day redolent of his principles,—the hills, the rocks, the groves, the vales, and the rivers, shout their praises, and resound with his fame. All the good whether learned or unlearned, high or low, rich or poor, feel this day there is one treasure common to them all; and that is the fame of Washington. They all recount his deeds, ponder over his principles and teaching, and resolve to be more and more guided by them in the future.

To the old and young, to all born in this land, and to all whose preferences have led them to make it the home of their adoption, Washington is an exhilarating theme. Americans are proud of his character; all exiles from foreign shores are eager to participate in admiration of him; and it is true that he is, this day, here, everywhere, all over the world, more an object of regard than on any former day since his birth.

Gentlemen, by his example, and under the guidance of his precepts, will we and our children uphold the Constitution. Under his military leadership, our fathers conquered their ancient enemies; and, under the outspread banner of his political and constitutional principles, will we conquer now. To that standard we shall adhere, and uphold it, thru evil report and good report. We will sustain it, and meet death itself; if it comes, we will ever encounter and defeat error, by day and by night, in light or in darkness—thick darkness if it come, till

"Danger's troubled night is o'er,
And the star of peace return."

—DANIEL WEBSTER.

I see in Washington a great soldier, who fought a trying war to a successful end impossible without him; a great statesman who did more than all other men to lay the foundations of a republic which has endured in prosperity for more than a century. I find in him a marvelous judgment which was never at fault, a penetrating vision which beheld the future of America when it was dim to other eyes, a great intellectual force, a will of iron, an unyielding grasp of facts, and an unequalled strength of patriotic purpose. I see in him, too, a pure and high-minded gentleman of dauntless courage and stainless honor, simple and stately of manner, kind and generous of heart. Such he was in truth. The historian and the biographer may fail to do him justice, but the instinct of mankind will not fail. The real hero needs not books to give him worshippers. George Washington will always receive the love and reverence of men, because they see embodied in him the noblest possibilities of humanity.—HENRY CABOT LODGE.

Maxims of George Washington

Commerce and industry are the best mines of a nation.

Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses of everyone.

Ingratitude, I hope, will never constitute a part of my character, nor find a place in my bosom.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

To persevere is one's duty, and to be silent is the best answer to calumny.

I never wish to promise more than I have a moral certainty of performing.

I shall never attempt to palliate my own foibles by exposing the error of another.

It is a maxim with me not to ask what, under similar circumstances, I would not grant.

Be courteous to all, but intimate with few: and let these be well tried before you give them your confidence.

Associate with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

A good character is the first essential in a man. It is, therefore, highly important to endeavor not only to be learned, but virtuous.

I am resolved that no misrepresentations, falsehoods, or calumny shall make me swerve from

what I conceive to be the strict line of duty.

Idleness is disreputable under any circumstances; productive of no good even when unaccompanied by vicious habits.

Economy in all things is as commendable in the manager, as it is beneficial and desirable to the employer.

Rise early, that by habit it may become familiar, agreeable, healthy, and profitable. It may for a while be irksome to do this, but that will wear off; and the practice will produce a rich harvest forever thereafter, whether in public or in private walks of life.

Success will crown our efforts, if we firmly and resolutely determine to conquer or to die.

I would therefore earnestly recommend in every path of duty, willingness to undertake and intrepid resolution to execute.

Nothing but harmony, honest industry, and frugality are necessary to make us a great nation.

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an honest man.

My first wish is to see the whole world in peace and the inhabitants of it one band of brothers,



The Capitol Building at Washington, D. C.

showing who should contribute more to the happiness of mankind.

The cause of liberty and virtue is confined to no continent or climate. It comprehends within its capacious limits the wise and good, however dispersed and separated in space or distance.

The cause of America, and of liberty, is the cause of every virtuous American citizen.

Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly; nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

Be courteous to all, but intimate with few.

If a man cannot act in all respects as he could wish, he must do what appears best under the circumstances he is in.

Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

There should be no North, no South, no East, no West—but a common country.

I never say anything of a man that I have the smallest scruple of saying to him.

Nothing will hasten peace more than to be in a condition for war.

The best and only safe road to honor, glory, and true dignity, is justice.

There is no experience equal to that which is bought.

Among individuals, the most certain way to make a man your enemy is to tell him you esteem him such.

Time only can eradicate and overcome customs and prejudices of long standing, they must be got the better of by slow and gradual advances.

May our country never want props to support the glorious fabric.

We must take human nature as we find it; perfection falls not to the share of mortals.

From thinking proceeds speaking; thence to acting is often but a single step.

Do not conceive that fine clothes make fine men more than fine feathers make fine birds.

Let us have a government by which our lives, liberties and properties will be secured.

Our Presidents---A Lecture

By T. B. Weaver, Ohio

A boy places on platform an inverted V-shaped easel on which, facing the school, is suspended a chart consisting of six large sheets of white paper. The first has on it the words, OUR PRESIDENTS, A LECTURE; the second, a picture of Washington and the word TRUTHFULNESS; the third, a picture of Lincoln and the word HONESTY; the fourth, a picture of McKinley and the word KINDNESS; the fifth, a picture of Roosevelt and the word EARNESTNESS; the sixth, has choice quotations from these men. Having placed the chart on the easel, he steps forward and recites:

Ev'ry earnest girl and boy
Should labor to be great;
Strive to reach the highest joy,
To win the highest state.
Eagles soaring out of sight,
Can but wildly scream;
But the meadow-lark's low flight
Is a summer dream.

Let us study in a way,
Humble tho it be,
How we too may bless our day,
And true pleasure see.

Here he folds back the first sheet, and resumes:

Washington, whose honored name
Ev'rywhere is linked with fame,
Craved one thing his life to bless,
'Twas the grace of truthfulness.
True to home, to native land,
True to duty's stern command;
He it was this flag unfurled,
Grandest flag in all the world.

Folds over this sheet and continues:

Here's a face where one can trace
Sorrow, care, and earnest thought;
'Mid the furrows hides a grace,
Far too precious to be bought;
In this homely man, we find
If we search, with motive true,
Honesty with all mankind,—
Honest, just, to all he knew.

Lays back this sheet and continues:

Here's a man both good and great,
Victim of a Lincoln's fate;
But the labors of his hand
Will forever bless our land.
Great was he in deed and speech,
True was he to ev'ry trust;

Far beyond the foul hand's reach
Dwelt his soul so pure and just.
Goodness was the grace he wore,
Goodness 'mid the greed of gain;
Goodness was his richest store,
Which shall bless our wide domain.

He folds back this sheet and says:

If I should ask you for the name
Of this great man whose face you see,
And for the trait on which his fame
Shall be fixed in history,
Love of home, of truth and right;
These, I fancy, you'd express;
But, I think his greatest might
Is the grace of earnestness.

Let us rise with hands so free,
And with pride and gladness meant;
Greet the man whose face you see,
Roosevelt, our President.

Here the school rises and greets the President with military salute; school being seated, he folds back this sheet, and pointing to the various epigrams of the Presidents referred to, the school reads them as pointed out.

The following sayings may be written on this sheet:

WASHINGTON.—Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promises.

Example is more powerful than precept; wherein you reprove another, be unblamable yourself.

LINCOLN.—With malice toward none, with charity for all.

MCKINLEY.—America the inspiration of the world.

No nation can live half slave, half free.

ROOSEVELT.—The greatest and most dangerous rock in the course of any republic is that of class hatred.

This government is not; nor ever shall be the government of a mob.



History and Citizenship



Historical Queries.

By J. T. HOFFMAN, Pennsylvania.

What teacher does not long for a plan whereby the order of class recitation in advanced history may be improved? What class variations can be instituted that will stimulate the pupils to a greater desire for this valuable subject? How may such variations best be applied in class recitation?

The careful teacher is constantly on the alert, finding out ways and means of making improvements along this line. It is only just that this should be so; otherwise the pupils would be deprived of their natural rights and privileges in school life.

The subject of history in the advanced grades affords ample opportunities for interesting and beneficial recitations. If the ordinary routine of class recitation be followed continually, lack of interest is bound to root deeply and firmly upon the class, and very little real knowledge is usually acquired. This fact alone should stimulate teachers to change their manner of recitation once in a while when class-work is particularly "dull." One of the great principles of education is the securing and holding attention.

To attain this end, judicious variations in recitations and in preparation can profitably be made use of.

Inculcate the idea that pupils have a privilege of doing work other than that required in the way of preparation of the regular lessons in the text-books. Let them do reference work, based on the assigned lessons. Encourage the pupils to ask questions, in fact, insist that every member

of the class bring a carefully prepared question to every recitation, said question to be based on some phase of the lesson or some subject which they are especially interested in. If any pupil fails to comply with your request, exact compliance of such delinquents. They will soon understand that it is a privilege which they have a right to enjoy rather than an act of compulsion on the teacher's part.

After the discussion of the regular lesson has been completed, let each member present his or

her question in turn, all of which are to be written on the board. A brief oral discussion is then to be given of each question by the individuals of the class as they are called upon by the teacher. Such questions that can not be answered readily are held over for reference and future discussions. Each member of the class should be required to record all questions thus brought into class in a special notebook secured for this purpose. Each question should be followed by a blank space, in which the pupil is required to write a careful answer for the same.

If this method is followed during the term, a large number of very interesting historical ideas can be presented and

learned which would otherwise scarcely be thought of.

As to the benefits derived therefrom: it will unfold thought power which would otherwise lie dormant; it will stimulate the pupils to a general search for valuable ideas other than those contained in the text-books in use.

A query plan conducted in a similar manner by teachers who have heretofore not made use of

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now, we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so established—can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense, we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add to or to detract. The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from those honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

same, will be a feature worth trying. Such teachers will find it to be a revelation of improvement along the line of thought-getting and creating interest, when they once follow such a query plan in earnest.

Pennsylvania.

J. T. HOFFMAN.



Little Italy and the Others.

By A. C. SCAMMELL.

I have just visited a school where out of fifty-four children forty-five were Italians. I noted their heartiness in singing, their restlessness and noisiness in working. "The harder they work, the noisier they are, but I don't reprove them for what they can't help," said the teacher. How justly right she was!

Little Italy, set to work by a foreign overseer, in a foreign school-room, must needs Italianize that work in order to assimilate it. Or, to put it in another way, we teachers must allow our little immigrants to partake of the American school diet in the old-country fashion, if we would keep them loyal to the land and to the traditions which they have left behind them; and help them on towards loyalty to this, their adopted country. For loyalty at both ends, at the start and at the finish, is the only strengthful, lasting loyalty, the only loyalty to teach in our schools, while "working over" material which shall come out, when done, good American citizens.

Olga, not yet two years away from her motherland, brought her reserves here with her, and kept them. She hid the hand which the children asked to take when playing their games, and in the school-room seemed unresponsive to its many interests.

But Olga's teacher had *her* reserves, as well. One of these was a pair of long-distance glasses, from over sea; understanding glasses they were, that came into her possession partly thru her study of countries and their people, partly, and largely, thru her credal belief, that all children, old-world and new, are just as alike, and as easily understood and managed, as are the different-temperament children that make up the average large family.

By way of explaining, she said, "Where we find one family that is American right thru, we find a dozen which represent, by peculiarities called racial, the different nationalities in our schools. I studied the Japanese children by the light of my twelve-year-old brother, and if any of them ever come to school to me I shall call in my John as interpreter. Sister Louise and France match perfectly."

Because Olga's teacher said only as much as she could put into her school practice, she left Olga to be as Swedish as she would, for as long a time as she would, believing that by doing so the child would grow as American as she could, in as short a time as she could.

A one-term acquaintance with foreign children must assure us teachers that

reserve and leave-me-aloneness are no more Swedish than American, or German, or French. Only it may be well to remember different types of anything need a slightly different treatment.

A wee girl, just budding out of babyhood, held a crowded trolley the other day. She closed one little hand fast over the big thumb of a burly policeman sitting next her, and gave the other hand to her mother. "There's confidence for you," said one, and they who heard smiled assent. The policeman looked sorry to have his thumb restored to him after a ten-minutes' keep.

That child was American, with American trust; do you say? By and by and all the way along school days, she will hold out her hand, offer her smile, share her secrets, and stay with the winning side, do you think? Perhaps all this, but only perhaps; for trustfulness is no more American than it is Swedish, or Italian. The teacher who watches at all points, will some day see Volga, Konrad, Angelica, Napoleon, each coming along an unexpected way, not with American speed and effusiveness, but with the quiet confidence which will make each as teachable and as lovable as any children can be.

And the lesson of it all? Let us not try too hard or too fast to Americanize our little aliens. Better wait, and see them work out their own Americanism, as they surely will do, if given time; patience, and American suggestion, as an outfit.



General Robert E. Lee whose hundredth birthday will be celebrated January 19.

THE CHILD WORLD

A Magazine of Supplementary Reading.

Supplement to TEACHERS MAGAZINE, January 1906.



A Letter From Switzerland

By EMMA B. OLWIN, Illinois.

Interlaken, Switzerland.

My dear American children:

I am going to send, across the wide Atlantic ocean to you, a picture of two little Swiss children.

The little girl's name is Gretchen and the boy's name is Hans. Hans is the German name for John.

I am visiting in their home, high up in the mountains near Interlaken. "Inter" means between and "laken" means lakes, so Interlaken is a town between lakes. It is named that because it lies between two beautiful lakes, Lake Thun and Lake Brienz.

Do you see the mountain in the picture? That is the Jungfrau. "Jung" means young and "frau" is wife, so the English name of the mountain is the young wife. Is not that a pretty name?

The mountain is called the Jungfrau because it always wears a white wedding dress. The wedding dress shines like diamonds in the sunlight.

Do you know of what it is made? It is made of beautiful white snow.

When it is summer in the valley below, and Hans and Gretchen are gathering the flowers in the garden, they can see the "young wife" in her snow-white dress, always watching them. They love the pure, white mountain and are sorry when heavy clouds come and hide her from their view. Would you like to hear about the house in which these children live?

The Swiss people call the houses in the mountains chalets. The chalets are made of wood, and often have beautiful carving on the outside.

The chalet in which Hans and Gretchen live has a grape vine with bunches of grapes carved under all the windows. It also has many little balconies that are carved.

Sometimes, the children eat their breakfast of bread and butter, honey, cheese, and goat's milk on a little table on one of the balconies, for the Swiss people love to eat out of doors. To get to the rooms on the second floor one must go out on the porch, and up a quaint little winding stairway, of carved wood, built at the side of the house.

Hans is only nine years old, but he carves wood very well, and is proud to show you the bear with a match-box on its back, or the cuckoo clock, that he has carved.

He also carved a tiny Swiss chalet that Gretchen said looked like a "really one." The children use it for a playhouse.

Gretchen is seven years of age. She is learning to embroider on linen and to make lace.

Very often the little Swiss girls sit by the roadside and make lace and sell pieces they have made to people who travel through the mountains.



Hans and Gretchen at Their Home in Switzerland.

Hans and Gretchen do not work all the time. They have happy times playing with Emil the pet goat.

They harness him to a little wagon and drive up and down the road.

They have a huge St. Bernard dog, also, and in winter the dog Léon draws them on a sled to school in the village.

The children go to school in all kinds of weather, for the school law is a very strict one, and if they are absent three times without a good excuse, their father is compelled to pay a heavy fine.

The Swiss children have many quaint playthings made of carved wood. They have long whistles that sound like the cuckoo's song, long horns that make wonderful echoes among the mountains, bears, chamois, goats, and queer little dwarfs called

gnomes, about whom they tell strange fairy tales.

They say that the gnomes live high up in the mountains, and are funny little men with long beards.

When the people hear the cow-bells ringing at night they say the gnomes are swinging from the clappers of the bells. In the evening the children listen to stories about the little mountain-men.

In the fall, when it is time to bring the cattle down from the mountains, the people have a great festival.

Thousands of cattle are pastured on the mountains and many people go and live in little huts and take care of these cattle.

They leave their homes in the valley in the early spring and do not come back until they bring the cattle down in the fall.

The men care for the cattle and the women make many varieties of Swiss cheese.

The cows wear huge bells, and the sound of many bells in the stillness of the mountains is very beautiful.

Late in September they prepare to come down into the valleys.

The bells are all piled in large wagons (for the cattle cannot take the long down-hill journey with them on), and the cheese is also piled high on wagons.

When the valley is reached, the bells are put on the cattle. The people come out from the villages to meet and welcome their friends. They bring with them great garlands of flowers. These they put on the horns of the cattle. Then they lead them to the village, where a great feast has been prepared, and they all have a merry time.

I must tell you how the Swiss children dress.

In the picture, Hans and Gretchen have on their "Sunday-go-to-meeting" clothes.

Gretchen has a skirt of woolen goods with a deep tuck in it, for she must wear this dress for several years, and she grows very fast.

Her apron is of flowered calico, and her little white waist has very full sleeves, starched so that they stand out from the arm. Her black velvet bodice has eight silver ornaments on it, and a silver chain is laced across the bodice.

Near her shoulders, both in front and in the back, are silver ornaments, and from these silver chains hang, going under the arms.

The ornaments are of silver filagree, and in many cases have been in the family for hundreds of years. Gretchen's little cap of black velvet has a wide, black lace frill around it.

Hans's costume is more simple. The quaintest thing about it are the short sleeves in the jacket. His little coat hides his elaborate suspenders. They are made of black velvet, embroidered in bright flowers and green leaves. He has also a little black velvet cap, embroidered in gay flowers, which he sometimes wears.

Switzerland is divided into cantons just as the United States is divided into states, and every canton has its own costume, so the Swiss people can tell, from the dress, to which canton the person wearing it belongs.

Hans and Gretchen are dressed in Bernois costume. We know, then, that they are from the canton in which Bern, the capital of Switzerland, is situated.

One of the most wonderful sights near Interlaken is the glacier at Grindelwald.

Grindelwald is a tiny village high up in the mountains.

If you are a fine walker you can walk from Interlaken, through the beautiful Rugen Park, up the steep mountain road to Grindelwald. It is a very rough climb over the sea of snow and ice, and in some dangerous places they have built wooden foot-bridges.

There is a wonderful ice-cave in which one can walk quite a distance. The walls and ceiling are very thick, and are all of ice. The ice does not look white, but is of a bluish-green color.

Near the cave door stands a wrinkled old man with many capes, coats, and shawls, which he rents to you to wear in the cave.

You are glad to have one, for it is very cold and damp in this large cave of ice.

I must tell you of a fierce, but grand, storm I saw in the Alps while visiting Hans and Gretchen.

The sky was a strange yellow color and then the wind commenced to blow, tearing up huge mountain trees by their roots. Many sheds that had large and heavy boulders on their roofs, to protect them from the wind, had boulders and roofs blown off. Then the lightning flashed in long zig-zag streaks among the mountains, lighting up the showy Jungfrau at every flash. The thunder rolled and echoed and re-echoed among the mountains, and then came the rain. It was as if the sky had opened and emptied a sea of water down on the valley.

No wonder that Lord Byron could write such beautiful lines on a storm in the Alps. Do you remember them in his poem of Childe Harold?

“Far along, from peak to peak,
The rattling crags among, leaped
The live thunder, not from
One lone crag, but every mountain
Now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers from her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, which call to her aloud.”

One never forgets how terrible and magnificent an Alpine storm can be. Neither does one forget the moonlight nights in the Alps.

The Jungfrau's wedding dress changes from snow white to a soft, misty, golden color, and the valley looks as though it were having a bath in a sea of gold.

But it is growing late. It is time for Hans and Gretchen to go to sleep.

Sometimes they say Good-night in German in their pretty quaint way; Gute Nacht! Fraulein,” and sometimes they kiss my hand and say in French:

“Bonne nuit, bons rêves” and that is the message I will send over the mountains and across the wide sea to you in beautiful far-off America:

“Good-night, sweet dreams,” and I hope you have enjoyed hearing of Hans and Gretchen in their mountain home.

Robbie and the Others--Tales of a Real School-Room

By Alma Grant, Denver, Col.

Chapter V.—Being a "Mudder" and its Consequences.

ONE morning Robbie, ever in evidence, came hastening in, as the sound of the first gong was still ringing in the air, with the information, "Miss Howard, the girls have a fight." An unusual scuffle seemed to be in progress in the cloakroom, accompanied by the sound of angry voices, and then there came the echo of a resounding slap.

The noise of discord was borne in thru the door which Robbie had left slightly ajar, and speedily brought Anne to the scene of conflict. Two angry little girls were dividing the honors. Rachel, however, seemed to have the ascendancy in the recent encounter. She stood violently gesticulating and talking very fast, her wrathful black eyes still swimming with unshed tears, while near her was Elsa Maas, her sometime friend and running mate, looking down and crying half aloud in a hopeless, dejected sort of a way, with a dull monotonous sound.

As the teacher looked in, Rachel turned towards her with her hand stretched up and forward, ready and eager to explain matters.

"Well, Rachel," said Miss Howard, "have you and Elsa been having trouble?" glancing at both girls and taking in the situation. "Both come in with me. Stand by the table until I am ready to hear about it."

They followed and stood as far apart as they could and be near the teacher's table, still casting angry glances at each other. After finishing some work at the blackboard, and at the same time giving Rachel and Elsa a chance to cool off a bit, Anne was at length ready to hear the tale of woe that was to be poured into her listening ears. As she seated herself in a chair near the table, up went Rachel's hand again in a way that Anne did not allow, in fact had forbidden except in certain specified cases.

An experience that had recently literally run up against her had fixed in her mind a prejudice against this much-abused custom owing to its most untimely practice on a certain occasion. It happened that on a beautiful Saturday morning, as she was out on a shopping expedition, dressed in her best, miles away from the vicinity of the school-house, a large girl had suddenly appeared before her from some unexpected quarter, interrupting a chance meeting with a friend and a pleasant little chat, by raising her hand high up and snapping her fingers as she said, "Please, and Teacher, our Johnnie he gots a sore throat and must keep from school. Will you please and excuse him?"

As Anne had had no recollection of ever having seen the girl before, she rapidly took a mental inventory of all the Johnnies in her class, as she told the girl not to put up her hand in the street like that, and excused "Johnnie." So now, looking at both girls, she said, "Put down your hand, Rachel, and tell me what made this trouble."

"Oh, Teacher, Elsa Maas calls me such bad

names! bad ones, all bad words! I mustn't to speak such words. My ma don't let me!"

"Taint so," declared Elsa. "At no time must I speak bad words. I get it from my ma, if I do. I didn't speak no bad words to her at all. True not," said Elsa, ready to cry.

"Yes she did, she tells a lie!" said Rachel.

"Come, come, you and Elsa must not be so cross to each other. What did she call you? Tell me all about it."

"Elsa Maas all the time calls me,—Oh, Teacher, I mustn't to speak such bad words, I don't dast!"

"Yes, you must, Rachel, you must tell me, right now, just what Elsa called you. What was it?" said Anne, knowing that Rachel was not as peacefully disposed at any time as one could wish, even when playing with her mates, let alone when fighting with them. "What did she call you?"

"She called me a red-headed Jew, and then she called me skinny! All others heard her, you can ask and see. Girls and boys, too, heard her call me such bad names."

Inasmuch as there was nothing red about Rachel but her lips and cheeks and the traces recent tears had left in and about her eyes, and as she was as plump as a partridge, the inappropriateness of the objectionable epithets was funny. Looking to Elsa for further information, the tale continued.

"Well," said Elsa, "Rachel all the time acts like a mother to me!"

"Like a mother to you! What do you mean, Elsa?"

"She slaps me always, and knocks me whole hard!" said Elsa, bursting out afresh in grief at the remembrance of the indignities Rachel's superior strength had put upon her.

"Rachel has no right to slap you, and," turning to Rachel, "you must never do it again, or do anything to hurt Elsa in any way, and it is very impolite to call names. Why, this is almost like a street boys' fight. I never would have believed that any of the little girls here would fight with each other, and as for you, Rachel and Elsa, I thought you were helping to make the school nice and lovely, and now I find you cross to each other, calling names and fighting. I hardly know what to think about it."

"I don't fight," said Elsa, "but Rachel fights and is so mean and now she gots a mad on me."

"Well, Elsa made such a face with her nose pulled whole long, and called me all bad names first," said Rachel.

"Very well, you must leave each other alone altogether if you cannot be good friends. But you had better forget about this bad time and just begin all over again. Of course we cannot like everyone. We only really like those who are kind and good to us, but everyone can at least be polite, and we must. And if we do to each other just what we would like to have done to us, we shall be. You had better make up and be good

(Continued on page 427.)



Among Ourselves

The Editor's Round Table



Happy New Year to You All!

THE supreme object of the school is the development of the social efficiency of its pupils. The paramount interests of humanity must be kept well in the center. But in order that these greater considerations may rest on a solid foundation, there must first be adequate provision for the lesser necessary things. After the three Rs have been allotted their proper share of time we can then deal with the greater good of the future men and women represented by the boys and girls before us. We know the future men will want to be healthy and strong. They may reasonably desire their interests to open out in many directions. They have a right to pleasure in all that is beautiful; to joy in intellectual pursuits; to a heart that is contented with the world. Here are some of the suggestions by which to measure the value of school programs.

The labor of getting the mechanical production of *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* well under way has proved a greater task than the publishers calculated, and so there have been exasperating delays. I am sure the various problems will speedily solve themselves, and there will be greater regularity in the mailing of copies. At any rate by February or March everybody will have caught up with the rush, and then a strong effort will be made to have this magazine, if possible, mailed two weeks ahead of the date of issue. This is one New Year's resolution which the publishers have set before themselves.

The sprightly "Dance of the Snowflakes," contributed to this number by Minnie Rosella Stevens, will supply a splendid exercise for a school reception day in the winter season. Teachers in the South may use it with as much pleasure to the children and parents as those in the North. If the snow is not in the air and on the ground it can float in the imagination anyway, and be just as much fun. The exercise will be found on page 433.

There is something disappearing from the programs of many schools, the extinction of which will be a sad loss to education. I refer to standing on a platform, facing a class or a public audience, and declaiming. Declamation was as much a part of school life as arithmetic or recess, in the days when Polly, Miss Alcott's dear "old-fashioned girl," helped Tom learn those stirring lines from Macaulay, whose mastery revealed to the sensitive

boy that the busy, preoccupied father did care, after all, what his boy was doing. Declamation should be a part of school life now. Boys and girls must learn after they are men and women, to think in the presence of others, if they have never done so in the school-room, and there will be bitter anguish. The teacher who succeeds in inspiring her pupils with the determination to make their own the weighty words from some such famous speeches as are given in *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* this month will do much for the generation now growing into active citizenship.

Some readers have a very exalted view of an editor's capacity for work. Aside from the arduous specific duties of his office and the answering of thousands of letters from good friends everywhere, the editor is held responsible by them for the keeping of subscription accounts, the entering of new addresses, the character of the advertisements, the mailing of copies, and thousands of other things. My dear friends, the business employs more than a hundred people to attend to these various matters. The editorial work alone keeps seven people busy. Last year I plugged away every day, thru the summer and all, without any vacation, to have my share in the making of this magazine contribute to the happiness of the readers. There is a limit to human strength, and even editors must take a nap now and then or run out and play a while to keep the blood stirring. Editors have much to account for, but there are other people trying to make a living.

It is one's nature to boost and another's to knock. In our optimistic atmosphere nobody is particularly proud of the reputation of being a knocker. But there are cheerful idolators who are happy to be classed as boosters. As between the two, one's preference is naturally for the latter. Wind is more comfortable than a big stick. In fact, when a man is very hot a little wind may prove a most desirable cooler for him. Many a ship is kept going by nothing but wind. Knocking from mere cussedness is of no use whatever. "Knocking off the corners of rough stones the better to fit them for the builder's use" points out a direction where a knocker may prove of service to humanity.

Of reasonable people we expect reason in all things. Reason even when they boost or when they knock. But more than mere reasoning is needed to justify the use of these modes of criticism. There must be high purpose clearly defined in one's mind as a standard of measurement to regulate the meting out of praise and reproach.

To the teacher two considerations are supreme: First, what is best for the future welfare of the child; second, what is best for his present happiness. Whenever there appears to be a conflict between these two and the teacher has difficulty in deciding, let him give the preference to the latter. That much concession must be made to boosting. It is easier to bring something down than, having laid it low, to raise it up again. Don't be a knocker, don't be a booster! Knock when righteousness demands it; boost when you honestly can without one thought of self. That is my motto; and I give it for what it may be worth to you.

How many weary hearts have been cheered by Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson's beautiful poems; especially "October's Bright Blue Weather," none save the angel that records the good we may do will ever know. It was because I wanted every school child in America to know and love them; that I quoted in these pages, in recent months; Mrs. Jackson's "October's Bright Blue Weather," "A Last Prayer," and "Down to Sleep." The copyright on these poems is held by Messrs. Little, Brown & Company; of Boston. Those who have seen the quotations in these pages should bear in mind that they can be reprinted only by special permission of the publishers.

Strange things happen in printing offices as well as in other places. Nobody can tell just why the charming "Harvest Home" exercise in the November TEACHERS MAGAZINE was not credited to Miss M. D. Sterling, of Philadelphia. It certainly should have been. Many may have guessed at the authorship; for Miss Sterling has a style about these things which is peculiarly her own.



Words of Lincoln.

Gold is good in its place; but living patriotic men are better than gold.

A nation may be said to consist of its territory, its people, and its laws.

The reasonable man has long since agreed that intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all evils among mankind.

God must like common people; or He would not have made so many.

The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, tho we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance.



Robbie and the Others.

(Continued from page 425.)

friends again. That is the only way to have a good time," said Anne; cheerfully,—which good advice they eventually took to heart, and put into practice, for before the end of the week they were seen walking with their arms around each others' shoulders, and when the following week was over; each little girl received a gold star, a reward only given for specially good behavior, where kindness and a cheerful pleasant manner, it was well understood, were largely taken into consideration in the granting of the honor.

Educated Employees Wanted.

A strong plea for the influence of scholarship upon our great industries was made by Frederick P. Fish, President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, in an address, December 19th, to the prize winners and the high scholarship men of Harvard college. Mr. Fish, whose position as head of the Bell system; now expanding with remarkable rapidity over the whole United States; has brought him into closest contact with present day industrial needs; believes that the scholar in industry has at least as distinct a mission as the scholar in politics. Himself one of the first men of the class of '75 in his studies, he emphasizes the importance of scholarly sagacity in solving existing problems.

"Industrial conditions," said he; "are those which have developed logically from the conditions that existed some years ago; they are as effects to causes. The things which have caused such a change in industrial conditions are many. Among them may be mentioned the great increase in the means and power of transportation. Competition, instead of being the life of trade, became, under the knife-like cutting of rates of these roads, the curse of trade. The movement toward consolidation entered into all branches of work. Hence the miscalled, oft-quoted trusts, about which every penny paper rants. There is no foundation at all for the personal attacks on the men who manage the big industrial companies.

"The enormous changes in mechanical appliances, too, have had to do with industrial progress. Personal relations between the employer and the employe have disappeared and the employes have become organized machines of industry. Under the present system all the old difficulties exist and there are many new ones. The evolution of the human race fitted it to the new conditions, but there has not been time yet to accustom people to the new things.

"Believing that industrial affairs are largely in a state of confusion, I feel that there never was a time in the history of the business world when scholars were in a better position to aid the work of industrial progress. The scholars to whom I refer are men whose work has led them to a state of mind and attainments which enables them to grapple with things as they come up in life and subdue them. Such a man must be able to control himself. He must be a good observer; able to draw correct inferences and yet not allow himself to be deceived. He must be able to apprehend things as they are. Such a man to me is a man who must have not only practical training; but sound scholarship. The sound scholar is more likely to adapt himself to the conditions as they exist at the present time. If he is worthy of it recognition of his ability will speedily follow. I firmly believe the industries need the sound scholar above all men. He should be proud of his opportunity. If he is outside the industrial life he must not be rash in his judgment."

Probably the industry over which Mr. Fish presides contains a larger proportion than any other great business of highly educated employes. For many years it has been drawing upon the colleges and technical schools for their brightest graduates.

Replies to Questions.

By Amos M. Kellogg.

FROM the inquiries that earnest teachers in all parts of the country are proposing, only those can be selected that seem of special importance. I have had twenty-five years of experience in teaching, in district schools (at \$11 per month), in graded schools; in normal schools, in superintendence, and in private schools; so that the teacher's sphere of work is understood; the suggestions made will, therefore, be of a practical character.

"Shall whispering be forbidden?" This is not the exact form of the question proposed; generally the teacher asks, "How shall I prevent whispering?" In my first years of work I aimed industriously to shut the mouths of the pupils; I think I gave as much thought to this as I did to actual teaching. The good school is self-governed; that is, the pupils daily come together and observe those rules that conduce to mental, moral, and social progress. There must be order, quietness, industry, courtesy, helpfulness, self-control, etc. Pupils understand this as well as the teacher. The point is to throw on them the responsibility of securing these ends. The teacher often (too often) takes the responsibility on his own shoulders; he undertakes to "run" the school; such forbid whispering.

Order and quietness are essential; but it is more essential that these are the result of efforts by the pupils. In visiting the Normal college in New York city where 1500 girls are assembled, I have noticed that they "communicate" in the classrooms and in the general assembly; whispering (a poor term) is not forbidden; but there is little of it, not enough to disturb the order. The plan there is the same pursued in other good schools; to insist on order; to observe those who disturb the order by much talking and deal separately with them.

Now it will be seen that we have brought "whispering" under the general principle of order infraction, and there is where it belongs. The pupils must be reasoned with. Propose the question, "Is the order what it should be?" If it is declared not to be, ask, "In what respects do we fail?" Whispering will be mentioned. Then discuss the matter and arouse a determination to make the order better. But here we reach the greater question, "How to obtain and maintain order," which will be discussed at some other time.

Tobacco Using.—"Should the teacher use tobacco out of school?" It would be better for him personally, we believe, to give up the smoking habit. As to the example, I know of a fine boy who became infatuated with cigarettes because his teacher's hair and clothing were so thoroly permeated with tobacco; this man was an admirable teacher, so popular as to be fairly idolized by his pupils; I do not doubt that most of his class followed his example of smoking tobacco.

Punishments.—E. W. B. asks, "Ought not a boy be whipped for striking another in the class, right before you?" Such an act would be a shock to an ordinary school, but it does not follow that corporal punishment should be administered. There is too much corporal punishment in the schools now; tho it is less than one-half what it was years ago. There is none in the public schools of New York city, and there is an abundance of bad boys in them. But here we run up against the general question of order and leave the matter without further discussion.

Spitting.—F. G. has much trouble with his large boys who chew tobacco. Allow no spitting on the floor. If there is a single pupil with tubercular trouble his dried saliva on the floor may give consumption to the entire school. You could have spittoons. Explain the matter to those boys, but insist on the rule.

Opening Exercises.—In some communities the teacher is expected to read from the Scriptures and offer prayer; in others, only reading from the Scriptures. Singing is customary. In others there is objection to Scripture reading and the school is opened by singing; there are large schools where announcements are briefly given and then lessons at once are begun. The custom of the place and the rules of the school board must be followed.

The "Coffee Heart."

It is as Dangerous as the Tobacco or Whisky Heart.

"Coffee Heart" is common to many coffee users and is liable to send the owner to his or her long home if the drug is persisted in. You can run 30 or 40 yards and find out if your heart is troubled. A lady, who was once a victim of the "coffee heart," writes from Oregon:

"I have been a habitual user of coffee all my life; and have suffered very much in recent years from ailments which I became satisfied were directly due to the poison in the beverage, such as torpid liver and indigestion, which in turn made my complexion blotchy and muddy.

"Then my heart became affected. It would beat most rapidly just after I drank my coffee, and go below normal as the coffee effect wore off. Sometimes my pulse would go as high as 137 beats to the minute. My family were greatly alarmed at my condition, and at last mother persuaded me to begin the use of Postum Food Coffee.

"I gave up the old coffee entirely and absolutely, and made Postum my sole beverage. This was six months ago, and all my ills—the indigestion, inactive liver, and rickety heart action—have passed away, and my complexion has become clear and natural. The improvement set in soon after I made the change, just as soon as the coffee poison had time to work out of my system.

"My husband has also been greatly benefited by the use of Postum, and we find that a simple breakfast with Postum, is as satisfying and more strengthening than the old heavier meal we used to have with the other kind of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book; "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.



Problems in Arithmetic

TEACHERS MAGAZINE for November contained a number of arithmetic examples taken from Colburn's Arithmetic, of honored memory, one of the best books of problems ever prepared in this country. Those of our fathers and mothers who did not study Colburn, were proud, and many of them are still proud, of their success, in their school days, in performing the exceedingly difficult examples in "Greenleaf's National." From a torn, much bethumbed and yellowed copy of the latter arithmetic the following examples are taken. They will test the ability of the grammar school pupil to do accurate work in adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing.

Multiplication.

1. Multiply 1,538 by 9.
2. Multiply 2,156 by 423.
3. Multiply 7,325 by 3,612.
4. Required the product of 8,2967 by 652.
5. 789,123 by 4.
6. 1,234,567 by 5.
7. 989,898 by 2.
8. 3,789,588 by 8.
9. 678,954 by 24.
10. 616,783 by 36.
11. 789,563 by 57.
12. 789,567 by 98.
13. 892,001 by 329.
14. 230,442 by 701.
15. 425,016 by 645.
16. 5,061,029 by 3,408.
17. What will 365 acres of land cost at 73 dollars per acre?
18. What will 97 tons of iron cost at 57 dollars a ton?
19. What will 397 yards of cloth cost at 7 dollars per yard?
20. What will 569 hogsheads of molasses cost at 37 dollars per hogshead?
21. If a man travel 37 miles in one day, how far will he travel in 365 days?
22. If a vessel sails 169 miles in one day, how far will she sail in 144 days?
23. What will 698 barrels of flour cost at 7 dollars a barrel?
24. What will 376 lbs. of sugar cost at 13 cents a pound?
25. What will 97 lbs. of tea cost at 93 cents a pound?
26. If a regiment of soldiers consists of 1,128 men, how many men are there in an army of 53 regiments?
27. What is the product of $75,432 \times 47$?
28. What is the product of $76,785,316 \times 7,615$?
29. What is the product of $67,853 \times 8,765$?

30. What is the product of $3,812,345 \times 1,2334$?
31. What is the product of $40,670,007 \times 10,002$?
32. What is the product of $31,235,678 \times 10203$?
33. What is the product of $76,786,321 \times 3,007$?
34. What is the product of $6,176,77 \times 22,2227$?
35. What is the product of $60,504 \times 30,204$?
36. Multiply 88888 by 4444.
37. Multiply 7008005 by 10008.
38. Multiply 987648 by 481007.

Other problems, and also answers to these, will be found on another page.

A Brain Worker

Must Have the Kind of Food That Nourishes Brain.

"I am a literary man whose nervous energy is a great part of my stock in trade, and ordinarily I have little patience with breakfast foods and the extravagant claims made of them. But I cannot withhold my acknowledgment of the debt that I owe to Grape-Nuts food.

"I discovered long ago that the very bulkiness of the ordinary diet was not calculated to give one a clear head, the power of sustained, accurate thinking. I always felt heavy and sluggish in mind as well as body after eating the ordinary meal, which diverted the blood from the brain to the digestive apparatus.

"I tried foods easy of digestion, but found them usually deficient in nutriment. I experimented with many breakfast foods and they, too, proved unsatisfactory, till I reached Grape-Nuts. And then the problem was solved.

"Grape-Nuts agreed with me perfectly from the beginning, satisfying my hunger and supplying the nutriment that so many other prepared foods lack.

"I had not been using it very long before I found that I was turning out an unusual quantity and quality of work. Continued use has demonstrated to my entire satisfaction that Grape-Nuts food contains all the elements needed by the brain and nervous system of the hard working public writer." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

39. Multiply 101010101 by 202020202.
40. Multiply 304050607 by 3011101.
41. 908007004 by 500123.
42. Multiply 2003007001 by 6007023.
43. Multiply 9000006 by 9000006.

Division.

1. Divide 671678953 by 6.
2. Divide 166336711 by 7.
3. Divide 161331793 by 8.
4. Divide 161677678 by 9.
5. Divide 363895678 by 11.
6. Divide 164378956 by 12.
7. Divide 78950077 by 3.
8. Divide 67895667 by 4.
9. Divide 667788976 by 5.
10. Divide 77777777 by 6.
11. Divide 88888888 by 7.
12. Divide 789636 by 46.
13. Divide 7967848 by 52.
14. Divide 16785675 by 61.
15. Divide 675753 by 39.
16. Divide 5678911 by 82.
17. Divide 6716394 by 94.
18. Divide 1167861 by 135.
19. Divide 7861783 by 87.
20. Divide 1678567 by 365.
21. Divide 87635163 by 387.
22. Divide 34567890 by 6789.
23. What is the value of $213255467083 \div 30204$?
24. What is the value of $395020613 \div 4444$?
25. What is the value of $7207276639 \div 9009$?
26. What is the value of $454115186870257 \div 500123$?
27. How much sugar at 15 dollars a hundred may be bought for 455 dollars?
28. A tailor has 938 yards of broadcloth; how many cloaks can be made of the cloth, if it require 7 yards to make one cloak?
29. What number multiplied by 1728 will produce 1705536?
30. A. Hartmann has sold his wagon to J. Herr for 85 dollars. He is to receive his pay in wood at 5 dollars a cord. How many cords will it require to pay for the wagon?
31. The Bible contains 31,173 verses; how many must be read each day, that the book may be read thru in a year of 365 days?

32. A train on the Liverpool Railroad runs at the rate of 65 miles an hour; how long would it take at that velocity to pass round the earth, the distance being about 25,000 miles.

33. A gentleman possessing an estate of 66,144 dollars, bequeathed one-fourth to his wife, and the remainder was divided among his 4 children; what was the share of each?

34. If the divided is 6756785 and the quotient 193051, what is the divisor?

Answers.

MULTIPLICATION.

1. 13842. 2. 911988. 3. 26457900. 4. 540944.84
5. 3156492. 6. 6172385. 7. 1979796. 8. 30316704. 9. 16294896.
10. 22204188. 11. 45005091. 12. 77377566.
13. 293468329. 14. 161539842. 15. 274135320. 16. 17247986832.
17. \$266.45. 18. \$5529. 19. \$2779. 20. \$21053.
21. 13505 miles. 22. 24336. 23. 4886. 24. 4888 cts.
25. 9021 cts. 26. 59784. 27. 3545304. 28. 584720181340.
29. 594731545. 30. 119109094835. 31. 406781410014.
32. 318697622634. 33. 230896467247.
34. 137260338494. 35. 213255462816. 36. 395018272.
37. 70136114040. 38. 475065601536. 39. 204060808060402.
40. 915527086788307. 41. 454115186861492. 42. 12032109124168023.
43. 81000108000036.

DIVISION.

1. 11946492, Rem. 1. 2. 23762387, Rem. 2. 3. 20166474, Rem. 1.
4. 17964186, Rem. 4. 5. 33081425, Rem. 3. 6. 13698246, Rem. 4.
7. 26316692, Rem. 1. 8. 169739167, Rem. 3. 9. 133557791, Rem. 1.
10. 129629629, Rem. 3. 11. 126984126, Rem. 6. 12. 17166. 13. 153277, Rem. 44.
14. 275175. 15. 17327. 16. 69255, Rem. 1. 17. 71451. 18. 8650, Rem. 111.
19. 90365, Rem. 28. 20. 4598, Rem. 297. 21. 226447, Rem. 174. 22. 5091, Rem. 5091.
23. 4267. 24. 2341. 25. 4567. 26. 8765. 27. 2700.28. 134. 29. 987. 30. 17 cords.
31. 85 148-365 verses. 32. 384 8-13 hours. 33. 12,402 dollars. 34. 35.

Rheumatism

Tells us that there is an excess of uric acid in the blood, which is due to defective digestion and torpid liver, kidneys and skin and affects the muscles and joints, causing inflammation, stiffness and pain.

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effects radical and permanent cures because it neutralizes and removes from the blood the excess of uric acid, perfects digestion, stimulates the liver, kidneys and skin and builds up the whole system.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

Questions on Current Events

The answers to these questions are found in late numbers of *Our Times*. For the convenience of those who desire more complete answers, the pages and dates of issue are given.

What was the character of the meeting at Vladivostok? A. Fortress artillerymen and sailors took part in the riot during which half of the city was burned. 195. Nov. 25.

What title did Prince Charles of Sweden assume when he became king of Norway and why? A. King Haakon VI.; he thus continues the ancient line of kings, of which the people of Norway feel very proud. 196. Nov. 25.

What demand did the European powers make on Turkey? A. That Turkey should yield to them the financial control of the territory known as Macedonia. 197. Nov. 25.

What heir to a throne lately died? A. The Count of Flanders, brother of King Leopold of Belgium. 197. Nov. 25.

Why was the late interchurch conference in New York of great importance? A. It was an attempt to unite for practical purposes Protestant bodies containing a membership of 18,000,000. 197. Nov. 25.

What did the Russian Zemstvoists demand? A. The carrying out of the principles of the czar's manifesto. 211. Dec. 2.

Describe the discovery made by Dr. Flinders Petrie at Mount Sinai. A. He found there a Semitic temple for Jews, Arabs, and kindred races. 212. Dec. 2.

Why is the term "Cape to Cairo" a misnomer? A. Because the character of the country between Uganda and Khartoun renders the construction of a railroad there an impossibility. 213. Dec. 2.

Explain why the Panama canal work has not gone on faster? A. The quarters for employes are not large enough, the sanitary arrangements are imperfect, and it is suspected that the great railroad companies are putting all the obstacles they can in the way. 214. Dec. 2.

Where does the Zionist, John Alexander Dowie, purpose to found a colony? A. In Mexico, where he has obtained a tract of 2,000,000 acres for the purpose. 215. Dec. 2.

Why is it thought that there is danger of another great coal strike in the spring? A. The contracts of the hard and the soft coal miners expire then. The operators are storing great quantities of coal.

Who was called the Yiddish Dumas? A. Nahum Meyer Schaikewitz, a novelist and playwright who was born in Poland and died lately in New York.

Who is the new head of the army? A. Major-General

John C. Bates, the acting chief, who will succeed General Chaffee next April.

What action did the General Land Office lately take with regard to the Isle of Pines? A. It dropped the U. S. after its name on the map, thus indicating that it is no longer United States territory. 215. Dec. 2.

What will Pobiedonostzeff try to prove in the book he is to write? A. That autocratic government, such as that of Russia, is the best in the world. 227. Dec. 9.

What did Emperor William say at the opening of the reichstag, that sounded like a threat? A. The signs of the times rendered it the nation's duty to strengthen its defenses against unjust attacks. 228. Dec. 9.

Why did the Chinese of Shanghai discontinue the boycott of American goods? A. A large quantity of goods that was stored in basements was destroyed, and they feared the wrath of the "God of Water" would be visited on them. 228. Dec. 9.

What were some of the points brought out by the insurance investigation? A. That the officers were receiving enormous salaries, that large sums were spent to control legislation, and that money of the companies was loaned to speculative syndicates in which officers of the institutions were directly interested. See issues of Dec. 2 (page 214), Dec. 9 (230), Dec. 16 (247), and Dec. 23 (262).

What makes the coal monopoly absolute? A. The recent purchase of Lehigh Valley stock and of the vast Cox Brothers' interests. 230. Dec. 9.

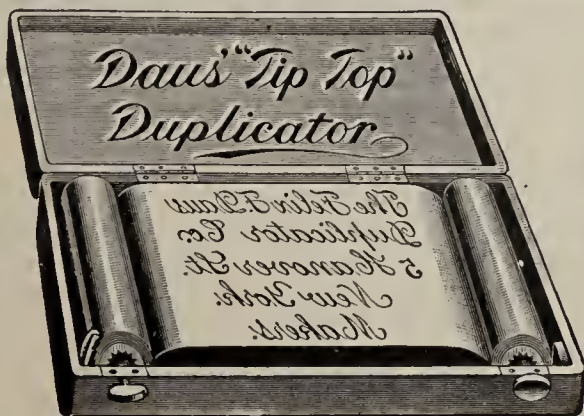
What noted author celebrated the seventieth anniversary of his birth recently? A. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain). 231. Dec. 9.

What territories are candidates for statehood? A. Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Indian territory. 231. Dec. 9.

Mention some matters treated in the President's message. A. Corporations, railroad rates, labor, Monroe doctrine, outlying possessions, Panama canal, etc. 242. Dec. 16.

What action did the conference on immigration that met in New York take on the immigration question? A. Before adjourning the conference placed itself on record as indorsing Chinese exclusion. 246. Dec. 16.

Who took the place of Arthur Balfour as English prime (Continued on page 437.)



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Lady Icicle.

Little Lady Icicle is dreaming in the north-land

And gleaming in the north-land, her pillow all a-glow;

For the frost has come and found her
With an ermine robe around her
Where little Lady Icicle lies dreaming in the snow.

Little Lady Icicle is waking in the north-land,

And shaking in the north-land her pillow to and fro;

And the hurricane a-skirling
Sends the feathers all a-whirling
Where little Lady Icicle is waking in the snow.

Little Lady Icicle is laughing in the north-land,

And quaffing in the north-land her wines that overflow;

All the lakes and rivers crusting
That her finger tips are dusting,
Where little Lady Icicle is laughing in the snow.

Little Lady Icicle is singing in the north-land,

And bringing from the north-land a music wild and low;

And the fairies watch and listen
Where her silver slippers glisten,
As little Lady Icicle goes singing thru the snow.

Little Lady Icicle is coming from the north-land,

Benumbing all the north-land where'er her feet may go;

With a fringe of frost before her
And a crystal garment o'er her,
Little Lady Icicle is coming with the snow.

—E. PAULINE JOHNSON, in the *Educational Monthly of Canada*.

"Take Heart Again."

Take heart again, O brother mine, take heart!

I know the bitter ebb of life's unresting tide,

Hath broke by night thy anchor chains, so true and tried,

And tossed thee oh, so helpless, on the ocean wide,

Stand by the wheel, select a guiding star,
Steer back again before you drift too far.

Take heart again, O brother mine, take heart!

Perchance the currents strong have swept thee far, and night

Is black; tho' boist'rous waves thy very soul affright,

Do not give up. Steer toward the crest —the morning light

Will burst in splendor on the angry wave.
Thy nobler self within thee says, "Be brave."

A Great Physiologist.

Once said that the way to Keep the Stomach Healthy is to Exercise It.

But he did not tell how to make it healthy.

The muscles of the body can be developed by exercise until their strength has increased manifold, and a proper amount of training each day will accomplish this result, but is is somewhat doubtful whether you can increase the digestive powers of the stomach by eating indigestible food in order to force it to work.

Nature has furnished us all with a perfect set of organs, and if they are not abused they will attend to the business required of them. They need no abnormal strength.

There is a limit to the weight a man can lift, and there is also a limit to what the stomach can do.

The cause of dyspepsia, indigestion, and many similar diseases is that the stomach has been exercised too much and it is tired or worn out. Not exercise, but rest is what it needs.

To take something into the stomach that will relieve it from its work for a short time—something to digest the food—will give it a rest and allow it time to regain its strength.

The proper aid to the digestive organs is Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which cure dyspepsia, indigestion, gas on the stomach and bowels, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, and all stomach diseases.

Rest and invigoration is what the stomach gets when you use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, for one grain of the active principle in them is sufficient to digest 3,000 grains of food.

The Tablets increase the flow of gastric juice, and prevent fermentation, acidity, and sour eruptions.

Do not attempt to starve out dyspepsia. You need all your strength.

The common sense method is to digest the food for the stomach and give it a rest.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets do not make the cure, but enable the organs to throw off unhealthy conditions.

Perfect digestion means perfect health, for under these conditions only do the different organs of the body work right and receive the building-up material found in pure blood.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are a natural remedy and are a specific for stomach troubles. The ablest physicians prescribe them.

The Tablets are pleasant to the taste, and are composed of fruit and vegetable extracts, golden seal and pepsin.

At all drug stores—50 cents per package.

Take heart again, O brother mine, take heart!

Remember there is one whose plans are good and just.

And in some way, we know not how, they surely must

Work good to all of them who keep unfaltering trust.

Look up, and see the threat'ning storm clouds part,

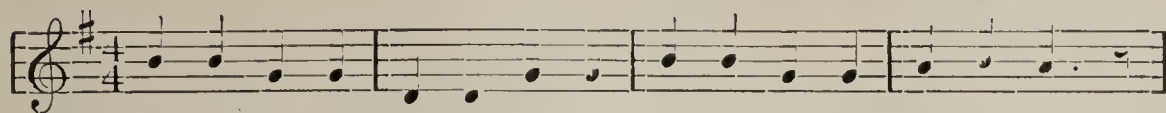
Take heart again, O brother mine, take heart!

—John L. Shroy.

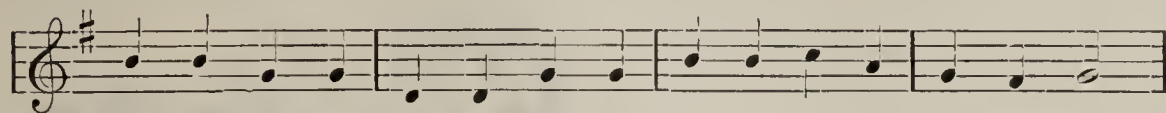
Dance of the Snowflakes.

(March and Drill.)

M. R. STEVENS.



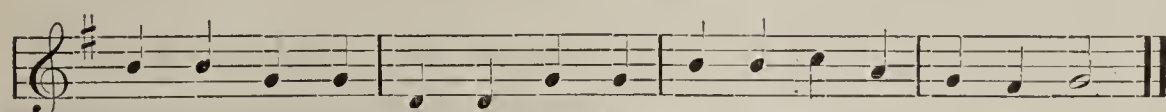
We are snow-flakes, dancing, dancing; Sent by win-ter o'er the hill;



Soft and white, like down-y feath-ers, We go danc-ing light and still:



Through the for-est, o'er the mead-ow; Here and there, and round and round;



Skip ping, danc-ing, skip-ping, danc ing, Till we cov-er all the ground.

Now we float like baby airships;
Tilting, tilting, to and fro;
Winter is the ships' commander,
And she always sails us so;
Floating, floating, o'er the meadow,
See the baby air-ships sail;
Floating, tilting, floating, tilting,
On the piercing winter gale.
Dancing down the merry snowflakes,
Falling faster now begin;
In and out, this way and yonder,
O, 'tis fun to see us spin!
O, the snow-storm, O, the snow-storm!
Faster, faster, see us go;
Whirling, whirling, faster, faster,
In a fuzzy storm of snow.

Slower, slower, now we're dancing;
Slowly, slowly, at the best;
Now we halt; the storm is over;
Winter bids us stop and rest:
One upon another falling;
While the snow clouds pass from sight;
Now we sleep upon the meadow,
In a snow-drift, deep and white.

DRILL.

For twenty-four children, dressed in white brownie-hoods, and capes long enough to cover the children well when sitting on the floor; hoods and capes should be covered with cotton and sprinkled with diamond-dust, or lightly touched with starch paste and sprinkled with coarse salt.

FIGURE 1 (first stanza).

Children form into two circles, marching with sharply marked time, one within the other, and moving in opposite directions. Let the outer circle be large enough to cover entire stage, and the movement light and skipping.

FIGURE 2 (second stanza).

Children extend arms at the sides level with shoulders, and sway body from side to side, bending at the waist only, and holding edges of capes in their fingers, thus making sails to the air-ships. The movement should be in perfect unison, and with the doubly moving circles makes a very pretty effect.

FIGURE 3 (third stanza).

Same as Figure 1, but with speed gradually increasing as the words indicate, till

very rapid at the last. Children sing more loudly, in fact, a *howling* snow-storm is now plainly in evidence.

FIGURE 4 (fourth stanza).

Same as figure 3, but with movement less and less rapid, as the words indicate, for the first two lines; at the beginning of third line of stanza, the outer circle breaks at the center of the front, and the leading child begins the march across the stage, each child falling in likewise, as he reaches his place at the front of the circle; when the leader reaches position previously fixed upon near the front and to one side of the stage, he immediately drops to the floor, bends his head, and covers it with his cape; the next child does the same sitting as close to the first as possible; and so on until thirteen are placed, when the remaining children, with exactly the same movement, and without breaking time, form a second row behind the first by dropping on their knees, bending heads forward between the heads of the children immediately in front, and covering with cape. This should be done rapidly enough so that all the children are in place and the snow-drift complete by the time the stanza is ended; also, the children should fall suddenly and remain perfectly motionless after getting settled, as much in imitation of falling snow flakes as possible. It should have been said that the smaller children should march in the outer circle; and that the inner circle should continue the circular movement until the outer has all marched to the front when the second circle breaks and continues the unbroken line as described.

The song alone makes a very pretty marching exercise, for winter days, especially stormy days, in the primary and kindergarten rooms, while the drill is very effective for children's entertainments, besides being simple and easily learned by very small children.

—Minnie Rosella Stevens.

Health, a medical journal published in London, England, editorily says: Those suffering and needing a safe pain reliever, should take two antikamnia tablets. Any good druggist can supply them and they should be in every family medicine chest.



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A woman once wrote us that she was not going to buy Scott's Emulsion any more because it cost too much. Said she could get some other emulsion for less money. Penny wise and pound foolish. Scott's Emulsion costs more because it is worth more—costs more to make. We could make Scott's Emulsion cost less by using less oil. Could take less care in making it, too. If we did, however, Scott's Emulsion wouldn't be the standard preparation of cod liver oil as it is to-day.


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Maps—U. S. and continents, 8 1/2 x 11, each 3 cents. 17x22, 5 cents. 34x44, 20 cents. 4x6 feet, 40 cents.
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January Birthday Calendar

- JAN. 1.—Paul Revere, a Revolutionary patriot. He is famous for his "mid-night ride" thru Middlesex county, Mass., to warn the residents of the expected attack of General Gage. He was born in 1735, and died in 1818.—Gen. Anthony Wayne, "Mad Anthony," an American general during the Revolution. Born in Pennsylvania in 1745, died at what is now Erie, Pa., in 1796. His greatest achievements were the capture of Stony Point, on the Hudson river, July 15, 1779, and his victory over the Indians in Ohio.
- JAN. 2.—Gen. James Wolfe, the hero of the capture of Quebec, during the French and Indian war. Born in 1726, died on the battlefield, Sept. 13, 1759.
- JAN. 7.—Gen. Israel Putnam, an American general in the Revolution, who was particularly noted for his bravery at the battle of Bunker Hill. Born in 1718, died in 1790.
- JAN. 10.—Ethan Allen, an officer in the Revolutionary war. Leader of the "Green Mountain Boys," and hero of the capture of forts Ticonderoga and Crown Point. Born in 1737, died in 1789.
- JAN. 11.—Alexander Hamilton, American statesman, the first Secretary of the U. S. Treasury. Born in 1757, died in a duel with Aaron Burr, 1804.
- JAN. 12.—John Winthrop, founder of Boston, and governor of the Massachusetts colony. Born in 1588, died in 1640.—John Hancock, American statesman, and patriot, president of the Continental Congress in 1775, first signer of the Declaration of Independence, 1776; also governor of Massachusetts. Born in 1737, died in 1793.
- JAN. 17.—Benjamin Franklin, philosopher, statesman, writer. Discovered that lightning and electricity are identical. Signer of the Declaration of Independence. Author of "Poor Richard's Almanac." Born in 1706, died in 1790.
- JAN. 18.—Daniel Webster, statesman. Said to be "the greatest orator that has ever lived in the Western Hemisphere." Born in 1782, died in 1852.
- JAN. 19.—Gen. Robert E. Lee, celebrated confederate general of the civil war. One of the greatest soldiers this country has ever seen. Born in 1807, died in 1870.—Edgar Allen Poe, poet and imaginative writer. Best known poem, "The Raven." Born in 1811, died in 1849.
- JAN. 20.—Richard Henry Lee, patriot, statesman and orator, in Revolutionary days. He introduced, in Congress, the measure, "The United Colonies are, and ought to be, free and independent"; two days later he signed the "Declaration of Independence." Born in 1732, died in 1794.
- JAN. 21.—Thomas Jonathan Jackson, "Stonewall Jackson," noted confederate general of civil war. Died of a wound received by mistake from his own army during the battle of Chancellorsville, May 10, 1863. Born in 1824.
- JAN. 29.—Gen. Henry Lee, "Light Horse Harry," general in the Revolution. It was he who said, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." Born in 1756, died in 1818.

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Reproduction Stories

Ice.

There is a story told about an Englishman who went to India. While he was there he visited one of the princes, who asked him a great many things about England.

The Englishman told the prince how the people of his own country lived; about their dresses, their houses, their food, and their amusements.

Among other things he said that sometimes the water became solid. People could walk on it, and slide about on skates.

The prince cried out, "What, walk on water? That is not possible. Water cannot become so hard that a person can walk on it as on dry land."

Living in a hot country, where snow and ice were never seen, he could not believe that such a change ever took place. He thought that his visitor was telling what was untrue.

Yet, if he had climbed to the top of some of the high mountains in his own country, he would have found plenty of snow and ice.

Water is a liquid. The tiny particles of which it is made up, stick together loosely. They can be easily separated. When free to move, water at once spreads itself out and flows down and down until it is stopped.

Ice is solid. The particles stick well together, and do not easily separate. In some solids the particles will not separate without force; in others, less force is needed.

Now, tho water is a liquid and takes that form in nature, without the aid of man, it does not always remain a liquid. Heat turns water into vapor, and cold turns water into ice.

In the form of vapor, water becomes a kind of gas which floats in the air. The particles of which it is made up do not stick together at all. They separate and spread out when not confined.

In the form of ice, water becomes a solid. While it is still unchanged, it holds its size and shape like other solids. It neither flows like a liquid nor spreads itself out like a gas.

The degree of cold which turns water

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into ice is called the freezing point. In turning into ice, water expands and swells. This is the reason why ice floats in water.

The turning of water into ice causes many changes in the crust of the earth. When the water which has soaked into the ground freezes and expands, it causes a pressure that splits rocks, ploughs up the banks of streams, and crumbles the soil.

In countries where great tracts are forever covered with snow, the valleys are usually filled with vast bodies of ice, which move slowly down to the foot of the mountains, until they reach a point warm enough to melt the ice. These great ice rivers are called glaciers.

In the cold north, in the polar regions, the ice rivers move down to the sea. At the coast the water breaks off great masses, which float away and are called icebergs, or ice mountains.

Some icebergs are higher than the highest church steeple, and several miles in extent. Vessels crossing the North Atlantic ocean, are often in danger of striking against an iceberg.

Winter Bird Neighbors.

It is surprising that there are birds which come to us only to spend the winter, leaving us again at the beginning of spring for northern lands and snow-banked hillsides, where the long day and pale twilight nights of the Arctic reign. Birds that raise their broods in the far, treeless northland, where heather, grasses, and stunted alders grow on a shallow, soaking soil underlaid by a great depth of eternal ice, at the approach of winter gather into great roving flocks to surge southward to the gentler climate of our blizzardly “temperate” winters! Yet all young country folks have seen these restless, wandering flocks of winter lovers, and occasionally even in the towns and cities there arrive unfamiliar companies of fat, fluffy birds, busily opening the cones of the firs and spruces, or devouring the buds of the maples.

Many of these much-traveled little fellows are wonderfully tame, and seem not to experience fear of man so universal with animals that rear their young in his neighborhood. Pine-grossbeaks and crossbills, whose real homes are in the silent, moss-filled spruce forests of the great North, will almost allow themselves to be caught in your hand! With the field-roving kinds, like the snow-buntings, horned larks, and longspurs, this fearlessness is not found, probably from the constant lookout they are forced to keep against the cunning and hungry white foxes and the daring, trap-jawed little ermine that persistently hunt them in their northland home. But the rosy little redpolls, the creepers, kinglets, “little friend chickadee,” as the northern Indians call him, and all the other deep forest dwellers, are as unafraid of us as they are of the gentle porcupines and deer of their home woods.—Nature and Science in December *St. Nicholas*.

(Continued from page 431.)

minister? A. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, a Liberal, who succeeded in forming a strong cabinet. 248. Dec. 16.

For what is that cabinet especially noted? A. For the fact that it is the first British cabinet to contain a labor leader, John Burns. 248. Dec. 16.

What great feat was lately performed by Captain Roland Amundsen, a Norwegian? A. He was the first navigator to sail from Europe to America by way of the northwest passage. 248. Dec. 16.

What important law was lately adopted by France? A. A law providing for the separation of church and state. 248. Dec. 16.

Why was the Hague conference postponed? A. On account of the Swiss refusal to withdraw its invitation to a Red Cross conference. 260. Dec. 16.

What complaint does Korea make against Japan? A. It says that Japan used force to obtain the late agreement. 260. Dec. 23.

What three European cabinets resigned in one day? A. Those of Italy, Greece, and Montenegro. 260. Dec. 23.

What famous writer on economical subjects died recently? A. Edward Atkinson. 263. Dec. 23.

JIM CROW TALES is the name that Burton Stoner has given to his entertaining book in which an old black crow is the central figure of the opening story. A barefooted boy named

Tom exhausts all his arts to snare the wily bird, which then has his wing disabled by a stone thrown by the youth in a fit of rage. Once the bird was a captive, Tom did not hate it half so much as he did when it was stealing corn, and he made a great pet of it. There are other stories in the volume that show up the traits of wild creatures just as well as this does. For instance, there are Terrible Claws, the Snow Owl; Slim Nose, the Racoon; Red Head the Woodpecker; Chipper, the Woodchuck; Mr. Hyena, and others. It is nicely printed and illustrated. It is a story book and natural history rolled in one. (The Saalfeld Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. Price, \$1.00.)

A new edition of CIVICS FOR YOUNG AMERICANS recalls what an unusually interesting and instructive book this is. William M. Griffin and Harris G. Provines, the authors, show that they know the straight road to the heart of boys and girls,—for they begin this study of civics with a long story, and they illustrate almost every point with a shorter story. These first lessons in civil government will delight pupils, as, in fact, they are already doing in many schools. An appendix contains explanations of state, county, town, and city government. (Parker P. Simmons, New York.)

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The Buffalo.

This wild beast of the ox tribe has hollow horns and chews its cud. It lives in India, Africa, and South Europe. The buffalo is stronger than its tame species, the ox, and is much stouter, standing six feet high. It is black or a reddish color. The body is clumsy, with a large head, on which are fixed a pair of horns pointing slightly over the animal's back. These horns are sometimes nearly seven feet long.

The buffalo likes to be near water, in which it likes to wade. A knowledge of this, directs hunters to the resort of the buffalo.

To prevent the bites of insects, it covers itself with mud by rolling in the wet earth. The food of the buffalo is herbs and grass.

The skin of the buffalo is made into leather, and its flesh is good for food. In a wild state the buffalo is fierce, and can sometimes conquer a tiger. It also will attack a man, even if he does not interfere with it.

The Antelope.

The antelope is an animal living in India, Africa, and North America. It has no cutting teeth, but hard gums with which it chews its food.

Antelopes are very elegant and graceful. On their heads are two horns which are hollow. Their slender bodies are covered with short hair. Their feet are cloven and their tails short. In cold places the hair is longer.

The smallest antelope is about nine inches high, and might be mistaken for a rabbit. The largest species, called the eland, is about five feet high. The color of the antelope is tawny, and sometimes reddish-brown.

The skin of the antelope is used in Africa for making cloaks, and the horns for lance-heads and tools. The skin is made also into reins. In England its skin is made into purses, bags, etc. The flesh of the antelope is good for food.

The antelope runs very fast, and has very sharp scent and sight. It can outrun the fastest horse, but gets tired sooner. It can leap upwards of ten feet, and can jump the same distance.

The Hedgehog or Porcupine.

This is a little animal with spines on its skin instead of hair. The spines are an inch in length, hard and pointed, of a whitish color. The ends of the spines are round, and are fitted into little cavities and they move about loosely. The under part of the body has yellowish white hair.

The legs of the hedgehog are short and feeble, and there are five toes to each foot. It has a large number of teeth. When attacked the animal rolls itself into a ball with its head and legs tucked inside, so that the spines stick out at all sides. It can fall down a long distance without injury.

Some of its teeth are suited for cutting and tearing, and others for crunching. The hedgehog feeds on insects, chiefly beetles, with hard backs, and so the

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crushing teeth are needed. It eats also frogs, mice, and snakes. It is sometimes kept in houses to keep down cockroaches.

The home of the hedgehog is in woods and hedge-rows, from which it comes at night to seek its prey. It sleeps during the winter.

The hedgehog can be tamed, and can then be handled without harm.

The Boar.

The boar belongs to the family of hogs, but is wild. It lives in India and in some parts of North America.

The boar is about five feet nine inches in length. Its body is thick and covered with coarse hair. Covering the shoulders and neck are strong bristles. Two large tusks stick out of the mouth, and these it fights with. These tusks are smaller in the female, as also is the body. The bristles are used for making brushes.

Boars live on herbs and fruit.

The boar roams about corn-fields and sugar plantations, doing much harm. With the canes it builds a shelter for its young.

Hunting boars is thought good sport, and is followed without great danger.

Of entertainments, especially in schools there will be no end so long as our civilization remains. Children like to show what they can do, their parents are delighted, and their teachers are willing, as often as seems necessary, to make the required effort. But on every side there is a cry for something new, ever something new. The distracted teachers who must provide something different for every new entertainment, will welcome eagerly "Bright Ideas for Entertaining" by Mrs. Herbert B. Linscott. The author describes two hundred forms of entertainment for social gatherings of all kinds: large or small parties, clubs, sociables, church entertainments, etc.; with special suggestions for all the special days of the school year.

Altogether, this is a very useful book for teachers to have.

A Blessing.

Sancho Panza blessed the man who invented sleep. So do our leading society belles bless the memory of the late Dr. T. F. Gouraud, who taught them how to be beautiful. Everyone should do all in his power to supplement nature in adorning the person, and a fine complexion is not given to all; and just here art aids nature, and all who use Dr. T. F. Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier, know its value, and how the skin that is freckled, tanned, pimpled, or moth patched can be made like the new born babe's. To those who will use toilet preparations it is recommended by physicians, as the board of health has declared it free from all injurious properties, and, as it is on sale at all druggists, and fancy goods stores, it is an easy matter to give it a trial, and thus win the approbation of men, as well as the envy of ladies.

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Important Publishers' Announcement



THIS will be the last issue of **TEACHERS MAGAZINE** under the present ownership. We think it will be a source of gratification to all concerned in the great work of education to know that this magazine and the other periodicals and property of the United Educational Company have been acquired by the house of A. S. Barnes & Co., a name identified with the highest educational standards, and the next number will be issued under their management.

In the past we have worked faithfully to make this magazine indispensable to teachers and representative of the best educational ideals. By the force of circumstances there have been limitations. Under the new management we believe there will be a gain in usefulness which will place these periodicals easily at the head of their respective fields. We need not dwell upon the interest and importance of this change of ownership and the certainty of prosperous development.

These magazines have represented our faithful effort, and in surrendering the control under such auspicious conditions, we ask for the new management the most active support and co-operation of all our friends.



Hereafter all remittances for subscriptions and books should be sent to A. S. Barnes & Co., Educational Department, by whom a prompt receipt will be furnished.

*Longfellow Reading Lessons

By Ida E. Viets, Connecticut

I.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland.

Portland is a city in Maine.

Portland is on Casco bay.

Casco bay is a piece of the Atlantic ocean.

There are a great many islands in Casco bay.

On one of these islands is a lighthouse.

A great many ships are built in Portland.

These ships go all over the world.

II.

Henry did not like loud noises.

He liked to listen to the trees and birds.

He was very fond of books and music.

He liked to dance.

Henry and his brother went to the circus.

They played circus at home.

Henry fell over the rocking-horse.

The head of the rocking-horse was broken off.

III.

Henry went to school when he was only three years old.

A colored man worked for Mr. Longfellow.

Sometimes the colored man carried Henry to school on horseback.

When Henry was six years old, the teacher said, "Master Longfellow is one of the best boys we have in school."

When Henry was twelve years old he wrote some verses.

These verses were his first poem.

IV.

One day Mr. Longfellow met General Lafayette on the street.

Lafayette was a friend of George Washington.

He came over to America and helped Washington fight the Red Coats.

V.

Mr. Longfellow wanted to learn to talk Spanish, so he went to Spain.

He liked Spain and the Spanish people very much.

The Spanish people were very kind to him.

Mr. Longfellow went to Granada.

There is a very beautiful palace at Granada.

It is called the Alhambra.

The Alhambra was built by the Moors a great many years ago.

VI.

Mr. Longfellow stayed in Spain nearly a year.

Then he went to Italy.

At first he did not like Italy.

He was homesick for Spain.

He went to Naples.

Naples is a city in Italy.

Across the bay of Naples he could see Mt. Vesuvius.

Mt. Vesuvius is a very high mountain.

It is a volcano.

VII.

Once, a great many, many years ago, a great deal of lava came out of Mt. Vesuvius.

The lava covered a whole city.

The city was buried.

The name of the city was Pompeii.

After a great many years the lava was dug away.

Now people can go into the houses of Pompeii.

VIII.

Mr. Longfellow went to Venice.

Venice is another city in Italy.

The city is built on ever so many islands.

The streets are canals.

The people go about the city in boats.

These boats are called gondolas.

Mr. Longfellow stayed in Italy a year.

He learned to talk Italian.

IX.

When Mr. Longfellow came back from Europe he lived in Cambridge.

Cambridge is a long way from Portland.

It is near Boston.

Mr. Longfellow taught in Harvard college.

Harvard college is in Cambridge.

X.

Henry W. Longfellow had one little boy and three little girls.

His little boy's name was Ernest.

He wrote a poem about the three girls.

He called one girl Alice.

He called another laughing Allegra.

One he called Edith with golden hair.

XI.

Mr. Longfellow wrote a poem about the village blacksmith.

The blacksmith's shop was under a chestnut tree.

After a while the chestnut tree was cut down.

The children of Cambridge had a chair made from the tree.

They gave the chair to Mr. Longfellow.

He wrote a poem which meant "Thank you," for the chair.

Mr. Longfellow lived to be an old man.

He loved children.

He was a very kind man.

We all love his poems.

*Adapted from a series of eighteen reading lessons on Longfellow published for use in the Connecticut public schools.

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This book furnishes a year's work for pupils from eight to eleven years old. The subjects for study are those most familiar to children, such as the fly, the tadpole, frost, the pine tree, golden rod, the bird's nest, etc. The lessons are arranged in the order of the seasons, and throw light on the unfamiliar sides of these familiar things. They are correlated with work in drawing and composition-writing, and teach the pupil not only to observe closely, but to realize the meaning of what he has observed, and to describe it both pictorially and verbally. The book is profusely illustrated, largely from photographs taken by the author.

Comstock's Flowers Which Blossom in April and May

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This book of spring wild flowers includes the study of the Hepatica, Spring Beauty, Adder's Tongue, Dutchman's Breeches, Squirrel Corn, Jack-in-the-Pulpit, and the Trilliums, and is prepared on a somewhat novel plan, combining note-taking, composition work, and drawing. It deal with the flowers which the child loves, and leads him to understand the life-history of the plants. He becomes an investigator into the habits of these interesting plants and is obliged to make the results of his observations and investigations of use in the school-room in language work and drawing.

Carter's Nature Study with Common Things

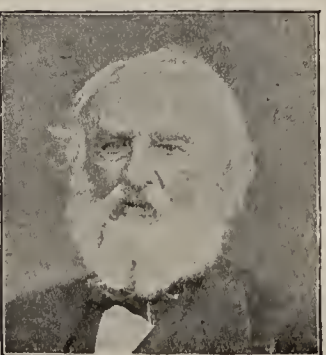
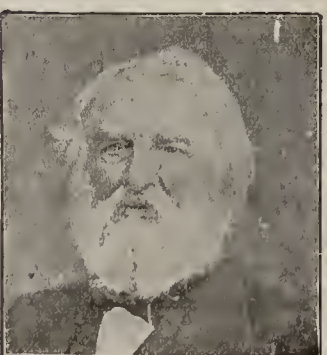
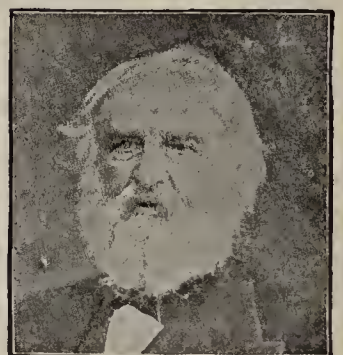
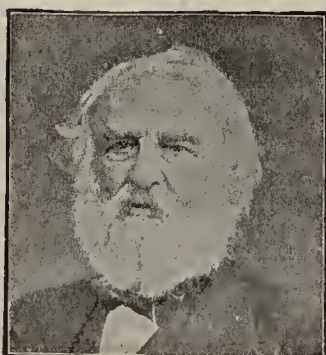
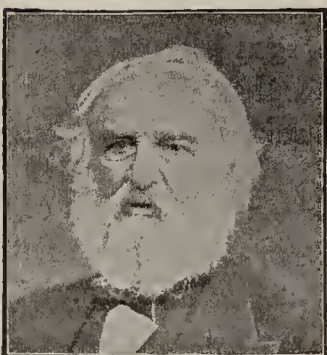
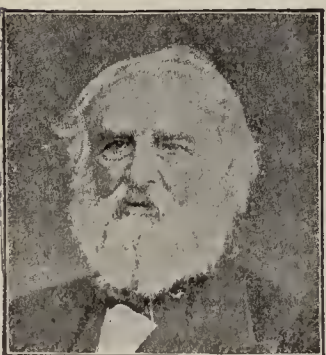
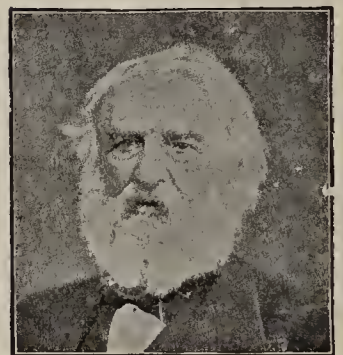
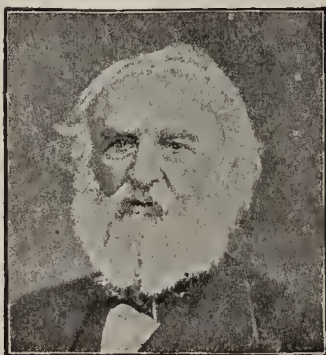
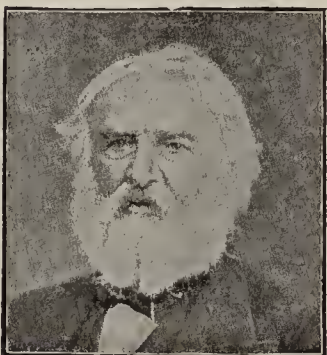
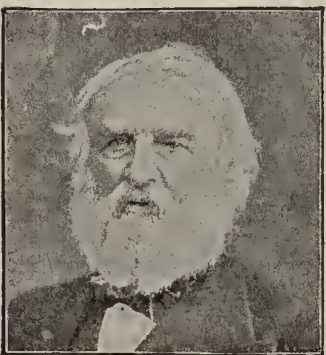
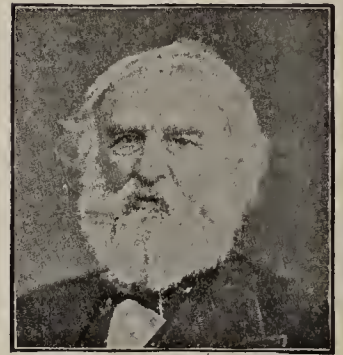
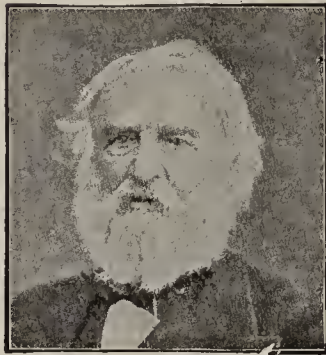
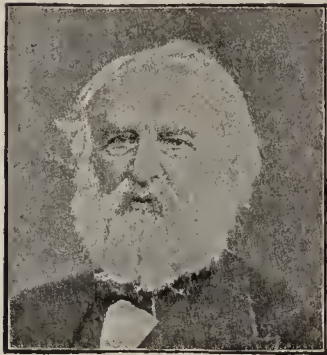
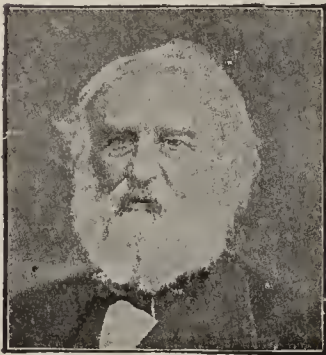
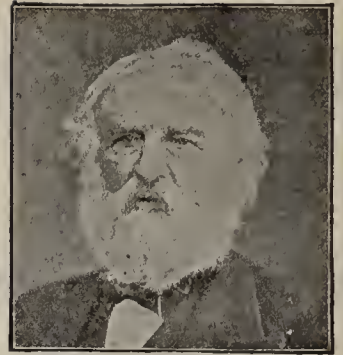
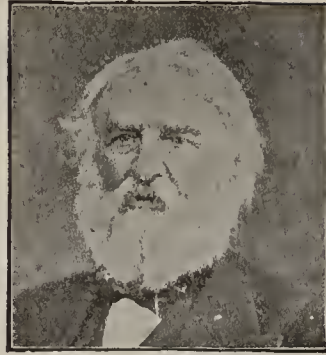
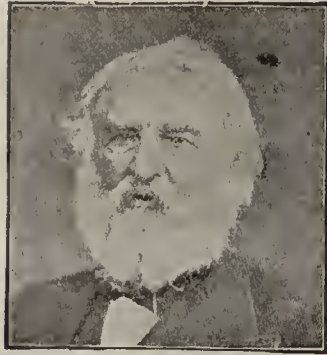
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The many small portraits of Longfellow given in this number will be found welcome material. Each child may be supplied with one to paste over his composition exercise.

Cut-Up Number Problems.

1. Here are 12 pieces of pencil. I add 1 more piece. How many pieces are there?
2. A boy has 13 marbles. He loses 1 of them. How many has he left?
3. A girl has 1 apple, and she buys 12 more. How many has she then?
4. There were 13 sheep in a field, but 12 of them got out. How many were left in the field?
5. A boy had a dime and a nickel. How many penny oranges can he buy?
6. There were 13 children in a class, and I had a dozen apples. I gave 1 each to as many girls as I could. How many did not get an apple?
7. After eating 12 nuts, a boy had 2 left. How many nuts had he at first?
8. (a) Polly has 10 nuts, and Annie has only 1 nut. How many nuts have they both? (b) If Polly gives 1 to Annie, how many will each girl have then?
9. If I have 14 nuts, and give 2 away, how many are left?
10. Thirteen children were at play in a field, but 9 of them went home. How many stopped to play?
11. A man bought 11 sheep one week, and 2 sheep the next week. How many sheep did he buy?
12. There are 12 books. If 11 girls take one each, how many will be left?
13. A farmer had 13 cows. He sold 7 of them. How many did he keep?
14. I gave away 11 out of my 15 oranges. How many did I keep?
15. There were 11 birds on a tree, but 2 of them flew away. How many stopped on the tree?
16. If there are 10 books here, and 3 by the side, how many books are there?
17. If I take away 3 books from 10 books, how many are left?
18. Here are 10 books. How many are left now I have taken 10 away?
19. There are 13 balls in a basket. How many will be left after 8 boys have taken out 1 each?
20. After giving away 3 books, I have 9 left. How many books had I?
21. A boy has 10 white rabbits, and 3 black ones. How many rabbits has he?
22. A man has 10 horses, and he wants 13. How many must he buy?
23. A farmer has 12 pigs, and he wants to keep three. How many must he sell?

Young Heedless.

Young Heedless is a boy
Who lives in every town,
His name 'tis sometimes Johnny Smith
And sometimes Tommy Brown.

Young Heedless goes to school
When he can find his hat,
At home he loves to play at ball
When he can find his bat.

Of mittens, one is lost,
Of rubbers, two or more,
And on the very coldest days
He never shuts the door.

The hammer's always lost,
'The saw left on the ground,
And when he wants his button hook,
It never can be found.

To buy a piece of beef
You send him to the shop,
He loses all the change he had,
And brings you mutton chop.

Yet for all these careless things
And more that I could name,
Young Heedless always feels quite sure,
He never is to blame.

His father would despair,
But that this thing is true
That forty years or so ago,
He was Young Heedless, too.

—Selected.

N. E. W. S.

North are icebergs, white bears, seals,
Eskimos with blubber for meals,
Odd sea-birds with wings like fins,
Bold explorers with food in tins,
Dogs that draw the sledges light,
Six months day and six months night,
Bright auroras, "sun-dogs" queer,
Wintry snow thru all the year.

East are tea-plants, silkworms, spice,
Elephants huge, wide fields of rice,
Chinamen wearing long, slim queues,
Porcelain vases of richest hues,
Bamboo houses, fans and screens,
Dragon-kites and palanquins,
Fuji-yama, shining clear,
Rumbling earthquakes all the year.


West, the prairies wide as seas,
Towering cliffs and monster trees,
Lofty cataracts, canyons deep,
Ranches raising cattle and sheep
Mines of gold and silver ore,
Corn and wheat in endless store,
Mountain-ranges, snowy capped,
Silent Indians, blanket-wrapped.

South are groves where oranges grow,
The cotton-bolls are the only snow,
Season of drouth and season of rain,
Waving ranks of sugar-cane,
Tropical forests where monkeys swing,
Where jeweled birds are on the wing,
Endless summer, desert sands,
Sluggish rivers thru fertile lands.

North, East, West, South—the world is
wide,
Full of wonders on every side.

—TUDOR JENKS in January *St. Nicholas*.

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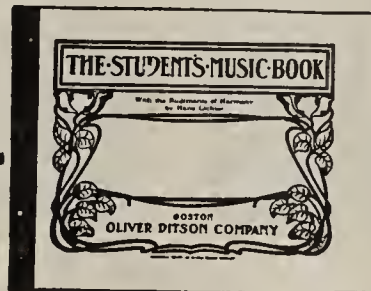
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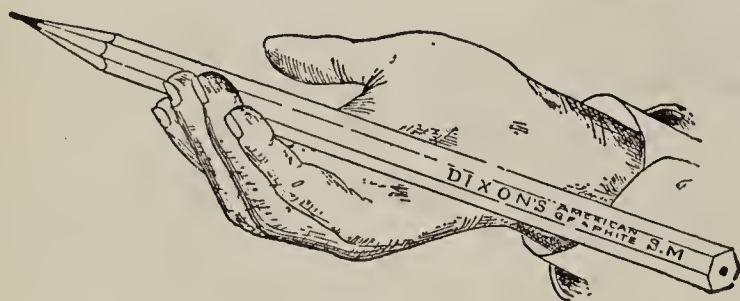
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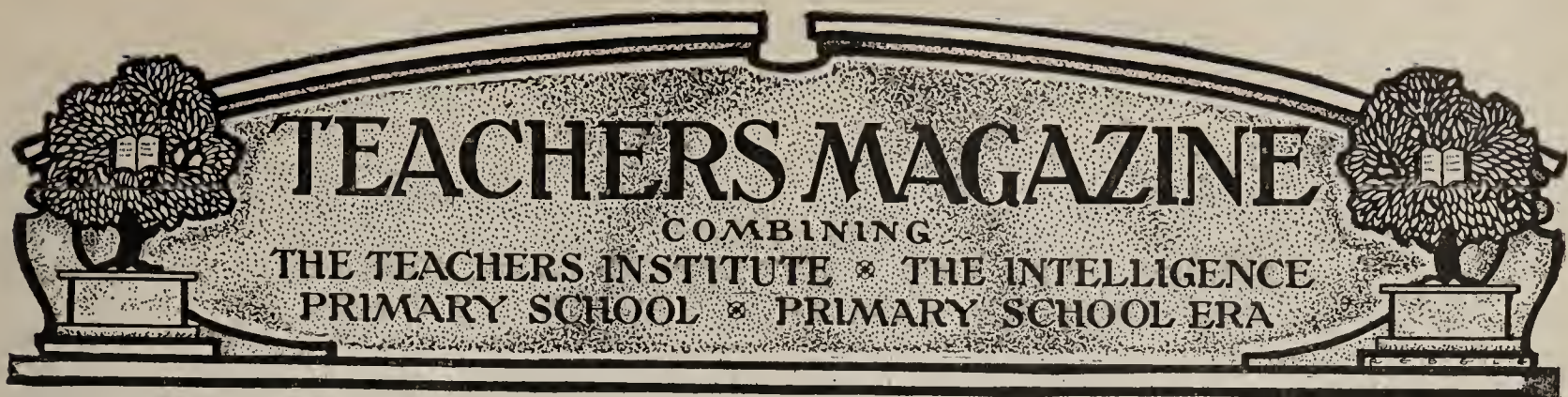
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Vol. XXVIII

FEBRUARY, 1906

No. 6

The Educational Rabbit.

By EDWARD F. BIGELOW, Stamford, Connecticut.

WHEN I was a boy, I often heard, with many variations and elaborations, a quaint story of two elderly maiden ladies who were fond of building matrimonial "air castles."

"Now," says optimistic Desire, "suppose we should live in such homes and have such husbands as we have been sposing and sposing, wouldn't it be nice?"

"Yes," replied the somewhat pessimistic sister; "I suppose also that it would have its drawbacks and its sorrows. Just think what trials might come. Suppose that I should be a mother, and the baby should grow, and grow, oh, so sweet and lovable—with little dimples in its chin that should show so prettily when it laughed, and we should all love it so much, and it should begin to say 'mama' and hold out its little hands to us so prettily; we should all love it so much, and it should begin to toddle about—and we should bring it playthings and be so happy—and then, oh, dear (here she sobbed) it should one day be playing on the floor and we would all be so happy (here she sobbed twice) and it should carry all its little playthings before the old brick oven just after Aunt Delia had put in a pie, and she should neglect to fasten the iron door that never stays in place for half the time, you know, and the baby should keep right on playing, and laughing, and holding out its chubby hands so lovely (here they both sobbed—the tone implying that something very sorrowful was to happen) and—and—and that old oven door should fall down on the dear child's head, and kill it—boo—hoo—hoo— (here they broke down completely and sobbed and wept, and comforted each other, in the luxury of an artificial grief).

And the reader will surely perceive that the whole thing was pathetic—with some slight exceptions—there were no marriage, no child, no dimples, no play, no chubby fists, no oven door, no death. The lack of these few essentials changes pathos to hysterical balderdash.

Strange as it may seem, I remember that I never heard this story of death without thinking that it was told only to excite laughter. At any

rate, I laughed in company with the rest of the amused audience, altho I may have heard the same tale forty times repeated, with forty changes of circumstances and of color scheme. One variation placed the child at play on the cellar steps; when a ham fell down and fractured his skull. That was the luxurious climax of a fictitious grief.

In somewhat later years it slowly dawned upon me, that calamitous as was the end, the story was told by those good old people not so much for its humor, as for its optimistic moral—don't worry about imaginary trouble; the causes of real sorrow are fewer than we think. But if we must play with the imagination, it is better to erect our air-castles in a pleasing region, in a graceful style of architecture, to surround them by a beautiful landscape, and to put above them a blue sky. In still later years, a humorous element of the old-fashioned story began to take first place, not in the fact that appealed to me most as a boy—the improbability of the two old maids getting married and caring for a child—but rather in the absurdity and folly of abstract love and imaginary sorrow. There was no child, then how foolish the love and the sorrow and the sympathy for the little affairs of a creature that never existed. We finally learn to leave fairy tales and Santa Claus to childhood; we discover at last that our real interest should be in *actually existent things*.

The history of nature study in the schools has been somewhat paralleled by my views of that story. In its infancy a few years ago, we talked about the wonders of bird, of four-footed animal; or of insect. And the little folks opened their eyes, and their mouths, too, as we designed they should and quite properly exclaimed, "Oh, my!"

We told the loveliness, the charming ways, the cosy homes of these same forms of animal life; and the young folks responded properly with, "Oh, the dear things!"

We stood by and scrutinized the dying agonies of "Rono, the Howler," the tragic end of "Peeklet, the Widgeon," we mourned for Buggybig, for we "never saw her again, and we never knew where she went, for she slept her never-waking sleep in the ice-arms of her friend the Water that tells no tales." Or perchance we had another equally sad ending—and boo—hoo—hoohoo—how sad it all was—with some exceptions. These

AMERICANS without class distinction have learned to recognize that the State's resources are developed by education. Every educated individual is an important addition to the wealth of the State. The better educated a man, the greater service he will render the State. This is the American creed. A father who sends a child to school is contributing to the wealth of the State. He who has no child to send has learned to pay his share of the school taxes without grumbling and without any particular feeling of being virtuous in doing so. In sooth, the people are awaking to the notion that he ought really to be taxed more heavily, not having a child to present to the State.

soon dawned on the educational world. There were no Reno, no Peeklet, no Buggybig.

Then we called for real things. Something that we could love, and care for, whose interesting ways and manners we could study, and if misfortune and loss overtook them, we could sympathize and help.

So our nature study was for many years a matter of poetry, and of stories in prose, and of sentimental songs—then it became real. First, as in my threefold stages of views of the story of boyhood days, we first supposed it to be a matter of exciting interest, then we supposed it to be a sort of finger-post to point out a moral pathway, or a force of some kind to “correlate” another force with something else as the real end. Now we know that the thing in all its reality is worth doing for itself. In later life we find enough real babies to love, to enjoy, and if need be to make us break our hearts with sorrow.

So now that we are in the presence of real things, not of imaginary stories of non-existent things—the burning question is, “What is most available?” For far away, tigers, wolves, otters, squirrels (far away from some city schools), we have substituted the real horse, dog, cat, or other four-footed pet. But the horse we young folks can’t take in our hands and have all to ourselves, neither can we always so treat the dog or the cat—that is, we can’t always find them gentle and submissive. So for a real lovable four-footed animal I make a plea for the fancy pet rabbit as the ideal. It has most interesting and surprising customs. It will efficiently aid in developing the emotional nature of boy or girl. It does so much that it will tax and train to the utmost the powers of

description. It is cared for with only a fair degree of difficulty and its care by the child is a powerful aid in training to do things efficiently, as well as mere training to say things correctly. The rabbit is strokable, petable, lovable, and livable with. It never disgusts and never is anything but its best self. And that can hardly be said of cat or dog.

The rabbit, I say, is the ideal four-footed animal for “nature study.” Most “courses of study” for the children in the large cities are recognizing this fact. The prescribed course of study for the New York city schools specifically mentions rabbit many times in its list of most available “common animals.”

It is cleanly in its habits, a perfect epicure in its diet (so far as in abstinence from things that are decaying or are otherwise disagreeable), is free from midnight Mr. Hyde-ing—always your true sound Dr. Jekyll. Of what other four-footed pet can you say that? So I recommend, teacher get a rabbit—and you and the young folks be happy in caring for it and in watching its interesting ways.



The month of March is traditionally set apart for the special benefit of Brer Cottontail and his family. Whether the original March hare had something to do with it I don’t know. But TEACHERS MAGAZINE takes the months as they are, and so there will be rabbits in March, many of them. Dr. Edward F. Bigelow, editor of the Nature and Science Department of *St. Nicholas*, has sent some beautiful photographs of rabbits taken expressly for this magazine. The March number will be the best yet produced—and it will be out *early*.
THE EDITOR.



Education of the American Indian.—The Old Way. On the Trail, Rosebud Reservation, S. Dakota.
Courtesy of J. A. Anderson and Hampton Institute.

The Autobiography of a Teacher. V

By C. Hanford Henderson

The Spice of Life.

I DID not return to Kentucky. My capitalist friends wanted me to go back, and it now seems to me rather unreasonable that I declined, but I conceived the idea that a most moral gulf yawned between their ideal of life and my own. They were really much more tolerant than I, for knowing my position they still wanted me to represent them in the wilderness; while I, knowing theirs, but perfectly free to follow my own, was unwilling to do so. But at twenty, one is apt to hold fast to the doctrine that "My right is the right," and to believe, of course, that it is non-transferable.

So again I stood with the world before me. It was a different person, however, who now confronted it. I had tried my wings a bit in Kentucky, and now believed more strongly than ever that I could do what I wanted to do. Except in times of illness and consequent physical depression this tonic belief has never left me. It has helped out my one little talent amazingly, and has done more than anything else to keep it out of the napkin. I might almost say that I am now afraid to go in for anything unless I really and truly want it, so sure am I to get it. I hope that this does not sound like boasting. In reality I write it in deep humility, for it is a necessary corollary of such a belief in the supremacy of the will that if I only

willed strongly enough to be a wise man, hero, or saint, such I would inevitably become!

Lest this doctrine be discredited by the apparently contradictory experience of life, let me point out that the process confessedly requires time; and that we commonly fail of our desires because they are one thing one day and another thing another day. Before we get well under way our purpose changes, and we must make a new start. And then, as even our optimist Emerson says, "Men are as lazy as they dare to be!"

I remained at home a week or two, and then took occasion to spend a fortnight in Washington. I went there with an old family friend, a physician of great intuitive power, who had saved my life when I was a lad of fifteen, and had rendered me the large service of encouraging me to think that I could go to college. I never realized my indebtedness to this unusual man, or my genuine affection for him until he died. He meant to visit a sister in Washington, and so it was arranged that I should board quite near her house. When we reached the city I had another lesson in Southern hospitality. Madame insisted that I should at least stop with them over night and not look up my boarding place until the next day. The following morning I set out as a matter of course; and secured pleasant quarters in the immediate neighborhood. But I had reckoned without my



Education of the American Indian: The New Way. Indians Harvesting, Pine Ridge Reservation, S. Dak.
Courtesy of Miss Estelle Reel, U. S. Superintendent of Indian Schools.

hostess. When I came to go she absolutely declined to allow it, insisted that I should explain matters to the boarding-house people, and should remain with her for the fortnight. And this is what I did. It was with serious misgivings, tho, for I had hopelessly priggish ideas about accepting favors from strangers. Happily I have got over all that now, and accept things right and left thankfully, unquestioningly, and when I can, I give. And as I take of one and give to another it is the same thing and matters nothing, for the true lovers of life are not traders, that they must be forever balancing accounts.

It is needless to say that I had a very happy fortnight. My new friends belonged to the permanent colony and had a large mansion on M. street. There were two daughters in the family, and three sons, some older than myself and some younger, and all of them, as well as the gracious father and mother, were as kind to me as mortals could be. I went out to little parties, I met their friends, I walked, I drove, I visited the interesting government departments, I went to the theater a great deal. It was a genuine holiday and of the best sort.

I got home in time for Christmas and my twenty-first birthday, again I hope a little bigger for the outing. Early in January, I was off once more, this time quite alone and on my own responsibility, as befitted one who had just attained his majority. I made a tour thru Pennsylvania to visit the most important iron works. I had always been intensely interested in the metallurgy of iron, from the moment I began studying it at the university, and was, indeed, hesitating between the rival attractions of geology and metallurgy. It was midwinter and the state was well under the snow, but I went from one end to the other full of the spirit of investigation. My route took me up to Lebanon where there are excellent works, out to Cornwall to see the famous ore deposits to Heelton, to Altoona, to Johnstown, and finally to Pittsburg. It was really an illuminating trip, for I saw the very best that our American world had to offer in the way of iron and steel smelting. I do not know how the comparison stood then, but I suspect now that Europe has nothing better to offer. The tremendous scale on which the industry is conducted, the scenic reactions in the giant blast furnaces and Bessemer Converters all appealed to my imagination, and gave me an artistic, almost poetic pleasure; while I learned much in every way, I also found, to my intense satisfaction that my own knowledge was singularly practical and up-to-date. The iron industry moves so rapidly that all technical instruction in the subject is apt to be a little belated. But I found myself familiar with all the most recent inventions, and realized with a great rush of gratitude how excellent had been the instruction in that department of the university. It had been given by our professor of geology, a German trained in Germany, and saturated with the scientific spirit. A modern teacher would shrug his shoulders at the appalling list of subjects taught us by that one man, geology, mining engineering, paleontology, crystallography, mineralogy, mechanical drawing, metallurgy, blow-piping, assaying, volumetric analysis, I am not

sure that I can ever recall of the subjects. As far as the time allowed he taught them well. I felt, it may be remembered, some dissatisfaction with his action in the assistantship matter, but my appreciation of his sound scientific spirit and faithful teaching has increased with the years. For some incomprehensible reason, I think on the plea of economy! he was afterwards dismissed, and the university voluntarily lost one of its very best teachers. I remember that I used to find his lectures on metallurgy somewhat difficult to take; I think it was because they were so brimful of new ideas and involved so many diagrams and so much freehand drawing. I went up to him one day after a particularly difficult lecture, and asked, rather complainingly, I fear, why he did not give us a text-book in metallurgy. It was really a very childish question. He looked at me in smiling contempt, shaking his head as he always did when any of us asked particularly foolish questions. "Why, my dear sir," said he, "these things are not found in any *text-book*. They are the very latest news from the actual, practical world. I get them where I can from technical journals, from the proceedings of scientific societies, from journeys of my own, where I can. There is no *book* that will give them to you." I realized all this on that journey thru Pennsylvania and realized, as I have said, with a very genuine gratitude.

I think I must have carried some letters of introduction with me. Occasionally I ran across a stray cousin, a college chum, or some friend of boyish times. But usually I was wholly dependent upon strangers for the success of my inquiries. Everywhere I met with the greatest kindness. The men showed me over their works, took me to what they regarded the most interesting process, explained their last methods in chemical analysis, lunched me at their clubs. One man out at Cornwall gave me a beautiful sleigh-ride across the Lebanon valley so that I need not wait for an inconvenient train. It was the same everywhere. I had added lessons in *Camaraderie*, as well as in iron smelting. I came back by the southern route, visiting my delightful cousin in Maryland, and stopping over at Washington to see Colonel Powell. I made a half-hearted effort to get work on the United States geological survey, but either my mode of approach was not effective, or the force was really full; for the effort came to nothing.

I got home late in the winter, rich in new experiences, but resolved, in spite of the impressiveness of those experiences, to stick to geology rather than to go in for metallurgical work. My interest in iron and steel had been much deepened by the trip, but I began to detect in myself, even then, a distaste for all salaried and routine positions. I did not so phrase it, perhaps, but all the fellows I had met seemed to me so many slaves. And then the terrible monotony of their work appalled me. One good chum was inspecting rails for the Pennsylvania railroad, and this he did day after day. A lively boy whom I had met years before in the White mountains was making manganese determinations in steel, and this he did day after day. A cousin at Altoona was busy with some other recurrent work. And so it was

all along the line. I do not know the effect of this monotonous toil on other people. Some observers; onlookers, for the most part, mark you, and not participators, say that the effect is salutary. But I know very well what the effect upon me would be. It would be to bring despair. It is, perhaps; a difference in temperament.

At any rate, my decision to keep out of that impersonal, routine, salaried world of corporations still seems to me a very wise one. I have since held salaried positions, once for as much as five years at a stretch—but they have been positions of such large flexibility that I have practically been my own master all my life. I may not graciously dispute the criticism that this freedom of mine may have cost me the loss of much valuable discipline. But neither have I any reason for relinquishing my fundamental belief that *self-possession*,—the use of one's own time and strength and powers,—is a heritage which no man may abdicate without sacrificing a part of his manhood. Those who wish to sell their time and services must of course do so. It is not for me to say. But I may properly add in defence of that free-lance policy whose praises I am forever singing, that measured in terms of the interestingness of life, it amply justifies itself. Starting out as I have said with very slender equipment in the way of either health or ability, I have found life much more interesting than it promised to be, more interesting even than I expected it to be when I looked at it thru the traditional rose-colored spectacles of the youthful baccalaureate. And I have found it very full of unofficial opportunities for service.

Having decided upon geology, it still remained for me to find some suitable point of application. I should hardly have been my mother's son had I sat down and waited for the opportunities to come to me. My mother had no sympathy with poor Mr. Micawber. I do not recall where the idea comes from, but in this emergency I hit upon a plan so small and so productive of good results that I may be pardoned for dwelling upon it at some length. Indeed, I even think that it had just a very little touch of genius about it.

There was, and happily still is, a distinguished geologist living in Philadelphia whose name is known on both sides of the water. He was a stranger then; now he is a friend. I had never seen him. I knew him only by name and reputation. I had, however, conceived an admiration for him which in view of the slight knowledge it rested upon might almost be considered romantic. I decided that I would be this man's assistant. It has always amused me (and perhaps him, too) that I left my friend-to-be no choice in the matter. It is one of the delightful things about youth that "to will is to act." Had I thought over my plan any great length of time, I might not have had the courage to put it into execution. As it was, I called almost immediately at the office of my future friend. I got there so early that he had not yet arrived. Indeed, I think I waited at least an hour for him. I was armed with no credentials or recommendations of any kind. I had only my professor's visiting card. At last the great man arrived. He took the card, glanced at it, and asked somewhat brusquely what he could do for me. I told him very simply and directly that I

wanted to be his assistant. "But I don't want any assistant!" he cried, evidently somewhat taken back by what must have seemed amazing assurance on my part. I do not remember, however, that I was the least bit discouraged. He asked me to sit down, questioned me very kindly about my plans, and seemed genuinely interested in my answers to his inquiries as to how I came to seek him out. During the course of talk I gathered that he once had an assistant who proved not wholly satisfactory, and that his general attitude towards assistants was not only not favorable; but even distinctly antagonistic. He was just starting for Boston to attend a meeting of the American Institute of Mining Engineers and asked me to send him a letter there telling him further about my proposed plans. After a little more talk I took my departure, leaving behind me a man at once amused and interested. It was the beginning of a life-long friendship, and one that has been to me of great value and helpfulness. I sent the letter to Boston. I remembered that it contained thirteen pages of closely written matter. Had my friend been less kindly and patient, such an epistle must doubtless have appalled him, and ended our friendship before it began. Instead of that, he received this youthful out-pouring as a human document, read between the lines as well as the lines themselves, and allowed the letter to deepen an interest which he evidently already felt. To make a long story short, my good geologist not only accepted me as his assistant, but moved to another building in order that we might have a laboratory as well as an office.

I remained with my friend for nearly two years. I may not speak of our association in much detail; for happily my friend is still living and our friendship is too sacred to be made public in any sense. But I think he cannot mind if I say that while an assistant gets to know his chief as intimately as does the traditional valet his master, such a knowledge in our case only deepened my own affection and admiration. It was an association in every way fortunate for myself. My friend was generosity itself. He gave me really more than my share in the proceeds of the office; and voluntarily increased it as he conceived my services to be of increased value. In our final settlement, I felt obliged to send back his last check as being too manifestly an over-payment. I mention these details because there are persons who imagine that business relations cannot be idealized.

But better far than any financial gain; my friend gave me the frank comradeship of an intellectual and singularly high-minded man. My own duties were not very heavy, not so heavy indeed as I could have wished, but they were varied and added much to the sum total of my growing experience. I made geological maps. I assayed ores of all kinds. I analyzed rocks. I took part in geological examinations as far afield as Virginia. Our most important case was in Mexico. My friend did the field work himself; while I remained in Philadelphia attending to the office, assaying the ores as they came in, and doing such drawing and writing as were necessary. It is needless to say that with my love of travel and adventure, I should like to have changed places or better still, have gone with my friend. Had

he known how keenly I wanted to go I am sure that he would have arranged it. But it was only reasonable that I should stop at home and attend to the office end of the work.

I had much time for reading and study, and as we had an excellent scientific library, the spare moments could all be occupied to advantage. I had become a member of the Institute of Mining Engineers, and contributed one wholly unimportant paper to their proceedings. I had one little copper case of my own, involving the preparation of a report. Beyond these I do not remember to have done any writing. As far as I remember all my ambitions at that time were professional, and everything else slumbered.

My friend lectured occasionally at the Franklin institute, and sometimes allowed me to help him with the experiments. Afterwards, thru his kindness, I was invited to lecture there myself. I was too ambitious to say "No" to any opportunity, but these first lectures of mine were very nervous occasions. I have distinct and painful memories

My friend always spoke well of these performances, and encouraged me to go on lecturing. But I came to feel that his judgments, keen and often severe as they were towards others, were lenient and ever over-generous towards me. Our intimate association made it possible for him to form a very high opinion of my good intentions, and in his large-heartedness he sometimes took intention for performance.

I went to no end of trouble in preparing these lectures, but really I think they were not very good. So grave became my own doubt of the propriety of my lecturing any more, that at one of these lectures, I think it was the last one I ever gave at the institute, I invited two very critical friends to attend and to give me their frank opinion. But I should have invited three. For one said: "By all means go ahead" and the other said "Don't," and so I was left just where I was in the beginning.

While I cannot think that the audiences got very much out of these lectures, personally, I got a great deal. The necessity of arranging my material into something like an intelligible whole forced me to give more attention to form than I might perhaps have done otherwise. I did learn after a fashion, to begin, progress, and end, in place of the customary formula,—to begin, wander about, and stop. But my chief gains were even more strictly literary. Whatever merit my own writings may possess in the matter of style is largely due to two causes, two habits, if I may so express it;—the habit, which I have always mentioned, of reading as far as possible only really first-class writers and the habits made possible by these and subsequent lectures of writing for oral delivery. The ear is much more



William Penn's Treaty with the Indians.

From a rare old steel engraving copied from Benjamin West's famous painting.

of tramping up and down the little ante-room, apprehensively watching the clock crawl around to eight, and then, very weak about the knees, going into the lecture-hall to make my bow to the heterogeneous audiences that then frequented the institute, and to wonder why under the sun my voice sounded so horribly tense and unnatural. Once under way, however, my nervousness left me and I generally managed to end the lecture with all flags flying. I may have delivered half a dozen lectures there in half as many years. I chose such subjects as "Aluminum," "Glass-Making," "Iron and Steel Smelting," and once I essayed a philosophical lecture under some such title as "A Chemical Prolog.

sensitive in these matters than the eye. A bad construction, an obscured meaning, a needless repetition, a lost point when given voice by the writer himself, offend him too keenly to be willingly endured. There are few of us who have ever lectured, or read little papers at Browning Societies, or spoken in teachers' meetings, who cannot recall the chilly sensation that played up and down the spine when we came to some particularly atrocious bit of writing which we had handled lightheartedly enough with pen and ink, but which became a far stiffer task when it came to inflecting it in all its naked ugliness upon ears as sensitive or more sensitive than our own. As a matter of fact it is an extremely good habit to write always as if each

word were to be spoken; and in case of doubt to let the ear read. A sentence that will not read well at the mouth of a distinct, even loud-voiced reader, would much better be re-cast. It may properly be urged that such a habit would make for an easy colloquialism rather than for academic distinction, but then if one writes always with a cherished object in view, that is just what one wants,—to speak to people, and one may reasonably hope that the more abiding grace of style will not ultimately be wanting.

One other advantage I got from my Franklin institute lectures, which proved in time to be a very considerable advantage. They were printed; all of them I think, in the journal of the institute; and I was always furnished with a generous number of reprints. One of these, the one on "Glass-Making," I sent with natural, if not commendable pride to Professor Youmans, the editor of the *Popular Science Monthly*. He was at that time a complete stranger to me. Happily, something in the prolog to the lecture caught his eye, and brought him over to Philadelphia to ask if I would write a series of articles on "Glass" for the *Monthly*. This was the beginning of a pleasant connection with the magazine and of a helpful friendship with Youmans that lasted as long as he lived. I wrote so much on glass, indeed, I came to be regarded; much to my own surprise, as something of authority on the subject, and in the end, feeling that I had said all I had to say I had to refuse out and out to write another word. It is sometimes embarrassing to get the reputation of knowing more than you do know about a subject, for I had to decline only the other day to serve on a committee of judges for glass and porcelain manufactures, and to decline on the ground that I was not qualified. I think I wrote five articles on glass for the *Monthly*, all illustrated, and followed them up with articles on a variety of other subjects, chiefly educational.

Some of these fell into the hands of people in New England, and in the end quite changed the outer current of my life. I did not realize these possibilities when I began; very weak about the knees, to lecture at the Franklin institute, and had I done so, I might have been still more nervous. But I am getting somewhat ahead of my story.

To return to my friend, my scientific god-father, as I came to call him,—our relation was that of senior and junior partner, employer and employed. He might have made use of my services with strict regard to their objectional value; and tho the relation would hardly be ideal, I should certainly have had no right to complain. But I cannot remember that he ever did this. I do not know whether it was conscious or unconscious on his part, but all the work that fell to my share was beautifully educative. In our busiest moments my friend, like a true god-father, never seemed to forget that it was my own intellectual and spiritual development that was the most important part of all our office work. Often he would interrupt the work altogether and carry me off for a long walk. A Philadelphian of the Philadelphians, he knew our common city by heart. As we roamed over unfrequented quarters on thru the outskirts of the city, he talked about matters which he felt might enlarge my own somewhat

limited horizon. He did it with such fine tact; however, that it was not until years afterwards that I quite realized he had done it for my sake and not simply for his own amusement. I have often wondered what promise he saw in me to make such unusual kindness seem worth while. We were in marked contrast. This robust, full-blooded, intellectual giant, and my own slight self. My friend was an agnostic, but one of the most religious men that I have ever known, and certainly one of the most upright. He wanted my own beliefs to be at least intellectually sound, but at the same time he had a delicate fear of disturbing my still somewhat conventional faith. When he read a book which seemed to him important, he shared it with me. Indeed, he still occasionally does so and writes in some such convincing fashion as this: "Have you read so-and-so? *You cannot afford not to.*" I have read in Emerson that all life is discipline, and I used to ponder over the words, quite believing them, but not quite realizing them.

In this association of ours I learned unconsciously that work may be made deliberately educative, and that if it is not, it really fails of its highest office. I gained much from the large way in which my friend always treated me. I have tried to employ some of his methods in dealing with my own boys. In particular I have followed his example (tho with much less tact I fear), and taken them on long tramps and outings, had them at my house in town and country, so that I might reach their hearts and intellects more closely than is possible in the more formal life of the school room. But I have said quite enough to show how large a part this man played in my real education and how deeply I am indebted to him. Should these lines ever come to his notice, I know that for the sake of the love and the gratitude they betoken, he will pardon what would otherwise be a transgression.

During the second year of our partnership, that is during September, 1884, there was an imposing gathering of scientists of the American and British Associations for the Advancement of Science, and of our institute of Mining Engineers. As assistant secretary of the reception committee it fell to me to aid in arranging for the entertainment of our guests, and to share a correspondence with the many delightful and distinguished persons. I did not know until then that letter writing could be mad such a fine art. My pleasure in the literary quality of much of the correspondence made considerable amends for the unavoidably drudgery. The British members, often so reserved and chilly in actual intercourse, dropped this mask in their letters and wrote with particular charm. They have a greater gift for letter writing than we have. One notices it constantly in the bulky and voluminous memoirs which form the real staple in current British literature.

The weather unfortunately was unusually and distressingly hot. Altho our friendly citizens opened both their country and town houses and did everything that hospitality could suggest, we found it difficult to persuade our foreign that such heat was most unusual, I think that many of them returned to Europe under the firm conviction that the most tales they had ever

heard about the American climate were probably less than the truth.

In spite of the excessive heat, I remember the whole meeting with great pleasure. I had, of course, entree everywhere, and the right to take my mother and sister to such meetings and social affairs as they cared to attend. For me it was a truly fateful occasion, much more fateful than I realized at the time, for among other people, I met Professor Woodward, of St. Louis, and got from him my very first news about manual training. Our meeting was quite by chance. It was on the beautiful excursion made by the joint societies to the coal regions of Eastern Pennsylvania; and over the picturesque Switchback. My mother and sister were with me. As the excursion promised to be very popular they sat together and I occupied a seat directly back of them. As the car began to fill up, a tall, friendly looking stranger came along and asked if he might occupy the vacant seat at my side. I quickly assented, and fate, in the person of Prof. Woodward, sat down beside me.

We were not slow in getting acquainted. I presented him to my mother and sister, and the four of us had a very happy day together. Professor Woodward, I need hardly say, was deeply interested in the new scheme of education known as manual training, and full of the school he was establishing at St. Louis. He talked to us most entertainingly about the new movement, and before the day was over, had us all enthusiastic about it, my mother quite as much as myself. Nothing came of the matter for perhaps a couple of years, but neither of us forgot it. I do not remember that it occurred to me at that time to take any active part in the movement,—it was the philosophy of the system I think that then interested me; but later, when the opportunity did come, it found me prepared.

When the science meetings ended, I think I must have been a little done up by all the heat and excitement; for it was proposed that I should make a trip to Colorado. My friend was willing to have me away from the office for a month, and kindly got me a pass to Denver and back. I was afterwards with my friend from time to time, and there has happily never been any break in our

friendship. But this western trip was practically the end of our partnership, for Colorado opened up a new and curious chapter in my life,—a gentle prelude with a melodramatic ending.

A gentleman once stood before an oak tree pondering deeply. Nine miles from the coast of Cornwall lay some dangerous rocks on which many a brave ship had been wrecked. Twice a lighthouse had been erected upon them, and twice destroyed. On what plan could he build a new one, which should stand firm thru storm and tempest? The oak tree stands for hundreds of years; branch after branch may be broken off, but the trunk remains firm. Mr. Smeaton wondered if it was the peculiar shape, that made this tree so strong. He went away, and in 1759 the new Eddystone lighthouse was built, broad at the base and sloping upwards like the trunk of the oak tree; and it stands firm to this day.

—MRS. DYSON, in "Selections for Bird and Arbor Day for 1905," compiled for use in the Wisconsin schools.

COMMON SCHOOL HYMNS

TEACHERS MAGAZINE gives each month at least one hymn suitable for the common schools where children of all religious beliefs are gathered together. These hymns have been selected with great care, and the editor feels confident that they will prove a welcome collection to teachers everywhere. If you know of any favorite hymn which might be included please tell us about it. We want all the best things to be had in this magazine.

God Ever Glorious.

[Russian National Hymn.]

1. God ev - er glo - ri - ous, Sov - 'reign of na - tions, Wav - ing the
 2. Still may Thy bless - ing rest, Fa - ther most Ho - ly, O - ver each

ban - ner of peace o'er our land, Thine is the vic - to - ry,
 moun - tain, rock, riv - er and shore, Sing hal - le - lu - jah,

Thine the sal - va - tion, Strong to de - liv - er, Own we Thy hand.
 Shout in ho - san - nas, God keep our coun - try Free ev - er - more.

Robbie and the Others: Tales of a Real School-Room

By Alma Grant, Denver, Col.

Chapter VII. Afternoon Visitors.

THE principal had come in to hear the first grade class read. It was at the end of the month. Those who were not easily frightened were glad to have him come, as his words of praise were dear to the hearts of all fortunate enough to receive them.

Robbie usually shone in his division of the reading class. He was not timid and his voice had won for him laurels many times and oft, for the principal liked to have the children speak out. This day, however, Robbie almost got into trouble. The first division had all read well, pronouncing correctly the words having sounds hard for them to utter. All thru the highest division only words of praise had greeted their efforts.

"Well done! That is the kind of reading I like to hear!" Mr. Percival had said repeatedly.

But now the trial had come to the more poorly equipped little mortals, who had likewise to stand the test, and the sailing was not so smooth. The rocks ahead in the way of hard words filled the course with danger and uncertainty.

"What are you doing there?" said the principal sharply to Robbie, who was leaning over, half standing, with his thumb and finger in Heinie Dumke's mouth. "Why don't you answer? Come here to me, both boys!"

Abashed and unwilling they came slowly to the front, but neither boy would speak for a time. Mr. Percival always would have some answer from a child, and he now spoke more mildly. "What were you doing, Robbie?"

"I was fixing Heinie's tongue so that he could say this. He always wants to tell dis. He should put his tongue on his teet to say it, and he can't, but I can."

"Oh," said the principal smiling. "He must do that himself, but can't you say teeth? Take your seats, and don't put down your books again until we stop reading."

Robbie felt, as they returned to their seats, that he had had a narrow escape from something.

Just as the lesson was finished, company came—some girl friends of Anne's, prominent in club and social life, who being very fond of Anne, frequently visited her school and keenly enjoyed seeing the little children at their work. After politely waiting a moment to be introduced to the company, the principal left the room.

The time had not yet come when the most foreign element of the class could always readily follow what was going on, as even during the present month a newly arrived influx, who had just come over, had entered, and the English language was to them still almost an unknown tongue. Up to this time, everything had been eminently satisfactory. The children, responsive and interested, had evinced quite a degree of intelligence in the way in which they had done their work, and the afternoon seemed thus far a success.

Now it was time for the story, which, altho lasting for only a brief period, was keenly enjoyed by the

greater number of the children. Anne began to tell the more than popular, and oftener than twice-told tale, of the "Great Big Whale and the Astute Little Fish," one especially dear to their hearts. They had once been taken to see a whale which had been exhibited at the Exposition building. That, and the gold fish in the aquarium near a window were ever present illustrations of the story in the minds of all who had seen the whale.

Anne was in the midst of the tale, when a small foreigner, one of the latest arrivals, Hans Gratzkopf by name, finding that listening to words he did not understand was not up to the high water mark of his expectations, began to laugh and talk in German to the boys near him. Anne looked at him and motioned for him to keep still, but that was of little use, for after a minute he went on again with his play. All signs and signals were of no avail, so Anne went to the small boy and taking him by the hand led him to the front of the room, still keeping him by her side as she sat down in her chair and went on with her story.

Hans, looking back at the other boys, went on with his laughing and other counter attractions, to the distraction of the class, filling the company with amusement, and his teacher with a feeling akin to chagrin. For Anne did not like to have one small boy spoil the fine effect of an afternoon's good work, and she realized how it appeared from an outsider's point of view, and to have her friends witness such discomfiture was too much for her dignity to stand. Something must be done.

"Hans," she spoke sternly. "Look at me." Hans looked. "I desire and expect you at once to remove that frivolous expression from your countenance, and to cease this most unbecoming behavior." Hans looked very sober, as if something dreadful was to be feared.

"Emerson tells us," she continued, "that in strict science all persons underlie the same conditions of infinite remoteness. Now, I wish to know why you so entirely, persistently, and practically ignore these conditions?" Hans wept bitterly.

"Are you intending for the future to act upon the suggestions the philosophers have made for your benefit, and mend your ways accordingly?" waiting for an answer.

"Yes, ma'am," he wailed.

"You are to say, 'Yes, Miss Howard.'"

Inasmuch as the whole class had been taught to speak in this way, Hans repeated, "Yes, Miss Howard."

So she sent him to his seat completely subdued and sobbing. Indeed, the whole class seemed duly impressed.

Anne shot a triumphant glance at her friends, as without let or hindrance, she finished the story, having entirely regained the attention and interest of the children.

"But my dear Anne," said Mary McLaren, after every child had left, "What do you suppose made that child cry this afternoon? I am at a loss to account for it. Why should the philosophy

of Emerson produce such an effect? Did any of those words percolate into his mind, do you imagine?"

"Yes," laughed Helen Kendall, "the idea of an obstreperous, playful boy being floored with words that were Greek to him was too funny."

"Alas!" cried Anne, "that I am unable, by a frank disclosure of some deep, occult understanding, to give an explanation that would establish intelligently a new method, and throw light on the subject."

But the fact still remained, and they were obliged to give it up as a psychological puzzle.

Noel: A Happy Child--Leaves from a Teacher's Diary

By Eleanor M. Jollie, Rhode Island

AN interesting little play was enacted this morning to an audience of one, and, as I sit here writing in front of my cozy fire, I wonder if a little lesson has not been taught to me, for *I* was the audience.

It was on my way to school this morning that I first saw him, the little Noel of whom I write. Like a great scarlet tanager he looked, with his bright scarlet blouse showing between the patches of green leaves of the old gnarled apple tree, in whose branches he was hiding.

"Sh!" he whispered putting one forefinger to his lips, and with the other pointing far down the dusty road, to where a little procession of three was coming as fast as their sturdy little legs could carry them. "They don't want me to go to school, so I am hiding."

"Noel, Noel," they called breathlessly, "don't leave us."

Noel's face was a study. "Poor little things. They ain't nothing but babies. I guess I'd better make a play and make it easy for them," and he clambered down.

"How would you like to play the Three Bears?" he asked, and the three broad smiles which appeared answered him.

I waited, for I had become much interested, and watched.

"Now, *I* am the three Bears, and you are Golden Hair," and the three children nodded solemnly.

"Here are the chairs, and the three bowls of soup," he continued, pointing first to some large stones of different sizes, and then to some smaller ones, "and here," pointing to some patches of soft moss "are the beds."

"I am going out for a walk and you can look around my house," and away he went.

The children, who impersonated Golden Hair, began to investigate, and after they had tried the soup and had sat in the chairs, were soon fast asleep in one bed.

Then back came the Three Bears. He discovered that some one had been tasting the soup, and roared, first in a big-sized voice, and then in a middle-sized voice, that some one had touched his soup. In a little squealy voice he announced that "some one has tasted my soup and has eaten it all up."

Then he discovered that the chairs had been used, and when he found Golden Hair fast asleep in the "little wee bed," his roars were enough to awaken the "Seven Sleepers."

How the three, who had taken the part of Golden Hair, ran towards home, for the play was very real to them, and the "Three Bears" heaved

a sigh of relief as he mopped his little flushed face.

"There ain't no use in getting into a fuss if you can keep out of it, is there?" said Noel confidentially, slipping his little hand into mine, and trotting to school with me.

That was tact, and I am going to copy it.

September 30.—How interested I have become in the little Noel, who played so well the "Three Bears."

I can see, now, why he sent the "procession" home that day, in the way which he did, for he makes a play of every hard task which he has. He makes me think of Mrs. Burnett's Sara Crewe.

To-day he was learning one of the multiplication tables. It was the table of seven, and I knew by the expression on his face that one of his plays was going on; for there was determination written in every movement of his face.

Before long his hand came up, showing that the table was learned, and try as I did to trip him, not a mistake did he make.

I was puzzled and curious. "How did you learn it so quickly, Noel?" I asked.

"Easy as anything," he replied. "You see this long row of figures," pointing to the products, "well, they are fierce giants and live in castles. 7 is a knight who has a duty to perform. He must kill every giant. Now every giant is killed with a different kind of sword. These are the swords," pointing to the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. "7 x 3 will kill the giant 21, 7 x 9 will kill 63. It's easy as pie. I like to study the tables for they make lovely stories."

Wasn't that a queer little way to make table learning easy? I wonder how I can help some child who is finding those multiplication tables a stone in the road, to enjoy them as Noel does!

October 29.—Noel loves to whisper. He sees no reason why he should not whisper whenever and wherever, he wishes to.

"Can't help it," he always says, when I protest.

"Put your finger on your lips, when you feel that you are going to whisper," I suggested, "perhaps that will help."

It was a splendid success and at night I complimented him on his good day.

"I done it," he replied, with a sigh, "but I've been so good I'm near busted."

December 17.—Noel has given me a startling piece of news. He said to me the other day in a burst of confidence, "I've got a beau."

His "beau" turned out to be Hilda, she of the china-blue eyes, pink cheeks, and stiff flaxen pig-tails.

The pig-tails were responsible, for Hilda sat in front of Noel, and he spent the whole of his seat

work time in adorning the tight little braids with pegs, and his heart became fastened in too.

Those two seven-year-olds are doing each other worlds of good, for Hilda is as sober as Noel is merry.

Hilda's sky is often clouded, but Noel's is always clear.

He has a queer little expression which he uses to tell Hilda that troubles in this world will soon pass away. "Black butterflies," is that expression.

If, perchance, the two have to stay after school, he will whisper, "Never mind, 't isn't real trouble, it's only black butterflies." The other day when Hilda fell at recess, and tore a hole in her dress, he comforted her by saying, "It's an awful big black butterfly, but then, never mind, it's black butterflies just the same."

I am sure that there must have been a fairy god-mother at Noel's christening, who gave him that beautiful gift of throwing off trouble, and of comforting others as well, as easily as do black butterflies rise and flit away from the flowers upon which they have been resting, taking the shadows with them.

December 21.—I had such a sweet Christmas present to-day and I bless, from my heart, the tiny giver.

We had just finished the morning prayer, and I noticed that Noel's head was still bowed so I waited a moment for him.

"What were you doing that you kept your head bowed so long this morning?" I asked later.

"Why don't you know," he said, his little face flushing and his great dark eyes shining, "that I say a little prayer every morning for you to have a happy day?"

"And I do have happy days, little lad," said I, drawing him close to me.



George Washington.

When great and good George Washington
Was a little boy like me,
He took his little hatchet
And chopped down a cherry tree.

And when his father called him,
He then began to cry,
"I did it, oh, I did it,
I cannot tell a lie."

His father did not scold at all,
But said, "You noble youth,
I'd gladly lose ten cherry trees,
And have you tell the truth."

But I myself am not quite clear;
For if I took my hatchet
And chopped my father's cherry tree,
Oh, wouldn't I just catch it!

—Selected.



Indian Girls Baking Bread at the Pine Ridge Reservation School, in South Dakota.

Courtesy of Miss Estelle Reel, U. S. Superintendent of Indian Schools.

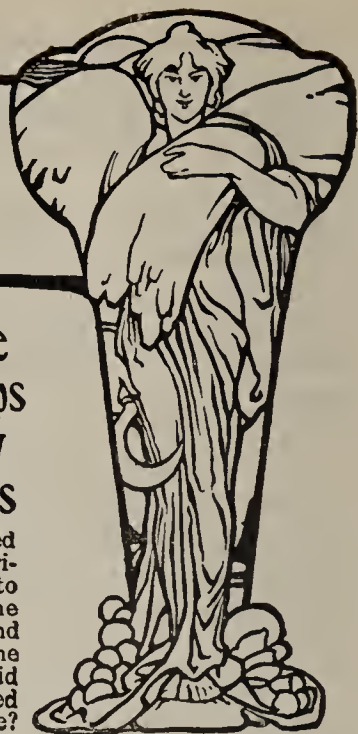


Hints and Helps

Plans,
Methods,
Devices, and
Suggestions

from the
Workshops
of many
Teachers

This feature, originally planned for *Institute* and *Primary School*, has proved so popular with teachers that it has been copied by nearly every educational periodical in the country. *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* will continue to publish the best to be had for this department. The Editor would like nothing better than that he might be able to visit the school-rooms of every one of the the hundred thousand teachers who will read this magazine. What an abundance of good things he would find! But that cannot be. The next best plan is to have the teachers aid each other by writing out the devices and plans and thoughts that have proved most helpful to them. Will you not contribute from the store of your experience? A good book will be sent for every contribution accepted for this department.



Hiawatha Booklets.

MY children have enjoyed exceedingly making Hiawatha booklets. A sheet of stiff brown paper for each child, and a needle threaded with white cotton are all the materials needed. We made ours four by five inches, with the cover, of similar paper, a quarter of an inch longer than the inside.

Each child printed in his best hand, across the cover, the word "Hiawatha." Freehand drawings illustrative of the following selections from the poem were made by each child, on pieces of paper two and a half by three inches in size:

By the shores of Gitche-Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis.

There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his little cradle.

There the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Then, upon one knee arising
Hiawatha aimed an arrow.

He had moccasins enchanted,
Magic moccasins of deer skins;
When he bound them round his ankles
When upon his feet he bound them
At each stride a mile he measured.

He beheld a maiden standing
Saw a tall and slender maiden
All alone upon a prairie.

At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders.

Pleasant was the journey homeward.

The drawings were many of them absurd, but they carried out the children's notions of the various descriptions, and were thoroly enjoyed by the would-be young artists.

Ontario.

F. G. SAUNDERS.

Using the Pictures.

I am a subscriber to your *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* and like it very much. I am particularly interested in your Hints and Helps Department.

In two magazines you had pictures of a white cow to be used in language work. I cut them out and gave them to my third grade pupils to write a story about. I suggested several different subjects and let them make their own choice. This is a story written by one of my boys:

Life on the Farm.

There was once a man and his wife who lived on a farm, and they had a nice white cow. The farmer's wife used to milk the cow every night and morning. But she was not afraid because the cow was very gentle.

A farmer's life is full of work. He always has lots to do. He has to plow and sow wheat and plant corn and lots of things.

But the farmers do not plow and do not plant corn now, it is too late. They just do their chores and milk the cows.

The farmer's wife has lots to do in the house. The farmers all send their milk to the factory. A man that lives on the farm is always busy.

I thought perhaps you would care to print this so as to show others how your picture helped me in my work.

MERLE PILLER.

Wisconsin.

Our Exhibit at the Fruit Fair.

One of the principal events of this county is the annual fruit fair. As this part of Arkansas is a fruit section, the fruit is the main thing, but all exhibits are encouraged. This year there was a demand for school work and I did not want my school to be behind the times. The proposition to make an exhibit was received with enthusiasm and we went to work.

The district is a rural one situated on the top of one of the Ozarks, and we have the advantage of the forest growth and the moss and ferns, of which the ravines are full. Our first work was to press the pretty autumn leaves, flowers, such as golden rod, aster, and a few anemones, which frequently bloom twice, and the various kinds of ferns. The

oldest down to the youngest helped in this and we had several "press books" full.

In showing a number class the difference between the inch, square inch, and cubic inch, I had had the children cut the six square inches, and with flour paste they had built the cubic inch. The good work done by some gave me the idea of sending specimens to the fair and I told them the perfect work would be sent. There were some very fine ones made, after lots of measuring and cutting and lots of paste on the desks and children. There were, as I had told them in the start, many of these called but few chosen, but all of that class understand the different inches.

The more advanced pupils made other figures, such as pyramids, prisms, etc., and they covered them all with colored paper and bound the edges with a contrasting color.

A few pupils could draw nicely and they got drawing paper and made pictures of fruit, leaves, and flowers and colored them with colored crayons. They searched my journals over and over for different things to draw, and made some very pretty calendars. These they decorated appropriately for each month, making the date of the fair a red letter day.

We sent some fine maps, but we did not have enough written work. Our leaves and ferns being pressed sufficiently, we borrowed a large frame with glass to fit, and pasting a fine collection on white thick paper placed it in the frame. In one corner was the name of the school and on the card was the only four-leaved clover we found.

As we traveled up and down the ravines hunting these specimens we came upon such fine ferns and moss that they wanted to send some of the growing plants. What and how to send them was the question, but at last decided to make hanging baskets in the shape of the Arkansas log cabin proverbial in song and story. They looked like miniature cabins, the logs being cut from willow switches but there were no roof or door or windows (I believe the story tells of a lack of these), then lined them with moss filled with leaf mold and planted with several kinds of beautiful ferns.

Knowing that my school was small in number and that the children had very little idea of such work made me very doubtful of their getting more than passing notice. But we had an agreeable surprise, as we took the second premium and received besides lots of praise.

The fact that they had some work in that department caused the pupils to study all of the school exhibits very closely and by another year we intend to do a great deal better.

The school-room during the time we were preparing this exhibit presented a strange appearance and to a casual observer it might have been considered great disorder, but they were all working. Some would be cutting and pasting, others drawing and writing, and the leaves and ferns were carefully pressed as they were brought in. The log cabin builders sat on the floor, cut their sticks, tacked and wired them together till they were firm as to foundation. No excellence without great labor was written on their faces, and while the result of their attempt brought premium number two, at the fair, I find that the result in the

school-room in the way of better attendance; better work, and more interest is decidedly its best feature.

ARKANSAS TEACHER.

Good Cheer from South Carolina.

The children at school enjoy my books a great deal. To-morrow I am going to take the TEACHERS MAGAZINE up to school. They always enjoy that.

I heartily agree with the writer of the article "Right and Wrong Teaching." All the arithmetic work in the entire school should be done in the school-room with the teacher ready to explain, to correct, and to help, if necessary. In my room I have individual work and individual instruction, sometimes for convenience taking two or three pupils at a time.

I have two grades in my room. I arrange study periods and recitations so that most of the studying and most of the actual work is done in school. Even spelling, the first lessons in the morning; is generally studied in school, studied sometime in the afternoon for the next morning. I have no marks except a C (correct) for perfect work—and how hard some work for that C—and another mark which means good.

Our village paper publishes each month a Roll of Honor. No one can get on that roll who is absent even for one day. This week I have had every child in my room present every day. The pupils in the school often come for two or three months, then (the older ones) go to work again—they are not allowed to work in the mill under the age of twelve—sometimes the family moves before the child has been in the school a month. It is a little hard to grade such pupils, but most of the children have been in the school for two or three years, and some have been there four years. They are enthusiastic over "our school" and "our president" (don't think for one minute that that means Mr. Roosevelt). The president of this mill is (by courtesy) president of the school.

I think I am more fortunate than most teachers. I never have any interference from trustees, school board, or school commissioner. I hear some sharp criticisms now and then (some of the sharpest were from a trustee who was never in the school) but they seldom ruffle me. Excuse me, please, when I get to talking about "Monaghan School" the subject runs away with me. Wishing you all success.

Monaghan Mills.

LILY LEWIS SHUMATE.

Some Splendid Hints.

I. In developing numbers to 20 I find it an excellent plan to place 20 small objects in a box just large enough to hold them easily. Pen boxes are useful for this purpose. I have a box for each child in the class, and the contents of each box is different. I use shells, pebbles, buttons, colored inch sticks, jacks, candy hearts, and the different seeds and nuts.

We make the combinations with the objects before writing them on the board. I give the children questions involving the combinations, and if they are not perfectly sure they work each one out with the objects. We also use the boxes

in building the multiplication tables, drill in fractions, etc.

II. A fellow teacher once gave me her method of breaking up the throwing of those moist, spherical bits of paper known in school parlance as "spit balls." I have found it most effective, never needing to repeat the punishment with the same set of children, so I pass it on.

The offender, or ringleader, if there be several, is detained after school. A few sheets of white paper are given him and he is told to make fifty or seventy-five spit balls. This is a disgusting task when he is in an empty school-room and the teacher knows what he is doing. When, at last, the sickening pile is ready he is commanded to throw them, one by one, here, there, everywhere about the room. Under the seats, on the windows, upon the walls, they go to the last one. The poor child is then required to gather them up and deposit them in the trash basket.

When the last one is in you will have a boy who is thoroly sick of spit balls, and you will not need to ask if he will throw any more. His face will tell you the truth.

III. I go into many school-rooms and see no picture board. I should not know how to get along without mine for I know of nothing in a school-room that gives such large returns for such a small outlay. My board is a wooden frame, padded and covered with green denim. It fits nicely into the space between two windows.

On it are fastened, (with thumb tacks) pictures and objects appropriate to the season, day, lesson, or special subject which we are considering. These pictures are a valuable aid in observation and language work. With older children such a board is useful in illustrating current events.

Try it, teachers, and see how interested the children are, for you will always be finding new pictures and objects to replace the old ones.

IV. Dear teachers, do your books get very soiled and worn where the thumbs press upon them? Mine used to, but since I have learned to give each child a folded slip of paper to hold between his book and thumb my books are kept in much better condition. Take pieces of paper about two and one-half by three and one-half inches and fold in the middle. The children will be delighted to make a big pile of these for you. Slip a rubber band around them and you can give out fresh papers once a week. This is a good way to use small pieces of paper.

Delaware.

CERIDWEN SAMUEL.

Easy Notation.

Experience has taught me that the simplest and most successful method for teaching children number reading is to begin at the right of the number and unravel the reading toward the left as follows:

Say the children understand thoroly that three figures are required to write hundreds, and can read them easily. Have the pupils write the following numbers: 128, 364, 562 in a column, adding a 3 to the front of each number telling them the 3's name is thousands each time. After reading it so, add 5 to the front of each 3, and they readily see that the 3 is changed to 53 but its name

is still thousands. By placing a 2 in front of each 5 they read 253 as tho it stood alone, but still calling it thousands.

Following this principle the most difficult number is unravelled. The little folks enjoy reading large numbers this way. The first child reads the millions, the second, thousands, and the third hundreds.

E. MAIE SEYFERT.

Pennsylvania.

Word Croquet.

A drill over which my children are very enthusiastic is our game of "croquet with words." The stakes and arches are drawn on the board. A word is placed at each, two at the middle and stake arches to return, so as not to repeat words. A child points to words, and if given correctly "goes thru the arch," if not, another child tries and a ball is placed near the arch to show where No. 1 starts next time. Each one tries very hard to give all the words correctly first, or in their turn, "hit the stake and beat."

We sometimes use phonics instead of words.

Another game is our guessing game. A list of words is put on the board. One child goes from the room, the other children decide on a word. The child returns, looks at the words and asks "Is it —?" The class answer together "No, it is not —," or when he finally gets the right word they answer "Yes, it is —." They always make a complete statement, never answering yes or no alone.

We sometimes use this drill with combinations of numbers and the multiplication tables, giving the answer when we ask the question.

Minnesota.

MABEL L. BEAN.

To Teach Children To Observe.

The work of teaching a child to observe comes unmistakably under the head of a teacher's duty. So often children are sent out from our grades having eyes but seeing not.

I have found a helpful plan for this in my primary room is to place around the room a number of pictures of people whom the children should recognize at sight, such as Longfellow, Eugene Field, Washington, our present president, and others.

Say nothing about these pictures but put them up in conspicuous places and number each. If any questions are asked regarding them answer, but do not call the attention of the school to them.

When the pictures have been up a week or more announce to the school that books may be put aside, and place on the board the names of all the pictures, but not in order as they are numbered.

Spell and pronounce the names for the children and let them copy the list, putting the number of Washington's picture after the name and so on.

The next time you put pictures up they will be noticed much more and you will be plied with questions, but all the time, little by little, you will be accomplishing your great object.

Virginia.

RUTH O. DWYER.



Magic Kingdom of the Fairy Tale

By Louisa A. Nash, Oregon

THE Danes have just been enthusiastically celebrating the centennial of Hans Christian Andersen, loved by children the world over. He wrote his "Eventyr" (Fairy Tales) doubtless in recollection of his own poverty-stricken childhood, and of the puppet plays that cheered it. His compatriots scorned them as too trifling to be worthy of him, but while his dramas are almost forgotten, these despised fairy tales will ever live as his memorial.

There was a time when children were discouraged from reading fairy tales, as matter too trifling to be improving. But they are the child's rightful pleasure, because they were the product of the childhood of our world, and with this the childish mind is most akin.

The old tales have been refashioned to suit the needs of to-day. They speak again to the child's heart, just as they spoke to the nations in their youth. They express the same hopes and fears; the same longings; the same gropings after great truths; the same eternal sense of right and wrong, and the same meting out of poetic justice. There is the same love of nature in her happy moods, and the same dread of her in her violence, that show the likeness between the corresponding childhoods.

It has too long been the custom to draw out the child's reasoning faculties, while the imagination remains latent. That the imagination aids in expanding the mind has been overlooked, and that it is the stepping stone to the spiritual, a most important part of our triplet nature.

A cultivated imagination can cast a halo over a man's toiling life, so that a mirage of "pictures of desire" can cheat, as it were, the hardest lot.

The pitiful story of a little chronic sufferer makes this real. Her only playthings were the spots of damp on the wall to which she gave names and character, making them talk to her like human beings.

A Scotchman, nourished on the wild folk-lore of his highlands, writes, "Fairy tales will themselves fulfil their own mission in the abiding place of their best beloved. They will open the nursery windows so wide upon a landscape, that beside it, earth's widest panoramas are as a narrow cell."

Ruskin, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Sir Walter Scott, and many more who have enriched the world with their precious gold, had been fed on the old world myths and legends.

It was "Sister Lily," spending her life in a mission school of the London slums, who was the pioneer in bringing the Fairy Tale into the school. She brought nature in, where man had shut it out, while her successors in the country have taught children to love nature more. To both are opened pleasant vistas, peopled with the elves of the olden child.

"What store could all these flowers have come from; they are finer than what we make!" was

the remark of a flower factory girl, when she saw God's flowers growing for the first time.

How will the hero loving child take lessons in patriotism from the legendary king Arthur, cured in fairy land of his grievous wounds, to reappear some sad day when his country wants him most! Or the Scotch story of the prophet-poet, Thomas of Ercildoune, watching over an army of warriors who lie sleeping under the Eildon hill, ready to rise when their country needs defenders!

It is thus that the love of country has been nourished among the Japanese, to make them what we have seen them. Death is too small a thing to quench this love.

The triumph of true love—tender and strong—is ever old as it is ever new. There are the Scandinavian and Teutonic myths innumerable; the story of fair Janet is a good example. She is wooed by a knight of the fairy queen's train, and she beseeches him to tell her whether he is an "elfin gray" or a Christian soul in human form. She learns that he is a real son of Scotia, and that he lives in dread of being given as a sacrificial tithe to the evil one, a fate from which nothing but a maiden true can save him. So Janet waits and watches for the knight with the "cocked-up bonnet, with flowing locks on a white horse," when, shrouded in her green mantle, she locks her arms around him, and keeps him fast, while he is successively changed into a bear, a lion, a serpent, and a flaming brand. Quenching the burning fire in the flowing spring, he at length returns into his human shape!

In most versions of the Cinderella story, it is seen that the fairy godmother is the spirit of the girl's dead mother, showing the yearning love of the mothers of all ages, stronger than death itself, which cannot hold it from shielding and caring for the child.

"Every myth which brings
Light out of darkness seemed imaginings
Of God or things which God Himself had made!"

School hours are long enough not to neglect entirely the spirit-side of the awakening child—the side with its innate love of nature. Cultivate this untuned note, and it will be in after life "just a soft hint of singing to beguile him over his toil." As Keats says:

"All lovely tales that we heard or read,
An endless fountain of immoral drink
Pouring into us from the Heaven's brink!"



Pussy Willow Greeting

By Frances de Wolfe Fenwick, Canada



For twelve school children, each holding a pussy willow. The child holds up the pussy as he or she speaks.

CHORUS OF PUSSY WILLOWS.

We are Pussy Willows,
Harbingers of spring,
When we show our furry heads,
Birds begin to sing;
Snowdrops raise their faces—
At the pretty sight
Winter, cruel winter,
Shivers with affright.

1st Child.—I am Pussy Willow
Number one,
Oh, I love the springtime,
And the sun.
I lived on a willow,
By a stream,
Where the sunbeams bright did
Glint and gleam.
Till one day a girlie,
Sweet and small,
Brought me to her teacher—
That is all.

2d Child.—I am Pussy Willow
Number two,
And I hope you like me,—
I like you.
I lived on a willow,
Big and high,
Its top branches must have
Reached the sky.
But its lower branches
Were so low,
That this girl could bring me
Here to show.

3d Child.—I am Pussy Willow
Number three;
I'm a nice soft Pussy,
As you see.
Mother Willow loved me
Very much,
As your mother loves you.
At the touch
Of a frisky west wind,
I fell down;
And this nice boy brought me
To the town.

4th Child.—I am Pussy Willow
Number four;
I have never been to
School before.
But this child said that I
Should appear,
Just to show her teacher

Spring was here.
I hope you'll believe me,
It is true;
Now I'll say good-bye, dears—
I'm quite thru.

5th Child.—I am Pussy Willow
Number five;
Weren't you glad to see me
Here arrive?
I think it's so jolly,
This nice school.
All my sister Pussies,
As a rule,
Have to stick on branches,
Day and night;
So a jolly school-room's
Our delight.

6th Child.—I am Pussy Willow
Number six;
I regret to say I'm
In a fix.
For I never talked in
School before,
And I fear you'll find me
Quite a bore.
But we Pussies all must
Do our best;
Now my sister's turn comes,—
I can rest.

7th Child.—I am Pussy Willow
Number seven;
Eight, nine, ten, will follow,
Then eleven.
Do you people see why
I say that?
'Tis because eleven,
Rhymes so pat.
And I'm not a poet,
As you see,
And I hope you'll pardon
This in me.

8th Child.—I am Pussy Willow
Number eight,
And I'll have to hurry
'Cause it's late.
All I want to say is,
I'm so glad,
That the spring is coming;—
It is sad
That I can't talk longer,
But you see,
Number nine is waiting
Next to me.

9th Child.—I am Pussy Willow
Number nine;

And I've got a plan that's
Simply fine.
Put me down on paper,—
Don't you fail!—
Draw a head and four paws
And a tail.
Then you'll have a Pussy,
Quite complete,
Staring at you gaily
From the sheet.

10th Child.—I am Pussy Willow
Number ten;
I come from a willow
In a glen.
And I have been waiting
Quite a while,
Just to see the big sun
At me smile.
For as sure as ever
He says "Spring!"
Pussies drop their thick cloaks—
Birdies sing.

11th Child.—I am Pussy Willow
Number 'leven,
And I'm just like Pussy
Number seven.
'Cause "seven" seems the only
Single rhyme,
That will match "eleven"
Every time.
So I've got to use it,
But I am,
Quite ashamed to say so—
That's no sham!

12th Child.—I am Pussy Willow
Number twelve;
For a rhyme I've got to
Dig and delve,
And I think we Pussies
Ought to pause,
We have talked—oh, so much;
Just because
It's so nice to feel that
Spring is here,
And so nice to meet your
Teacher dear!

(Repeat Chorus.)



How Plants Grow.

By W. H. Conners, New Jersey.

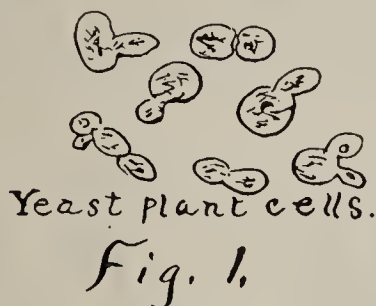
Suggestions to Teachers.

THIS work is suitable for pupils above the fourth or fifth year. Perform as many of the experiments as possible. Draw as much information from pupils as you can by questioning. Plant several seeds in a glass partly filled with moist cotton, and have pupils watch germination. Be careful to keep cotton saturated with water.

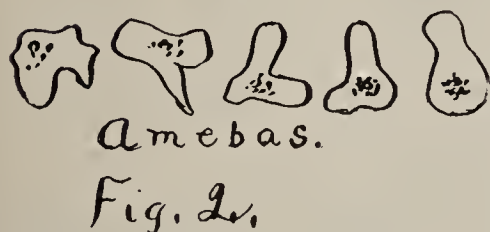
The following references will be found helpful: First Principles of Agriculture, by Goff & Mayne, a book of the same title by Voorhees, Farmers' Bulletins, from Cornell university and from the United States department of agriculture. The last named may be had by writing to that department.

Dead and Living Matter.

All matter may be classified as either *living* or *dead*. A grain of sand, worn smooth by rubbing against other grains, never growing, never changing its form and position unless acted upon by some outside force, is a good example of *dead* matter.



The little yeast plant, (Fig. 1) and the ameba, (Fig. 2) a tiny animal found in stagnant water, are examples of the lowest orders of plants and animals, which represent *living* matter.



Both of these tiny growths are made up of cells, which in turn are formed of a liquid substance called protoplasm.

Note to teachers.—(Place a grain of sand, a yeast plant, and an ameba, which can be found in almost every drop of stagnant water, under a microscope if possible, and have the children note the difference between the last two and the first.)

A distinguishing trait of animals and plants is growth. Put a drop of yeast in water containing some sugar and the white of an egg, and set in a warm place. Millions of yeast plants will be formed, making the water milky-white. For growth, all protoplasm needs food and water, and in most instances air, light, and warmth. We must then see that plants and animals, which are made up of these cells of protoplasm, have all of these things, if we wish them to be healthy and strong.

Composition and Parts of Plants.

As the farmer deals with plants, we will examine one of them closely so that we may better understand just why certain things are put on the soil, and why many other things are done, by the good farmer. First, we find that plants are made up of water and dry matter (have pupils mash plant). Most of you have noticed the difference in weight between green grass and hay. What makes this difference? (Question pupils on where water goes to. How they could find the amount of water in a hundredweight of grass. [Weigh before and after drying.] Associate the proportion of water in plants [80 to 90 per cent.] with the proportion in the human body and with the proportion of water on the earth's surface). We thus find that nearly all of the plant is water. Now if we burn the hay we find only a little ashes left. Most of the hay has gone into the air as a gas. If we test these ashes with different acids, we find that there is lime, potash, iron, and nearly a dozen other things in them, all of which may be found in the soil. But we found that nearly all of the hay went into the air as gas. What was this very important element which, next to water, makes up most of the plants? (Teacher develop idea that carbon is the combustible constituent of wood, coal, paper, etc., and lead pupils to see that it is carbon that passes off into the air). Besides carbon, another very important element called nitrogen was driven off in burning. Both carbon and nitrogen are found in the earth and air, but chiefly in the air.

We have now seen that plants are made up chiefly of water, and with it some fourteen different elements, of which carbon, nitrogen, phosphoric acid, potash, and lime, are the most important. Growing plants need all of these, and they must get them, either from the air or the earth. Let us see where and how they get these substances, which are foods to them.

If we examine a plant in a different way, we find that it is made up of three parts, root, stem, and leaves. We shall not study the different forms of these, but rather their physiology. Each of these parts has its work to do just as each part of our body has. The leaves evaporate water. (To Teacher—Place some twigs in a bottle of water, first by the stems, and notice absorption of water as shown by its decrease; then invert the plant, placing the leaves in water, and note that water does not decrease. Another example of evaporation is hay; and still another—place a cool jar over some leaves and notice collection of drops on inner surface of jar). Where then, does the plant get its water, and how, by leaves or roots?

As the plant not only needs lots of water for its

growth, but evaporates much thru its leaves; the farmer must be careful that the soil contains an ample amount.

We have seen that lime, phosphoric acid, and the other minerals in the plant are found in the earth and in nearly all cases in the earth only. So the plant must get these foods thru the roots. But how? We find that the roots are too small to take in these minerals even if they were ground as fine as pepper. We have also found that the plant takes in water by means of its roots; so would it not be an easy matter for some tiny grains, much smaller than pepper, to hide in the water and slip thru the roots with it into the plant? We all know that we can take some sugar, even large lumps, and stir it in water until it disappears. Some boys say, "*It melts*," but dissolves is a better word. We know that the sugar is there, for the water has a sweet taste, and if we were to examine it with a microscope we would

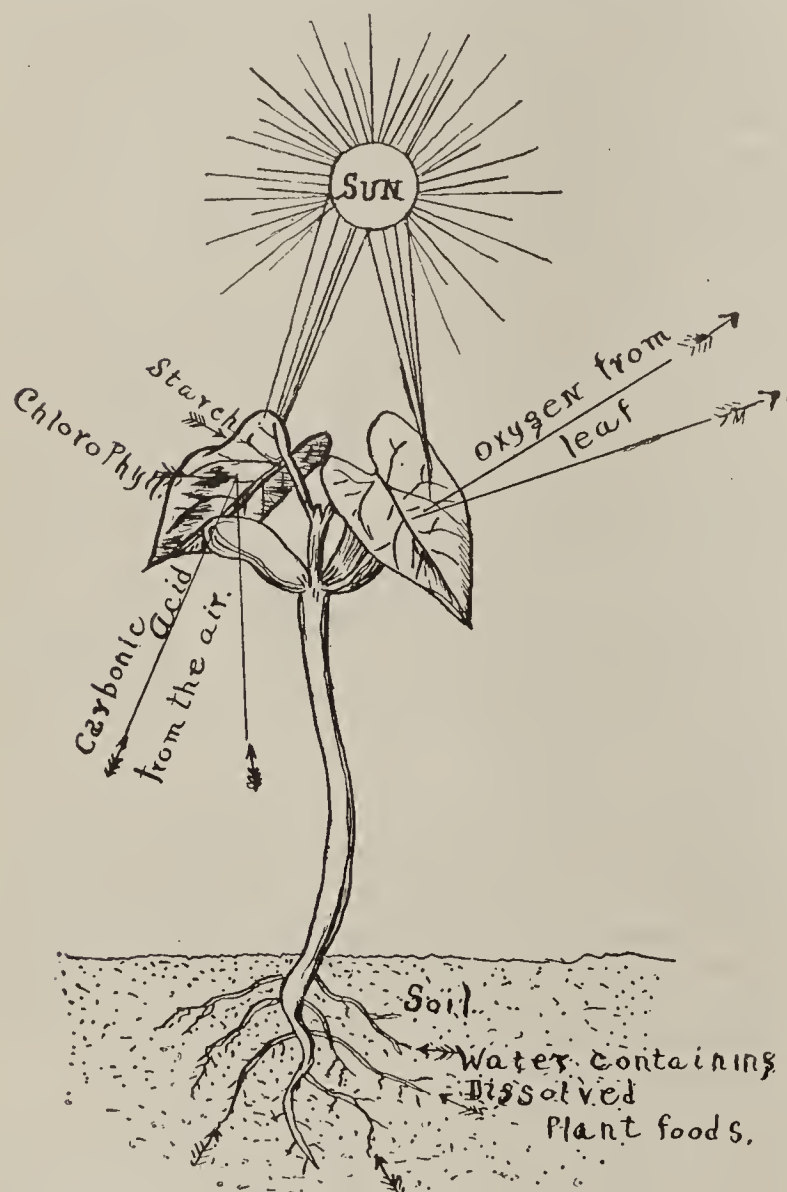


Fig. 3.

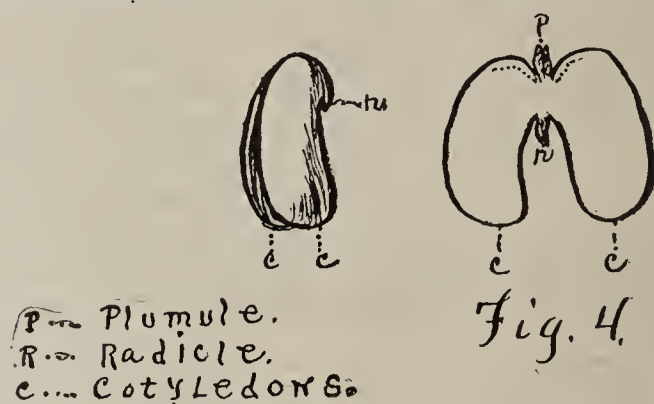
find that the sugar has broken into fine particles, so fine that our eyes are not strong enough to see them. So lime, phosphoric acid, potash, and the other mineral foods dissolve in water, and slip into the plants in this way. But carbon, which is the next most important food after water, cannot be dissolved in water, so it must be taken from the air. (Show how there is a lot of carbon in the air in the form of carbonic-acid gas produced by the breathing of animals and combustion.) Thus the main work of the leaves is to breathe in, or inhale, this gas.

It is wonderful to think that we depend on the plants for our lives in more ways than one. Besides using them for food we depend upon them for what we breathe. We inhale oxygen and exhale carbonic acid gas (which is carbon from our body, and oxygen from the air, mixed). Plants inhale carbonic acid gas and exhale oxygen so they not only use up what would, in time, kill us (the air would get so full that we would suffocate) but breathe off just what we must have, to live. It is much as if they were storekeepers to whom we took our old rags and got new clothes in exchange.

When the carbonic acid gas enters the cells of the leaves thru small openings, on the under side, it meets a green substance there called chlorophyll. When the sun is shining (Fig. 3) this substance separates the gas into carbon and oxygen. The oxygen is breathed off just as we breathe out the carbonic acid gas; and the carbon is mixed with the other foods, brought from the earth thru the roots and stems, and makes what is called a starch. This starch is the food that builds up the protoplasm in the cells thruout the plant, and causes the plants to grow. The leaves are, as we see, wonderful little factories making good food from waste matter, and giving off valuable oxygen. What would become of the plant if the leaves were destroyed? Should we not be careful then, to keep potato bugs, cabbage worms, etc., from eating the leaves of our plants?

Manner of Growth.

Plants grow from seeds, bulbs, or cuttings, and their aim in life is to start new plants, which is usually done by means of seeds. If we examine a seed, say a large bean, carefully, we shall see that it is made up of (Fig. 4) two fat seed leaves, called



cotyledons; and two tiny shoots. When we plant this seed one of the shoots goes down into the ground to become the root, and the other grows into the sunlight to become the stem. But where does the seed get its food to enable it to grow? It has no leaves above ground in the sunlight to take in carbon and make starch, neither are its roots able to take in the foods from the earth.

Before attempting to answer this question, let us look at something with which we are more familiar—an egg. In every good egg, there is a little germ (which you have probably noticed in the yolk), which, when kept warm for some time, begins to grow. This grows and grows, and after being kept warm by the old hen for three weeks, or kept in an incubator, comes from the shell a well-formed chick. But where does the little chicken get its food, water, and air while in the shell growing from a tiny little germ into a lively chick? The yolk and white of an egg is the food and water

put in there not for you to eat, but for the chicken. So in every good seed there is a tiny germ, which when wet and warm, grows and grows. Like the egg it gets its food from the seed. These two fat leaves, the cotyledons, were stored full of food by the mother plant last year, so that the little germ would not starve, if it had a chance to grow. There is enough food in them to allow the germ to grow until it, like the chick, is able to find its own food, that is, when its leaves and roots are well grown.

Seeds as well as animals must have air to make them grow. Most of them get this from the earth which is porous like a sponge; but some seeds, as rice, grow in mud, and cannot get air in this way, as the pores of the earth are filled with water. How then, do these seeds get air? We must again examine the egg. How does the little chick get air before coming out of the shell? Have you ever noticed when removing a shell from a boiled egg that one end of the egg is flattened, leaving quite a room between the egg and the shell (Fig.

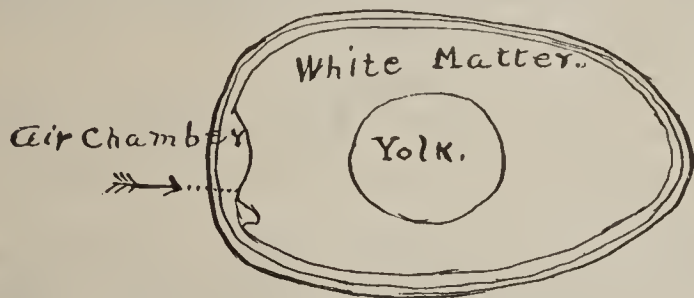


Fig. 5.

5)? This room is full of air, and it is here that the germ chicken gets its supply. As soon as this air is used up, the chick breaks the shell in its struggles to get more, and prevent suffocation. So the rice seed has in it a little room which contains air enough to keep the germ alive, until it rears its stem above the mud. This growth of the seed is called germination.

You will notice on the roots of the radish tiny little hairs like fringe. These are root hairs, and it is these that absorb the water and plant-foods. Besides doing this, the root anchors the plant fast to the soil. The stem besides carrying food to and from the leaves, supports the leaves, buds, flowers, and fruit or seeds in plants like corn, rye, etc.; creeps along the ground, as the seed of the melon; or even grows partly underground, as the stem of the potato. We have spoken of the use and value of the leaves.

Length of Life.

Plants are divided into three classes according to the length of time they live. Those which germinate, grow, produce flower, fruit, and seed in one year and then die, are called annuals (*annus*, year; *al*, pertaining to); as, wheat, oats, peas, etc. Other plants grow stem, leaves, and root the first year, but do not develop flower, etc., until the second year after which they die. These are called biennials (*bi*, two; *annus*). Turnips, lettuce and beets are examples of biennials. Still other plants grow year after year; as, trees, a number of grasses, etc. These are called perennials (*per*, by; *annus*).

In the first two mentioned, the plant transfers

its food from itself to the seeds, as soon as they form. In trees, the food is stored up in buds or in tender branches in the fall. These start growing in the early spring fed, not by the roots nor leaves (the leaves not being out yet), but by the stored-up food.

Test Questions for Review.

1. What substance forms most of the plant?
2. How does the plant get it, thru the roots or leaves?
3. Where does it get its carbon, potash, iron?
4. Where is starch made?
5. The roots take in an enormous amount of water, what becomes of the part not used by the plant?
6. Tell how our lives depend upon plants.
7. Name the conditions necessary to seed growth.
8. Which is the most important part of the plant?
9. What is the difference between annuals, biennials, and perennials?
10. Name two plants belonging to each class.

Bird Leaflets for Teachers.

The National Association of Audubon societies is issuing a series of educational leaflets on our common birds. Each leaflet contains a four-page description of the habits and economic value of a single species and is illustrated with an accurately colored plate showing the male and female bird, photographs of their nest and eggs, etc. There is also—and for teachers, this seems a valuable feature—a fac-simile outline of the plate, to be colored by children from the original, an object lesson which should aid in impressing the bird's distinguishing marks on the mind of the student.

Growing Bulbs in the School-Room.

Something of interest in the school-room is a hyacinth growing in water.

Show the dry bulb to the children. Let them handle it. Tell them what you know about bulbs. You can make a charming story of an imprisoned spirit, if you like.

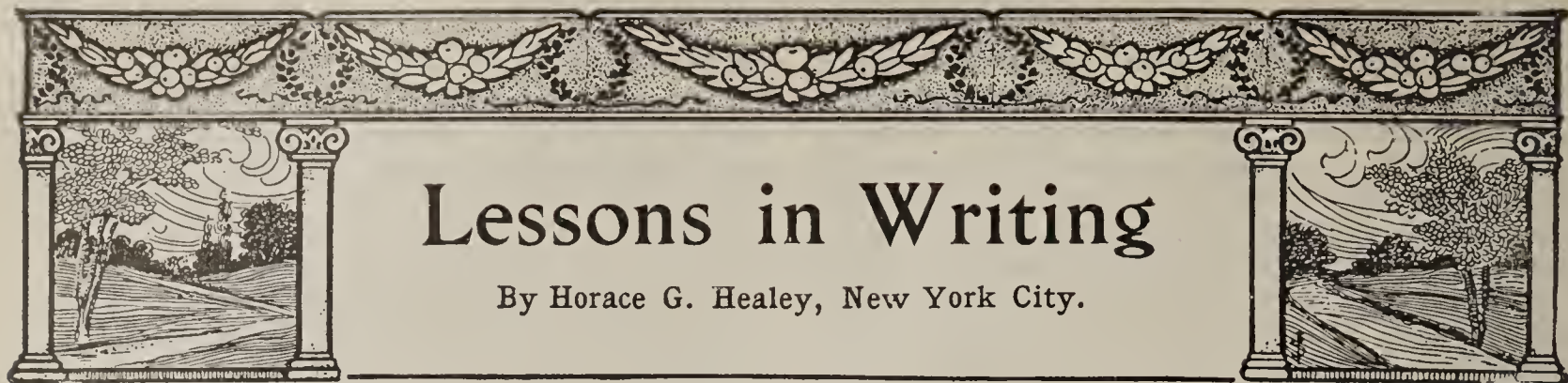
Obtain a bottle with a big mouth. I have used pickle bottles for large bulbs. Fill the bottle with water and fit the bulb into the bottle as you would a cork. If the bulb is smaller than the mouth of the bottle, wind a strip of cotton batting one-half inch around the middle until it fits the bottle. The water should touch the bottom of the bulb.

In a few days the rootlets start. Keep the plant on your desk where children can note development from day to day.

D. M.

Canada.





Lessons in Writing

By Horace G. Healey, New York City.

THIS course of lessons is designed for the teacher. The same material may be used to advantage in teaching pupils ten years of age or over. The ability to do is the solid rock foundation upon which to rear a successful career as an instructor in this most necessary accomplishment. A good handwriting is the key to the favor of business men, and the pupil who leaves the grammar school without a thorough mastery of the art of writing will be under the necessity of overcoming this handicap before he will be permitted to occupy any position of importance or emolument.

Writing is manual training in its most useful form.

Essential Elements.

The first item for consideration in learning to write is that of position,—position of the *body*,

small fingers which afford a gliding support.

The pen should be held as seen in the illustration. The hunter pays the strictest attention to the manner of holding his gun; the base ball player, his bat; the violinist, his bow. How important is it that the writer should be as assiduous in mastering the proper position for his pen.

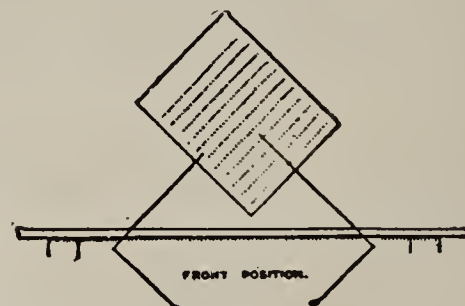
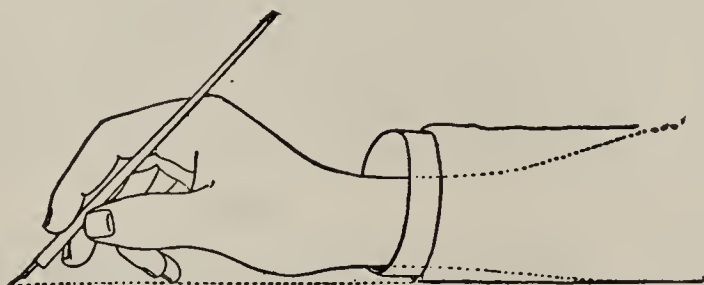
The paper should be held as shown in the illustration. The left lower corner about six inches from the edge of the desk.

Materials.

Paper.—Use a good quality of foolscap paper. Keep several sheets under the one on which you are writing.

Pens.—Use a medium sized business pen. Avoid the fine pointed or very coarse pen. Put in a new pen at each practice period.

Penholder.—The penholder should be straight



Illustrations showing proper position of hand, pen, arms, and paper.

arms, hand, pen, and paper. In grading pupils, allow ten per cent. for each of these, twenty-five per cent. for movement, and twenty-five per cent. for form.

The body should be straight with the desk; feet flat on the floor; the left foot slightly in advance of the right one. Incline the body only at the hips, and do not permit the spinal column to bend.

The arms should rest with both elbows just off the edge of the desk, and in such a position that they form right angles to each other. Each arm also forms a right angle at the elbow. (See illustration.) These are very important details.

The hand should be held so that the wrist is perfectly flat, not held on the edge as many persist in doing. No part of the hand should touch the paper save the ends of the two

and have a cork or rubber tip. Shun the freakish styles.

Ink.—Use a good fluid ink. Keep cover on ink well, and always have a fresh supply on hand.

Incidentals.—Have a penwiper and a clean blotter constantly with you.

Movements.

Movement is the keystone of writing. In developing and harnessing a free fore-arm movement in writing, we have our chief object of study. As for the forms of letters, they are readily taught. Children in the lower grades as a rule excel those in the high school in their delineation of the *forms* of letters; but to write a page is an interminable task. This entire lesson is given up to this branch of the work. No other drills are necessary, and daily practice should be had upon them.

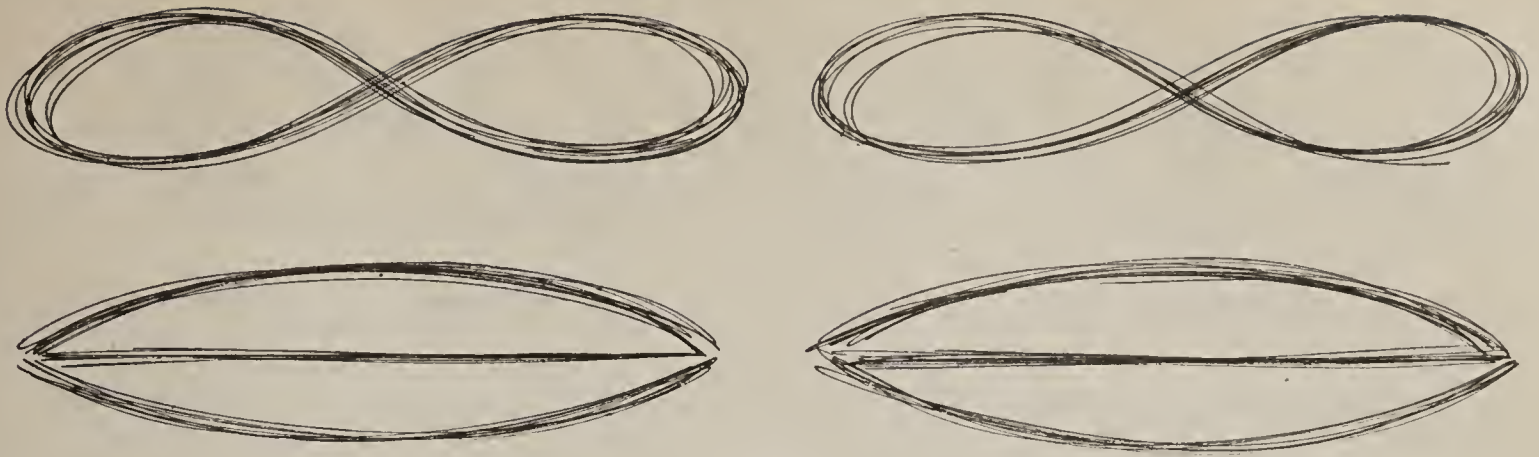


Plate 1.

Make this exercise freely, counting 1, 2, 3, for each drill. Repeat until an entire page is filled.

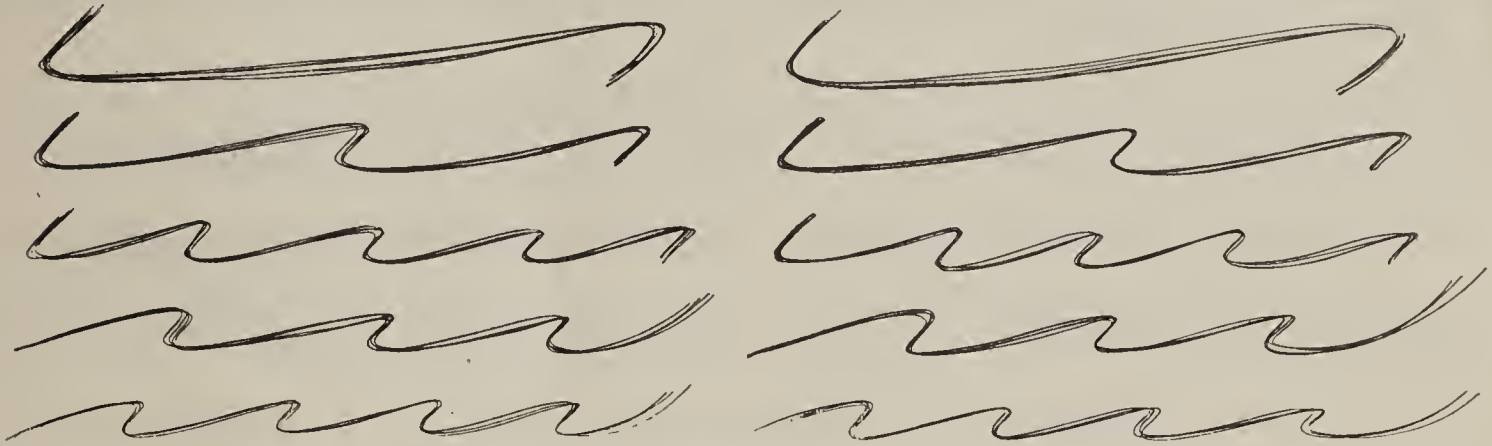


Plate 2.

The introduction of the compound curve. See that the hand is flat, the pen-holder pointing over the right shoulder, and only the nails touching the paper. Count for each upward and downward stroke.

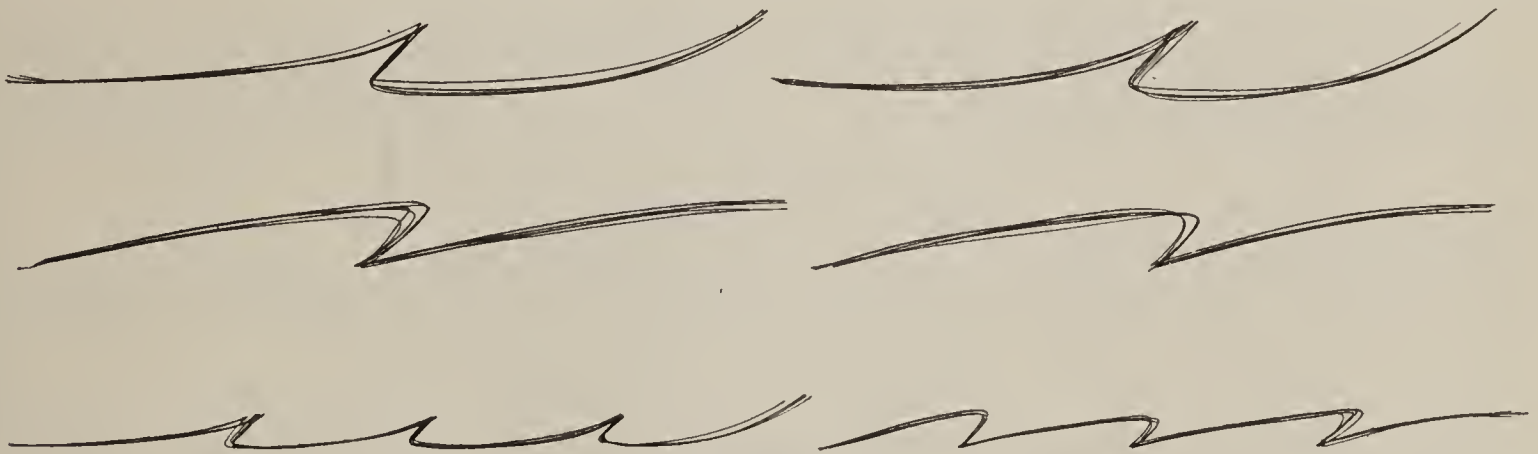


Plate 3.

This plate is to develop the gliding movement. Let it be free and brave.

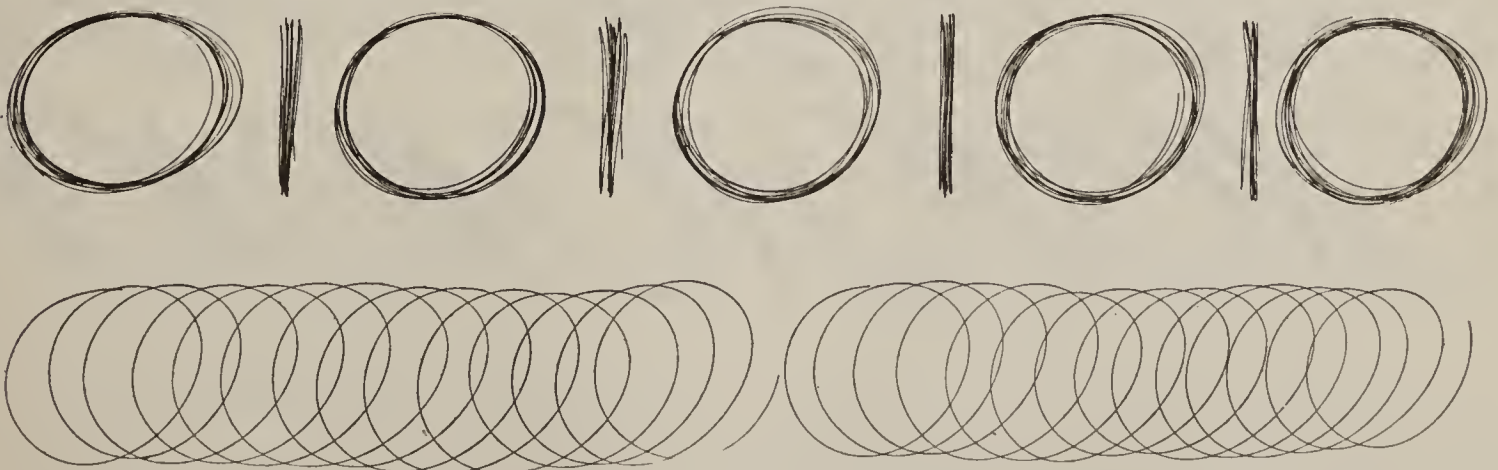


Plate 4.

All letters are derived from either the circle or rhomboid. Owing to its unwieldy form; the circle is not used, but from it is generated an ellipse, or oval, which is used in its place.

This plate affords practice upon the circle, the plates 5 and 6 upon the oval. Make a page for each exercise. 100 down-strokes per minute.

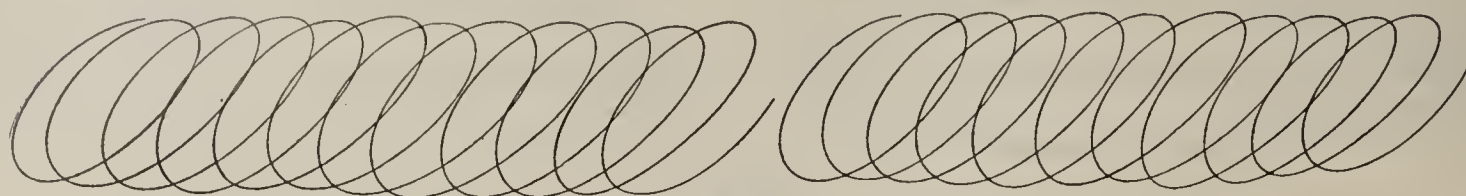
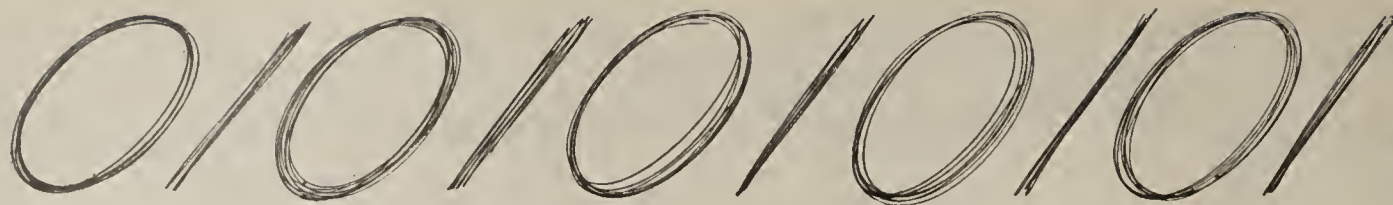


Plate 5.

Count 10 for each oval and for each straight line. See that the wrist moves in and out of the sleeve. Fingers must not bend.

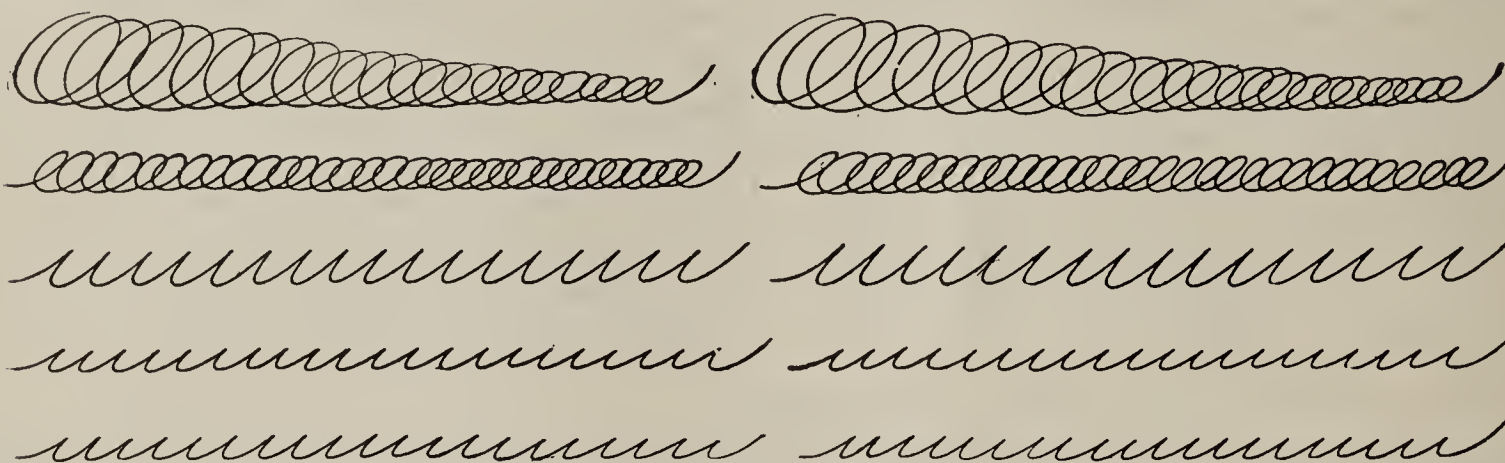


Plate 6.

This is a very practical plate. Make at least one page of each line.

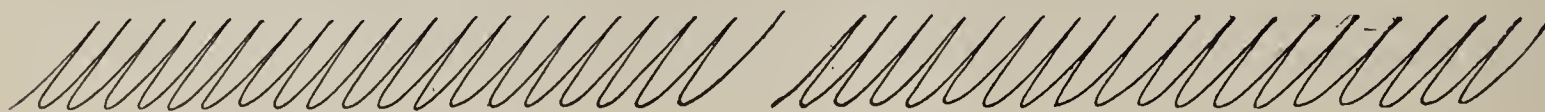


Plate 7.

These exercises develop control—serve to aid us in harnessing the movement we have been creating. This plate and that of No. 10 are the most important in the lesson. Make them rapidly, from ninety to one hundred down strokes per minute.

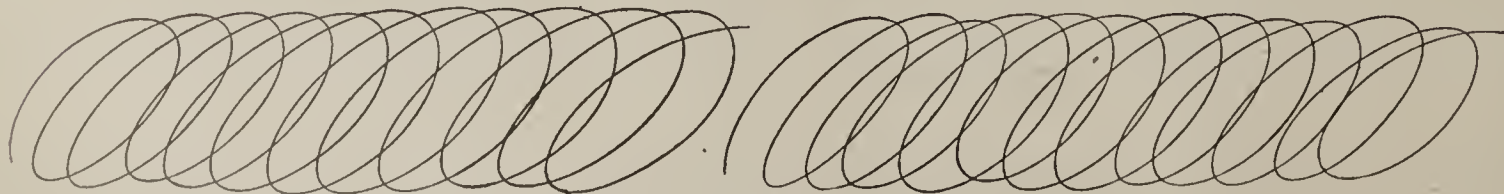
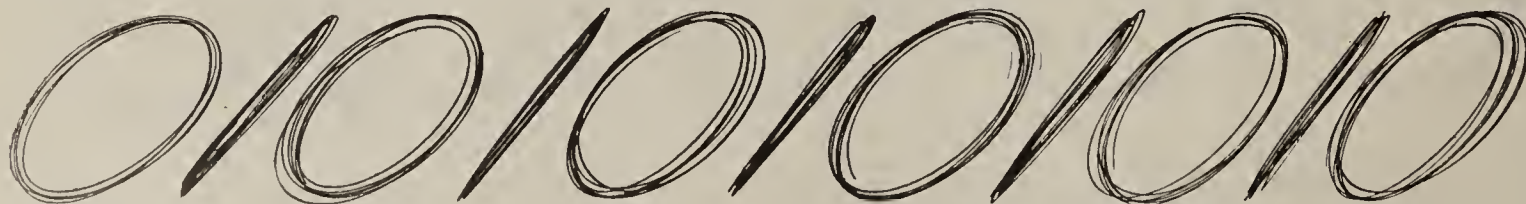


Plate 8.

The same as Plate 5; but reversed movement.

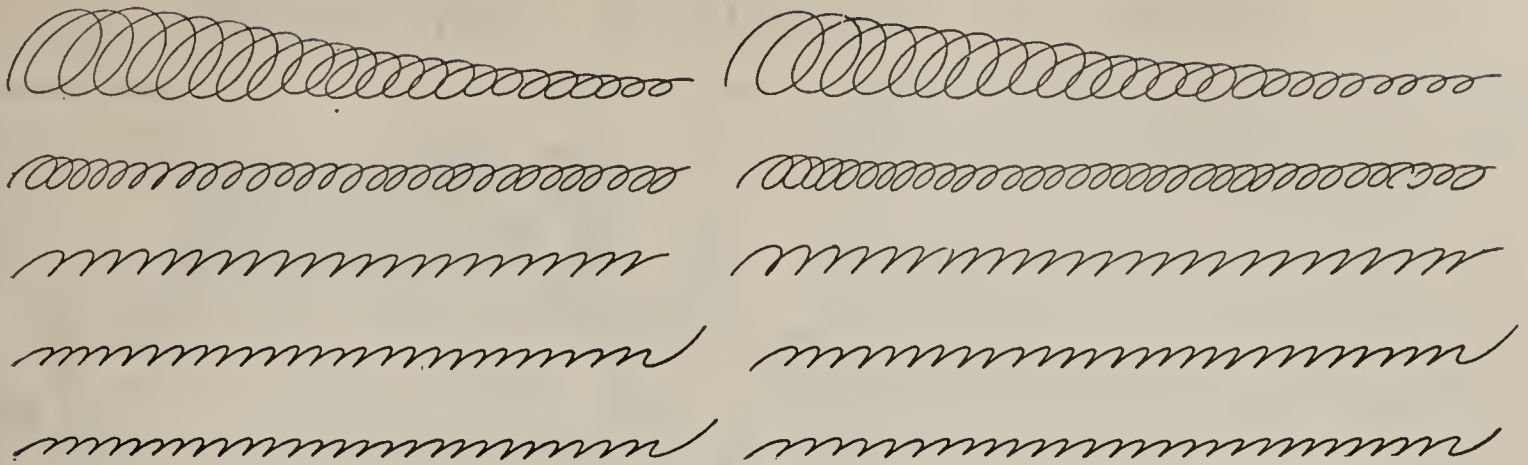


Plate 9.

The same as No. 6, with reversed movement

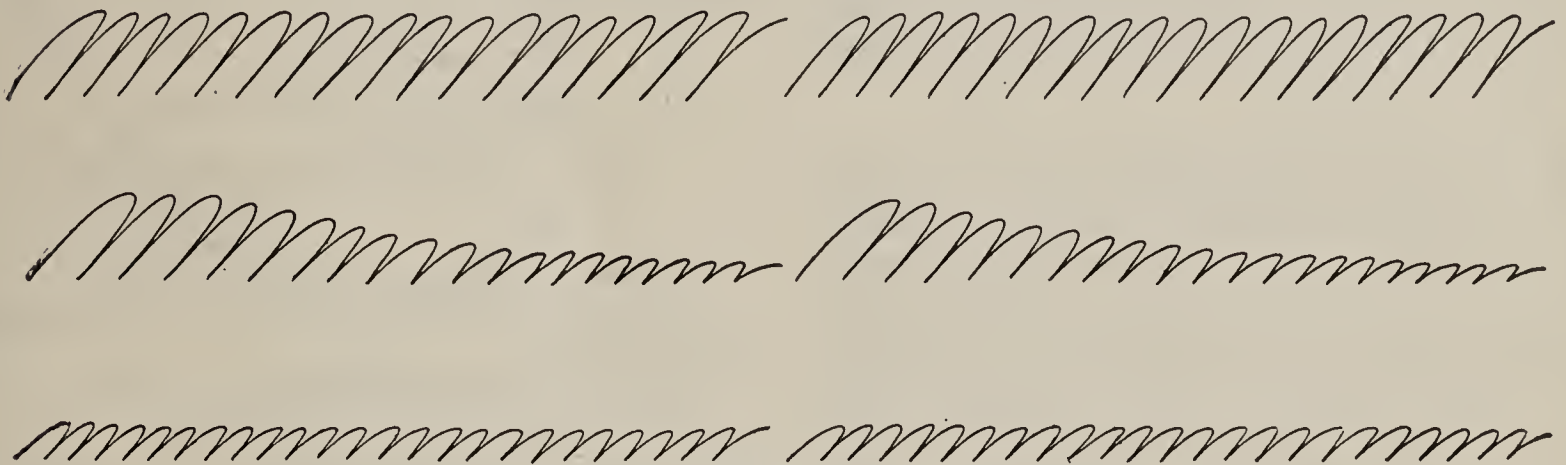
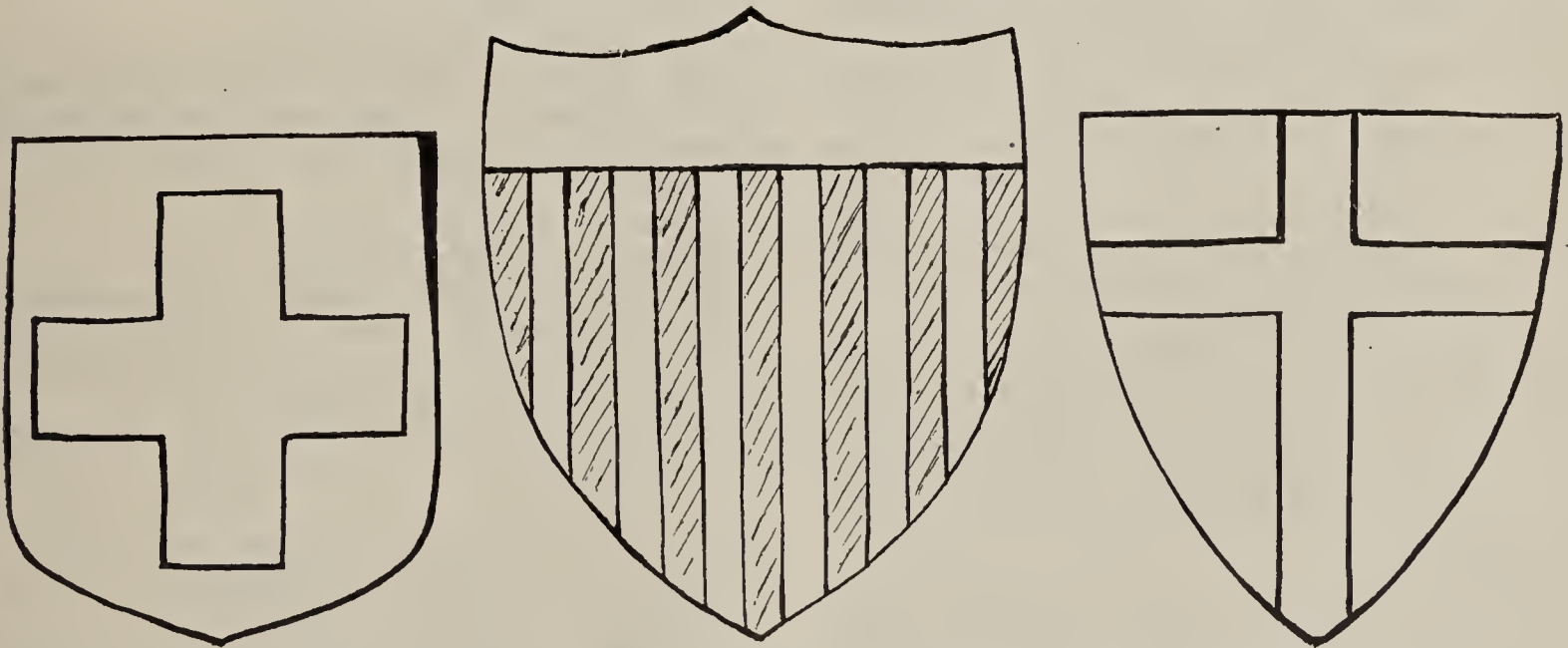


Plate 10.

Too much time cannot be spent upon this plate. Watch the spacing, slant, and size of the exercises.



My Books.

They dwell in an odor of camphor,
They stand in a Sheraton shrine,
They are "warranted early editions,"
These worshipful books of mine;

In their cream-colored "Oxford vellum,"
In their redolent "Crushed Levant,"
With their delicate "watered linings,"
They are the jewels of price, I grant;

"Blind-tooled" and "morocco-jointed,"
They have Zaehnsdorf's daintiest dress,
They are graceful, attenuate, polished,
But they gather the dust, no less;

For the row that I prize is yonder,
Away on the unglazed shelves,
The bulged and the bruised octavos,
The dear and the dumpy twelves—

Montaigne with his sheepskin blistered,
And Howell the worse for wear,
And the worm-drilled Jesuit's Horace,
And the little old cropped Moliere—

And the Burton I bought for a fourpence,
And the Rabelais foxed and flea'd—
For the others I never have opened,
But those are the ones I read.

—AUSTIN DOBSON.

My dear friend—Let me tell you that you are
issuing what I have long wanted to see—a maga-
zine for teachers. It is attractive and good as it
is, but I hope you will get patronage enough to
make it even better. I want to send you an
article occasionally because the magazine is so
good.

Yours very truly;
Stamford, Conn.

EDWARD F. BIGELOW.

Devices in Elementary Composition

By Joseph S. Taylor Pd.D., District Superintendent, New York, Author of "Class Management"

NOTE.—The following suggestions are a portion of a book entitled "Composition in the Elementary Schools," which the United Educational Company is shortly to publish. This chapter is taken from about the middle of the volume.—*Editor*.

Seventh and Eighth Years. Written Composition.

(30) *The Model.*

"The most successful of all methods is the imitation of models. There is a natural love of imitation which makes the effort to arouse interest less of a bug-bear. The composition-model should be carefully studied. Then the children should be set to imitate it in work on a similar subject. I think the book on *School Composition** by Dr. Maxwell and Miss Johnston is the greatest aid in teaching this subject that has ever come into my hands." Miss J., P. S. 120, Manhattan.

*American Book Co.

(31) *Lessons in Grammar.*

If you want pupils to write sentences in grammar, say simple, compound, complex, declarative, interrogative, etc., let them combine these sentences into the form of a narrative or description, on some subject with which they are familiar. Let different kinds of sentences be alternated. The principle involved is this: Except in cases where automatic action is the end, only that drill has educational value which secures interest by combining repetition with constructive activity.

(32) *Class Organization.*

In the upper grades, especially the last year of school, the "general exercises" described in another place may be conducted according to the forms of parliamentary procedure, and thus supplement the work in elocution and civics, as well as in composition. For a number of years the writer employed this device successfully while he was in charge of a graduating class in an elementary school. The classes, as soon as organized became "The Spellbinders".*

This class organization had a president, a vice-president, a secretary, a treasurer, and an editor. The term of office was for two regular meetings; that is, for two weeks. This afforded an opportunity for constant rotation of office. About twenty boys had a chance to serve as president during the year.

The editor prepared a manuscript paper which he read at the meetings. Four contributors were named for each issue. These were obliged to assist the editor by furnishing original contributions.

Every article, before it went into the paper had to be submitted to the teacher for correction. All editorials and the paper as a whole, were submitted by the editor before he read the same.

The secretary was obliged to write out his minutes very carefully and completely, and after correction by the teacher, to copy them into the minute book. Nine volumes of such minutes, containing the doings of successive "Spellbinders"

during five years, are among the priceless possessions of the writer. Following is a copy of the minutes of a regular meeting:

Minutes for January 17, 1896.

A regular meeting was called to order on the above date by Pres. Kronimus. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted.

The Committee on Class Cry submitted the following cry:

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Cis! Boom! Bah!
Spellbinders! Spellbinders!
Ha! Ha! Ha!

Signed by H. Strassburger,
E. Fischer,
Committee.

The report was unanimously adopted.

The nominating committee then made the following report:

For Pres., Duncan, Epstein.
For Vice-Pres., Render, O'Connor.
For Secretary, Stoll, Evers.
For Editor, Adams, Wetzler.

The following independent nominations were made:

For Pres., Joseph S. Taylor.
For Vice-Pres., Kronimus, Carr.

After balloting, debate was announced on the following question: 'Resolved, That Washington did more for his country than Grant.'

Speakers:

Affirmative—Regan, Joyce.

Negative—Render, Adams.

The House decided in favor of the affirmative on the arguments produced.

At this point Mr. Fischer moved that the society adjourn. The motion was lost.

In general debate those who spoke were Messrs. Carr and Taylor.

Mr. Fischer moved that a committee of four be appointed to wait upon the principal and ask him to speak on the subject. The motion was lost.

The Editor then read the *Spellbinders' Weekly*.

The tellers made the following report:

For President: Duncan, 8; Taylor, 9; Epstein, 5.

For Vice-President: Render, 14; Carr, 2; Kronimus, 1; O'Connor, 4.

For Secretary: Stoll, 11; Evers, 6; Moritz, 5.

For editor: Fischer, 16; Adams, 4; Wetzler, 2.

In accordance with the report the Chair declared the following officers elected:

President, Joseph S. Taylor.

Vice-President, Frank J. Render.

Secretary, George Stoll.

Editor, Emil Fischer.

The program committee reported the following Program for January 24, 1896:

Referred Question—Should we have a Greater New York?—Joseph S. Taylor.

Essay,—M. Epstein.

* The "Spellbinders" are described from the point of view of class discipline in the author's *The Art of Class Management and Discipline*. United Educational Company, 1903.

Reading,—John Walsh.
Contributors to *Weekly*, Duncan, Stoll, Carr,
Strassburger.



Valentine Blackboard Calendar Designed
By ANNA J. LINEHAN.

Signed by Committee,—Walsh, Duncan, Moran.
There being no further business on hand, the
society adjourned.

M. EPSTEIN, Secretary.

Many of the contributions to the *Spellbinders' Weekly* had considerable merit. The paper was thoroly enjoyed by all, and every contributor had a motive for doing his very best. Between serious articles there usually were sandwiched original jokes made at the expense of the members. In this game of making jokes the teacher enjoyed no immunity; and he usually turned contributor himself, sometimes taking occasion to hit off in a jolly little paragraph the follies and foibles of the boys. The following parody on Holmes's *The Boys* was written by a "Spellbinder" for one of the issues of the *Weekly*:

The Spellbinders.

By JOSEPH T. O'BRIEN.

We are Spellbinders, as you are well aware;
At the top of society—we're always there;
We are not very ancient, but still we can speak
And read almost anything, be it Latin or Greek.

Our President and officers are always in file,
Our *Weekly* is published in elegant style.
We're forty in number—Who says we are more?
He's tipsy, young Spellbinder,—show him the door.

That fellow's an author—and he's out of sight;
This one is the boss, when he lands with his right.
There is a clergyman—I now forget his name;
He preaches the Gospel, and believes in the same.

This lad is a doctor; a good one at that;
Altho he has the appearance of being a quack;
He performs operations—pulls teeth by the score;
He'll become a professor after a few years more.

That boy with a grave, geographical face,
Made believe he had ridden a bicycle race,
And all his good friends, they thought it was true;
So they bought him a medal, a trick they did rue.

There's a boy, you should know, with Websterian
brain,

He spoke for three hours all out in the rain;
He's not very gymnastic—but still he can run;
If you saw him go skating you'd laugh at the fun.

His first name is Sammie, as you are aware,
A doctor he'll be if he ever gets there;
When he speaks for our members in eloquent style;
We call him "the Squire" from the Emerald Isle.

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate has concealed him by naming him Smith;
But he's a good member and a popular sport,
The sign at his hotel is, "The Spellbinders' Re-
sort."

Look there and you'll see Johnnie Marsh of renown
He has the nicest whiskers in all this great town;
He soon will be married to a lady of fame,
She's the pride of the Bowery, and Sarah's her
name.

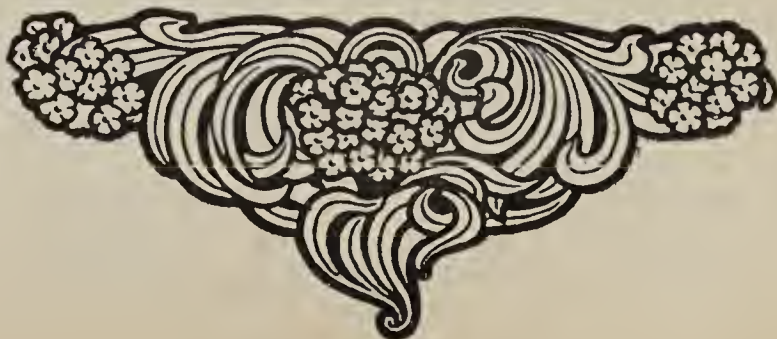
You see that boy crying?—don't think it is fun:
Some one has punched him and he couldn't run.
His name it is Carney—a pugilistic crack,
Don't make too free with him, lest you get a
smack.

Yes; we are Spellbinders, now and forever more;
Nothing can ever part us from the society we
adore.

We always will remember, no matter what comes
to pass,
The time that we were Spellbinders in Mr. Taylor's
class.

The effect of this organization upon the
"Spellbinders" was very remarkable. It created
a love for composition that I have never seen
equaled. The boys were always delighted when
composition hour came around. Many of them
developed quite a little fluency in written ex-
pression. One "Spellbinder" wrote a small
drama, entitled; "The Troubles of Mr. and Mrs.
Santa Claus," which was played by Spellbinders
in the class-room one day before Christmas, all
the teachers of the school being invited to witness
the performance.

The essence of the device here described is that
it embodies the principle of social co-operation; it
gives the pupil a motive to write; it provides a
public to read or hear what he has written; it
affords an abundance of practice; and it de-
velops the individuality of the pupil.



Exercises for Vocal Drill

From the Annual Report of Supt. C. F. Carroll, of Rochester, N. Y.

Once more, speak clearly, if you speak at all.
Carve each word before you let it fall.

—O. W. Holmes.

TO speak or read in a pure tone one must breathe deeply, stand erect, open the mouth freely, pronounce distinctly, and speak clearly.

Lord Bacon said: "A man would better address himself to a stone statue than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother."

A good voice possesses *purity, strength, and compass.*

Suggestions.

The following suggestions are given to aid in developing purity, strength, and compass of voice on the part of the pupils. Teachers may add others to these.

Pronunciation is the utterance of syllables and words. It includes *articulation* and *accent*.

Articulation is the utterance of elementary sounds contained in a syllable or word; hence without clear or distinct articulation, there can be no correct pronunciation.

Pupils should have daily practice in repeating elementary sounds, also in pronouncing the consonant combinations composed of these sounds.

Articulation.

Faulty articulation may arise from one or more of the following:

1. The omission of a sound (hist'ry for history)
2. The use of more sounds than necessary (ca'ow for cow).
3. The substitution of the wrong sound (jest for just).

Note.—In pronouncing words, also in the reading of sentences, see that children pronounce and *articulate every sound* distinctly.

Exercises for Pure Quality.

I GRADE.

(1) Practice in rich, musical tones the long vowels ā, ē, ī, ō, oo, ä, a, etc.

(2) Sing each long and short vowel to the scale, ascending and descending.

(3) Repeat each voice consonant several times; first with rising, then with falling inflection.

II GRADE.

(1) Sing the syllable äh to the scale up and down.

(2) Practice the vowels ē and ä together.

(3) Repeat the syllables nee, äh, nee, oh, nee; you, slowly, then more rapidly.

III GRADE.

(1) Sing the syllable seä to the scale, letting the under jaw fall freely.

(2) Repeat the syllables ip, it, ik, slowly, then more and more rapidly.

(3) Practice the following tables; using the mouth vigorously:

(a) b-p-b-p	(b) d-t-d-t	(c) g-k-g-k	(d) j-ch-j-ch
b-p-p-b	d-t-t-d	g-k-k-g	j-ch-ch-j
p-b-p-b	t-d-t-d	k-g-k-g	ch-j-ch-j

IV GRADE.

(1) Sing the syllable fä to the scale, letting the under jaw fall freely.

(2) Repeat the scales e, ī, ā, ě, a, oo, ō, a, o, with pure musical tones.

(3) Practice the following tables, using the mouth vigorously:

(a) r-f-r-f	(b) z-s-z-s	(c) zh-sh-zh-sh	(d) t-th-t-th
r-f-f-r	z-s-s-z	zh-sh-sh-zh	th-t-t-th
f-r-f-r	s-z-s-z	sh-zh-sh-zh	th-t-th-t

Note.—Each grade should review the work of the preceding grade or grades.

Sound Drill.

I. Grade. Long and short vowels and consonants.

II Grade. All vowel sounds and consonants.

III Grade. Work of preceding grades, including much drill in initial consonant combinations.

IV Grade. Work of preceding grades, with much drill in *terminal* consonant combinations.

Table of Elementary Sounds.

VOCALS.

ā as in ate	ě as in met	ū as in mute
ā as in at	ē as in her	ũ as in cup
ä " arm	ī " ice	ù " full
a " all	ī " it	ou " our
ā " care	ō " go	oi " oil
ā " ask	ō " not	ōo " fool
ē " me	o " do	ōo " foot

SUBVOCALS.

b as in bid	r (trilled) as in roll
d " did	v as in vine
g " gag	w " well
j " jug	y " yes
l " lull	z " zone
m " man	th " this
n " name	zh " ozier
r (smooth) as in lard	ng " sing

ASPIRATES.

p as in cap	h as in hat
t " take	s " sum
k " cake	sh " shall
ch " church	f " five

th as in their

Note.—Make lists of words containing each of the above sounds, and have pupils pronounce the words containing them.

Consonant Combinations.

I. INITIAL COMBINATIONS.

bl as in blow	sk as in skill
br " brave	sl " sleep
dr " drag	sm " smell
dw " dwell	sn " snap
fl " flour	sp " spin
fr " fret	st " stone
gl " gloom	sw " swing
gr " grade	shr " shrill
wh " which	skr " scrub
(k) cl as in cling	spl " splint
(k) cr as in crown	spr " spruce

pl as in plum str as in strong
pr " pray thr " three
thw as in thwart.

II. TERMINAL COMBINATIONS.

ed as in robbed	ffs as in cliffs
dth " width	ks " rocks
dths " breadths	ts " bats
bs " snobs	sk " mask
ds " beds	sps " clasps
lch " filch	st " mist
lge " bulge	fth " fifth
dge " budge	pth " depth
ld " fold	sts " fists
lds " holds	ched " filched
dged " budged	lged " bulged

Note.—Make list of words containing each of the above consonant combination sounds and have pupils pronounce them.

Illustrations

I. Grade.

pat-a-cake	rock-a-by	north
baker's	baby	wind
man	cradle	blow
cake	green	snow
just	father's	robin
fast	nobleman	poor
roll	mother's	thing
mark	queen	sit
brown	Betty's	barn
.....	lady	keep
cock	wears	warm
doth	gold	hide
crow	ring	head
let	Johnny's	wing
know	drummer	thing
you	drums	
wise	kings	
time		
rise		

Shoe the colt
Shoe the colt;
Shoe the wild mare;
Here a nail,
There a nail,
Yet she goes bare.
I had a little pony,
His name was Dapple-gray;
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away;
She whipped him, she slashed him;
She rode him thru the mire;
I would not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire.

Some little mice sat in a barn to spin;
Pussy came by and popped his head in:
"Shall I come in and cut your threads off?"
"Oh, no! kind sir, you will snap our heads off."

II. Grade.

If I'd as much money as I could spend;
I never would cry: "Old chairs to mend!"
"Old chairs to mend! Old chairs to mend!"
I never would cry: "Old chairs to mend!"
If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry: "Old clothes to sell!"
"Old clothes to sell! Old clothes to sell!"
I never would cry: "Old clothes to sell!"

Hear the sledges and the bells
Silver bells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
Oh! the bells, bells, bells, bells!
Do well, do well, do well, do well!
In mellow tones rang out a bell.

Over the hills the farm boy goes,
Cheerily calling: "Co, boss; co, boss";
Farther, farther over the hill,
Faintly calling; calling still,
"Co, boss; co, boss; co, co, co."

III. Grade.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily dressed,
Wearing a bright, black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest;
Hear him call in his merry note:

Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link!
Spink, spank, spink!"
Look what a nice new coat is mine;
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
While the boy cries joyously:
Ring! ring! Grandpa,
Ring! O, ring for liberty.

Like a child at play,
Comes tripping along her joyous way;
Tripping along,
With mirth and song,
Laughing, loving May.

IV. Grade.

Amidst the mists and coldest frosts,
With barest wrists and stoutest boasts;
He thrusts his fists against the posts,
And still insists he sees the ghosts.

And round and round the rugged rocks rude;
ragged rascals ran.

The brightest stars are burning suns;
The deepest water stillest runs;
The laden bee the lowest flies;
The richest mine the deepest lies;
The stalk that's most replenished
Doth bow the most its modest head.

It is not what we earn, but what we save, that
makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what
we digest, that makes us strong. It is not what
we read, but what we remember, that makes us
useful.

The following poems are especially strong for
articulative exercises. Selections may be made
from them:

The Cataract of Lodore.—Robert Southey.
The Old Year and the New.—Tennyson.
The Brook.—Tennyson.
The Old Clock.—Longfellow.
The Ballad of East and West (opening stanzas).
—Kipling.

Sense Training*

By Ada Van Stone Harris, Supervisor of Primary and Kindergarten Schools, Rochester, N. Y.

Hearing.

1. Blindfold a child; another child raps a wooden ball; tell where it is from sound.
2. Blindfold a child; teacher raps different substances, such as wood, iron, marble, glass, steel, etc. Children distinguish objects from the sound.
3. Children close eyes; some child speaks or sings, or calls another child by name; children recognize child by voice.
4. Listening for musical tones and sounds of different objects in different parts of the room.
5. All children cover eyes; one child goes to a different part of the room and says, "Where am I?" The one who can tell raises his hand.
6. Have blindfolded child tell whether another child is running, skipping or walking, or whether it is a boy or a girl, who is doing it.
7. Children rest. Teacher or child walks about the room, stopping at one or two places. Children wake up and tell where she has walked and how many times, and where she stopped.
8. Child leaves room. Small hoop of bells concealed under one desk. Each pupil shakes an imaginary hoop of bells. Locate sound by ear alone.
9. Hide an object while child is out of the room. He finds it by noting soft or loud singing of pupils when he is near or distant from object.
10. Eyes closed. Drop articles in different parts of the room. Children locate sounds, distinguishing heavy, light, etc.

*Incorporated in Supt. Carroll's Annual Report.



Sight.

1. Place a row of children in front of room. Give each an object which is to be described.
2. Child stand before class and describe another pupil, *e. g.*: I am thinking of someone who has light hair, blue eyes, wears a blue hair ribbon and a white apron, etc., etc. Who is it?
3. Finding colors. Pin squares of standard colors where they can be seen. Select a color. Tell children to find things in the room the same color.
4. Place objects on a tray or table. Children are to pass by quickly. They tell what was on it.
5. Arrange pupils in a row. Class observe. Close eyes. Rearrange. Who can arrange in original order?
6. Place a number of children in a row in front of room. Give each an object (flag, book, flower, doll, colored duster, picture, fruit, type-form, etc.) Class observe. Close eyes. Child holding object asks another (who is seated, keeping eyes closed) what he has. Pupil answers. Continue with the other children.
7. Write new word on blackboard. Erase. Child write it.
8. Raise object in sight view. Drop out of sight rapidly. Pupils give objects in order in which they were presented.
9. Pupil No. 1 touches an object. Pupil No. 2 touches that one and one more. Pupil No. 3 touches those two and one more, and so on.
10. One child comes forward, then another and another quickly. Children at seats tell who was on the right, the left, in the middle. Have one, two, or three groups of three children in each group, who stood at the right, the left, etc.
11. Scatter spelling words of the week all over the blackboard. Choose sides; one from each side comes forward; a word is then pronounced. The one who runs and points out the word first counts one for his side. Repeat and keep tally.
12. Place colored cards on ledge of blackboard; children name the order of colors; children close eyes; teacher removes a card or changes its position children name the changes made.
13. Place children in a circle. Blindfold a child. A child leaves the circle; the one who was blindfolded names the child who has left the circle.
14. Send children to window to observe quickly, then return to tell how many things they saw.
15. Have children tell all the things that they saw outside the grocery store. Different things they saw on their way to school. Things seen in the shop windows as they pass.
16. Blindfold children in turn. Hang a ball somewhere in the room; have them observe quickly. All children blind; hide ball; all search; when child sees ball he takes his place in circle on the floor without touching ball or telling play-mates.
17. One pupil comes forward and stands in front of the class with his face toward the school. Another writes a word on board above, his forehead resting on hands, while voyage is taken.

18. Have one child leave the room; teacher do something, *e.g.*, change position of several objects in room; child describes what has been done. The children in room supply what has been omitted.

19. Write short sentence on board. Have it read, erased, and several children come to board to see who can get it written first.

20. Give children pictures to observe; then



A suggestion for the February blackboard from an old fashioned Valentine.

turn them over, and tell the story of the picture; or what they saw in it.

Smell.

1. Have a small bunch of sage or mint, and spices of different kinds. Have children tell, blindfolded, what each is.

2. Blindfold children. Let each one name from odor:

Flowers: Easter-lily, carnation; hyacinth; violet, etc.

Fruits: Apple, quince, peach; orange; lemon, banana, etc.

Liquids: Perfumes, camphor; etc.

Tasting.

1. Blindfold child; distinguish by tasting: Salt, pepper, mustard, cloves, sugar, tea, coffee, flour, ginger. Also liquids, such as lemon juice, orange juice, milk, water, syrup, catsup, vinegar. Also fruits, such as apples, oranges, bananas, berries. Candies, molasses, peppermint, etc., etc.

Touch.

1. One child blindfolded. Teacher motions to someone to come and stand in front of blinded child. He then tells by feeling of clothes, face, and hair who stands in front of him.

2. Have children put hands behind their backs. Teacher put objects in hands. Child tells what he is holding and describes it.

3. Let blindfolded child distinguish objects. Soft or hard, wet or dry, warm or cold, large or small, silk or cotton, woolen or cotton. Different kinds of paper, etc.

4. Handling solids. Cover eyes. Have pupils handle solid. Take it away. Pupil find solid like the one he has had. Give him another solid. Tell which of the two was the heavier, larger, longer, etc.

5. Pupil No. 1 touches an object. Pupil No.

2 touches that one and one more. Pupil No. 3 touches those two and one more, and so on.

6. Shut eyes. Children walk around room. Find their own seats.

7. Shut eyes. Children feel of objects and tell form and substance. Distinguish marbles from agates; different books, such as reader and arithmetic.

8. Draw oblong in which twenty-six circles are drawn, and in each circle a letter of the alphabet is printed. Child spell by touching circles rapidly, that hold required letters.

9. Touch water, sand, beans, etc.; and have blindfolded child distinguish.

Muscular Sense.

1. Write letters of the alphabet on cards; pass to children; call different letters forming a word. The child holding the letter runs to the front of the room and stands beside the letter previously called. Have the word shown, pronounced, and spelled.

2. *Grab Bag*. Have a box of separate words. Place the box on a chair in front of the room. Have one child close eyes and take out a word. Show it to the class, then give the word, or the child may call on some one to give the word.

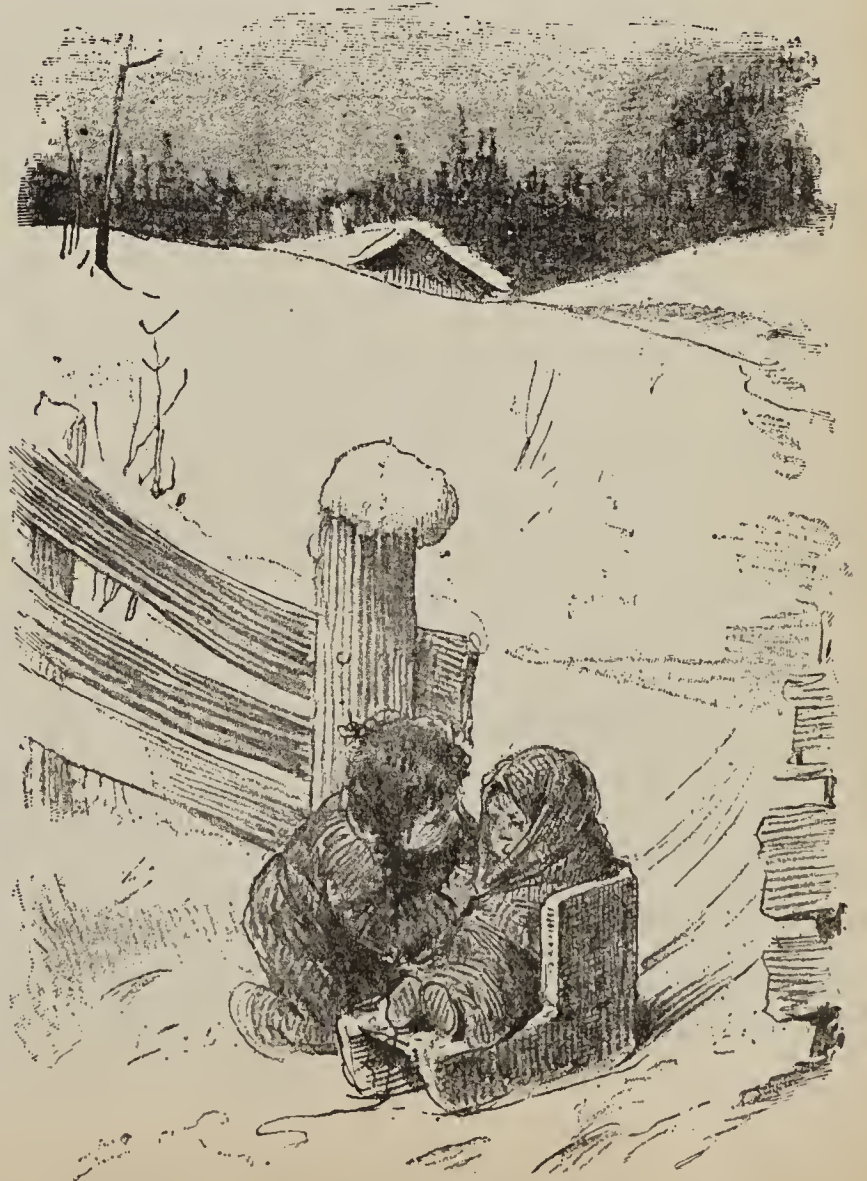
3. *Living Pictures*. Use one child or group of children. Let them act some experience in work or play. Other children describe what it is that is represented.

Result—Getting thought without giving words.

4. Follow the leader (game).

5. Multiplication game.

6. Have two children hold window stick a foot from the floor. Others form in line, and in turn run and jump over it.



A Walk with Nature

By M. Josephine Emerson, New York

'And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee
Saying, 'Here is a story book
Thy Father has written for thee.' "

WHILE Old Winter is still here let us go out and listen to Mother' Nature's teachings. She has much to teach, many stories to tell even in Winter. Do you think she is asleep? Then come out into her haunts with the children and me.

The snow is falling; there are beautiful six-pointed stars, which the children catch on their dark coats, and we hear on all sides, "Just see this little star," or "Here is a whole family of them, the mother, father, brothers, and sisters; all taking hold of hands." Counting the points we find that every star has six, and then the microscope, which we always carry, reveals the greater beauty and complexity of the softly falling snow-crystals.

The falling of the snow has ceased, and the sun, shining from among the clouds is reflected in all the glory of its brightness, and lends itself to cover the whole landscape with a cloak of glistening diamonds. Shall we stand still a moment and watch the clouds as they sail along thru the sky now and then separating just enough to reveal a little of the blue behind? Some take fantastic shape, and seem to be illustrating the ancient myths, others are piled one upon another and we can look far into them, and some are quite thin and scattered. All are traveling in one direction across the sky driven onward by the wind, the same force that turns the weather-vane and the wind-mill, and lashes the sea into great waves.

The clouds lend a beauty to the landscape. From an elevated point of land, we may see, far in the distance, the shadows cast by the clouds, throwing into relief the brightness of the sun-illuminated parts. How beautiful it is to have a broad view of a landscape, to view things in their relationships in space. We may see the city lying below us, get an idea of its extent, its relation to the bodies of water around it and the river on whose banks it is built. The children thus get their first ideas of geography. Looking into the distance we see the violet-tinted hills blending with the hazy blue of the sky at the horizon.

Amid the hush and quiet of Nature's winter, we hear a chatter near at hand, and looking behind us there is a little creature blinking at us with his bright eyes from the foot of a large elm tree; his long bushy tail reveals his identity. He has come out for an airing, and there he scampers back to his hole in the tree to tell Mrs. Squirrel what he has seen and heard. What should we see if we should follow him? We should find his little house divided into rooms, and these I am sure would be full of his fine store of nuts, which the family collected last fall, before the snow came. Mr. Squirrel is eating his dinner perhaps. Watch him crack that nut. He selects the very thinnest part and gnaws through the shell with his long sharp teeth, all the time holding the nut with his two front feet, which he uses as hands, and sitting

up very straight with his beautiful tail high over his back.

Where are the other animals that are in the woods all summer, who disappear so suddenly in the autumn, and reappear just as suddenly at the first hint of spring? The frogs and turtles have gone to sleep buried in the mud, the insects and spiders too are asleep. And the birds? They have gone to a warmer clime, except a few, who stay with us all winter. Let us look in the spruce tree, the home of the chickadee, or hark! is that the sound of the woodpecker's hammer, as he beats his bill against the bark of his favorite tree? Is that a bird's nest on the branch of that tree? Let us go to see. Yes, a pair of robins must have built it last summer, for it is just the kind of a nest they always build; it is made of straw and mud, and nicely lined with feathers to make it soft and warm for the little ones. We can easily find the nests now for there are no leaves on the trees to hide them. There are other treasures too for those who hunt;—cocoons spun by the busy caterpillar in the fall, to develop into the beautiful moth or butterfly in the spring, a transformation which may be watched each time with ever fresh interest and delight.

The giant oaks and elms rear their bare branches against the sky revealing their intricate and wonderful symmetry, and the evergreens seemingly more beautiful than ever before stand out in bold relief against the snow. The pines with their long needles and long spiral cones, the spruces with their short needles and small cones, the fir-balsam, with its sweet-smelling branches, the straggly hemlock, and the arbor vitae, all are here; each looking up and out in its beauty truthfully making visible the life within.

As from studying a great picture; we may feel the soul expressed or in hearing a great symphony, we may feel the spirit which inspired it, so in the contemplation of nature we may feel the spirit which moves it and of which it is an expression. In the children this is a mere feeling, but later it becomes a conscious realization; and when this consciousness begins to develop in the little ones, let us nurture it very tenderly and be ever ready with response and sympathy.

As the twilight steals upon us, and the stars blossom out one by one, altho we know we must turn our faces homeward we still linger; for the spot is full of beauty. The quiet peace and restfulness of nature has atuned our mood to her's and our hearts keep time to the swaying of the branches and the music of the wind among the pines.



Little Talks on School Managment. VII

By Randall N. Saunders, Hudson. N. Y.

Unifying the School.

IN every country community there are more "sets" than sects;—in truth, there are usually several sets in each sect, and am sorry to say it, but it is true, each "set" secretly carries a chip on its shoulder for all of the others. Yet there is occasion for hope, for all kneel on the Sabbath and with one accord beseech deliverance from "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," and implore forgiveness for their "enemies, persecutors, and slanderers." There is usually no open hostility among the factions, and the casual observer would declare the community to be in a state of idyllic calm and accord; but the doctor and the school-master know only too well that this calm is the calm before a possible storm,—the strained stillness of an armed neutrality, whose masked batteries are manned (should I have said "womaned?") and ready for terrific and pitiless carnage at a moment's notice. Like parents, like pupils. Mrs. Jones barely nods to Mrs. Brown in public, and in private they criticise and condemn each other without mercy. Their children, lacking, thank heaven! the "discretion" of the parents, fight openly, or openly refuse to associate.

There is one in town with the scar of an indiscretion as much in evidence as tho she wore Hester Prynne's scarlet letter on her breast. Her fatherless child goes to school,—an innocent boy; and such was the King of Kings,—and the school becomes Sanhedrim and Roman tribunal in one and would crucify him. The children of the rich mill owner and the children of the farmer wear better clothes and have better lunches than the other children and also have not a little money to spend at the store for sweets. With a following of sycophants, they form a "set" and become as important and as supercilious as it is possible to become, even tho unstimulated in this direction by home example and influence. The editor's, the lawyer's, and the minister's boys and girls form the brainy "set" and put on airs accordingly, and from necessity of self-protection, the poor and the dull boys and girls ally themselves to one or another of the dominant factions or become tribes or individual representatives of the house of Ishmael. Without going farther we have factors enough for a problem of "unification" that is as difficult to solve as is the one you give the "smart" boy on the relation between the cost of a jack-knife and the number of cubic feet in a brush heap; and, if, like the lad, we are unable to solve it, we in the end will be made to feel as cheap as he.

We have the factors, but where are the parentheses for uniting them in one,—we have the elements, but how shall we combine them in one smooth, homogenous fluid, in which each will have lost its peculiar unpleasant property and will have gained in the mingling an added quality of strength for the mellifluous liquid,—a harmonious and united school?

Several years ago, I was called to a neighbor-

hood that had been in a state of internecine discord for over twenty years. I was told that I would not stay there six months, as many an older and more experienced teacher had won only the title "yearling," in the ungracious community. I found on getting acquainted, that the people were not as bad as they had been pictured,—that they were an average aggregation with the aims and interests and ideals usual to dwellers in isolated localities, but that, for some forgotten reason of offense or injury, every man's hand was against every other man's, and neighborliness and the graces of kindness and good will that make life in the country endurable were unknown. I found there were about as many feuds as there were families, and that Killkenny kittens were the products of this condition, and with them I had to deal. I began with a strict impartiality, making as much of one as of another; and said not a word to anyone about anybody. I did not recognize that discord existed, and innocently (?) devised plans that took the children of one family into the home of another. By constant care and watchfulness that thwarted any attempt at meanness on the part of one youthful coterie to another, and by joining in and directing many things of a social nature among the older boys and girls, they came to forget, in my constant example and earnest teaching on the topic; that one was not as good as another, and to learn that spiteful bickerings were unprofitable and prevented the enjoyment of the pleasure and profit to be obtained thru a community of interests and action. I could reach the community only thru the children, as I could not call on all and therefore called on none; but I was assisted in an unexpected way by a young evangelist, who, happily, organized a society of the undenominational Christian Endeavor, and this soon worked in the home what I was working in the school, and I am told that to this day, there is no hurt or destruction in that little rural mount,—that the lion and the lamb still lie down together.

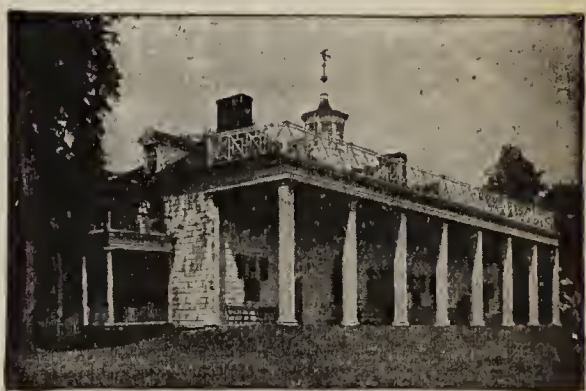
I taught lessons of a practical broadness that made any smallness or meanness seem beneath the boys and girls. I taught a charity that overlooks defects of body or of character,—that inspires pity for and tenderness toward the unfortunate and gives birth to the desire to help better by kindness and consideration the condition of all with whom daily contact is a necessity. I taught Ruskin, and, tho unworthy, I taught Christ; and of the four years that I taught in that community, I had three years and more of a harmony that in many of its resolutions was satisfying to the soul thru sights seen and sounds heard. Every discord but one was a "discord of the seventh" that added strength and beauty to the symphony of the years.

Need I add, in closing, that the teacher must infuse himself into his school, his community, in uniting factions,—need I add that it is love, divine love, that is just as well as merciful, that alone is able to unite antagonisms in such a manner that each loses its disagreeable elements?



George Washington

[The small pictures of the Mount Vernon home will be found welcome material to a



with His Mother.

those provided last month for illustrating the Composition Exercises of the pupils.]



The Body and Its Health

Bone Protectors.

By ADELIAD R. PENDER, Connecticut.

MATERIAL.—Lean meat from market. Heart of a chicken, also gizzard. Heart of an ox would be splendid for class work, if it could be obtained. Chart. Drawings on board. Physiology, with pictures of muscle structure, tendons, etc.

Pupils have read text, and each has read about some strong man in history or the Bible, or about some noted pianist or violinist.

To the Pupils.—Stand by your desks. Bow twice to the right; to the left. Turn your head as far around to the left as you can; turn it to the right. Raise your shoulders. Swing your arms. Shake your fingers. Move your trunk to the left; to the right. Shake your left leg; your right; your left foot; your right.

Think of all the movements you have made with different parts of your body since you came into the school-room. Let us have some of these written on the board. (Walking, waving arms, stretching arms, running for physical exercise, jumping at recess, leaping, and so forth.)

What enables you to perform motions? Clasp your arm as you wave it. What makes it move? What makes the head, the trunk, the legs, the feet move? Yes, it is muscles that do this. You have already studied about the framework on which muscles are hung. We cannot see bones in our own body to describe them, but we can see muscles. It will be easy for you to tell about them.

Color, Location.

What is the color of healthy muscles? Rub your hand over muscles on your cheek, on your hand, on your fingers. Point to the muscles that help us move our lips, our eyes, jaws, shoulders. Every movement you make requires a set of muscles. Make several movements, and write what muscles moved; then we will have two or three of the sentences read. For instance: I moved the muscles of my little finger when I made it stand out straight. The muscles of my thumb and middle finger helped me to snap my fingers.

Numbers.

Are muscles confined to any one part of your body? No, they are all over. There are about 400 in your little bodies. By what name do we usually call muscles? (Flesh, lean meat.)

Muscles as Food.

Why are the muscles grouped about the bones? Look at the heart of this chicken. Of what is it made? Let us draw it. Our hearts look quite like those of chickens, only they are larger. You

see they are composed wholly of muscles. The heart has to be strong to perform its function so that the muscular walls, as you see, are very thick. See this chicken's gizzard; that is all muscle also. Did you ever see a pig's stomach?—all muscle. When you buy meat you are getting the muscles that helped the cow or sheep to move.

Let us see what our butchers are selling to-day. Here is a list: Smoked hams, smoked shoulders. loin steaks, porterhouse steaks, round steaks, pork chops, rump roasts, bologna, tripe, lamb roast, mutton, chickens, duck, and so forth. What are your mothers buying for your dinners? Nothing but muscles. Of course, they get some bone, too, but that is thrown to the dog to pick.

Shapes.

Muscles have various shapes. Let us look at the muscles on our own bodies. Describe those of the arms. (Long and round.) Of the face. (Short and narrow.) Of the cranium. (Thin and flat.) Let us look at the chart for a few moments and describe the shape of the muscles pictured there.

Voluntary, Involuntary.

Are all the muscles in your body controlled by the will; that is, can you move every muscle when you wish, or stop the movement when you wish? How about the heart? the lungs? the stomach? The heart moves on day after day without obeying your will in the least. The lungs keep on contracting and expanding and you are never consulted, as it were. So the muscles of the stomach and intestines keep up their ceaseless movements, nor stop until death comes.

How do these muscles differ from those of the hand, legs, shoulders, face, and so forth? Let us see how the names of these two classes of muscles look on the board. Voluntary and involuntary. Write the words on your paper. Point to involuntary muscles. Point to several voluntary muscles.

Tendons.

Look at the picture of a hand in your physiology. Think for a moment of the strong, thick muscles that are on your arm. Suppose those muscles were fastened directly to the bone. What would result? Yes, the arm and hand would be very clumsy. Instead, before the muscles come in direct contact with the bone they pass into strong, firm, but delicate tendons. Put your hand about your wrist. The tendons make it graceful, smaller, and better adapted in every way for its work. So the muscles are fastened in most places by the tendons or by muscular tissue. Notice the tendons in the picture and on the chart.

To the Teacher.—Tell the story of the Achilles tendon in the foot. Have the children know its

exact location. They will remember this portion of their anatomy when other details have faded from the mind. Every physiology furnishes a picture of muscle structure. Draw on board and have the pupils study the fibers.

Comparison.

To the Pupils.—It may be that the resemblance between your muscular structure and that of a plant has been noticed. The muscles in your body are made of cells; so are the fibers in a plant. Thru your muscles course red veins to nourish you. What flows thru the veins of a plant? What other resemblances do you notice between your muscles and the fibers of a plant?

Composition.

What are the main elements of muscular fibers? Three-fourths of the muscles in your body are made up of water. Can you see the need then of drinking a great deal of water? Yet many people do not realize this necessity so much as they ought. Begin to-day to drink water often, for the sake of your muscles, if you wish to keep them healthy and strong.

Uses.

We have learned that muscles are organs of motion. Have they any other uses? They carry blood-vessels, nerves, and canals called lymphatics. They form organs, as the heart and stomach. Of what use are they to the bones?

Notice right here the dependence of organs upon each other. The bones are framework for the muscles, and the muscles in their turn protect the bones, and carry nourishment to them.

Names.

Our next step is to notice how our muscles act when they produce motion. Straighten your arm, and while you are doing this clasp it with your free hand. What did you feel? Straighten your fingers. It is by the contraction and expansion of the muscles that motion is produced. They shorten and thicken when acting, and become longer and thinner when at rest. Muscles have various names, as our text tells us. What is one of them? (Flexors—to bend the joints.) Point to the flexors in your fingers. Point to flexors in your arms, legs. The muscles that bind the joints back to their position of rest are called extensors. Let us illustrate flexor and extensor muscles in our bodies. On which side of the arm and thigh would it be natural to look for each of these muscles?

Now the eye, the forearm, the head, have movements different from those that require flexor and extensor muscles. The muscles that move the eye, head and forearm are called rotator muscles. Make your eye, forearm, head rotate. Make your bodies rotate from the hips.

Large muscles of the chest and back which draw the arm to the side are adductors; those which draw the lower extremities together are abductors. Show me these sets of muscles as you stand by your desks.

To the Teacher.—These names and others not given here may be omitted if the time for physiology is limited.

(To be continued.)

Sayings of Franklin.

Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands.

He that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor.

At the workingman's house hunger looks in but dares not enter.

Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.

Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.

The cat in gloves catches no mice.

Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw away not an hour.

The diligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, everybody bids me good morrow.

Three removes are as bad as a fire.

If you would have your business done, go. If not, send.

Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.

Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities.

When the well is dry, they know the worth of water.

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.



"MARGUERITE." Reproduction of a bust.

Courtesy of the Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.

The National Spirit.

History has demonstrated that the work of America is to remake the world, and the thing I ask is, What character are we bringing, what character are we building up, for the performance of this task? That America fills and colors the atmosphere of all civilization, that it is in the universal air, is not to be doubted. But what is the character that is to wield our greatness, for our own national well-being or disaster, and for the welfare or disorder of the world?

Underlying the national spirit I find primarily these things: The flavor of the soil and of the

atmosphere; of the high clear heaven, the endless prairie, the rolling country, the great cloud gathering mountains, begetting in men an aptitude for freedom of thought and speech, the essence of the life of the intellectual man, and rewarding the worker with pure food and ample, a good roof and a warm coat—plenty, in a word—the basis of strength in the physical man. It is due to these that our people have become physically, and as a people intellectually as well, the best product of the past and the finest promise for the future. And we are both one and the other precisely because we have not permitted the past to dwarf the present, because we have not let reverence for

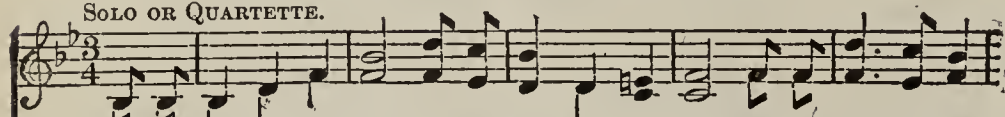
yesterday spread a pall over to-morrow. This, I take it, is the most rotatable thing in our attitude toward life, of what may be called our "national culture" if Goethe was right in saying of culture that it was simply putting every man in a proper attitude toward life.

The press is our most suggestive institution, the one that affords the best key to our character, the one that best typifies and illustrates our national will and ideals. It partakes of all our frailties, but it also partakes of

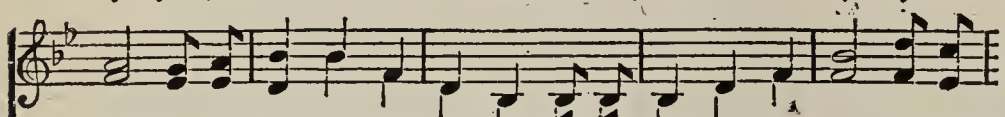
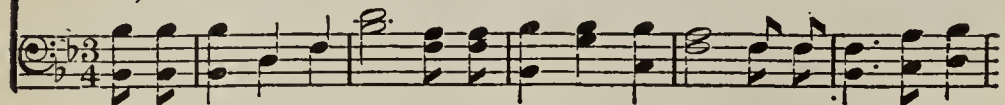
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 1814.

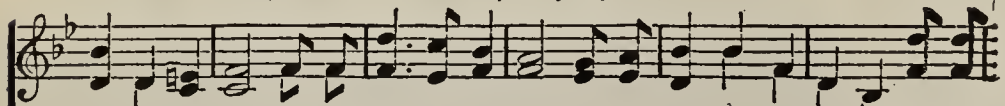
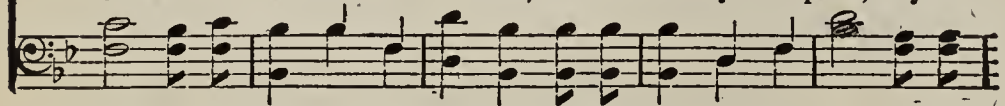
SOLO OR QUARTETTE.



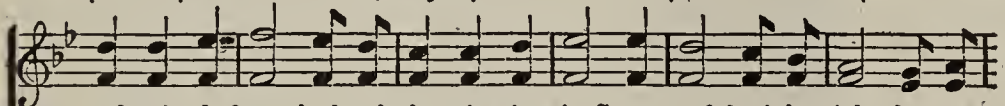
1. Oh, .. say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. And .. where is that band who so vaunt-ing-ly swore, That the hav-oc of
4. Oh, .. thus be it ev-er when freeman shall stand Be-tween their lov'd



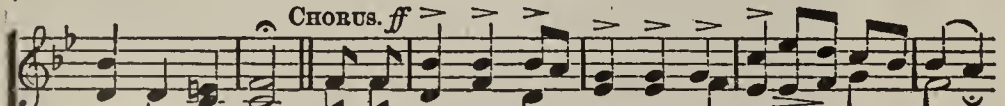
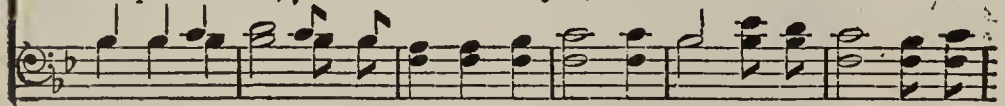
hailed at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the host in dread si-lence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the war and the bat-tle's con-fu-sion, A... home and a country should home and the war's des-o-la-tion; Blest with vic'try and peace, may the



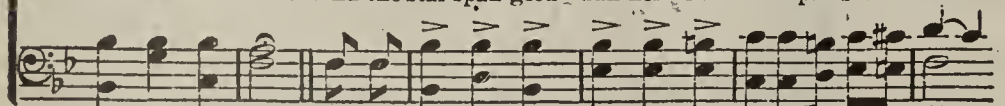
perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming? And the tower-ing steep, As it fit-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clo-ses? Now it leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution. No.. heav'n-rescued land Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation! Then



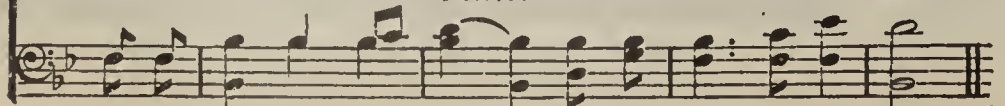
rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, Its full glo-ry re-flect-ed, now ref-uge could save the... hire-ling and slave From the ter-ror of flight, or the con-quer we must, for our cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In



flag was still there. Oh, .. say, does that star-span-gled ban-ner yet wave shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-span-gled ban-ner: oh, long may it wave gloom of the grave: And the star-span-gled ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave



O'er the land of the free... and the home of the brave.



Seal and Bookplate of George Washington.

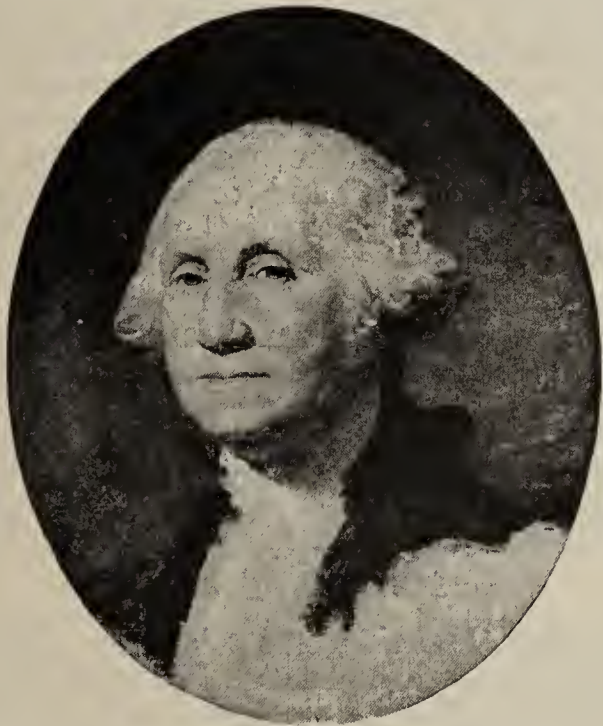
the strongest and best that is in us. The chief function of the press is to equalize the strain of change and to prepare men's minds for it, so that it comes with order, and not with disorder; as a natural development, and not a violent breach of continuity. The pulpit has ceased to be the national university, and the press has taken its place. Is the press doing its work as well? What kind of men is it making? Very good men, I think; at any rate, better men than I find in the making anywhere else.

—W. M. IVINS; Republican Candidate for Mayor of New York city last year.

Washington's Birthday

Washington.

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
High-poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,



Tramping the snow to corral where they trod;
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as nature's self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
Never seduced thru show of present good
By other than unsetting lights to steer
New-trimmed in heaven, nor than his steadfast
mood,
More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear;
Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still
In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
Who was all this and ours, and all men's,—
Washington.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Washington's Birthday.

Washington's birthday! day dear to every
American heart! What schoolboy or girl, what
man or woman, does not gladly hold in remem-
brance the twenty-second day of February? It
brings to us the thought of one whose motto
might have been, *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*,
gentle in manner but resolute in deed! With what
feelings of pride we refer to him as the Father of
his Country—our Country—America, “the land
of the free and the home of the brave!” All over
the vast universe to-day shall the name of Wash-

ington be spoken with love and reverence, and
grateful hearts shall sing his praises and read
again and again the story of his grand achieve-
ments. Oh, you who are longing to be something
and to do something in the world, reflect upon the
character of Washington! Emulate his nobility
of mind, his fixedness of purpose, his heroism and
valor. Such attributes will fit you for responsi-
bility and trust; prepare yourself for a place, and
God will prepare a place for you.—EDWARD
EVERETT.

Peace Words of Washington.

“Observe good faith and justice towards all
nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all.
Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and
can it be, that good policy does not equally enjoin
it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened and at
no distant period a great nation, to give to man-
kind the magnanimous and too novel example of
a people always guided by an exalted justice and
benevolence. Who can doubt that in the course
of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would
richly repay any temporary advantages which
might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can
it be that Providence has not connected the per-
manent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The



experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature."

"Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing, with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate."

From Washington's Farewell Address.

Of all the dispositions and habits, which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation; for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

Washington's and Lincoln's Birthdays.

Both Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays have been made legal holidays. Never since the creation of man were two humans being so unlike, so nearly the extremes of opposition to each other as Washington and Lincoln. The one an aristocrat by birth, by breeding and association; the other in every sense and by every surrounding a democrat. As the richest man in America, a large slaveholder, the possessor of an enormous landed estate and the leader and representative of the property, the culture, and the colleges of the colonial period, Washington stood for the conservation and preservation of law and order.

Lincoln on the other hand, was born in a cabin

among that class known as poor whites in slaveholding times, who held and could hold no position and whose condition was so hopeless as to paralyze ambition and effort. His condition, so far as surroundings were concerned, had considerable mental but little moral improvement by the removal to Indiana and subsequently to Illinois. But Lincoln attained from the log cabin of the poor white in the wilderness the same position which George Washington reached from his grand old mansion and palatial surroundings on the Potomac. He made the same fight unselfishly; patriotically, and grandly for the preservation of the Republic that Washington had done for its creation and foundation.

Widely as they are separated, these two heroes of the two great crises of our national life stand together in representing the solvent powers of the inspiring processes and the hopeful opportunities of American liberty. The one coming from the top to the Presidency and the other from the bottom to the Presidency of the United States; the leadership of the people, the building up of government and the reconstruction of states, they grandly illustrate the fact that under our institutions there is neither place nor time for the socialist or the anarchist, but there is a place and always a time, notwithstanding the discouragements of origin or of youth, for grit, pluck, ambition, honesty, and brains.—CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Franklin's Toast.

Long after Washington's victories over the French and English had made his name familiar to all Europe, Dr. Franklin had chanced to dine with the English and French ambassadors, when, as nearly as we can recollect the words, the following toasts were drank:

By the British ambassador: "England, the sun; whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth."

The French ambassador, glowing with national pride, but too polite to dispute the previous toast, drank; "France, the moon, whose mild, steady and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, consoling them in darkness, and making their dreariness beautiful."

Dr. Franklin then arose, and with his usual dignified simplicity, said, "George Washington, the Joshua who commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life; pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere; uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was as edifying to all around him, as were the effects of that example lasting.—HENRY LEE.



A Washington Entertainment

By Hattie E. Thompson, Minnesota

WE began making preparations for our Washington's Birthday entertainment soon after the Christmas vacation. It was not difficult to create an interest among the pupils, a most necessary thing in preparing a successful program. We talked it over one day during the period for general exercises and all agreed to help.

We were to save all the cancelled two-cent stamps we could secure, to be used later in making souvenirs. Our daily quotations were to be of the patriotic order, and each pupil was to select one to repeat in response to roll call. We sent for Kellogg's "How to Celebrate Washington's Birthday," which we found to be a very useful little book. We used a number of the exercises found in this book.

Three committees, consisting of three pupils each, were appointed. One committee was to superintend the decorations, one was to see to the invitations and souvenirs, and the third was the reception committee.

The pupils who had charge of the decorations constructed a large screen covering most of the front part of the room, leaving only space for the organ at one end. This screen was covered with bunting and made a very effective background. Washington's picture was hung in a prominent place and draped with the bunting. Stencil pictures of a patriotic nature were arranged on the side blackboards.

We secured heavy white paper and from it cut small hatchets. These were just large enough to fit into a good-sized square envelope. On the hatchets were written the invitations, as follows:

You are invited to attend the exercises in honor of the birthday of George Washington, to be given by the pupils of District 66, on Monday afternoon, February 22, 1904.

For the souvenirs a small shield was cut from white paper, a slightly smaller one from blue paper and pasted on the white, then the head of Washington cut from a cancelled stamp, was pasted in the center of the blue shield and a pin put thru it. Each pupil on the reception committee was given a number of these to pin upon visitors as they were seated.

When the afternoon came the whole district turned out, and many outside the district. As the day is a holiday in our state, two other schools were well represented. Our school-house though large could not accommodate the people. Perhaps the fact that we had given some very successful entertainments before accounted for the large attendance.

Our flag drill given by eight boys and eight girls, was one of the best numbers on the program, which is given below:

Program.

Song	Hymn for Washington
Roll call	
Recitation	Twenty-Second of February
Exercise	Washington
	(By ten little girls.)
Song	Red, White, and Blue
Recitation	Those Good Old Days
Recitation	Flag of the Rainbow

Exercise
Song
Recitation
Solo
Reading
Motion Song

Recitation
Recitation and Tableau

Song
Recitation
Flag Drill

Song

The American Flag
Tenting To-Night
Love of Country
Uncle Sam's Wedding
Origin of Yankee Doodle
Georgie's Hatchet

(By six little boys.)

For my Country

Old Father Time and His Daughters
(By thirteen pupils.)

Star-Spangled Banner
Tribute to Washington

(By sixteen children.)

America



The Citizen and The State.

In the struggle between supernuity and hunger; in the struggle between overweening wealth and starved aspirations for the attainment of new standards of living, hunger and aspiration always win. When we think of these things we hesitate and ask what is the limit and what the measure of our national self-control. For an angry democracy is never wise, and the danger is that it may, temporarily at least, substitute bad by worse. But I do not believe it, and I will not let the financiers, for their own purposes, scare me into believing it. Suppose the people come to believe, as they are steadily being driven to believe, by the inconsiderate course of the corporations, that after all, the state, with all men as shareholders, is as good a corporation as any other, and as fit to conduct all business involving social function, as a number of smaller individual monopolistic corporations, and so determine to try the experiment of socialism, what may we expect in the way of legislation, when we cannot even secure an intelligent election law; and what are we to expect by way of administration, when we cannot get a respectable, not even a decent, supervision of the insurance companies?

Within the last twenty years our laws have been so changed as to take cognizance of the machinery of the party and make it part of the legal machinery of government, and in doing this it has created a political monopoly, which it has divided between two parties that are ruled by their bosses, and which bosses in each party appoint every official in the United States, from the president to the constable, leaving nothing to the people except to choose between their appointees. In this way our most fundamental institution—our right of election—has been monopolized, and the union between the monopolists of political power and the monopolists of financial power has been so close as to constitute practical identity.

The fact is that politics is neither everybody's business nor nobody's business. It is the business—and a very bad business—of a small, shifty, dishonest and incompetent class that has no thought of the morrow and no care for its consequences, provided the present is made to pay, and which class enjoys a monopoly of power thru a machinery now recognized and sustained by law.

One of the faults of the pitiful thing that we call our statecraft is that it observes more than it

reflects—permits the passing thing to obscure the permanent thing. All politics—national, state, municipal, and party—is purely opportune policies of experiment and shift, derisive efforts to make new fabric of condemned material. And so from day to day we go from nowhere to nowhere. Shall we keep on forever in this crazy path? The

actual power is now with those who exploit the state, and the ultimate power is, as elsewhere and everywhere, with the common people. When the also see that our system is one merely of appeal from blunder to blunder they will surely rebel.

—W. M. IVINS, Republican Candidate for Mayor of New York city last year.

Great Days of February.

By Jane A. Stewart, Pennsylvania.

CHARACTERS.—Father Time, boy dressed in long cloak, wearing gray wig and beard, carrying scythe or hour glass; February, girl in flowing brown robe with small turban and furs; Fame, boy in classical costume, carrying laurel wreaths. Children representing the different anniversaries.

The room should be decorated with flags and bunting. The word FEBRUARY may be wrought out in green letters on white background, with under it the names—Washington, Longfellow, Lowell and St. Valentine.

Enter Father Time, February, and Fame.

Father Time.—We are ready to review your claims, bright February. Present them now, for time, you know, flies fast. (Turns hour-glass.)

February.—Yes, venerable Father, and we are on time.

Enter group of pupils, each bearing some special insignia of the anniversary represented.

Fame, (explaining)—February is here, you must know, with her train of days, to present her claims as the chief month of the year, because of the great anniversaries which she holds, and to win if possible the laurel wreath as the most famous month.

February.—I hold, Father Time, that this token of supremacy is fairly mine. No other month is so rich in anniversaries.

Fame.—That is true, as you will see. Probably no more inspiring list could be presented than those of whom the successive days of February may forcibly remind us. These names belong to all classes and professions; literature, art, music, science, statesmanship, journalism, jurisprudence, patriotism, education have all been enriched by a February child.

February.—You will remember that I was shorn of a day by the Emperor Augustus, who chose to add a thirty-first day to August, in order that the month named for him might not lack in dignity enjoyed by the six other months of the year. He took it from the month that could least spare it. Consequently I am the shortest month of the year; and I have less chance than any of the others to secure notable anniversaries.

Father Time.—I have long known of that injustice done to you, February. And I have wondered how I could give you a little more time. But wait patiently and see. We may have some to spare some day. Now what is that long array behind you?

February, (proudly).—These are my days, twenty-eight of them, as you will see, and honorable ones, too. As they pass, each will bring to mind the life of some notable man or woman whom the world has cause to remember for great service done or for honorable attainments.

First Day, (carries book).—I was honored by the birthday of Sir Edward Coke in Norfolk, Eng.,

in 1552. He was a famous jurist and author of legal works which are used to this day.

Second (book).—Two women poets first saw light on February's second day. These were Hannah More, who was born in 1745, and who was a pioneer educator and philanthropist, as well as poet and author; and Adelaide Procter,

Third (newspaper, sheet of music, and small ship).—The man who is regarded as the greatest American journalist, Horace Greeley, was born on the third day of February, 1811; the same day in 1820 gave the world Elisha Kent Kane, the famous Arctic explorer; and in 1809, Felix Mendelssohn, the gifted German composer, who wrote the oratorio of Elijah.

Fourth (a crown and text-book).—Queen Anne of England, the last reigning sovereign of the house of Stuart; and Mark Hopkins, college president, were both born on the fourth day of February.

Fifth (pen and paper; book).—James Otis, patriotic orator and writer; and Sir Robert Peel, English statesman and reformer were the great men of my day.

Sixth (battleship).—I claim rear-admiral Wm. T. Sampson.

Seventh (book).—On February 7, 1812, Charles Dickens the great novelist was born.

Fame.—Fame long since honored Dickens; whose works are the property of all ages.

Eighth (sword or gun and book).—General Wm. T. Sherman was born on February 8. And so was Jules Verne the writer; and Richard Watson Gilder.

Ninth (sword and book).—My day has some well-known names in American history. General Wm. Harrison, ninth President of the United States was born February 9, 1773. The bold soldier and patriot, General John Logan, had this also for his birthday.

Tenth (book).—I claim John Ruskin; and nearly a century before him Samuel Wesley, eldest of the famous Wesley brothers, founders of Methodism.

Eleventh (an axe, a graphophone, and a book).—Daniel Boone, pioneer of Kentucky and Missouri; Lydia Maria Childs, author and philanthropist; Alexander Stephens; Chief Justice Fuller, and the electric wizard, Thomas Edison are among my great names.

Time (as twelfth appears).—Ah; here is a face engraved on the heart of men for all time. The great Lincoln is a colossal figure in the world's history.

Twelfth (picture of Lincoln; book; painting, rock, or small statue).—Abraham Lincoln's great

work as president of the United States and liberator of millions of oppressed slaves has made February 12th a national holiday. On my day also in different years the world saw Cotton Mather, the celebrated theologian and writer; Thaddeus Kosciuszko, the Polish general who aided the American patriots in the war of the Revolution; Peter Cooper, the philanthropist; Lossing, the artist and historian; the geologist Dana, and William Story, sculptor and poet.

Fame.—February twelfth is certainly a great day in the world's calendar.

Thirteenth (book).—Talleyrand, the French diplomat; and David Dudley Field, jurist and author, were born on February 13.

Fourteenth.—My claim to fame is an undeniable one for did I not introduce to the world the patron saint of lovers, St. Valentine?

Fame.—And for that you are ever famous.

Fourteenth.—Besides I have Galileo, the eminent Italian mathematician and astronomer, and General Winfield Scott, of the United States army.

Fifteenth.—Susan B. Anthony, the distinguished exponent of women's political equality, was born February 15, 1820.

Sixteenth (Bible).—Melancthon, the co-worker with Martin Luther, leads the names upon my list.

Seventeenth (book and telescope).—Rose Terry Cooke, an American writer, and the astronomer Mayer were born February 17.

Eighteenth (crown and book).—Queen Mary I of England; Charles Lamb, popular English Essayist and humorist; and George Peabody, the philanthropist, had Feb. 18 for their birthday anniversary.

Nineteenth (globe and sheet of music).—On February 19, 1475, Copernicus, the great astronomer who discovered the movement of the planets round the sun was born in Prussia. On this date in the year 1843 Adelina Patti, famous prima donna, was born.

Twentieth (book and mask).—My leading names are Joseph Jefferson and David Garrick, famous actors; and Voltaire, the French author.

Twenty-First (sword).—I call to mind Santa Ana the Mexican president and general; and General Nathaniel Rochester for whom the city of Rochester, N. Y., was named.

Fame.—Now comes the day that marks the anniversary of the great Washington, who will ever live in the hearts of the people.

Time (bowing).—At that name all heads should bow in respect and honor. Time knows no greater name in the whole world's calendar.

February.—His birthday is a national holiday in the United States, the country which Washington more than any other one person helped to place on its present pinnacle of power and prestige.

Twenty-Second (palette and pen).—In addition to the immortal Washington, Feb. 22 claims James Russell Lowell, one of America's greatest poets, and Rembrandt Peale, a great artist.

Twenty-Third (music, text-book).—George Fred-

eric Handel, famous musical composer, and Emma C. H. Willard, pioneer in higher education for women, belong to Feb. 23.

Twenty-Fourth (pen).—George W. Curtis, author, orator, and journalist, was born on Feb. 24.

Twenty-Fifth (picture of lighthouse, book).—On this day were born Ida Lewis, "The Grace Darling of America," who saved many lives while her father was keeper of Limerock lighthouse, at Newport, R. I., and Hon. C. C. Pinckney, the American statesman who when the French government demanded tribute of the United States made this famous reply: "Millions for defense; but not one cent for tribute."

Twenty-Sixth (telescope and pen).—Arago, the famous French astronomer, and Victor Hugo, the French poet and novelist, were born on Feb. 26.

Twenty-Seventh (book).—The birth of the genial American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, has made Feb. 27 a memorable date in the history of American literature.

Twenty-Eighth.—Mary Lyon, founder of Mt. Holyoke seminary for women, and an eminent educator, was born on Feb. 28, 1797.

Fame.—This is a remarkable calendar of anniversaries which you present, February, and to you —(pauses as another figure suddenly appears).

February.—Just a moment, there is one more day to be recognized. Tho I have usually but twenty-eight days, every fourth year, as Father Time knows, (Time nods assent) I am given an extra day to relieve Time of a little surplus.

Twenty-Ninth (music).—I am that extra day. The people who choose to be born on my date as you see have a birthday only once in four years. The leading name upon my list is that of Rossini the great Italian composer.

February.—This concludes my record and gives you a hint of what has already been done by February to contribute to the world's great achievements.

Fame.—Surely February seems to have been the chosen season for the birth of great men and women.

Time (extending his hand in blessing, as February bows her head).—Blessings on you, February. The world is greatly indebted to you and Time has kept complete account of your achievements. May you continue to add to the long role of the world's great workers and thinkers. Fame, you may give her the laurel wreath. For I am sure it cannot be denied that she stands foremost among the months on the year's calendar.

Fame puts wreath on February's head. Curtain.



Longfellow's Birthday

Mr. Longfellow in His Library.

A DOOR opens and you are in the study of the great poet of the New World. The walls are paneled to the ceiling with dark, polished oak, and you see from the circular-headed windows, with their heavy wooded mullions and the tall oak chimney-piece with its classic ornamentation that the architect has but reproduced some mansion of the early Georgian era with which he was familiar across the sea. At one end of the room stand lofty book-cases, framed in drapery red cloth. Here and there on ornamental brackets are some marble busts, among them a fine effigy of General Washington. Easy chairs and reading stands are scattered around.

In the center of the room, which is covered with a well-worn Persian carpet, there sits, writing at a round table littered with books and papers, a tall, bony man, apparently about seventy. His long hair and beard are white as snow, but from beneath an ample forehead, indicating considerable intellectual power, there gleam a pair of dark, lustrous eyes, from which the fire of youth seems not yet to have died.

He rises with a grave sweetness to salute you. Some chance remark or some tone of your voice that recalled to him the wild fells and moors of distant Yorkshire, makes you at once something more than a mere passing stranger. He tells you with pride of the remote Yorkshire ancestry, to which perhaps his poetry owes something of its manliness and vigor. And if you happen to be familiar with many of the scenes which he visited nearly half a century ago in Europe, he listens with strange interest as you tell of the changes which time has wrought in some of the spots on which his muse has bestowed an undying fame.

Yes, the house in which he lives was built by an old loyalist, who carries with him over the sea his Georgian architecture as well as his theory of divine right of kings. But it is better known as having been inhabited by the great hero of American independence than as the home of the most widely read of American poets. You walk out with him into the fresh spring morning to see the famous willow with its giant arms which spread over the mossy lawn and form sometimes in the

warm days of summer the poet's study. You must admire, too, the great north avenue of majestic elms, of which he may well be proud.

It is more than forty years since, a grave, studious-looking man of thirty, he first trod its shady pathway and lifted the huge iron-headed knocker which frowns still from the front door of the house.—*London World*.

What Some People Thought.

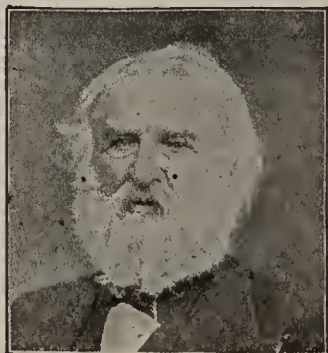
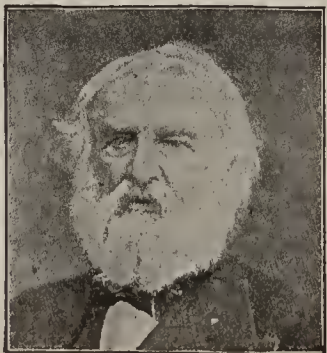
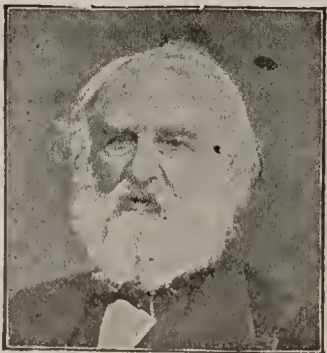
We are thankful that the present age is graced by such a poet as Mr. Longfellow, whose extraordinary accomplishment and research, and devotion to his high calling, can hardly be overrated. His productions must always command our deep attention; for in them we are certain to meet with great beauty of thought and very elegant diction.—*Blackwoods Magazine*.

This poet is the traveler of the wide realm of thought; the world of imagination. He has touched at all the sunny Mediterranean and Adriatic ports; all the French and Spanish coasts are known to him; he brings wealth from the frozen Scandinavian lands as rare as the ivory set in the beryl of the immemorial icebergs; he gathers flotsam from the bays and inlets, the lakes and rivers, of home. Full of the world, he transmutes his large experience and far-brought learning into the poems we know, with a secure and patient art.—W. D. HOWELLS, in *North American Review*.

Whether we are charmed by his imagery, or soothed by his melodious versification, or elevated by the high moral teachings of his pure muse, or follow with sympathizing hearts the wanderings of Evangeline, I am sure that all who hear my voice will join with me in the tribute I desire to pay to the genius of Longfellow.—CARDINAL WISEMAN.

Origin of Longfellow's Poems.

The "Psalm of Life" came into existence on a bright summer morning in July, 1838, in Cambridge, as the poet sat between two windows, at a small table in the corner of his chamber. It was a verse from his inmost heart, and he kept it unpublished for a long time. It expressed his own feelings at that time, when recovering from a deep affliction, and he had it in his own heart for many months.



The poem of "The Reaper Death" came without effort, crystallized into his mind.

"The Light of the Stars" was composed on a serene and beautiful evening exactly suggestive of the poem.

The "Wreck of the Hesperus" was written the night after a violent storm had occurred, and as the poet sat in his study the Hesperus came sailing into his mind. He went to bed, but could not sleep, and wrote the celebrated verses. It hardly caused him an effort, but flowed on without let or hindrance.

On a summer afternoon in 1849, as he was riding on the beach, "The Skeleton in Armor" rose out of the deep before him and would not be laid.

The single word "excelsior" happened to catch his eye one autumn eve in 1841, on a torn piece of newspaper, and straightway his imagination took fire at it. Taking up a piece of paper which happened to be the back of a letter received that day Charles Sumner, he crowded it with verses. As at first written down, "Excelsior" differs from the perfected and published version; but it shows a rush and glow worthy of its author.

The story of "Evangeline" was first suggested to Hawthorne by a friend who wished him to found a romance on it. Hawthorne did not quite coincide with the idea, and he handed it over to Longfellow, who saw in it all the elements of a deep and tender idyl.—J. T. FIELDS.

Moral Character of Longfellow's Poetry.

The foundations of our distinctive literature were largely laid in New England, and they rest upon morality. Literary New England had never a trace of literary Bohemia. The most illustrious group, and the earliest of American authors and scholars and literary men, the Boston and Cambridge group of the last generation—Channing, the two Danas, Sparks, Everett, Bancroft, Ticknor, Prescott, Norton, Ripley, Palfrey, Emerson, Parker, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Agassiz, Lowell, Motley—have been all sober and industrious citizens. Their lives as well as their works have ennobled literature.

Longfellow shares traits with them all. It is the moral purity of his verse which at once charms the heart, and in his first most famous poem, the "Psalm of Life," it is the direct inculcation of a moral purpose. Those who insist that literary art, like all other art, should not concern itself positively with morality, must reflect that the heart of this age has been touched as truly by Longfellow, as that of any time by its master poet. This, indeed, is his peculiar distinction.

Among the great poetic names of the nineteenth century in English literature, Burns, in a general way, was the poet of love; Wordsworth, of lofty contemplation of nature; Shelley, of aspiration;

Keats, of romance; Scott, of heroic legend; and not less, and quite as distinctively, Longfellow, of the domestic affections. He is the poet of the household, of the fireside, of the universal home feeling. The infinite tenderness and patience, the pathos, and the beauty, of daily life, of familiar emotion, and the common scene, these are the significance of that verse whose beautiful and simple melody, softly murmuring for more than forty years, made the singer the most widely beloved of living men.—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS; in *Harper's Magazine*.

Longfellow and Southey.

My boys and girls always take much more interest in learning Longfellow's poem, "The Children's Hour," after I have told them the story contained in Robert Southey's poem, "The Legend of Bishop Hatto" and referred to in "The Children's Hour," in

Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his mouse-tower on the Rhine.

The substance of the story is this:

Bishop Hatto was a rich man who lived near Bingen on the Rhine. He had plenty of grain in his fields and granaries, while all around him the poor people were starving.

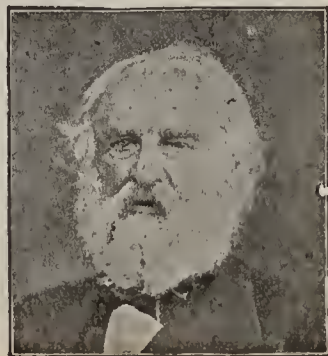
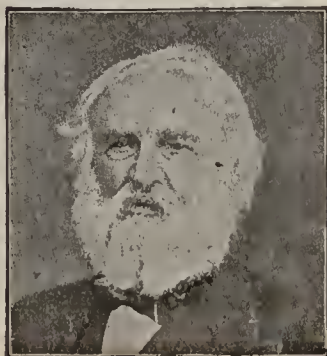
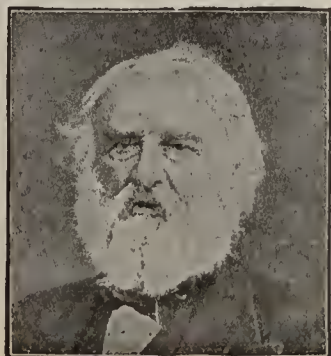
One day these starving poor were rejoiced to hear that Bishop Hatto had given them permission to go to his barn and take enough grain to last them the whole winter. When the barn was full of old men, women, and children, the Bishop locked the doors and while the poor creatures prayed for mercy, he burned the barn to the ground, saying:

I 'faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire
And the country is greatly obliged to me
For ridding it of rats that consumed the corn.

Then the Bishop returned to his palace, ate his supper and went to bed to sleep for the last time. In the morning he was greatly frightened to find that rats had eaten his picture out of a frame hung on the wall. Just then one of his men came running to him with a white countenance and told him that the rats had eaten all the grain in his other granaries. Another announced that ten thousand rats were on their way to eat the Bishop alive, so he hurried to his tower on the Rhine river and locked all the doors and windows. He lay down, too frightened to walk the floor, but was more frightened than ever when he heard a cat scream beside him. She, too, was afraid of the army of rats. They climbed down the shore, swam over the river and gnawed their way into the tower where the Bishop was praying for mercy, as the starving poor had prayed, but the rats were as merciless as the Bishop had been, and devoured him alive. This was his judgment.

Pennsylvania.

E. MAIE SEYFERT.



Whittier on Longfellow.

With a glory of winter sunshine
Over his locks of gray,
In the old historic mansion,
He sat on his last birthday.

With his books and his pleasant pictures,
And his household and his kin,
While a sound as of myriads singing
From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city,
From the prairie's boundless plain,
From the Golden Gates of sunset,
And the cedar woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within him,
And his moistening eyes grew dim,
For he knew that his country's children
Were singing songs of him.

The lays of his life's glad morning,
The psalms of his evening time,
Whose echoes shall float forever
On the winds of every clime—

All their beautiful consolations,
Sent forth like birds of cheer,
Come flocking back to his windows,
And sang in the poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender,
The music rose and fell,
With a joy akin to sadness
And a greeting like a farewell.

With a sense of awe, he listened
To the voices, sweet and young;
The last of earth and the first of heaven
Seemed in the songs they sung.

And waiting a little longer
For the wonderful change to come,
He heard the summoning angel
Who calls God's children home.

And to him, in a holier welcome
Was the mystical meaning given
Of the words of the blessed Master:
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

—WIDE AWAKE.

The Poet and His Song.

As the bird comes in the spring
We know not from where;
As the stars come at evening
From depths of the air;

As the rain comes from the cloud
And the brook from the ground;

As suddenly, low or loud,
Out of a silence a sound;

As the grape comes to the vine,
The fruit to the tree;
As the wind comes to the pine,
And the tide to the sea;

As come the white sails of ships
O'er the ocean's verge;
As comes the smile to the lips,
The foam to the surge;

So come to the poet his songs,
All hitherward blown
From the misty realm that belongs
To the vast Unknown.

His and not his are the lays
He sings; and their fame
Is his and not his; and the praise
And the pride of a name.

For voices pursue him by day,
And haunt him by night;
And he listens and needs must obey
When the angel says "Write."

—LONGFELLOW.

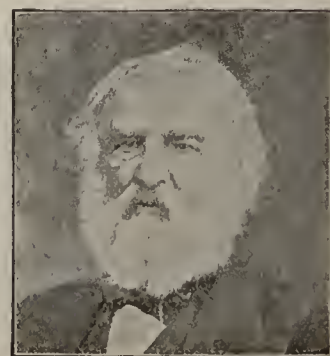
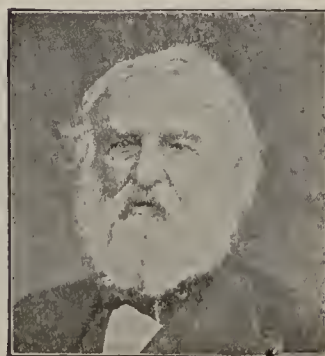
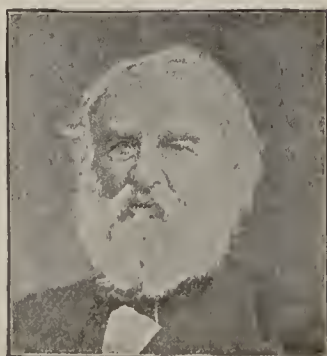
Longfellow.

Thy home, dear poet, is the people's heart,
The echo of thy songs rings ever there;
The greenest laurel which thy gray locks wear
Was brought by sturdy hands unused to art—
No artisan too mean his humble part
In crowning the all-loved, by right, to share;
Tho classic worshippers thy throne prepare
Far from life's busy haunts, the shop, the mart,
And makes its pedestal the Mount of Fame;
Yet unseen cords, thence reaching, shall entwine
The cottage and the hearthstone where thy name,
A household word, lives in some living line:
To rich and poor, to high and low the same,
That "touch of nature," blending all, is thine.

—ELIZABETH C. KINNEY.

Longfellow's Creed.

My work is finished: I am strong
In faith and hope and charity;
For I have written the things I see,
The things that have been and shall be.
Conscious of right, nor fearing wrong,
Because I am in love with Love,
And the sole thing I hate is Hate;
For Hate is death; and Love is life,
A peace, a splendor from above;
And Hate a never-ending strife,
A smoke, a blackness from the abyss



Where unclean serpents coil and hiss!
Love is the Holy Ghost within,
Hate is the unpardonable sin!
Who preaches otherwise than this,
Betrays his Master with a kiss.

"Ultima Thule."

Wrap the broad canvas close; furl the last sail,
Let go the anchor; for the utmost shore
Is reached at length, from which, ah! nevermore,
Shall the brave barque ride forth to meet the gale,
Or skim the calm with phosphorescent trail,
Or guide lost mariners amid the roar
Of hurricanes, or send, far echoing o'er
Some shipwrecked craft, the music of his "Hail."

As he has laid aside his travel gear;
And forth to meet him come the mystic band,
Whom he has dreamed of, worshipped, loved so long—
The veiled immortals, who, with lofty cheer
Of exultation, take him by the hand,
And lead him to the inner shrine of Song.

—MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Longfellow.

With loving breath of all the winds his name
Is blown about the world, but to his friends
A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,
And love steals shyly thru the loud acclaim
To murmur a *God Bless You!* and there ends.

Surely if skill in song the shears may stay
And of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss
If our poor life be lengthened by a lay,
He shall not go, altho his presence may,
And the next age in praise shall double this.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A Welcome to Longfellow.

Here's a welcome to you, Professor,
Arrived on the English strand;
For your songs across the Atlantic
In the tongue of the mother-land.

Your lyrics are loved of the household
That knows no Academy's law;
One hand's warm pressure is better
Than a whole world's distant awe.
Published in London *Fun* in 1870.

Longfellow.

Blest be his name where'er his fame shall go;
Thru endless ages will his works prolong
The greatness of the man 'twas Earth's to know,
Whose life a poem was—whose death a song.

—DEXTER SMITH.

Some of Longfellow's Thoughts.

I never hear the sweet warble of a bird from its
native wood, without a silent wish that such a

cheerful voice and peaceful shade were mine.
In character, in manners, in style, in all things;
the supreme excellence is simplicity.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of
doing, while others judge us by what we have
dready done.

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves are triumph and defeat.

I will not say that humility is the only road to
excellence, but I am sure that it is one road.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night.

It's cold in the clear blue ether
That the king of the eagles achieves;
But the swallows have endless summer,
And build close under our eaves.

And the voices that bid you welcome
Are many, and tender, and true—
They'd not shout for Virgil nor Homer
As loud as they're hailing you.

Come to the homes of the people,
Where your household words are dear;
There's seldom a poet has sung them
Such lyrics of courage and cheer.

The poet who taught "Resignation,"
Who sang us the "Psalm of Life"—
You are dear to them all, Professor,
Child, parent, husband, and wife!

Aye, let Universities seat you
In Temples of Honors and Arts:
The people of England, sir, greet you,
And open the doors of their hearts.

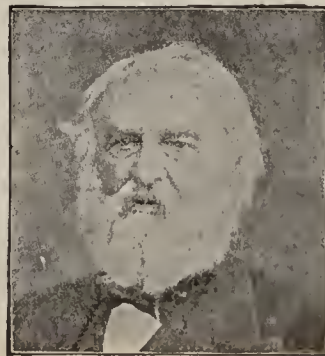
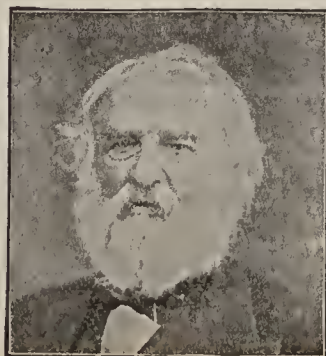
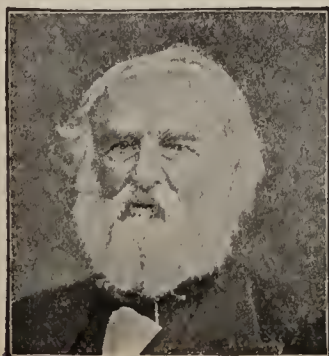
He the sweetest of all singers.

All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;
All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music;
For he sang of peace and freedom,
Sang of beauty, love, and longing,
Sang of death, and life undying
In the Islands of the Blessed.

—From "HIAWATHA."

O ye dead Poets, who are living still
Immortal in your verse, tho life be fled,
And ye, O living Poets, who are dead
Tho ye are living, if neglect can kill,
Tell me if in the darkest hours of ill
With drops of anguish falling fast and red
From the sharp crown of thorns upon your head
You were not glad your errand to fulfill?

—LONGFELLOW.



Construction Work and Drawing

Construction Work for February

By A. J. LINEHAN, Supervisor of Manual Training,
Ashville, N. C.

Grade I.

1st week.—Review all models. Make what they like in clay. Also draw pictures of models on blackboard, or, lay borders of circles.

2d week.—Cutting and coloring hearts for Valentine's Day. Make them large size from sheet $4\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 inches. The hearts may be painted red on one side or simply decorated with a border with a loving message in center. Folding log cabins for Lincoln's Birthday.

3d week.—Folding red or blue hats. The teacher might have a large hat folded for the child to wear who leads the march that day.

4th week.—Have the children learn the little finger play of Miss Poulson called "The Lambkins." These little finger plays are valuable not only allowing relaxation even while the children are in unison, but they are full of suggestions for illustrative work.

Grade II.

1st. week.—If not previously studied the subject of Eskimo life should be taken up. Have children model Eskimo, bear, seal, etc., in clay to make group to represent Eskimo life.

Cutting and mounting same subject or making pictures of same in silhouette outline.

2d week.—Making envelope with heart for stamp and seal.

3rd week.—Drawing and coloring Union Jack, blue field with white stars.

4th week.—Illustrate soldiers marching.

Grade III.

1st week.—Modeling vase and decorating same with simple borders, such as some of those used by Indians.

2nd week.—Making booklet with design of hearts around a center.

3d week.—Drawing and coloring American flag.

4th week.—Illustrating something patriotic.

Grade IV.

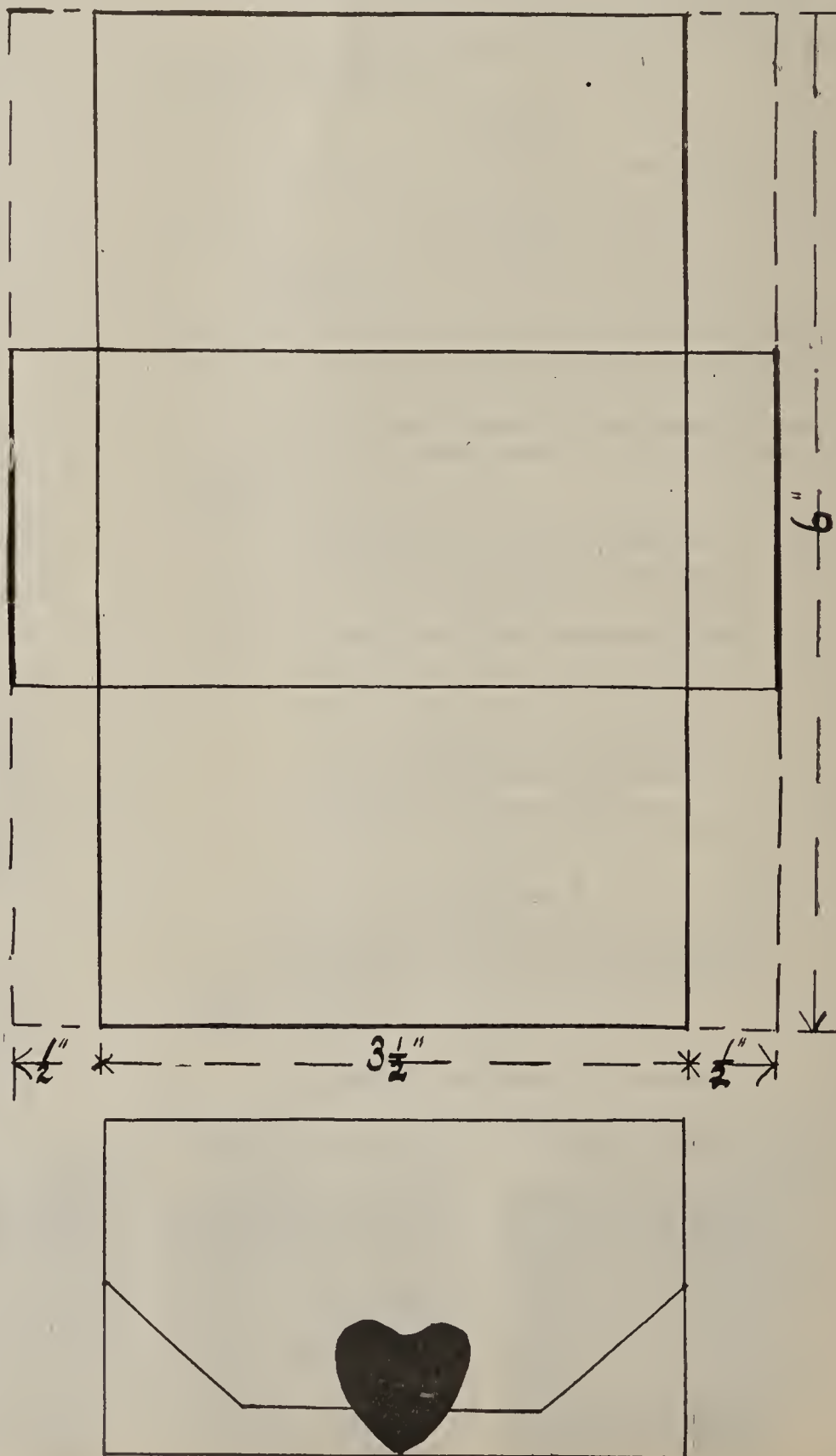
Applied design in colors of borders or design around a center. Design valentines. Make shield and talk of significance.

Grade V.

Composition on Abraham Lincoln. Design cover for same. Having previously studied shield of United States, others may be taken up. If valentines are made in this grade, the design should be carefully worked out.

Grade VI.

Design calendar for month. Composition on



George Washington with cover design of something patriotic.

The value of varying the work lies in the fact that what appeals to one child may not touch another, and as soon as one can accomplish praiseworthy work, he is stimulated to greater effort.

For the log cabin fold 4-inch square of paper on center, then two outside edges to meet this. Fold horizontal edges to center. Cut to line just folded, so there are four squares on each end. Fold center squares over each other to form pointed roof, paste these as well as the other squares which fold over to complete the end of the cabin. Before pasting, a door may be cut, and lines drawn across to represent logs. Children familiar with cabins may wish to add the outside chimney, as they have seen it, and that would add to the realistic effect.

The story of Abraham Lincoln's early life adds interest to the making of the cabin.

This same folding may be used for a barn by

cutting double doors in one of the long sides, and a window near the roof on the short side.

To illustrate the little poem the children may have a drawing lesson of the objects mentioned or a cutting lesson. If the latter, hills in the background may be cut from blue-green paper, the grass of the meadow green and the sheep of white paper.

If the children's work has been properly directed their illustrative work by this time should be coherent enough to be understood, but a few words from the story or poem add interest to the work.

If the children in the second grade are to study Eskimo life, a few pictures in silhouette of an Eskimo sledge, igloo, bear, dog, etc., will give the clearer concept of these objects than pictures full of detail.

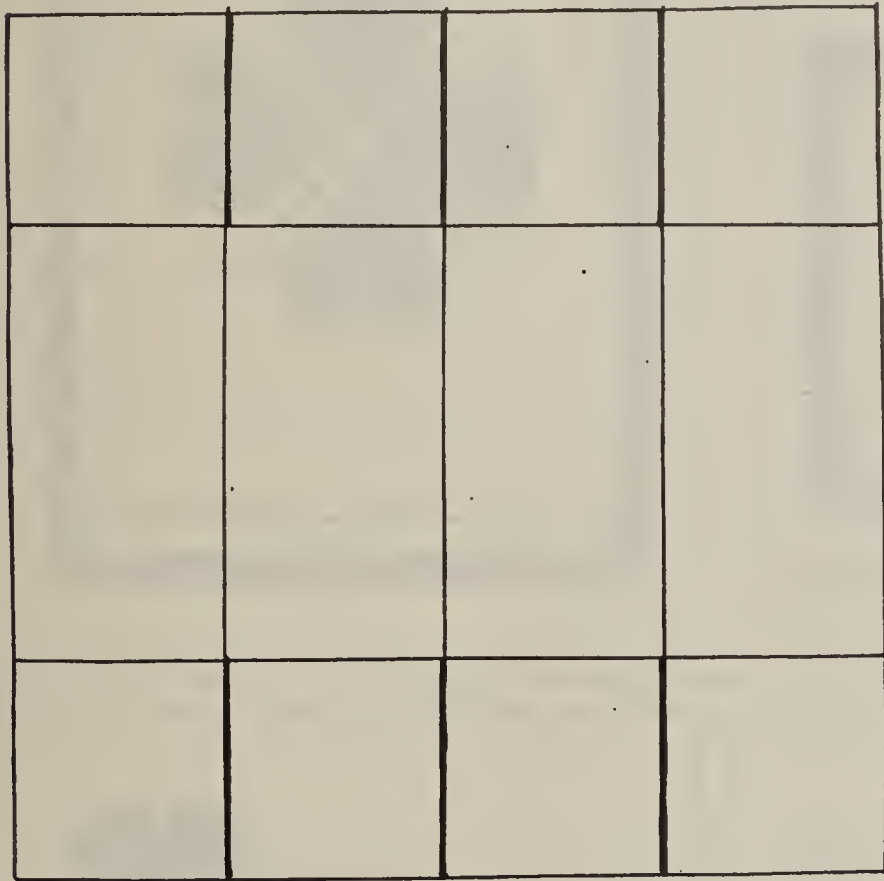
For the envelope, take a piece of paper 6 x 4½ inches, and divide the 6-inch side into thirds, pressing the creases firmly. From the first and third divisions cut off strips about ⅜ inch as per drawing, which leaves flaps on the middle division. Fold these to the center and one side may be pasted to these. Or the message for Valentine's Day may be written inside, and then it will have to be unfolded to be read, and need not then be pasted. A small heart may be cut from red paper for the stamp, also one for the seal on the back.

The Union Jack appearing on the bow of the man-of-war in our navy contains as many stars as there are states, but that would be so difficult for the children to represent, that thirteen stars for the original number of states will be sufficient for them to draw, as well as in the third grade. One star in the center, with eight forming a circle around this and four in the corners, will not be difficult for the children to draw. Of course the teacher will know that this forms the corner of our national flag, while the stripes are called the fly; but it will not be necessary to tell the children this. They may be interested, however, to know that the flag of England, of the same kind, has the crosses of England, Ireland, and Scotland combined, in place of our stars.

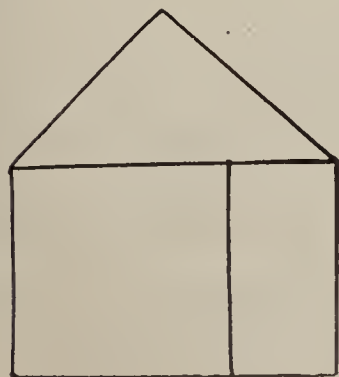
If this is the second year that the children have been drawing they ought to be able to draw boys or girls and express marching; but if not; have them draw the skeleton men with soldier hats, with guns over their shoulders, and possibly a leader with a drum. The skeleton figures are valuable to express action, but soon the children will wish to clothe them, and then they assume a life-like appearance.

For the booklet for the third grade for Valentine's Day, have the child-

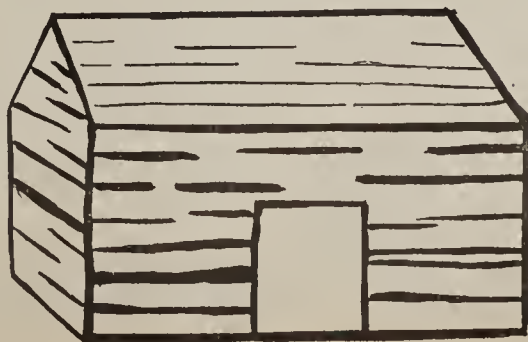
1st Grade



Cut on darkened lines.



End view.



ren fold and decorate cover with design of hearts. The message may be written on the inside.

The teacher will find that it is economy of time to have a few examples large enough for all the



class to see, more as suggestion than as designs to be copied.

If the subject is new the model must be copied; but the child's own design should soon follow.

For Washington's birthday, the children having drawn and colored flags, the words of Charles Sumner may be read to them:

There is the national flag! He must be cold, indeed, who can look upon its folds rippling in the breeze without pride of country.

It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air; but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars, white on a field of blue, proclaim that United States constituting our national constellation which receives a new star with every new state. The two together signify union, past and present. The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers.

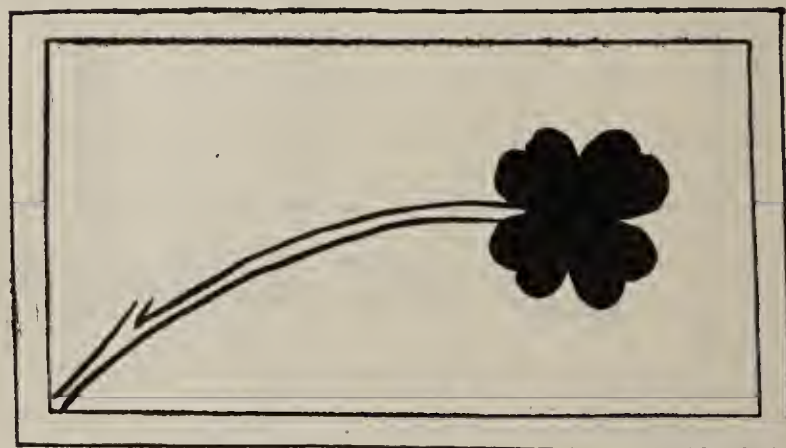
White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice, and altogether, bunting, stripes, stars, and colors blazing in the sky make the flag of our country to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

For the illustrative work in the third grade, a boy may pose with a flag, back view will be sufficient, but have large drawing. The fourth grade may make pocket folder of manila paper with simple appropriate design for borders or center.

A shield will interest the class for Washington's

birthday, and they will enjoy telling of how shields were used in ancient warfare. They should be led to see what the shield of the United States signifies and how used.

The month of February is full of suggestions for color work, and if properly directed the results will be pleasing to teacher and pupil. The subject of patriotism can be dwelt on most effectively as to love and devotion of one's country rather than wars and fighting. It is to be hoped that the teachers will find some new stories in the life of Washington rather than tell again the hatchet and cherry-tree story. By the way, is that story authentic? Lincoln's life of steady working upwards will be an inspiration for all children. The



children enjoy making valentines and if their efforts are directed some dainty designs will be the result.

The colors to be used are red or violet, denoting love and constancy.

Discourage any caricature work for that is too likely to bear a sting, whereas friendship and kindly feeling should be developed.





Pieces to Speak

[Other material will be found scattered thru this number
of the magazine].



February.

Yet hath no month a prouder day,
Not even when the summer broods
O'er meadows in their first array,
Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
Brings, in its annual rounds, the morn,
When, greatest of the sons of men
Our glorious Washington was born.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Mount Vernon.

There dwelt the man, the flower of human
kind,
Whose visage mild bespoke his noble
mind;
There dwelt the Soldier, who his sword
ne'er drew
But in a righteous cause, to Freedom true;
There dwelt the Hero, who ne'er fought
for fame,
Yet gained more glory than a Cæsar's
name;
There dwelt the Statesman, who, devoid
of art,
Gave soundest counsels from an upright
heart;
And oh, Columbia, by thy sons caressed,
There dwelt the Father of the realm he
blessed,
Who no wish felt to make his mighty
praise,
Like other chiefs, the means himself to
raise;
But there retiring, breathed in pure
renown,
And felt a grandeur that disdained a
crown.

—REV. WM. JAY.

Something Better.

I cannot be a Washington,
However hard I try,
But into something I must grow
As fast as the days go by.

The world needs women good and true,
I'm glad I can be one,
For that is even better than
To be a Washington.

—Clara J. Denton.

Tribute to Washington.

Land of the West! tho passing brief the
record of thy age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all the
world's wide page!
Let all the blasts of fame ring out—thine
shall be loudest far;
Let others boast their satellites—thou
hast the planet star.
Thou hast a name whose characters of
light shall ne'er depart;
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and
warms the coldest heart;

A war cry it for any land where freedom's
to be won.

Land of the West!—it stands alone—it is
thy Washington.

He fought, but not with love of strife; he
struck, but to defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe, he
sought to be a friend.

He strove to keep his country's right by
Reason's gentle word,
And sighed when fell Injustice threw the
challenge—sword to sword.

He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the
patriot and sage;

He showed no deep avenging hate, no
burst of despot rage;

He stood for Liberty and Truth, and
dauntlessly led on

Till shouts of victory gave forth the name
of Washington.

No car of triumph bore him thru a city
filled with grief,

No groaning captives at the wheels pro-
claimed him victor—chief;

He broke the gyves of slavery with strong
and high disdain,

But cast no scepter from the links when
he had crushed the chain.

He saved his land, but did not lay his
soldier trappings down

To change them for the regal vest, and
don a kingly crown;

Fame was too earnest in her joy, too
proud of such a son

To let a robe and title mask a noble
WASHINGTON.

—Eliza Cook.

Seven Times Two.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out
your changes,

How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow lark's note as
he ranges

Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds, clearest carol by fall or by
swelling

No magical sense conveys,
And bells have forgotten their old art of
telling

The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang
cheerily

While a boy listened alone;
Made his heart yearn again, musing so
wearily

All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days
are over,

And mine, they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing, shall aught
ought discover;

You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green
matted heather,

And hangeth her hoods of snow;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshining
weather;

O children take long to grow.

I wish and I wish that the spring would
go faster,

Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the foxglove
and aster,

For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall
discover,

While dear hands are laid on my head:
"The child is a woman, the book may
close over,

For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story—the birds cannot
sing it,

Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years

O, bring it!

Such as I wish it to be.

—JEAN INGELow.



Games for School and Playground.

Prison Goal.

PLACE a jumping standard or larger object as goal at each end of the room, some distance from the wall. Mark off a prison on one side equally distant from the goals. Appoint two captains, who choose sides. The captain appoints some as runners, some as goal guarders. The object of the game is to circle around the opponent's goal, and to return to the home goal without being tagged by a guarder of the opposite side. Each successful run scores one. A player may be tagged at any time when he is not touching his own goal. Each person tagged must go to prison, and remain there until freed by being tagged by a runner of his own side. The player freed and the one who touched him cannot be tagged while returning from the prison. Each prisoner after being freed must touch his own goal before he may play again. The side having the largest score wins.

Steeple Chase.

A goal is marked off at each end of the room; and the standard is placed between them, rather nearer one goal than the other. The handkerchief is hung on the top of the standard. Half the players stand in one goal, half in the other. One in each goal stands with his toe on the line of the goal; and at the word "Start!" called by the umpire, the player from the goal nearer the standard runs, takes the handkerchief, and tries to return to his goal before the one running from the opposite side can touch him. If he is successful, both players stay in the nearer goal; if not, both go to the farther one. The game is won by the side that brings all the players into its goal. The right distance for the standard from the nearer goal will depend on the skill of the players, and must be changed to suit different classes.

Fox and Geese.

One player is chosen to be fox. All the others are the geese, and form a file with the chief goose at the head, and each one with both hands on the shoulders of the player in front. This chain must be kept unbroken. The fox tries to tag the last goose in the line. To prevent this, the chief goose

tries always to be in front of the fox, so that he may not pass.

Drop the Handkerchief.

The players form a ring. One, as A, is chosen to be it. A runs around the outside of the ring, and drops the handkerchief behind some player B. When B discovers the handkerchief, he picks it up and follows A around the circle, trying to tag him before he reaches the vacant place. If he touches A, he returns to his place, and A runs again. If he does not, A takes B's place and B is runner. If B does not discover the handkerchief until A has passed around the ring, picked up the handkerchief, and touched B, B must go into the center of the ring, and play no more, and A continues running. If the number of players is small, B may pay a forfeit instead of going out of the game.

Herroslap Jack.

The players form a ring. One who is chosen to be it runs around the outside, and touches some player on the back. The one touched immediately runs in the opposite direction. When the two meet, they make a deep bow, then, passing to the right, each tries to be first in the vacant place. The one who fails is it.

Have You Seen My Sheep?

A ring is formed. One player walks around the outside, touches some one on the back, and says, "Have you seen my sheep?" The one touched replies, "How was he dressed?" The one who is it then describes the dress of some player, who, when he recognizes himself, must run and try to pass around the circle, and reach his own place before the one who is it can tag him. If he is tagged, he is it.

Cat and Rat.

Choose one player for cat and one for rat. The others form a ring with clasped hands. The cat tries to catch the rat, who at first is in the center of the circle. The players favor the rat, who runs in and out of the circle under their clasped hands; but try to prevent the cat from entering by stooping until their hands touch the floor. When the rat is caught, the cat joins the circle, while the rat becomes cat, and chooses a new rat from the players. It is better, sometimes, to choose both a new cat and a new rat each time the rat is caught.

Vis-a-Vis.

One player is chosen to be it. The others stand in couples about the room. Whenever the one who is it calls, "Face to face!" the two in each couple must face each other. When he calls, "Back to back!" they must turn back to back. When he calls "Vis-a-vis!" they must change partners. The one who is it tries to secure a partner, and the player left alone is now it.

Ninepins.

The players walk in couples a few feet apart and so as to form a double circle. One player stands in the center. Those in the circles march to music, which suddenly stops. Instantly each player next the center leaves his partner, and passes to the place of the player next in front. If the one in the center can secure one of these places, the player left without a partner stands in the center.

Puss in the Corner.

One player is chosen to be pussy: all the others take some objects as goals. The pussy walks from one to another, saying, "Poor pussy wants a corner." The reply is made, "Go to my next neighbor." The other players constantly change places. The pussy may try to secure any goal when it is vacant. If he succeeds, the person without a goal is pussy.

Thread the Needle.

The players form in a line, holding hands. The last one of the line goes up to the leader, and says, "How many miles to Babylon?"

Leader. "Three score and ten."

Last Player. "Can I get there by candle light?"

L. "Yes, and back again."

L. P. "Then open the gates without more ado. And let the king and his train pass thru."

The leader and his next neighbor make an arch by raising the hands, and the line, commencing with the last player, passes under. The game is repeated with the last player as leader.

Follow the Leader.

All the players form a line. The leader marches, runs, or takes any gymnastic movement, and each one of the players must repeat his movement exactly. The game is limited by time.

Steps.

The players are drawn up in line, each one equally distant from some object, as a wall, or from a line drawn on the floor. One player stands in front of the others, facing them, closes his eyes and counts ten aloud, then instantly opens his eyes. While his eyes are closed, the players may run, walk, or move toward the goal in any way; but before his eyes are open they must stop, and he may send all he sees moving back to the starting line. The players win in the order in which they reach the goal.

Grand Mufti.

The players form a circle. The teacher stands in the center as Grand Mufti. He makes some movement, and says, "Thus says the Grand Mufti," when all the players must imitate his movements. If he says, "So says the Grand

Mufti," no one must move. Whoever moves, either pays a forfeit or sits down.

Thanksgiving Dinner.

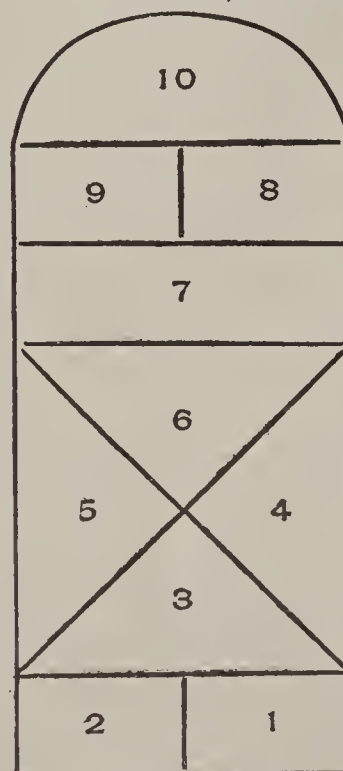
Some one is chosen to tell the story. He gives each player the name of something to be eaten at a Thanksgiving dinner. The players stand while the one who is it tells a story about Thanksgiving Day. When any player hears his name mentioned he must turn about once in his place. For instance, if the story-teller should say, "The large turkey was put into the oven," all who are named turkey must turn. When the words, "Thanksgiving dinner" are used, all must turn. This game may be adapted to other holidays.

Musical Instruments.

The players form a circle, sitting on the floor or on chairs, and are the orchestra, each one choosing the instrument on which he will play. One is conductor, and stands in the center. A tune is decided upon. The conductor beats time, while all the players hum the tune, each making it sound as much like his chosen instrument as possible, and imitating the motions used in playing it. The conductor suddenly turns to some player, and says, "What is the matter with your instrument? 1, 2, 3, 4, 5!" The one questioned must begin his reply before the conductor counts five, and it must be appropriate for his instrument. If he has a violin, he may say, "I have broken a string." If he is not quick enough in replying or if he says something is the matter with his instrument that cannot be, as of a violin, "The reed is lost," he must change places with the conductor. The conductor may clap his hands at any time, when the music must instantly stop. Any one failing to stop becomes conductor. The music never stops except when the leader claps his hands. The person who fails may pay a forfeit, and the same conductor continue thruout the game, if preferred.

Hop Scotch.

A figure like the above is drawn on the floor or on the hearth; and also a line a few feet from its



base line. One player stands on this line, and tosses the stone into division one, then hops into 1 and kicks the stone out. It is then thrown into 2. The player jumps, resting one foot in 1 and one in 2, then hops and kicks the stone from 2 into 1 and then out. So he continues until 10 is reached. He straddles the line between 1 and 2, 4 and 5, and 8 and 9; in all other places he hops directly into the court. If the player fails to throw the stone into the right division or to kick it into the right one or leaves it on the line, he is out, and the

next player takes his turn. The game may be played without straddling any lines, or the player may be allowed to place the stone on his foot and expel it at once from any division.

For Reception Days

A Quiet Cup of Tea.

Dialog for Older Girls.

Characters.

MRS. BROWN }
MRS. WHITE } Four meddling gossiping ladies.
MRS. GREY }
MISS BLACK }

(Mrs. Brown seated at the table. Knock at the door. Enter Mrs. White.)

Mrs. Brown (rising and holding out her hand): Good afternoon, Mrs. White. I am so glad to see you. How have you managed to get here? It's so very windy. Won't you sit down? (Mrs. Brown draws forward a chair. Mrs. White seats herself.)

Mrs. White: Thank you. I'm sure I'm nearly blown to bits. Is my bonnet awry? I was so afraid it would blow off. How do these east winds find you, Mrs. Brown?

Mrs. Brown: Well, to tell the truth, I don't feel myself at all. I've got a severe cold. I was just sitting down to tea. Will you have a cup? You can put your bonnet on the table there.

Mrs. White: Thanks; I shall be very pleased. (Places her bonnet on a table and draws her chair up to the tea table.) Nothing refreshes you like a quiet cup of tea.

Mrs. Brown: You are right. If I'd to miss my afternoon tea I shouldn't be fit for anything. (Pours out tea, and hands a cup to Mrs. White.)

Mrs. White: Now I call this comfortable.

(Bites cake.) This cake is most delicious, Mrs. Brown; so rich and light. Miss Burton's cake is nothing to it, and she pretends to be such an excellent hand at baking.

Mrs. Brown: Well, I think it is very nice myself; but a little misfortune happened to it. If you'd tasted of the cake I made for the school tea you'd have pronounced it splendid.

Mrs. White: It must have been splendid indeed, if it was nicer than this. Don't mention it, but Miss Burton said your cake wasn't a patch on hers.

Mrs. Brown: (angrily): Did she? But I'll venture to say that it's nicer by ten times than the stuff she makes.

Mrs. White: I'm sure it is. My candid opinion is that she's jealous because you were asked to preside over that treat. She's said some very nasty things about you since.

Mrs. Brown: The mean old thing. What has she said?

Mrs. White: Well, I hardly like to tell. It's so unpleasant to disagree with your neighbors, and it might leak out, you know.

Mrs. Brown (stiffly): Oh, certainly. If you are afraid of telling me, I—

Mrs. White: Oh, no! I don't think you'll tell; but one must be very careful. Some people are such tattlers. Of course, I don't class you among them, but let me tell you. Last week I told Mrs. Jones, as a secret, that Miss Black said her new bonnet was like a boiled carrot, and everybody in the street knew two days after.

Mrs. Brown: I always knew Mrs. Jones was silly. But what did that jealous old maid, Miss Burton, say about me?

Mrs. White: Well, she told Mrs. Jones that you were the most miserly woman she ever met, and would sooner— (Loud knock).

Mrs. Brown: Goodness! I believe it's Miss Burton. It is her visiting day. She will stay an age if she finds you here.

Mrs. White: She will; and I'm sure I don't want to be bored with her. Suppose I stand behind the screen until she's gone.

Mrs. Brown: Yes; do. And I'll clear the table, then she won't expect asking to have



The Terror of the Jungle at Rest.

tea. (Mrs. Brown and Mrs. White pop the cups, etc., under the table. The cloth must touch the floor. Mrs. White goes behind screen. Mrs. Brown opens door. Enter Mrs. Grey and Miss Black.)

Mrs. Brown (shaking hands): Good afternoon! So pleased to see you. I wish you had arrived earlier. I've only just sided the tea-table. (Places chairs.) Do take a seat; I hope you can stay awhile. (Mrs. Grey and Miss Black sit down.)

Mrs. Grey: Thank you, Mrs. Brown, but we are in a hurry. We are collecting for a charity bazaar, and we thought you'd help us.

Mrs. Brown: Certainly. I shall be delighted. (Loud cough behind curtain. Mrs. Brown puts her handkerchief to her face, coughs violently.) I have such a severe cold. (Knock. Mrs. Brown opens door. Voice says: "Please'm the milkman wants to see you on particular business.")

Mrs. Brown: Will you excuse me, please, a moment? I'm so sorry—

Miss Black: No apologies, Mrs. Brown. We don't at all mind. (Exit Mrs. Brown.)

Miss Black: Well, Mrs. Grey, I'm a Frenchman if that isn't Mrs. White's bonnet. (Points.)

Mrs. Grey: I'm sure it is. No one could mistake that yellow bow. What can it be here for I wonder?

Miss Black: Um—no telling. Perhaps Mrs. Brown is going to trim one like it. (Smothered coughing and sneezing behind screen.) Gracious! there's somebody in the room. Do you think it's a robber? (Enter Mrs. Brown.) Mrs. Brown there's somebody hiding in this room. Behind the screen I believe.

Mrs. Brown (laughing): You're quite imaginative, Miss Black. I suppose you heard me coughing in the passage. Influenza colds are so troublesome. (Coughs.)

Mrs. Grey: Yes, they are. Is that your new screen? How pretty. May I look at it?

Mrs. Brown: With pleasure. (Mrs. Grey goes towards screen.) (Another cough.)

Mrs. Grey: (starting): There's somebody behind there, I'm sure, Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Brown: How nervous you are, Mrs. Grey! (Continues coughing.)

Miss Black: Well, at any rate, we had better look behind. There are three of us you know. I'm a match for any man myself.

Mrs. Brown: Really, I can't allow you to trouble yourselves. I daresay it's the cat.

Miss Black: No trouble at all. What a mercy we called, Mrs. Brown. You might have been murdered in your bed. Come out, thief! We've caught you.

(Seizes her umbrella, peeps behind screen; screams, and runs across the room. She lets her umbrella fall, stumbles over it, catches at the tea-table and pulls off the cloth, revealing the cups, etc. Mrs. Brown runs to her, Mrs. Grey opens the screen and exclaims, "Well, I never. If it isn't Mrs. White." Miss Black rises to her feet. The four ladies look at each other in consternation, and burst out laughing.)

[CURTAIN.]

[From *The Teachers' Aid*, London.]



Home-Made Arithmetic Charts.

Numberless teachers in the country schools where material for teaching is not furnished by a board in constant touch with the school, find their plans handicapped by lack of material.

While teaching under like circumstances I found that a good substitute for an arithmetic chart could be made by taking cardboard and mounting on it the colored figures of children as found in a fashion-plate. The bright dresses appeal to the children and many arithmetic examples can be illustrated by them.

For instance when a chart with ten children is held before the class the question is asked, "How many children are here?" The answer comes, "There are ten." "Now we are going to have a party and invite all these little girls to it; if three are sick and stay at home, how many will come to the party?"

Numerous problems can be made in this way.

—RUTH O. DYER,
Virginia.



Bruin in Servitude.

THE CHILD WORLD

A Magazine of Supplementary Reading.

Supplement to TEACHERS MAGAZINE, February 1906.



The Robins.

By N. LEWIS, Illinois.

"Cheer up, cheer up," sang Mr. Robin.

It was a gloomy spring day. The rain fell from a gray sky, yet Mr. Robin sang his sweet song just the same and all who could hear it felt better at once.

"I do wish it would clear off," said Mrs. Robin. "We ought to be building our nest. How can you sing when the skies are so gray?"

"That is the very time to sing," replied Mr. Robin. "Anyone can sing when the sun is shining. Cheer up, my dear, I think it is going to clear off."

And so it did. In a little while the sun came out bright. The two birds flew off together.

"Let us go to the same place here we were last year, where the kind lady lives," said Mrs. Robin. "You remember when Bobby fell out of the nest how she picked him up and put him on the bough again."

"Why, of course, that is the very place," said Mr. Robin. "We will go right back there."

Soon the birds came in sight of the cottage where the kind lady lived.

"There is the very tree, sure enough," responded Mr. Robin, "but how are we going to get along without some place to bathe? It will be too far to go to the river, when we have a family to look after."

The two birds were in a great quandary. They flew here and there but could not decide what to do. Finally they lit on a branch to rest. "We might go to the woods and make our nest near a brook," suggested Mr. Robin. "But, of course it will be lonely there."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Robin. "I really think that I could not stand it. I like to live near the people. And so do you, Mr. Robin, you know you do."

"Yes, of course, if they are nice people," replied Mr. Robin. "Do you remember the pretty white blossoms that came out on the tree, and the lovely red cherries?"

"Let us build our nest here anyway. I believe the kind lady will make a pond for us. She knows we like to have plenty of water to drink, and we must, of course, have a bath every day."

So it was settled, and the two birds went to work at once. Old Dobbin, the horse, gave them some hairs from his tail. They wove hairs and bits of grass, and lined the nest with feathers. It was soon finished.

When the lady looked out of her window and saw the two birds flying about she called the hired man.

"John," she said, "the robins are back. It seems to me that it is time the water lilies were put out."

Then John went to the cellar and brought up the large tub, and set it out under the cherry tree. The lily bulbs were put in and the tub was filled with water.

The Robins were delighted when they saw the tub in its place again. "It must be," chirped Mr. Robin, "that the kind lady makes the pond just for us."

Mrs. Robin was so anxious to get settled that she would scarcely take time to put the nest together properly.

"You know, Mr. Robin," she chirped, "we ought to raise at least two broods this summer."

"Do you think the nest is fastened tightly enough to the branch?" asked Mr. Robin, looking at it with his little head cocked on one side. "We don't want it to come tumbling down in the first rainstorm."

"No, indeed," cried Mrs. Robin, "but it seems to me that it is all right."

Soon there were four little eggs in the nest. The Robins were as proud and happy as they could be. Mr. Robin sang until one would think his little throat would burst. But one day there came up a sudden storm. Whew, how the wind blew! The rain poured down in torrents.

Down, down came the little nest to the ground and three of the pretty blue eggs were broken.

The Robins flew back and forth uttering startled cries. The lady heard them and ran to the window.

"Dear me," she exclaimed, "their nest must have fallen."

As soon as the storm was over the lady hurried out. Yes, there on the ground lay the nest with three broken eggs beside it. One, however, seemed to be safe and sound.

The lady threw out the broken eggs, then going into the house she brought out an empty grape basket. In one corner of this she placed the nest. Then she pushed the basket securely into the notch of a tree.

How delighted the robins were to get the nest back again. But their hearts were sore when they thought of the pretty blue eggs broken and gone.

But when a little robin came out of the egg they forgot their sorrow. The parent birds thought that it was the prettiest and smartest robin that ever lived. They fed it so many worms that its little sides almost burst.

When it came time for the young bird to fly it was so fat that it took twice as long to learn as it ought to have done. But at last it really did learn to fly.

Then Mrs. Robin went right to work to raise another brood.

"We will not build another nest, this one will do with a little fixing," said Mrs. Robin. "There could not be anything more secure than this basket."

When Fall came and the robins flew away, the nest was still in the basket. I think it will be there when the robins come again.



Among Ourselves

The Editor's Round Table



WHAT a great soul our Washington was! There is no danger of making too much of his personality in the schools. No nation can boast of a nobler hero. Thru the whole month of February stories of him and his services to our country should be told. There is in them the kind of inspiration which the young are most in need of. In March or April *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* will begin a serial biography that will supply abundance of material. I was astonished in reading lately what difficulty John Adams had in getting Washington made commander-in-chief. In his "Diary" the second President of the United States tells that John Hancock was very anxious to have the honor, and that the delegates from Virginia were not at all warm in favor of Washington's appointment. John Adams puts it that "even among the delegates from Virginia there were difficulties. The apostolical reasonings among themselves, which should be greatest, were not less energetic among the saints of the Ancient Dominion than they were among us of New England. In several conversations I found more than one very cool about the appointment of Washington, and especially Mr. Pendleton was very clear and full against it." John Adams did not give up; however. "Mr. Washington who happened to sit near the door, as soon as he heard me allude to him, from his usual modesty darted into the library room. Mr. Hancock, who was our president, which gave me an opportunity to observe his countenance while I was speaking on the state of the colonies, the army at Cambridge, and the enemy, heard me with visible pleasure; but when I came to describe Washington for the commander I never before remarked a more sudden and striking change of countenance. Mortification and resentment were expressed as forcibly as his face could exhibit them. Mr. Samuel Adams seconded the motion, and that did not soften the president's physiognomy at all." Nevertheless Washington became the chosen leader, the noblest, greatest son America has yet given to the world. His life bears studying closely. Nowhere is there an instance where he is found wanting. He seems almost too good to be true. His name heads the history of our country as a Republic. Thank God for that.

The winter here up north has been very trying to some of us. The meteorological variability has brought forth grippe and rheumatism, and all sorts of colds. As an experiment in crowding three seasons into a day December and January have been a startling success. Autumnal morning breezes, vernal mid-day rains, and hibernal even-

ing frosts have come to be looked for as matters of course. A steady old-fashioned winter agrees best with me, I must confess; winter as I have found him upon the northern peninsula of Michigan and on Lake Erie with the thermometer away below zero and the air full of ozone. There's health and snap in the climate, and work is a joy. I can sympathize with the friends who write that they are "under" the weather; I am there myself more or less. And "diseases are so various," as genial Mrs. Partington has told us. By the way, this good old lady is being quite forgotten in these latter days. Is her humor no longer up to the times? One must be somewhat out of sorts, physically, to appreciate her, I suppose. Take this for instance: "One day we hear of people's dying of hermitage of the lungs; another day of the brown creatures; here they tell me of the elementary canal being out of order, and there about tonsors of the throat; here we hear of neurology in the head, and there of an embargo; one side of us we hear of men being killed by getting a pound of tough beef in the sarcofagus, and there another kills himself by discovering his jocular vein. New names and new nostrils takes the place of the old." In "winter" days such as ours one is reminded of these wise words of Mrs. Partington which delighted our grandmothers and drove away their blues. Mirth is the best thing to carry in one's herb-bag. Cheer up, sister; cheer up, brother. If winter is a failure, spring is not far away.

When I visited public school No. 9 in Buffalo, a few weeks ago, every teacher had a good word for Principal Dushak. "He stands up for his teachers" was the emphatic endorsement of one who expressed the general opinion. It is natural and reasonable that teachers should look to their principal for protection of their rights. When supervisors criticise and mothers complain, tactful but firm support of the teacher should be expected of him as a matter of course. If he is not appreciative of his teachers' honest endeavor to do what is right and best, who shall be? Yet appreciative principals are almost as rare as appreciative supervisors. Those who belong in this class usually have good schools. Harmony and unity are essential to the success of a school organism. It is the principal's province to establish and cultivate them.

Patience, patience, patience, friends. You certainly have a right to expect your magazine to be in your hands on or before the first of the month. The reorganization of the publishing department will soon set these matters straight. The editor can do nothing beyond supplying the material and

indicating how the various pages are to be made up. The type-setting, correcting, electrotyping of pages, press-work, binding, wrapping, mailing, and a host of other things connected with the supply of copies to the subscribers, are not under his control. Under the new administration of affairs these various details of the publishing department will be dispatched with promptness, and I feel confident that by the first of March all will be running on schedule time. Meanwhile I have made an effort to be one month in advance with the supply of seasonable articles. The January number gave an abundance of helpful material for February, and this number has much for use in March. Besides, the numbers are worth keeping for the future. If you will just bear with the publishers a short time longer, all will be right. The task of making this a magazine worthy in content and appearance of the great profession it seeks to serve, is not a very easy one. But it is worth making the effort. And if you will aid by your encouragement and help success will be certain.

Intolerance is the arch-enemy of truth. They who stand for the right need not fear error and misrepresentation. They can afford to be patient and wait, and they will see justice triumph sooner or later. Force has never converted anyone. Reasonableness united with a charitable spirit—"sweet reasonableness" as Matthew Arnold calls it—will conquer a world. Intolerance is an unholy mixture of arrogance and self-complacency and hatefulness. It would stop the wheels of progress if it could, and would prohibit the search for wisdom. The law of humanity's growth is inquiry, or call it experiment, or research, or investigation, or whatever else you choose. Thru doubt to conviction is the road to light. The greater the scope accorded to honest doubt the more encouragement there is given to the spread of truth. "Search the Scriptures," was the admonition of the Teacher of Nazareth. Dare to doubt and *win* conviction. Dare to make mistakes if in doing so you only remain true to yourself. Rather utter an error which you hold to be right, than speak a truth which your heart denies. On the other hand, be tolerant of the opinions of others. Regard them as the errors of an honest searcher for the truth and cultivate "sweet reasonableness."

While at Buffalo, I observed some remarkably good work in oral expression done in Mr. Moyer's school, on Elmwood avenue. This is probably the best equipped school in the city. It is located in the prettiest home section and has beautiful grounds and plenty of light and air. The principal's office is spacious and dignified and in every respect what such a room ideally ought to be. The children come from the homes of fairly well-to-do people. Everything appears to be most favorable to good work. But it does not follow that the best conditions produce a successful school. I have not infrequently found very poor work done in splendid surroundings, and the spirit has sometimes been such that I pitied the children who got their first lessons in life there. But Mr. Moyer's school is a delight to the visitor.

The spirit is generally homelike; just such a spirit as I would like to have my own children grow up in. The work was serious and productive of good results. The best, however, was the freedom in the oral use of English cultivated in all classes. While entirely different in character from the work in the famous Forestville school in Chicago, of which Miss Florence Holbrook is the principal, it is a remarkable showing. The children learn very early to stand on their feet and speak freely; in well connected sentences, on any topic they have mastered.

The system of music education worked out by Mr. Chilton under the auspices of the Æolian Company is the most satisfactory method yet devised for spreading abroad an appreciation of good music. Harvard university has given it official endorsement. A student in music there has as free access to the Orchestrelle and the Pianola as the students in chemistry have to the chemical apparatus. The logic of it is plain. Appreciation of music is of greater value to the world than the acquisition of skill in playing musical instruments. It is the same in music as in graphic art and sculpture. Appreciation of the beautiful means greater joy in the world. Mr. Chilton's articles in TEACHERS MAGAZINE have fully described the new departure. By communicating with him personally those who are interested may obtain whatever special information they may desire. His address is Music Lovers' Library, Æolian Hall, New York City.

The beautiful little poem called "Pebbles," by Frank Dempster Sherman, which was published in the December number of TEACHERS MAGAZINE was copyrighted in 1897 by Houghton, Mifflin & Company. The poem appears in Mr. Sherman's "Little Folks Lyrics." Credit was inadvertently omitted from the magazine.

In the Philadelphia public schools; the flag salute is given every Monday morning by order of Supt. Edward C. Brooks. There are several forms of flag salute employed in various sections of the country. The one in use in Philadelphia is probably, however, the one most widely known. The order of procedure is as follows:

At the command, "Salute the flag," given by the principal or teacher, the pupils stand in their places, with the right hand on the forehead, and repeat in concert the following pledge: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice to all." At the word "flag" each pupil takes his hand from his forehead, and with palm up points to the flag displayed in the front of the class-room, usually by a pupil selected as standard bearer. Dr. Brooks urges teachers to be careful to see that the children understand the meaning of the pledge.

This motto is a favorite inscription on the walls of German school-rooms: "When wealth is lost, nothing is lost; when health is lost, something is lost; when character is lost, all is lost."

Philad^a July 22. 1782.

Madam,

Your favor of the 17th
conveying to me your Pastoral
on the subject of Lord Cornwallis's
capture, has given me great
satisfaction. — * * * *

This address from a person
of your refined taste, & elegant
of expression, affords a plea-
sure beyond my power of utter-
ance; & I have only to lament
that the Hero of your Pastoral
is not more deserving of your
Pier; but the circumstance, that
be placed among the happiest
events of my life

I have the honor to be

Madam


y^r most obed^t and,
respectful serv^t
G^e Washington

Ch^s Lockton

COMMON SCHOOL HYMNS

AMERICA.


REV. S. F. SMITH, D.D.



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee! Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - ther's God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty.



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a-wake; Let all that
To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's



pil-grim's pride, From ev - 'ry mount - ain side Let free-dom ring!
tem-pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

Spiritual Destiny.

To live again with all the sweetness and
the light
Of these few perfect years
The soul has garnered from earth's weariness
and night
And life's convulsive tears;

To live where bloom and blade have yet
a purer grace,
And shadows softer balm.—
And suns and stars, amid illimitable
space,
Have more benefic calm;

Where faces shine with rapture only
hinted here,
And hands have gentler touch,
And love to love forever tenderly draws
near,
And none toil overmuch;

Where all that's gross and ugly fades
away as when
The morning meets the mist;
Where mind holds past and future in its
mystic ken
Yet has all fear dismissed;

Where souls have shapes more fair than
matter ever forms,
And pain and want are not;
And passion into ecstasy more holy
warms,
And joy's the common lot;

Is this the spirit-destiny of man who
hopes
That he may still live on
When thru the awful shadow he uncertain
gropes
And death has come and gone?

—CHARLES W. STEVENSON.

Good Speech.

Think not, because thine inmost heart
means well,

Thou hast the freedom of rude speech:
sweet words.

Are like the voices of returning birds

Filling the soul with summer, or a bell

That calls the weary and the sick to
prayer,

Even as thy thought, so let thy speech be
fair.

—ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

My Prayer.

If there be some weaker one,

Give me strength to help him on;

If a blinder soul there be,

Let me guide him nearer Thee.

Make my mortal dreams come true

With the work I fain would do;

Clothe with life the weak intent,

Let me be the thing I meant;

Let me find in Thy employ

Peace that clearer is than joy;

Out of self to love be led,

And to heaven acclimated,

Until all things sweet and good

Seem my nature's habitude.

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.


Praise the Lord!



1. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! The morn - ing
2. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! In ver - nal
3. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! From out their



sun a - wakes the fields from night - ly rest, And the
beau - ty prais - es him the flor - al year, In the
dens the wild beasts loud-ly roar their praise, O my



whole cre - a - tion's gladness streams . . Re - born in - to our breast.
skies, and in the leaf - y bow'rs, . . The bird's glad song we hear.
soul! more loudly still to God . . . Thy grate-ful tri - bute raise.

Replies to Questions.

By Amos M. Kellogg.

Passing Drinking Water Round.—F. M. T. finds the custom of passing water around prevailing. This was once considered essential. If the pupils are told that the custom would be laughed at in all of the city schools, etc., etc., they will give it up. I knew of a highly accomplished teacher who attempted to overcome the habit by force, and who became so unpopular that she resigned. Meet it by well directed ridicule.

The Teaching Position.—Whether the teacher should stand during the recitation depends on the circumstances. To begin a recitation it is often best, yes, and necessary that the teacher stand; then, the class being got into active operation she may sit if tired. Often the class is revived, when dull and listless, by the teacher walking in front of it. In arithmetic, usually, the teacher needs to stand, for the blackboard has to be used. The rule is to stand if that will give life and force to the recitation.

Cleaning the Room.—H. G. must demand of her trustees that they have the school-room made clean and wholesome daily. And this is not to be done by the teacher. But the trustees may devolve the work on the pupils. If so it should be done by one of them in a public address, and authorize the teacher to portion out the work among them. Then he has authority for setting them to work.

D. Corbin. Of course you desire the good will of all your school board, but you can get along if one seems to dislike you—provided his grounds are personal. Why not ask him what he objects to? Plain talk is often the best thing.

M. L. T. The reason that so many factories have been established in Russia is the effort to become independent of the foreign manufactures. Within forty years large industries have been developed; three millions of people are engaged in the village and city factories. Lodz, near the Polish coal fields, produces most of the cotton cloth used in Poland and much cotton yarn besides. Its single street, six miles long, is lined with factories. This commercial effort brings many people together and enables them to understand the condition of slavery they are in and to discuss matters as a farming population cannot.

Reports.—It is customary in very many schools for the teacher to send home weekly a "report" of the attendance, etc., of each pupil. An objection is the labor required. The plan pursued by the best teachers is for each pupil to make out his own "report." He has a blank in which he states his attendance, time lost, studies, and deportment. With it go samples of his spelling, penmanship—in fact, of all his work. These, enclosed in an envelope, come before the parents for inspection; they give their views and return

the "samples" to the teacher. These latter are filed away. The opinions of the parents are of much help to the teacher.

Oklahoma.—The power of the teacher over the pupil ceases when he quits the school grounds. You were not warranted in punishing for an offense committed in the streets, and that the parent objected is not strange. The school board, however, may act in the matter; they may forbid the boy to attend school on the ground that he is disorderly, etc. Even if the pupil calls after the teacher in the street, using opprobrious epithets, he may not be punished by the teacher. True, most parents would not object. We are considering the legal point of view.

Maynard.—To hear a class of your older pupils in elocution, or parsing in Pope's "Essay on Man," etc., twice a week, giving sufficient time to the exercises, is better than to meet it daily for a mere peck at the subject. In the old-fashioned school each pupil read, wrote, spelled, etc., twice each day. The main reason for this was to reach those who attended but half a day. But that procedure has long been set aside. Your highest class, being composed of young men and women, might be required to come only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and on those days receive special attention.

(Continued on page 515.)

Works Without Faith.

FAITH CAME AFTER THE WORKS HAD LAID THE FOUNDATION.

A Bay state belle talks thus about coffee:

"While a coffee drinker I was a sufferer from indigestion and intensely painful nervous headaches, from childhood.

"Seven years ago my health gave out entirely. I grew so weak that the exertion of walking, if only a few feet, made it necessary for me to lie down. My friends thought I was marked for consumption—weak, thin, and pale.

"I realized the danger I was in and tried faithfully to get relief from medicines till, at last, after having employed all kinds of drugs, the doctor acknowledged that he did not believe it was in his power to cure me.

"While in this condition a friend induced me to quit coffee and try Postum Food Coffee, and I did so without the least hope that it would do me any good. I did not like it at first, but when it was properly made I found it was a most delicious and refreshing beverage, I am especially fond of it served at dinner ice-cold, with cream.

"In a month's time I began to improve, and in a few weeks my indigestion ceased to trouble me; and my headache stopped entirely. I am so perfectly well now that I do not look the same person, and I have so gained in flesh that I am fifteen pounds heavier than before.

"This is what Postum has done for me. I still use it and shall always do so." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.



Problems in Arithmetic

TEACHERS . MAGAZINE for November contained a number of arithmetic examples taken from Colburn's Arithmetic, of honored memory, one of the best books of problems ever prepared in this country. Those of our fathers and mothers who did not study Colburn, were proud, and many of them are still proud of their success, in their school days, in performing the exceedingly difficult examples in "Greenleaf's National." From a torn, much bethumbed and yellowed copy of the latter arithmetic the following examples are taken. They will test the ability of the grammar school pupil to do accurate work in adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing.

Cancellation.

1. Sold 19 thousand shingles at 4 dollars a thousand, and received pay in wood at 4 dollars a cord; how many cords of wood was received?
2. Divide the product of 15, 3, 28; and 13, by the product of 7, 30, and 4.
3. Multiply 24 by 16; and divide the product by 12.
4. Divide 48 by 16; and multiply the quotient by 8.
5. Divide the product of 7; 10; 12; and 5 by the product of 14, 18, and 6.
6. If 15 be multiplied by 7; 27; and 40; and the product divided by 54 multiplied by 14; 10; and 2; what will be the result?
7. Divide the product of 13; 15; 20; and 5; by the product of 26, 10, 2, and 3.
8. Divide the product of 28, 27, 21; 15; and 18; by the product of 7, 54, 7, 3, and 9.
9. How many pounds of butter at 28 cents a pound will be required to pay for 56 pounds of sugar at 11 cents a pound?
10. A. Holmes sold 14 boxes of soap; each containing 24 pounds, at 9 cents a pound; and received for pay 63 barrels of ashes, each containing three bushels. What was allowed a bushel for the ashes?
11. M. Gardner sold 5 piles of brick; each containing 12 thousand, at 7 dollars a thousand, and was paid in wood, 3 ranges, at four dollars a cord. How many cords in each range?
12. A merchant exchanged 8 cases of shoes; each containing 60 pairs, at 75 cents a pair, for a

certain number of casks of molasses; each containing 90 gallons, at 40 cents a gallon. How many casks did he get?

Answers.

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. 19 cords. | 7. $12\frac{1}{2}$. |
| 2. $19\frac{1}{2}$ | 8. 60. |
| 3. 32. | 9. 22 pounds. |
| 4. 24. | 10. 16 cents. |
| 5. $2\frac{7}{9}$. | 11. 35 cords. |
| 6. $7\frac{1}{2}$. | 12. 10 casks. |

The Little Widow.

A MIGHTY GOOD SORT OF NEIGHBOR TO HAVE.

"A little widow, a neighbor of mine, persuaded me to try Grape-Nuts when my stomach was so weak that it would not retain food of any other kind," writes a grateful woman, from San Bernardino Co., Cal.

"I had been ill and confined to my bed with fever and nervous prostration for three long months after the birth of my second boy. We were in despair until the little widow's advice brought relief.

"I liked Grape-Nuts Food from the beginning; and in an incredibly short time it gave me such strength that I was able to leave my bed and enjoy my three good meals a day. In two months my weight increased from 95 to 113 pounds, my nerves had steadied down and I felt ready for anything. My neighbors were amazed to see me gain so rapidly and still more so when they heard that Grape-Nuts alone had brought the change.

"My four-year-old boy had eczema very bad last spring, and lost his appetite entirely, which made him cross and peevish. I put him on a diet of Grape-Nuts, which he relished at once. He improved from the beginning, the eczema disappeared, and now he is fat and rosy, with a delightfully soft, clear skin. The Grape-Nuts diet did it. I will willingly answer all inquiries." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.



Twenty-Six Lessons in Cooking.* I.

By Lizbeth M. Gladfelter, Teacher of Domestic Science, St. Louis, Mo.

Lesson I.

Cooking of baked potatoes:

Preparation—Utensils. Recipe written on board.

Points of chief importance in teaching this lesson.

Perfect cleaning.

Proper time in baking.

Crushing in a towel, skin broken.

Eating as soon as cooked.

Study of composition of potatoes:

Weigh potato, grate, and weigh water and cellulose.

Test sediment with iodine to prove starch.

Botany. Family, and botanical function of the potato.

History.

Indigenous to America. Introduction in Europe.

Efforts of Count Rumford to popularize the potato.

Sir Walter Raleigh and the potato flower.

Commercially considered.

Food value as compared with other foods. (See Atwater's food charts.)

Lesson II.

Cornstarch mold.

Experiments with starch.

Mix starch with cold water, stir well. Let sediment form. Pour off cold water. Dry starch.

Mix starch in cold water and boil.

Third experiment. Pour boiling water on dry starch.

Let children deduce as many conclusions as possible from above experiments.

Try two experiments showing change that takes place when starch is cooked very long.

Examine cornstarch with iodine, to prove presence of starch.

Recipe for cornstarch mold given. Difficulties to teacher—careless measuring; second, careless dropping of flavoring.

Wash dishes. Leave all drawers ready for inspection.

See that all towels are hung evenly on racks. Class should practice cooking at home, and report at next lesson how things were liked and how successful they were. Teacher should keep some record of same.

Lesson III.

Rice dumplings and hard sauce.

Washing and cleaning of rice.

Use of double boiler.

Rice absorbs three times its amount of water.

Spices used should be mixed.

Cinnamon—where it grows.

Rice, study of—indigenous to what place; early history; food of what people at the present day; soil conditions necessary; is it a desirable food? Chemical composition.

Lesson IV.

Mashed potatoes:

Recipe given.

Points of importance in cooking the potatoes.

Use of hot milk.

Mashing potatoes in hot pot until perfectly dry.

Thorough beating with a fork or wire beater.

Continued study of starchy foods.

Lesson V.

Milk toast.

Recipe given.

Slow drying of bread. All moisture driven out.

Contrast with broiled steak, all moisture retained.

Turn only once while toasting. Test of perfect toast, complete dryness. The value of toasted bread, granulation and change of starch to dextrine.

Making of croutons.

Teach geometric form of cube.

Use of crusts and scraps of bread to make browned crumbs.

Rules for the use of the oven.

Lesson VI.

Study of Sugars:

Cranberry jelly.

Sources of sugar.

Value of sugar to the body.

A short account of cranberries.

Giving of recipe.

Difficulties to teacher. Straining, failure to get jelly clear.

Lesson VII.

White fondant.

Importance of atmospheric conditions in boiling sugar.

Teach temperature with the thermometer. Let children practice by dipping the finger in cold water, then in the hot fondant, and then in cold water. Importance of this lesson.

Basis for pure candy. Saving of great outlay to the child.

Pure Blood

Is certain if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It cures those eruptions, boils and pimples which appear at all seasons, cures scrofula sores, salt rheum or eczema and relieves the itching and burning; adapts itself equally well to, and also cures dyspepsia and all stomach troubles; cures rheumatism and catarrh; cures nervous troubles, debility and that tired feeling.

This is not merely modern theory, but it is solid, up-to-date fact,

Proved by thousands of cures—40,366 testimonials in the past two years.

It is the world's greatest blood medicine. Get only Hood's, and get it to-day.

*From an outline of domestic science, prepared by Miss Gladfelter for use in public schools.

A Story Letter.

Elizabeth Colson and Anna Gansevoort Chittenden have gathered into a delightful book, a lot of letters written by famous people, to children. The collection is something that boys and girls will delight to read, while at the same time they will be getting acquainted with some of our best writers. There are letters by Phillips Brooks, Martin Luther, Sydney Smith, Charles Kingsley, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Robert Louis Stevenson, Sir Walter Scott, Hans Christian Andersen, Dolly Madison, Celia Thaxter, Henry W. Longfellow, and others. The following story-letter was written by Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice in Wonderland," to his little niece:

Oh, you naughty, naughty little culprit! If only I could fly to Fulham with a handy little stick (ten feet long and four inches thick is my favorite size), how I would rap your wicked little knuckles. However, there isn't much harm done, so I will sentence you to a very mild punishment—only one year's imprisonment. If you'll just tell the Fulham policeman about it, he'll manage all the rest for you, and he'll fit you with a nice pair of handcuffs, and lock you up in a nice, cozy cell, and feed you on nice dry bread, and delicious cold water.

But how badly you do spell your words! I was puzzled about the "sacks full of love and baskets full of kisses." But at last I made out why, of course, you meant a "sack full of gloves, and a basket full of kittens." Then I understood what you were sending me. And just then Mrs. Dyer came to tell me a large sack and basket had come. There was such a miawing in the house, as if all the cats in Eastbourne had come to see me! "Oh, just open them, please, Mrs. Dyer, and count the things in them."

So in a few minutes Mrs. Dyer came and said, "500 pairs of gloves in the sack and and 250 kittens in the basket."

"Dear me! That makes 1,000 gloves! Four times as many gloves as kittens! Its very kind of Maggie, but why did she send so many gloves? For I haven't got so many hands, you know, Mrs. Dyer."

And Mrs. Dyer said, "No, indeed, you're 998 hands short of that!"

However, the next day I made out what to do, and I took the basket with me and walked off to the parish school—the girls' school, you know—and I said to the mistress, "How many little girls are there at school to-day?"

"Exactly 250, sir."

"And have they all been very good all day?"

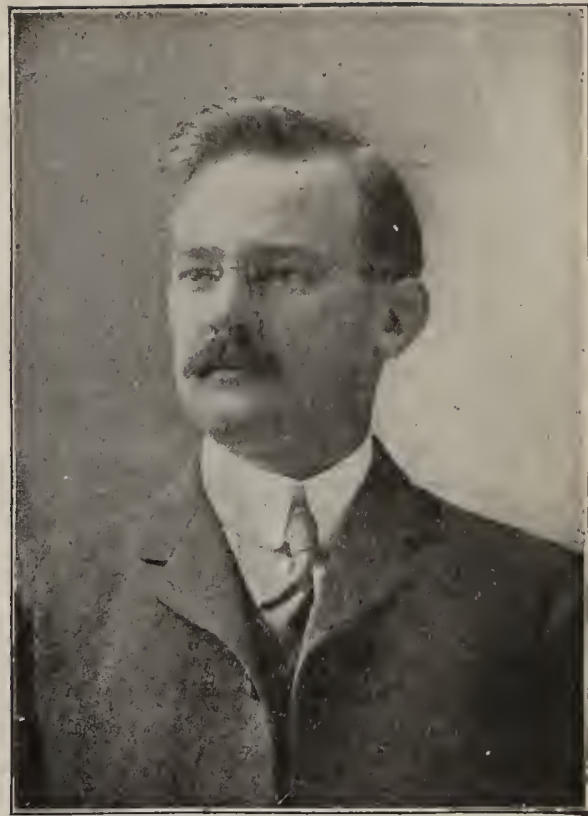
"As good as gold, sir."

So I waited outside the door with my basket, and as each little girl came out, I just popped a soft little kitten into her hands! Oh, what joy there was! The little girls went all dancing home, nursing their kittens, and the whole air was full of purring! Then, the next morning, I went to the school, before it opened, to ask the little girls how the kittens had behaved in the night. And they all arrived sobbing and crying, and their faces and hands were all covered with scratches, and they had the kittens wrapped up in their pinafores to keep them from scratching any more. And they sobbed out, "The kittens have been scratching us all night."

So then I said to myself, "What a nice little girl Maggie is. Now I see why she sent all those gloves, and why there are four times as many gloves as kittens!" and I said aloud to the little girls, "Never mind, my dear children, do your lessons very nicely, and don't cry any more, and when school is over, you'll find me at the door, and you shall see what you shall see!"

So, in the evening, when the little girls came running out, with the kittens still wrapped up in their pinafores, there was I, at the door, with a big sack! And, as each little girl came out, I just popped into her hand two pairs of gloves! And each little girl unrolled her pinafore and took out an angry little kitten, spitting and snarling, with its claws sticking out like a hedgehog. But it hadn't time to scratch, for in a moment, it found all its four claws popped into nice, soft, warm gloves! And then the kittens got quite sweet-tempered and gentle, and began purring again!

So the little girls went dancing home again, and the next morning they came dancing back to school. The scratches were all healed and they told me: "The kittens have been good!" And, when



Dr. Stratton D. Brooks, the new superintendent of schools at Cleveland.

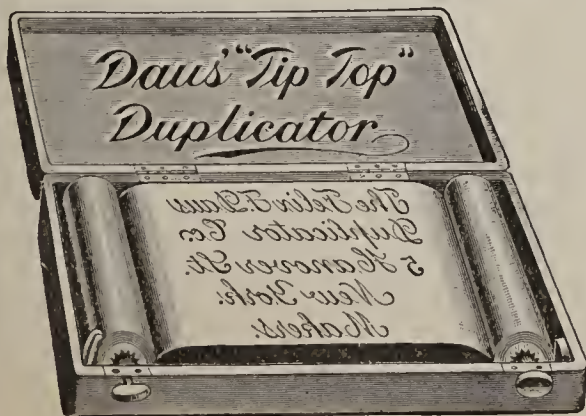
any kitten wants to catch a mouse, it just takes off one of its gloves; if it wants to catch two mice, it takes off two gloves; and if it wants to catch three mice, it takes off three gloves; and if it wants to catch four mice, it takes off all its gloves. But the moment they've caught the mice they pop their gloves on again, because they know we can't love them without their gloves. For, you see, "gloves" have got "love" inside them—there's none outside!

So all the little girls said, "Please thank Maggie, and we send her 250 loves and 1,000 kisses in return for her 250 kittens and her 1,000 gloves!"

Your loving old uncle,
C. L. D.

Never-Failing Chickadee.

Chickadee is the only bird in my little world that I can find without fail three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. From January to the end of March he comes daily to my lilac bush for suet; from April to early July he is busy with things domestic in the grey birches of the wood lot; from August to November he and his family are talking quietly and hunting in a little flock thru the trees of the farm; and from then on to January again chickadee is back for his meals at "The Lilac."—DALLAS LORE SHARP in January "Country Life in America."



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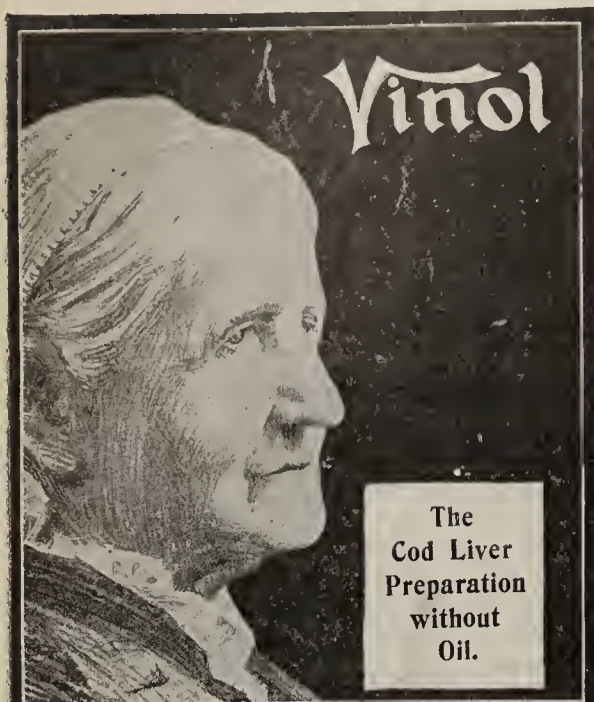
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WANTED: AN ACTIVE PERSON (either sex) to qualify at once for Tour of Europe excursion. All expenses paid. Trip occupies 43 days from Boston. Sail July 5th. Address Excursionist, P. O. Box, No. 407, New York, N. Y.

The Lost Pup.

He was lost—not a shade of a doubt of that;

For he never barked at a slinking cat,
 But stood in the square where the wind
 blew raw

With a drooping ear and a trembling paw
 And a mournful look in his pleading eye
 And a plaintiff sniff at the passerby
 That begged as plain as tongue could sue,
 "O mister, please may I follow you?"
 A lorn wee waif of tawny brown
 Adrift in the roar of a heedless town,
 O, a sad, sad sight in a world of sin
 Is a little pup with his tail tucked in.

Well, he won my heart—(for I set a great
 store
 On my own red Brute—who is here no
 more)—

So I whistled clear, and he trotted up,
 And who so glad as that small, lost pup?

Now he shares my board, and he owns my
 bed,
 And he fairly shouts when he hears my
 tread.

Then, if things go wrong, as they some-
 times do,
 And the world is cold, and I'm feeling
 blue,

He asserts his right to assuage my woes
 With a warm red tongue, and a nice cold
 nose,

And a silky head on my arm or knee,
 And a paw as soft as a paw can be.

When we rove the woods for a league
 about

He's as full of pranks as a school let out;
 For he romps and frisks like a three
 month's colt,

And he runs me down like a thunderbolt.
 O, the blithest of sights in the world so
 fair

Is a gay little pup with his tail in the air.
 —ARTHUR GUITERMAN, in N. Y. Times.

Time Avenges All.

Huh! Mister Johnny Jones, you won't
 Let me go slidin' on your sled?
 Old stingy! Huh! All right, then, don't!
 Some day you'll think o' what I said;
 When I grow up I'm going to be
 A circus man, an' I'll come thru
 This town, an' you'll remember me—
 But I'll ist not remember you.
 It's all right for you!

Er else I'll have a minsterl show,
 An' ever' day my show 'll give
 A street puhgrade, but we won't go
 Down 'at 'ere street where you folks
 live.

An' I'll go 'round th' town, an' see
 Th' boys, an' tell 'em "Howdydo,"
 But I'll ist not remember you.
 It's all right for you!

Er mebbe I'll work on th' train—
 A brakesman, 'ith brass buttons on—

The Value of Charcoal.

Few People Know How Useful it is In
 Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking, or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form, or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath, and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal says: "I advise Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth, and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and altho in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

An' I'll remember Bess an' Jane,

An' Pickles Smith an' Topps an' John,
 An' mebbe I'll let them ride free,

'Cause they'll be folks I always knew.

An' you'll claim you remember me,

But I'll ist not remember you.

It's all right for you!

—WILBUR D. NESBIT, in Harper's Magazine.

C. A. Bryce, M. D., editor of the Southern Clinic, in writing of la grippe complaints, says: I have found much benefit from the use of antikamnia tablets in the fever and muscular painfulness accompanying grippe. A dozen tablets should always be kept about the house. Druggists speak well of them and so far as our experience goes, we can indorse the above. —Southwestern Medical Journal.

February Birthday Calendar

FEB. 3.—Horace Greeley, one of the greatest editors of America, born in Amherst, N. H., 1811. He was for many years editor of the New York *Tribune*.

Thru his influence this paper became an earnest advocate of temperance, woman's rights, and other reforms.

FEB. 5.—James Otis, patriot and orator, born at West Barnstable, Mass., 1725. He was considered by the English government one of the three unpardonable rebels of the colonies. He was killed by lightning, in 1783.

FEB. 9.—William Henry Harrison, ninth president of the United States, born at Berkley, Va., 1773. He lived but one month after becoming president, dying in April, 1841.

FEB. 11.—Lydia Maria Child, one of the earliest writers on anti-slavery subjects in this country. Born at Medford, Mass., 1802. Died in 1880.

FEB. 12.—Cotton Mather, a celebrated theologian and writer of early New England, born at Boston, 1663. Died, 1728. He is most famous thru his connection with the terrible "Salem witchcraft" superstition with its baneful results.—Peter Cooper, manufacturer, inventor, and philanthropist. Born in New York, 1791. Founder of "Cooper Institute" in New York.

FEB. 14.—Winfield Scott Hancock, a noted general during the civil war. Born in Montgomery county, Pa., 1824. Died Feb. 9, 1886.

FEB. 17.—Rose Terry Cook, an American writer and poetess. Born in Hartford, Conn., 1827.

FEB. 17.—George Peabody, an eminent banker and philanthropist of London. Born in South Danvers, Mass., 1795. Died in London, Nov. 4, 1869.—William Tecumseh Sherman, American general in the civil war. Born in Lancaster, Ohio, 1820.

FEB. 20.—William Prescott, an American officer in the Revolution. Born at Groton, Mass., 1726. Died Oct. 13, 1795. He fought with great bravery at the battle of Bunker Hill, where he was one of the leaders.—Joseph Jefferson, comedian. Born in Philadelphia, 1829. Died, April, 1905. Best known for the part of Rip Van Winkle, which he played hundreds of times.

FEB. 22.—George Washington, Revolutionary patriot, and the first president of the United States.—James Russell Lowell, poet, author, and editor. Born at Cambridge, Mass., 1819.

FEB. 23.—Emma C. Willard, pioneer in the cause of woman's education. Born

at Berlin, Conn., 1787. Died at Troy, New York, April 15, 1870.

FEB. 24.—George William Curtis, author, orator, and journalist. Born in Providence, R. I., 1824.

FEB. 27.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, poet and scholar. Born at Portland, Me., 1807. Died at Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882.

FEB. 28.—Mary Lyon, an eminent educator. Born in Buckland, Mass., 1797. Died at South Hadley, Mass., March 5, 1849. Founder of Mt. Holyoke seminary, now Mt. Holyoke college.

Washington.

(A BOY'S COMPOSITION.)

"I wish my composition was done!
What shall I write about Washington?"

THE COMPOSITION.

First there's the jolly old chimney-sweep,
Washington Wesley Lincoln Keep;
He is black, but one of the nicest men!
I wish our chimney'd get foul again!
Then there's Washington, up in the north
of the state,
Where I went last summer with Lou and
Kate

To visit an uncle I never had seen,
And 'most got hurt in the mowing-
machine.

Then there's Washington avenue, right
in this town;

A boy in our school lives there—Tom
Brown.

And a railroad train that you've seen, I
guess,

They call it the Washington fast express.
The president lives in Washington, too—

Not the one where I went with Kate and
Lou;

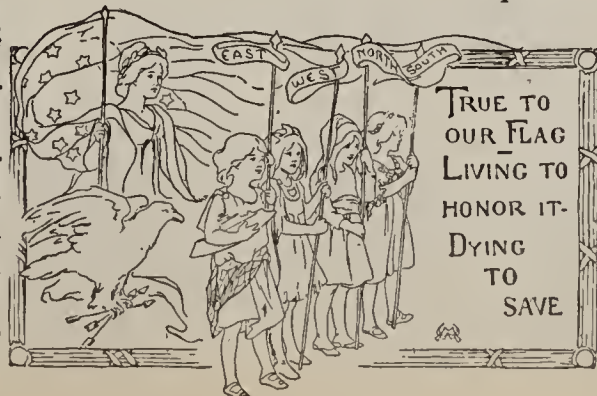
It's bigger, I think, tho I'm not very
sure,

But it's where folks go on their wedding
tour.

Then, let me see, there's a western state
Called Washington—and it must be great.
I believe their summer comes early in
spring—

I'd just like to see that sort of thing!
And—oh, there's another I 'most forgot,
George Washington, who fought a lot,
A long time ago, in a war they had
When my great-great-grandpa was only
a lad.

"There! my composition is done,
And that's all I know about Washington!"
—Youths' Companion.



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There are Pearls and Pearls.
Old ocean yields no such gems
as

Rubifoam

develops, for by the use of this
Delicious Liquid Dentifrice the
teeth and gums become lustrous
pearls in ruby settings, and it
benefits the whole mouth in
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The Owl.

In the hollow tree, in the gray old tower,
The spectral owl doth dwell;
Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine hour,
But at dusk,—he's abroad and well;
Not a bird of the forest ere mates with him;

All mock him outright by day;
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,

The boldest will shrink away;
O, when night falls, and roosts the fowl,
Then, then is the reign of the horned owl!

And the owl hath a bride who is fond and bold,

And loveth the wood's deep gloom;
And with eyes like the shine of the moon-shine cold

She waiteth her ghastly groom!
Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,

As she waits in her tree so still;
But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,

She hoots out her welcome shrill!
O, when the moon shines, and the dogs do howl,

Then, then is the cry of the horned owl!

Mourn not for the owl nor his gloomy plight!

The owl hath his share of good:
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,
He is lord of the dark green wood!

Nor lonely the bird nor his ghastly mate;
They are each unto each a pride—
Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange,

dark fate
Hath rent them from all beside!
So when the night falls, and dogs do howl,

Sing ho! for the reign of the horned owl!

We know not alway who are kings by day,
But the king of the night is the bold brown owl.

—BARRY CORNWALL.

The Ideal.

It looms afar, yet dwells anear,

It has no form or face,

And yet it is so very dear

We see it every place.

'Tis built of dreams, and yet no mind

Holds other fact so true;

It is the luck we never find,

The faith we still renew.

Far out of time, far out of space,

It beckons like a star,

And yet it leads us to the place

Where lowly virtues are.

It is the love that gives us light,

The truth that never dies,

A halo of imperial might

That dark defeat defies.

It is not there, nor is it here,

This light of every soul,

But shines in laughter as in tear,

And makes the man heart-whole.

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the haut-ton (a patient), "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." One bottle will last six months using it every day. **GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUB-TILE** removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

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Replies to Queries.

(Continued from page 508.)

R. F. G.—Whether a person who knows a great deal about mathematics can teach the multiplication table better than one who has “gone thru” an arithmetic thoroly, as R. F. G. writes was asserted at the institute, is a question that has been a good deal debated; it is, in fact, at the bottom of the conclusion to establish normal schools. Before the normal school era there was an abundance of young men, the product of the district schools, who essayed to teach district schools. To be sure, there was diffused a knowledge of the three R’s, but not of general culture; the community got up so far and could get no higher.

The specific case preposed by R. F. G. we would undertake to decide, but the general case, that the larger the attainments of the teacher the better he will be able to teach, has been so long settled that it is not worth while to argue over it again.

The Scranton School.—Several inquiries have come concerning the value of pursuing a correspondence course of study with the Scranton school, and we can heartily encourage the idea. There are several excellent correspondence schools, as they are termed, and a great many who cannot give up teaching and attend a normal school or an academy may obtain much benefit by coming in contact with a teacher thru correspondence. Of course a genuine living teacher is worth a great many correspondence teachers; in fact, no correspondence teacher can do what the living teacher can. But he can keep his pupils at work at some definite object, and that is worth a great deal, for most of us are lazy, and the number of lazy teachers is great—we mean lazy towards themselves.

The Veda.—It would require too much space to give a satisfactory reply to E. J. S. as to the Veda; but a few words will be acceptable to one as far distant as Oregon. The word is Sanscrit and means knowledge. The word is derived from *vid*, which means “see”; the same that in Latin gives us *video*, “I see.” This shows that Latin is related to Sanscrit.

The Veda is the Bible of the Hindoos. They claim it to be inspired. It is in four parts. The Rig-Veda is the especially valuable Veda; it contains an immense body of hymns to the gods—over a thousand two-line stanzas. The two gods most often addressed are Agni and Indra. The former is Fire and the latter Storm, the Thunderer.

The gods of the Veda are the personified powers of nature; the period represented is that of many thousand years ago, when the Aryan family parted in the Hindoo Koosh regions and one section came down into this great peninsula. He is an immigrant; he plows, sows, and reaps. The father of each family is a priest. The Veda is used by the Brahmins, but the religion of the Hindoo is wholly unlike that of the people of the Vedas.

In cases of catarrh Hood’s Sarsaparilla heals the tissues, builds up the system, expels impurities from the blood and cures.

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The Price is 6c. each, 20 or more at 5c. each, postpaid. No farther discount.

Special Printing.—On the second card, in place of the “Gems of Thought,” we can print the name of the school or number of the school district, the place, date, names of teacher and school officers, and names of pupils. The extra cost of this, to be added to the price quoted above, is 50c. when there are not more than 10 pupils’ names, and 1c. additional for each pupil’s name in excess of 10. We

can copy the photo of teacher and place it on this specially printed second card at an extra cost of 25c. for the first 10 and 1c. for each additional one. We can add the “Gems of Thought” card if desired, making three cards tied together, for 2c. each additional.

A Sample will be sent free to those who intend to order Souvenirs. Others must send the regular price.

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LAST DAY OF SCHOOL

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This is one of the prettiest and most desirable cards ever designed for gifts from teacher to pupils. There are two designs 7x9 inches elegantly lithographed, embossed, and cut out edge. The back-ground is a solid mass of forget-me-nots with spray of pink roses. The illustration gives but a faint idea of their beauty. The printing on the panel at the top of the card reads, “With best wishes of your teacher, Rose E. Nelson, Hardwick, Vt., Jan. 24, 1905.” This will be changed as ordered, or it will be left blank if desired.

Price 5c. each, 24 for \$1. Add 25c. extra on each order for the printing on the panel.

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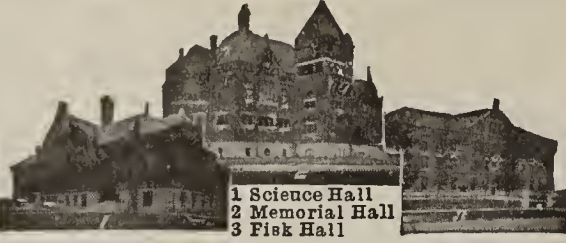
3x4¼, 50c. per 100 or pro rata; 3½x5¾, embossed, 80c. per 100 or pro rata; 4¼x6, embossed, 1½c. each; 5x7, embossed, 2c. each; 5½x7½, cut out edge, 2½c. each; 5¾x8¼, embossed, cut out edge, 4c. each; fancy shaped with pausy border, embossed and cut out, 9x9, 5c. each; 7x11, embossed and cut out, 6c. each; 9x11, embossed and cut out, 8c. each; small “Merit,” “Perfect,” “Good” or “Present” cards printed on colored cardboard, 4c. per 100.

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Manual free. We want a representative in every state in the Union. Write for terms.

Animal Stories

For Reproduction

The Zebra.

This animal is of the same species as the donkey, but is more beautiful. It is called “the free-born child of the desert.” The zebra is found in Africa, where there are three species.

The zebra is about 3½ feet high. Its mane is short and stands erect. The tail is long and tufted. The skin is marked with black stripes.

The zebra runs fast. Its smell, sight, and taste are keen.

The flesh of the zebra is sometimes eaten. Zebras are sometimes tamed. They may be seen in most zoological gardens.

The Elephant.

This is the largest of all animals. It was known in very early ages, when it was used in war. There are two kinds of elephants, the Indian and the African.

The elephant of India is found also in Ceylon, Burmah, Siam, Cochin China, and the Malay peninsula. The African elephant is found wild only in Africa.

The elephant has a very heavy body, a large head, and thick limbs. It is about twelve feet high. The eyes are small, the ears long, and the trunk is about eight feet long.

The teeth are grinders, which are followed as they wear out by new ones. The elephant has two enormous teeth or tusks of ivory, one at each side of the mouth.

In the trunk there are two tubes separated by a fleshy wall. At the end of each tube there is a little fleshy projection, which serves as finger and thumb. With this the great elephant can pick up as small an object as a pin.

The trunk is used for carrying food into the mouth, for tearing up shrubs, or, when tame, for carrying objects.

The elephant's legs are very thick, and of the same thickness all the way down. There are four toes on each foot. The tail is short and slightly tufted at the end. The skin is thick.

The front part of the animal is higher than the back.

His principal food is fruit, seeds, and the branches of young trees. Children who have been to the circus know how fond the elephants are of peanuts.

The ivory of elephants' tusks is made into knife-handles, piano-keys, brush backs, mirror frames, etc. Africans use the skin for water bags, and the fat and flesh for food.

The elephant is very fond of its master when it has been tamed, and obeys him quickly. It can be taught many tricks, as it is very intelligent. It remembers kind or bad treatment for years.

The Orang-Outang.

This is an ape, or monkey, very like man. The name means “wild man of the woods.” It is found principally in Sumatra and Borneo.

The height of the orang-outang, when standing like a man, is about four and one-half feet. The arms are so long as

almost to touch the ground. It has long fingers on its hands.

This ape has a coat of long, reddish brown hair. It has a large face, but its nose and eyes are small, the latter close together. It has big jaws and thick lips. Its food is fruit and nuts.

It lives among trees near the water. It can be tamed easily.

The Hippopotamus.

This animal belongs to the pig family. There are two kinds—the river horse, and a small species, which is, however, seldom found.

The river horse is large and clumsy. It is about twelve feet long, and five feet high. The legs are short.

The head is very large and the eyes stand out. He can close his ears and nostrils under water.

The mouth of the hippopotamus is large. The teeth are as large as small tusks. The skin is thick and tough, with no hair. On the skin are holes, out of which runs an oily liquid which keeps the skin soft. On each foot are four hooped toes. The tail is short.

The hippopotamus searches for his food at night. This consists of grass, herbs, grain, and berries. He sometimes visits farms, ruining the crops. It can eat about six bushels of corn at once.

The flesh of the hippopotamus is eaten. The natives of the country where the animal is found consider it delicious food.

The skin is made into shields, etc. The fat, when salted, resembles bacon. The tusks, or large teeth, are sold for making ivory ornaments.

The hippopotamus seldom attacks man, but if himself attacked he fights bravely. He can stay a long time under water. Altho so heavy, he can dive, float, and swim quite easily.

The Tiger.

The tiger belongs to the cat family and is found in Asia. The tiger is about three feet high and ten feet long. He has a beautifully colored skin. His head is rounder than the lions, more like a cat's. His claws can be sheathed at will. The tongue is horny, and with it the animal can tear off flesh from the bones.

Like the cat, the tiger purrs and seeks its prey at night.

He is strong and fierce, but seldom attacks man unless hunted. He has no mane, but he has a long tail.

The tiger hides in jungles until animals come near, when he springs upon them. If, however, no animals appear, he hunts them very quietly, moving stealthily along on his padded paws.

The skin of the tiger is made into floor rugs.

The tiger does great mischief among cattle farms, but the numbers do not increase much, as the animal is hunted constantly. Tiger hunting is considered one of the finest sports.

Just An Indian Cur.

But a Little Dog Who Was an Altogether Delightful Companion.

From Carter Hamilton's "Flapjack" in January *St. Nicholas*.

He turned one clean half-somersault from nowhere and landed plunk on his back at my feet. I said, "Flapjacks!" That's how he got his name. He was only an Indian's cur, the forlornest little waif of a lost puppy, with the most beautiful dogs' eyes I have ever seen. He scrambled to his feet and used his eyes—that settled it for us. Without further introduction, we offered him the remains of our dinner. He accepted it with three gulps and then stood wagging his poor little tail, asking for more.

We were camping and trailing out in the Wind River mountains—Brandt and I—back of the Shoshone Indian Reservation, and we had halted for dinner in a small canyon in the shade of the rock wall from whose summit Flapjack had tried his little acrobatic stunt. Whether he came from an Indian encampment near by, which we had not seen, or was just plain lost and fending for himself alone in the wilderness, we did not know. He told us about fending for one's self while he ate his dinner, an' that it was "an awful" hard life and sometimes "very discouraging." After dinner he told us that our scraps were the very best food he had ever eaten; that our outfit, our horses and mule, the finest he had ever seen; that we ourselves were gods, wise

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Write us if you are ready to try Liquozone. Let us buy the first bottle for you. Let the product itself prove the good it can do.

You who are waiting don't know what you miss. There are plenty to tell you if you would ask; for millions have already used it. Some use it to get well; some to keep well. Some to cure germ diseases; some as a tonic. You will use it as they do, when you learn what the product does. And you will then regret that you delayed so long.

What Liquozone Is.

The virtues of Liquozone are derived solely from gases. The formula is sent to each user. The process of making requires large apparatus, and from 8 to 14 days' time. It is directed by chemists of the highest class. The object is to so fix and combine the gases as to carry into the system a powerful tonic-germicide.

Contact with Liquozone kills any form of disease germ, because germs are of vegetable origin. Yet to the body Liquozone is not only harmless, but helpful in the extreme. That is its main distinction. Common germicides are poison when taken internally. That is why medicine has been so helpless in a germ disease. Liquozone is exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying; yet no disease germ can exist in it.

We purchased the American rights to Liquozone after thousands of tests had

been made with it. Its power had been proved, again and again, in the most difficult germ diseases. Then we offered to supply the first bottle free in every disease that required it. And over one million dollars have been spent to announce and fulfill this offer.

The result is that 11,000,000 bottles have been used, mostly in the past two years. Today there are countless cured ones, scattered everywhere, to tell what Liquozone has done.

But so many others need it that this offer is published still. In late years, science has traced scores of diseases to germ attacks. Old remedies do not apply to them. We wish to show those sick ones—at our cost—what Liquozone can do.

Where It Applies.

These are the diseases in which Liquozone has been most employed. In these it has earned its widest reputation. In all of these troubles we supply the first bottle free. And in all—no matter how difficult—we offer each user a two months' further test without the risk of a penny.

Asthma	Goitre—Gout
Abscess—Anæmia	Gonorrhea—Gleet
Bronchitis	Hay Fever—Influenza
Blood Poison	La Grippe
Bowel Troubles	Leucorrhœa
Coughs—Colds	Malaria—Neuralgia
Consumption	Piles—Quinsy
Contagious Diseases	Rheumatism
Cancer—Catarrh	Scrofula—Syphilis
Dysentery—Diarrhea	Skin Diseases
Dyspepsia—Dandruff	Tuberculosis
Eczema—Erysipelas	Tumors—Ulcers
Fevers—Gall Stones	Throat Troubles

Also most forms of the following:
Kidney Troubles Liver Troubles
Stomach Troubles Women's Diseases
Fever, inflammation or catarrh—impure or poisoned blood—usually indicate a germ attack.
In nervous debility Liquozone acts as a vitalizer, accomplishing remarkable results.

50c. Bottle Free.

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full-size bottle, and will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to let the product itself show you what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it today, for it places you under no obligations whatever.

Liquozone costs 50c. and \$1.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

Fill it out and mail it to The Liquozone Company, 458-464 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

My disease is.....

I have never tried Liquozone, but if you will supply me a 50c. bottle free I will take it.

.....

M310.....

Give full address—write plainly.

Note that this offer applies to new users only. Any physician or hospital not yet using Liquozone will be gladly supplied for a test.

Teachers' Agencies.

THE BREWER TEACHERS' AGENCY

ESTABLISHED 22 YEARS
POSITIONS FILLED: 7,500

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CHICAGO

BRANCH, 494 ASHLAND AVE., BUFFALO, N.Y.

Kellogg's Agency

31 Union Sq., New York
Steady call for teachers. Fills best positions; four last year; average, \$29.00 each. Recommended by Eastern colleges and Normal schools. 16th year. For quick work, call, 'phone or wire.

JAMES F. McCULLOUGH TEACHERS' AGENCY RAILWAY EXCHANGE BUILDING :: CHICAGO

A SUCCESSFUL SCHOOL AND COLLEGE BUREAU

NOW is the time to Register. Vacancies occur right along through the year. Membership good until the close of the season 1905-6. Write for circular and blank to-day

Colorado Teachers' Agency

We want teachers at the present time for positions which we are asked to fill.
FRED DICK, Mgr. A1543 Glenarm Street, Denver, Colo.

Teachers Wanted

During the fall and winter months there are frequent vacancies which must be filled on short notice. Many of them are first class positions. Address

THE ALBERT TEACHERS' AGENCY, :: :: 378 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The Pratt Teachers' Agency 70 Fifth Avenue New York

Recommends college and normal graduates, specialists, and other teachers to colleges, public and private schools. Advises parents about schools.
WM. O. PRATT, Manager.

THE CENTRAL TEACHERS' AGENCY

secured 33 1/3 per cent. more positions for teachers in 1905 than in any previous year. Our 1906 patrons will have still greater opportunities. Send card for booklet and blanks to-day and register early.
E. C. ROGERS, Manager, Columbus, Ohio

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LONG EXPERIENCE, PROMPT, RELIABLE. 129 TREMONT ST., BOSTON

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203 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago. 414 Century Building, Minneapolis.
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ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY

Provides Schools of all Grades with Competent Teachers. Assists Teachers in Obtaining Positions
HARLAN P. FRENCH :: 81 Chapel Street, Albany, N. Y.

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THE CLARK TEACHERS' AGENCY

B. F. CLARK, Mgr. SEND FOR OUR PIA FORM

WARRENSBURG-MIDLAND TEACHERS' AGENCIES

OFFICES—Warrensburg, Mo.; Missoula, Mont.; Winnebago, Minn.; Kansas City, Kansas
We furnish COMPETENT teachers for all positions from Kindergarten to University. We always have openings for up-to-date teachers. The largest Agency west of the Mississippi river. Established for five years. ENDORSED BY LEADING EDUCATORS ALL OVER THE WEST. Write for our Manual and blanks.

Good teachers
placed at all
times of the year.
Register now.

EDUCATORS' EXCHANGE

101-D Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Y.M.C.A. Bldg. Portland, Me.

Every week
finds us short
of candidates.
for good places.

and very great; that he loved the ground we trod on, and only asked to stay with us forever. So he stayed.

Jinny, the mule, returned his compliments unopened, and told him what she thought of him by showing the under side of her off hind hoof and putting back her ears. But then, Jinny was the only aristocratic person in camp, in her own opinion, and you may take that for what it is worth. She didn't prejudice us against Flapjack. Still, Brandt and I happened not to share Jinny's opinion of herself. Brandt was in the habit of remarking on seventeen separate and several occasions each day that "even fer a mule, Jinny is the low-downdest one I ever set eyes on."

At the sight of her hoof, Flapjack made a ludicrous little duck with his head and came back to us, volubly explaining that "Of course, the mule being yours, don't you know? she simply must be the very finest, sweet-tempered animal in the world, don't you know? and altogether above reproach, don't you know?" That won us completely.

And he never once reproached her for anything she did—even when she kicked him into the river. He treated her with distant courtesy always, without so much as a yap in her direction. And it wasn't because he was afraid of mules, either—Brandt and I will deny that imputation against his valor to our dying day. Let a strange mule or horse get in among ours, and Flapjack was a very lion of ferocity until he had yapped him out of sight.

"Think we'd better look for their camp?" I asked, putting the dishes into Jinny's pack.

"What, the purp's Injuns? Not much!" answered Brandt. "If they haven't seen us, let 'em alone. An' if they have—why, we've got to wait proper introductions. I move we hike."

So we hiked, and Flapjack hiked with us.

We kept on our trail, if such it could be called: a trail which probably no white man but ourselves had ever set foot upon. We were bound for a little lake that we knew, crammed with the most innocent fish on earth. No; I am not going to tell you where. There are some things you must find out for yourself, if you are game for it; just as we did; otherwise, you don't deserve to know.

After some ten days we arrived, without either adventure or misadventure, at our happy fishing-ground, and made camp on a little precipice at whose foot a deep, dark pool lured monster and luscious rarities.

In spite of his hard journey, little Flapjack had improved amazingly as to health, not as to manners; for from the first day we knew him he had the most perfect manners of any dog I ever met. If you flung him a crust, he so appreciated it—it was the very nicest crust, the daintiest morsel, one could have; just as everything we did was simply perfect in his eyes. And he wasn't servile about it, either. He simply approved of everything we did, and told us so in an eloquent, dumb way of his own.

We made camp for a two weeks' stay;

AN AGENCY is valuable in proportion to its influence. If it merely hears of vacancies and tells is something, but if it is you about them **THAT** asked to recommend a teacher and recommends you, **RECOMMENDS.** that is more. Ours
C. W. BARDEEN Syracuse, N. Y.

**NEW
CENTURY
BUREAU**

GET IN LINE FOR ADVANCEMENT. This Bureau formerly Dixon Educational Bureau is conducted by men experienced in school as well as agency work. They will understand your wants. Established 1880. Write to-day. 1420 Chestnut St., Phila.

felled a tree for backlog, and fixed things generally to be comfortable, all under his supervising eye. And when it was done, and the friendship fire lighted, he lay down before it as one of us and said, "This is home."

So we fished and were happy; and we fished some more and were happier; and we fished more and more and were happier and happier every day. Do you understand that feeling? If you have known Wyoming camp-fires, you do.

The Lion.

The lion is a flesh-eating animal of the cat tribe. It is considered by many people the most noble of beasts. It is a fine looking animal. Its home is Africa and Asia, but the species found in Africa is the largest.

The lion is about nine feet long from muzzle to the end of the tail. His height is about four feet. His coat is tawny, and he has a beautiful mane. The female is a little smaller, without a mane.

The claws are like those of a cat. The lion can kill his prey with one blow of his paw. If he misses an animal he springs at, he runs away as if ashamed. Lions do not desire men as food if any other animals are to be had.

The lion generally hunts his food at night.

A Revelation.

If there are doubting Thomases or Maidens fair, or those unfair, who fain would be fair, let them use Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream and prove the efficacy of what the proprietor has so long tried to impress on the minds of all, in nearly every part of the world. As a Skin Purifier and Beautifier, it has no equal or rival. If the reader would prove the virtues of Oriental Cream, use it where a scratch or slight cut, or where a blackhead or pimple is troubling you, then you see its healing and purifying qualities—if it does its work well, then read the advertisements again for further testimony of its virtues, and by using Oriental Cream renew both Youth and Beauty.

Recently the Dixon Company made a shipment to the New York Board of Education, of pencils ordered January 1st consisting of 60 cases, weighing over 9,000 pounds, almost 5 tons, and consisting of 463,824 pencils. This is the first shipment which the company has made on the 1906 contract. No better evidence can be asked for to show the increase of the company's business and to indicate the demand in the schools for Dixon pencils. Included in this shipment was 30,000 colored pencils. The number of years these have been on the New York city list speaks volumes for their merits. The 400,000 school children of the metropolis enjoy their work with the colored pencils.

The Chipmunk.

A chipper little Chippeway ran out to gather chips

Beneath the friendly sycamore, among the hazel slips;

The council-fire's manager, he ravaged grove and thicket,

As merry as a tanager, as lively as a cricket.

The sun had burned his skin and turned

Its hue to copper-brown;

His dancing foot o'er stump and root

Was free as thistle-down;

His flashing eyes were fireflies;

And sprightly as a whip,

He frisked along and sang his song

Of "Chip! chip! chip!"

A witch—a dreadful harridan!—was hidden in the shaws;

She pounced upon the little man, she seized him with her claws.

In vain he begged. She grumbled "No!" At last his cries for aid

Awoke the silent Maneto that ruled the leafy glade.

His magic might that wizard wight

Aroused at mercy's call;

And, swift as flame, the boy became

A squirrel, lithe and small.

To hungry jaws and clutching claws

The captive gave the slip,

And flashed away athwart a spray

With "Chip! chip! chip!"

Along the splintered tumble-rail on bounding foot he flies—

That saucy-whiskered tawny-tail with merry beady eyes.

Now follow in the track of him, and see!—a triple stripe

Along the furry back of him recalls the witch's gripe.

He loves the shade of grove and glade,

The sunny fence of stone;

The hemlock tops, the hazel-copse,

The pines, are all his own.

And here he whisks and there he frisks

On boughs that lightly dip;

To all the dale he tells the tale

Of "Chip! chip! chip!"

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN in the Philadelphia Teacher.

A Girl's Point of View.

They tell about George Washington,

How good, and wise, and brave;

He left his home plantation

His native land to save.

And all the folks admonish us

To be like Washington,

To carry on the glorious work

By him so well begun.

I've been athinking, as for me,

That I'd prefer another;

If I should copy anyone

It would be George's mother.

Boy's Terrible Eczema.

Mouth and Eyes Covered With Crusts—
Hands Pinned Down—Miraculous
Cure by Cuticura.

"When my little boy was six months old he had eczema. The sores extended so quickly over the whole body that we at once called in the doctor. We then went to another doctor, but he could not help him, and in our despair we went to a third one. Matters become so bad that he had regular holes in his cheeks, large enough to put a finger into. The food had to be given with a spoon, for his mouth was covered with crusts as thick as a finger, and whenever he opened the mouth they began to bleed and suppurate, as did also his eyes. Hands, arms, chest, and back, in short, the whole body, was covered over and over. We had no rest by day or night. Whenever he was laid in his bed we had to pin his hands down, otherwise he would scratch his face and make an open sore. I think his face must have itched most fearfully.

"We finally thought nothing could help and I had made up my mind to send my wife with the child to Europe, hoping that the sea air might cure him, otherwise he was to be put under good medical care there. But, Lord be blessed, matters came differently, and we soon saw a miracle. A friend of ours spoke about Cuticura. We made a trial with Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, and within ten days or two weeks we noticed a decided improvement. Just as quickly as the sickness had appeared it also began to disappear, and within ten weeks the child was absolutely well, and his skin was smooth and white as never before. F. Hohrath, President of the C. L. Hohrath Company, Manufacturers of Silk Ribbons, 4 to 20 Rink Alley, South Bethlehem, Pa. June 5, 1905."

A Clear Complexion

Pure sulphur, as compounded in Glenn's Sulphur Soap, will clear the complexion of pimples, moth patches, liver spots, dry scaling and other defects. Use it daily in toilet and bath. Sold by all druggists.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye
Black or Brown, 50c.

WE ARE MORE THAN PLEASED WITH THEM

This was
said of

ESTERBROOK'S PENS



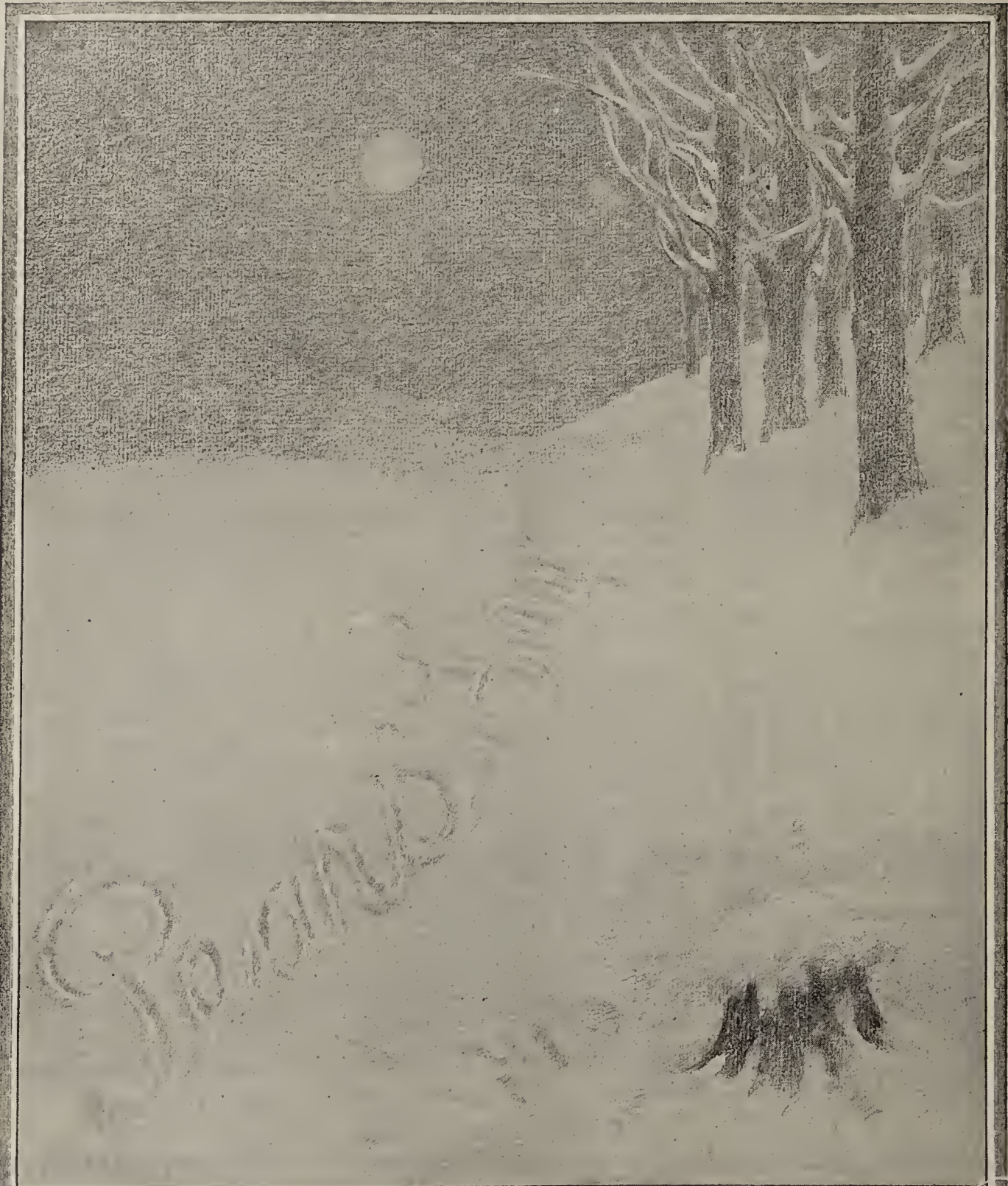
Slant, Modified Slant, Vertical

The special reason, their easy writing qualities.

Ask Stationer.

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co.

26 John Street, New York.
Works: Camden, N.J.



Purity and Pears'

The best of Pears' is purity; freedom from everything adulterant or injurious, and no free alkali—That is how Pears' refreshes and invigorates the skin, enabling it to be healthy and pure, — creating that complexion which, like the snow, is matchless in purity.

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
"All rights secured."

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TEACHERS MAGAZINE

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Advertising Rates will be furnished upon application.

TO OUR READERS.

OUR interest in the work of American teachers has led us to acquire the periodicals of the UNITED EDUCATIONAL COMPANY and E. L. KELLOGG & CO., the **TEACHERS MAGAZINE**, *The School Journal*, *Educational Foundations*, and *Our Times*, and also their long and valuable list of books for teachers ranging from the *Teacher's Library* to the *Teacher's Month by Month* books and a unique list of Teacher's Aids and School Entertainments. We believe that with a management fully in sympathy with the practical work of teachers throughout the country, these periodicals and books can be made so helpful and suggestive that they will prove indispensable to teachers who are desirous of progress.

The interest and value of these publications have been proved in the past, but for various reasons there have been some recent limitations, which no longer exist. These periodicals are to be developed along the lines of the greatest immediate usefulness to teachers of all grades. To reach this end we ask their co-operation. Their suggestions and criticisms will be welcomed. What we desire is to make each periodical the centre of a wide circle of interested friends. We wish to deserve and develop a close personal relationship between the members of the most important of professions—that of teaching—and ourselves. To deserve this we propose to broaden the scope of our publications to cover the educational field more widely, to select both news and comments which will be of the most immediate interest, and to make our periodicals the present representatives of the American teacher.

The development of our plans will naturally require time, and such changes as may seem advisable will be made gradually and under the best counsel. Later we shall have more to say regarding new features. Our present purpose is not to offer promises. The quality of our publications must speak for itself. We venture to think, however, that the standing of our house and its accomplishments in both educational and general publishing furnish some guarantee as to the maintenance of a high aim and an increased practical usefulness for these publications. They will be independent and progressive, representing the whole educational field impartially.

We propose to make the advertising pages as well as the reading matter a centre of interest and information. The requirements of teachers are more varied than many advertisers realize, and in suggesting and arranging advertisements, we shall aim to apply the most modern ideas for the benefit of advertisers. We mean that all who read and use these periodicals shall get returns.

A. S. BARNES & COMPANY.

The Spring Kite

(For the Exercise see page 578.)

Materials. I

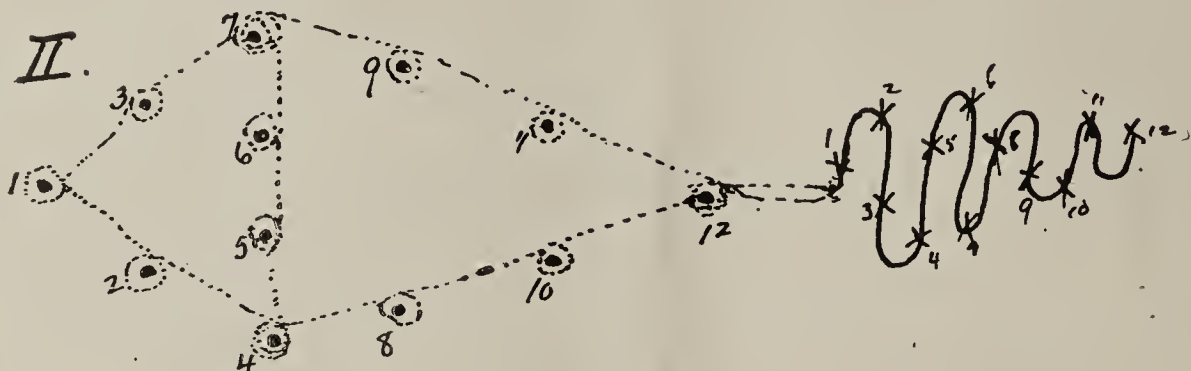
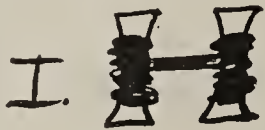
10 sheets (mention child's color) tissue paper.....	.10
1 yard thin white lawn lining.....	.05
1 dozen medium size safety pins.....	.03

.18

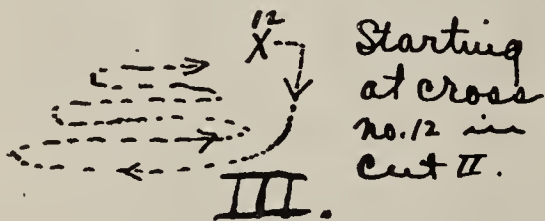
To MAKE.—Baste up a neat-fitting waist lining, with low neck, no sleeves. Use six sheets of paper for the skirt.

Put half a dozen safety pins in the back of dress so there will be no difficulty in fastening it up quickly and securely. Wear over an unruffled white dress or apron, with (state color) shoes and stockings.

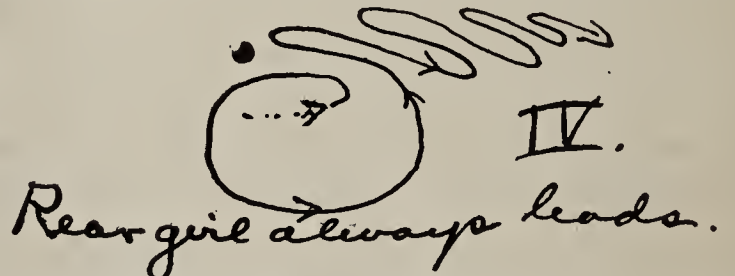
Take the other half sheet of paper and gather up tight in your hand through the middle both lengthwise and crosswise, and fasten securely with thread; so that you have a sort of bow with four corners sticking straight up.



Fold into two-inch knife plaits as deep as the width of the sheet, and crease with an iron. This makes a kilted skirt six yards full at the bottom. It is not necessary to fasten the breadths together, simply lap them well as you baste to the bottom of waist lining and leave the skirt the right length to strike just above the knee. These pleated breadths must be securely basted at least four inches up onto the lining, then being left to flare out "fluffy." Leave



Tie the hair first if necessary with a bit of ribbon, then pin the big paper puff on top of the head with wire hairpins.

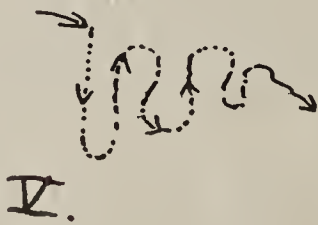


Get an empty pasteboard suit box from a dry goods store, in which to carry the frail gown to school.

a good lap in the back, and the dress open all the way down, so that it need not be slipped over the head.

The waist and sleeves are simply two full pleated berthas one very deep, one narrow. Lay by half of one of the remaining sheets for the head. Fold and crease three and one-half sheets crosswise, as you did for the skirt. Baste these carefully around the neck, lapping the breadths several inches and leaving fully three-quarters of an inch

Trace these gyrations in chalk on floor till children get used to it. Girls nearest Kite never move many steps out of their first places.



of the depth for a deep bertha to reach well to the waist line and fall over the arms nearly to the waist. Fold the remaining one-quarter of depth down over the basting, thus forming a narrower bertha or ruffle about the low neck line.



A Puzzle Picture.—Find the Apple Woman.

A SCHOOL REQUIREMENT AND HOW TO MEET IT



The Teaching of Kindness to Animals
is Required by Law in Many States, and
is Becoming More General.

Do You Have Difficulty in Securing Books Which Present This Subject Properly?

THERE can be no better way to teach kindness to birds and animals than by means of Supplementary Reading which thus is made to fulfill a double purpose. Besides affording excellent practice in reading, such books make the child familiar with our common animals, describing their traits and habits, and giving many curious and interesting incidents that have actually occurred in the lives of pets. These facts brought out in the form of delightful stories impress young minds more deeply than direct ethical lessons. The varied uses of birds and animals are so explained and emphasized that the enthusiasm of the pupil is at once aroused and he is led unconsciously to form the idea that it is his duty to protect and foster every dumb creature.

The books listed below are, in large part, devoted to birds and animals. Each volume is written in a simple, interesting style, and most of them are attractively illustrated from original drawings and photographs. The grading given is not arbitrary, but each book can be used to advantage either in the grade preceding or in the grade succeeding the one designated.

The use of these books will meet satisfactorily the requirements of school laws relating to the humane treatment of animals.

Bartlett's Animals at Home (<i>For Third Year</i>)	\$0.45	Lockwood's Animal Memoirs. Part II. Birds (<i>For Seventh Year</i>)	\$0.60
Bradish's Stories of Country Life (<i>For Third Year</i>)	.40	McCullough's Little Stories For Little People (<i>For First Year</i>)	.25
Holder's Stories of Animal Life (<i>For Fifth Year</i>)	.60	Monteith's Familiar Animals and Their Wild Kindred (<i>For Third Year</i>)	.50
Johonnot's Book of Cats and Dogs (<i>For Second Year</i>)	.17	Monteith's Living Creatures of Water, Land, and Air (<i>For Fourth Year</i>)	.50
Johonnot's Friends in Feathers and Fur (<i>For Third Year</i>)	.30	Monteith's Some Useful Animals (<i>For Fourth Year</i>)	.50
Johonnot's Neighbors with Wings and Fins (<i>For Fourth Year</i>)	.40	Needham's Outdoor Studies (<i>For Fifth Year</i>)	.40
Johonnot's Some Curious Flyers, Creepers, and Swimmers (<i>For Fifth Year</i>)	.40	Pyle's Stories of Humble Friends (<i>For Fourth Year</i>)	.50
Johonnot's Some Neighbors with Claws and Hoofs (<i>For Sixth Year</i>)	.54	Pyle's Prose and Verse for Children (<i>For Fourth Year</i>)	.40
Kelly's Short Stories of Our Shy Neighbors (<i>For Third Year</i>)	.50	Simms's Child Literature (<i>For First Year</i>)	.30
Lockwood's Animal Memoirs. Part I. Mammals (<i>For Seventh Year</i>)	.60	Walker's Our Birds and Their Nestlings (<i>For Sixth Year</i>)	.60

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AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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For School Entertainments



The Recitation, Dialogue, Pantomime, Drill, Motion Song, or Play that you are looking for is probably in one of the books named below. We are specialists in this sort of material. Write to us for suggestions.



Tiny Tot's Speaker

By Misses Rook & Goodfellow. Contains more than one hundred and fifty pieces of only a few lines each, expressed in the simplest language. For the wee ones. Paper Binding, 15 cents; Boards, 25 cents.

Child's Own Speaker

By E. C. & L. J. Rook. A collection of Recitations, Motion Songs, Concert Pieces, Dialogues, and Tableaux. Contains over one hundred pieces, many of which were specially written for this book. For children of six years. Paper Binding, 15 cents; Boards, 25 cents.

Little People's Speaker

By Mrs. J. W. Shoemaker. A superior collection of Recitations for little people, mostly in verse, and ranging in length from four to twenty lines. For children of nine years. Paper Binding, 15 cents; Boards, 25 cents.

Young People's Speaker

By E. C. & L. J. Rook. This book is composed of bright, cheery, and wholesome recitations by the most popular authors. For children of twelve years. Paper Binding, 15 cents; Boards, 25 cents.

Young Folks' Recitations

By Mrs. J. W. Shoemaker. An excellent collection of fresh and crisp recitations adapted to the various needs of young people's entertainments. For children of fifteen years. Paper, 15 cents; Boards, 25 cents.



Little People's Dialogues

By Clara J. Denton. All new and original. Everything bright and fresh, and arranged for special days and seasons, as well as for general occasions. For children of ten years. Paper, 25 cents; Boards, 40 cents.

Young Folks' Dialogues

By Charles C. Shoemaker. Everything specially written for this volume. One of the best dialogue books in print. For children of fifteen years. Paper Binding, 25 cents; Boards, 40 cents.

Young Folks' Entertainments

By E. C. & L. J. Rook. Motion Songs, Concert Pieces, Pantomimes, Tambourine and Fan Drills, Tableaux, etc. All specially prepared, directions simple, everything taking. Paper, 25 cents; Boards, 40 cents.

Drills and Marches

By E. C. & L. J. Rook. Everything specially prepared for this volume. Contains Broom Drill, Hoop Drill and March, Mother Goose Reception and Drill, Doll Drill, New Tambourine Drill, etc. Fullest directions, and success of every drill assured. Paper Binding, 25 cents; Boards, 40 cents.

Choice Humor

For Readings and Recitations. By Charles C. Shoemaker. One of the best and most popular humorous recitation books ever published. Contains many of the best humorous selections in print. Every piece is a gem and there is not a coarse one among them. Paper Binding, 30 cents; Cloth, 50 cents.

Choice Dialect

For Readings and Recitations. By Charles C. Shoemaker. Contains selections in all dialects, such as Irish, Scotch, French, German, Negro, etc., representing all phases of sentiment, the humorous, pathetic, and dramatic, and all the very best of their kind. Paper Binding, 30 cents; Cloth, 50 cents.

Ideal Drills

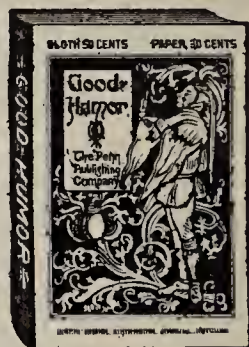
By Marguerite W. Morton. A collection of entirely new and original drills into which many unique features are introduced. There are nearly one hundred diagrams illustrating the movements. Among the more popular and pleasing drills are the Brownie Drill, Paper Drill, Maypole Drill, Rainbow Drill, Tennis Drill, Easter Drill, Ring Drill, and Scarf Drill. Paper Binding, 30 cents; Cloth, 50 cents.

Choice Dialogues

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Apple-Seed John.

Many years ago in the farm lands of Ohio there lived an old man by the name of John. He had worked so hard all his life that his back was sadly bent. But his heart was kind, and his greatest desire was to do some good in the world.

"What can I do to help others? It takes a great deal of money to do much good, and I am so poor that I can scarcely buy food for myself," he said.

Poor John used to sit and study about this for hours. At last he said: "I know what I can do." His face was radiant with happiness, but he told no one his plan.

When his master paid him that week he used most of his money to buy apples. Whenever he ate an apple he put the core into a bag, and when the bag was full he threw it over his shoulder and wandered away thru the country. Now and then he would pause, take a core from his bag and drop it in a hole which he had made with a stick in the soft, rich soil. Then he would go on, leaving the seeds to the care of sun and rain. People who saw him pass with his bag often wondered what he carried in it.

"He looks so happy it must be something nice," the boys said.

"Let's follow, and see what he does," said one.

Soon they came to a sunny hillside. Here old John untied his bag and planted several apple cores. The boys looked on in surprise. After that they always called him Apple-Seed John.

When the cores were all gone he trudged away to the city to work for more apples. When he again had a bag full of cores he wandered across the country and began to plant his seed cores as before.

In those days there were many Indians all over the country, and they often met and walked with John. When they saw what he did with the cores, they thought him very silly. They said: "Apple-Seed John will be dead many, many months before those seeds will bear fruit." They did not know that it was for the people who should live after him that old John planted the apple-seeds.

The little seeds took root, and tiny twigs appeared. How slowly they grew! But after many years there stood in the woods and meadows many apple trees. In the spring their branches were white with the fragrant blossoms. How the birds and bees loved them! How the children loved to catch the white petals as they fell. When tired, hungry travelers came that way, they often stopped to rest in the shade of John's trees; and as they ate the good, juicy fruit, they wondered how apples came to grow there. But the boys and girls who filled their caps and aprons with the rosy apples knew. "Dear old Apple-Seed John," they would say. And sometimes, instead of throwing away the cores, they would plant them as John had done. People say this is one way Ohio became famous as an apple-growing state.—*Selected.*

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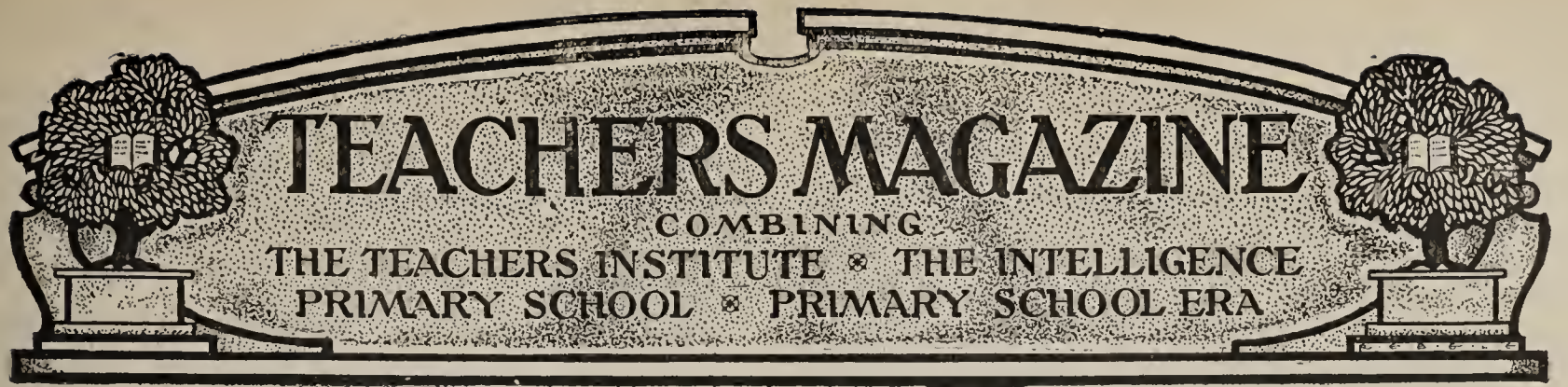


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Vol. XXVIII

MARCH, 1906

No. 7

Working in the Light.

IN my way from Purdue University to Indianapolis, last month, I ran across a friend I had not seen for several years. He had been addressing a farmers' institute at Frankfort, Indiana, and was full of enthusiasm over the hopeful outlook for scientific farming. The best evidence of the awakening of the farmers to the demands of the times, he saw in their readiness to subscribe for the best farm papers. Not so very long ago the farmers who looked about for suggestions as to how to improve in knowledge of their occupation were scarce. The majority labored only with their hands. Brains were supposed to merely make a man idle. Those were the days when the homesteads were abandoned because "farming no longer pays." The pioneers in the scientific study of agriculture were regarded as faddists who wanted to reduce farming to a sedentary occupation. The "practical" farmers as the self-satisfied ones styled themselves did have to admit, however, as time went on, that "them air scientific fellers" did do some things better and got better returns from the land.

To-day the slogan is "back to the farm!" The rush to the cities has practically ceased. Farming is respected as a profession offering splendid opportunities to those who want to make a thoro study of it. Of course, there are still many farmer Knowalls just as there are teacher Knowalls, who can see no advantage in reading the ideas of the thoughtful and gathering in the experiences of the successful. But their days are numbered. The reading farmer who utilizes the advice of the best farmers will as surely win out as the reading teacher is now occupying all the best positions. My Indiana friend says he would not trust a hog to a farmer who is not studying to advance in the science and art of farming. What shall we say of teachers who do not endeavor to know what is best for the children entrusted to their educational care? Miserable hirelings they are. They will have much to answer for on the great day of reckoning.

Care of the Heart.

Whether or not there should be specific and systematic instruction in morality supplied to the children in the schools is with many still an unsettled question. The only real difficulty in the way of a general acceptance of the new subject is the apprehension that teachers will involve themselves more or less in theological discussions giving offense in the community. One plan by which this may be overcome is to formulate guiding principles and furnish illustrative model lessons something after the fashion of the report on industrial education presented to the National Committee of Education last summer. This is really a problem for the N. E. A. to handle.

My personal conviction has been for some years that two or three religious ideas may well be adopted by the common schools of the United States as fundamental in a suitable scheme of teaching morality.

First, we need not hesitate to use the name of God and to refer to Him with that reverence which is due from a creature to its creator and sustainer. Our American creed as unmistakably expressed in national and state constitutions, in the annual Thanksgiving proclamations and other practices representing the thought of the people, is founded upon God as the source of life and every good gift. Atheism is thoroly foreign to Americanism. The common schools as the true nurseries of the American spirit, therefore, not only may but should teach the young that we are all the children of one just and merciful Father. Being children of one Father we are also brothers and as such should live together in unity. Here is a basis broad enough for all the moral instruction a human being can manage.

Morality without religion is devoid of dynamic power. Religion is the heart of morality. In matters of moral duty the heart speaks louder than the head. Systems of morals have been formulated omitting every reference to the human brotherhood in God and solely occupied with so-called "natural science laws." They may be interesting and useful pieces of logic and as such benefit the intellect. But inspiration they have only when the heart speaks in spite of the care exercised to stifle its voice. It is not profitable to try to teach morals without appeals to the feelings.

The problem is before us and is likely to occupy us for some years to come. Orating will not solve it. There will have to be patient research and wise experiment. Will the N. E. A. take the lead?

Pasquale.

By MATTIE GRIFFITH SATTERIE, New York.

THE teachers call him "that torment," the policeman an "imp of creation," the neighbors, those who are not Italians, "that confounded little dago," and I, well, I can't say what I called him, in my inmost consciousness, my subconsciousness, in fact. But I *can* say my chief hope, my greatest hope in truth, to a crown of glory, is due to my patience with that boy.



"Peekoo" at the Mouth of his Burrow.

His friends "de fellers," called him "hey Patsey," and his father's pet name for him was "diavolo sacr-r-s" (sounding like the explosion of several packs of fire-crackers.)

Pasquale's unfortunate mother was too dispirited, too hopeless even to execrate him. She came into the school one morning, a forlorn, limp figure. The instant she caught my pitying glance she proceeded to weep, without a word—not a good satisfactory cry, but a dreary, weary flow of hopeless tears, that no word but *weep* would describe.

After standing drearily looking at me, with the tears rolling over her cheeks, she accepted the chair I had offered her upon her entrance. Then the flood-gates were opened in other ways besides tears—"O capa maestra! O capa maestra!" This she said over and over as if the repetition of my official position gave her a miserable feeling of satisfaction; and she rolled the title like a sweet morsel under her tongue. "O capa maestra! dat boy a mina all de night he no come home, he no a here, here a here."

She wailed the words out, in the most piteous manner. It was a quarter of nine in the morning; just before the opening of school. As if evoked by her cries Pasquale sauntered into the school-room. He was obliged to pass my desk on his way to his class.

Pasquale is ten years old, but is as short as most boys of eight. Despite his paucity of inches, he has a plump, well-nourished little body. His cheeks look like large red apples.

This particular morning he was dirty and unkempt, his hair standing up "like quills upon the

fretful porcupine." His mother surveyed him with disgust, then produced from a capacious pocket, a snowy handkerchief. With a sound between a howl and a groan, she sprang forward, caught the boy's snub nose in the folds of her clean *mouchoir*, and wrung that small organ desperately.

Pasquale fought and struggled to release himself, his nose particularly, from the maternal grasp, but her grip was true and strong, and Pasquale was not freed until she was satisfied. She then began her plaintive wail to me once more. The poor creature was neat and clean in her own appearance and her good taste and tidiness were outraged, now, at her son and heir's unwashed condition.

Pasquale stood glaring at her like a little fiend; at the same time rubbing his scarlet nose. His mother called out wild vituperations in Italian; Pasquale replying in sulky monosyllables. She turned at last to me and said, "O capa maestra; say him tell me where he was all a night."

I called the boy to me, and said, "Pasquale; you surely love your poor mother. She is kind and good to you and wishes you to be a good boy. Tell her where you were last night."

The boy looked up at me and said, "Yes; ma'am; of course I likes my mudder but my old lady is funny. She gets fresh on me," half crying and rubbing his nose.

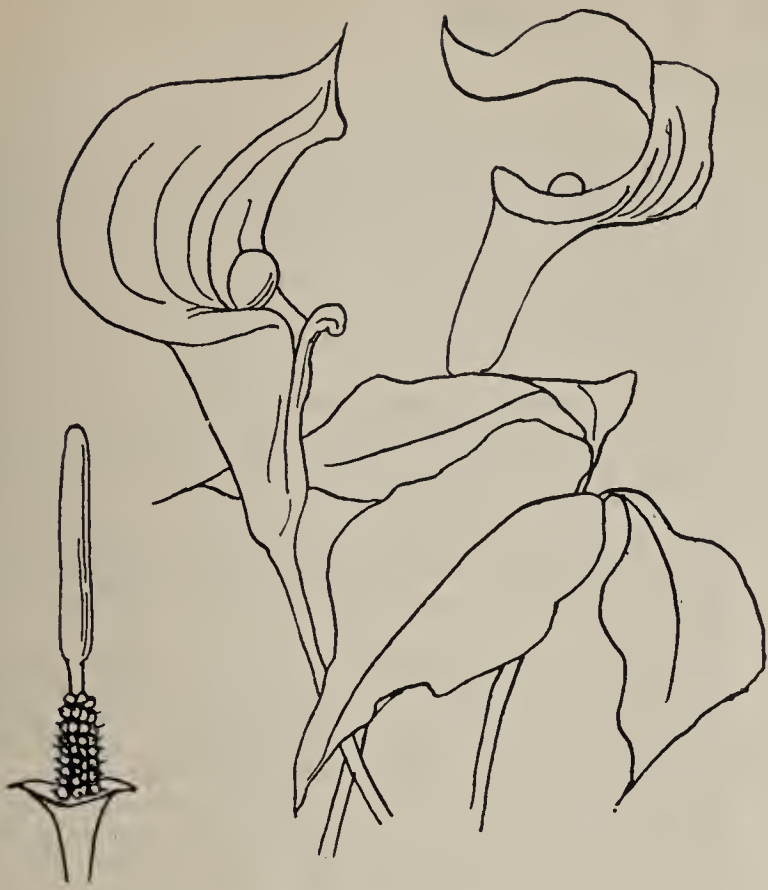
At this I uttered a grave reproof, adding, "Tell me where you were last night?"

"Well, you see it was like dis, I sold my papers and den I played hocky and tag and den it was too late, for I knowed my old woman would jaw and my old man would lick me, cos I come late. I knowed he'd lick me good, so den I went in an empty room, and stay all night dere, right over de hall from our house. See?" The explanation was made to the wailing mother who left at last very nearly satisfied with the assurance that her first-born had not been with a murderous crowd all the preceding night.



The Black Dutch at Dinner-Time.

I have always found that the best plan to pursue with a boy like Pasquale is one of reward—to ignore as far as possible, punishment. One reward was a curious one. We are one of the schools of the city where the children are cared for in every manner. A light lunch is furnished at noon. During the fall and spring months, bread and syrup are given; and in the winter a hot dinner is provided. The bread is taken round to each classroom in large tin pans. After the bread has been distributed, it is a great reward, contended for



"Jack-in-the-pulpit preaches to-day,"
To-morrow the pulpit is faded away.
Come back
To see Jack,
When September is nigh,
And a bunch of red berries is all you will spy.

with eagerness, to allow a boy or girl to carry the pan back to the kitchen.

Pasquale had been crowned with the high honor of carrying the pan to the kitchen every noon for a whole week, with the proviso that he should be a good boy the entire five days. Wednesday had arrived. Monday and Tuesday Pasquale had proudly borne his honors and carried the pan triumphantly at noon. This Wednesday, however, before school opened he told me he had been "scrappin'" with another boy; and added with great nonchalance that he "had it in for him."

At recess time, I heard a noise in the hall and beheld the doomed boy, with Pasquale's chubby grip on his jacket collar.

"Pasquale," I called.

Pasquale was too far gone to hear. He was shaking his victim like a rat, his face livid to the lips, his black eyes blazing—the personification of rage. I tried again.

"Pasquale, remember the pan!"

A transformation that was wonderful took place. Pasquale dropped his victim and stood before me a crushed culprit.

The other morning the policeman at the school door accosted me with a tale of woe and accusation against "that imp of creation, ma'am." I turned to Pasquale, who stood beside me gallantly carrying my hand-bag and umbrella. He was a perfectly calm and indifferent listener to my sad inquiry: "Pasquale, O Pasquale, why are you so naughty?"

He looked up at me; almost closed his black

eyes, shrugged his shoulders nearly to his ears, and uttered this oracular sentence, "search me."

On the corner of the street, on the same block upon which the school is situated, there lives a forlorn, bedraggled old woman, whom the neighborhood call "Crazy Mary." I was told one afternoon that all the boys of the school, headed of course by Pasquale, had been tormenting the poor old creature almost to madness.

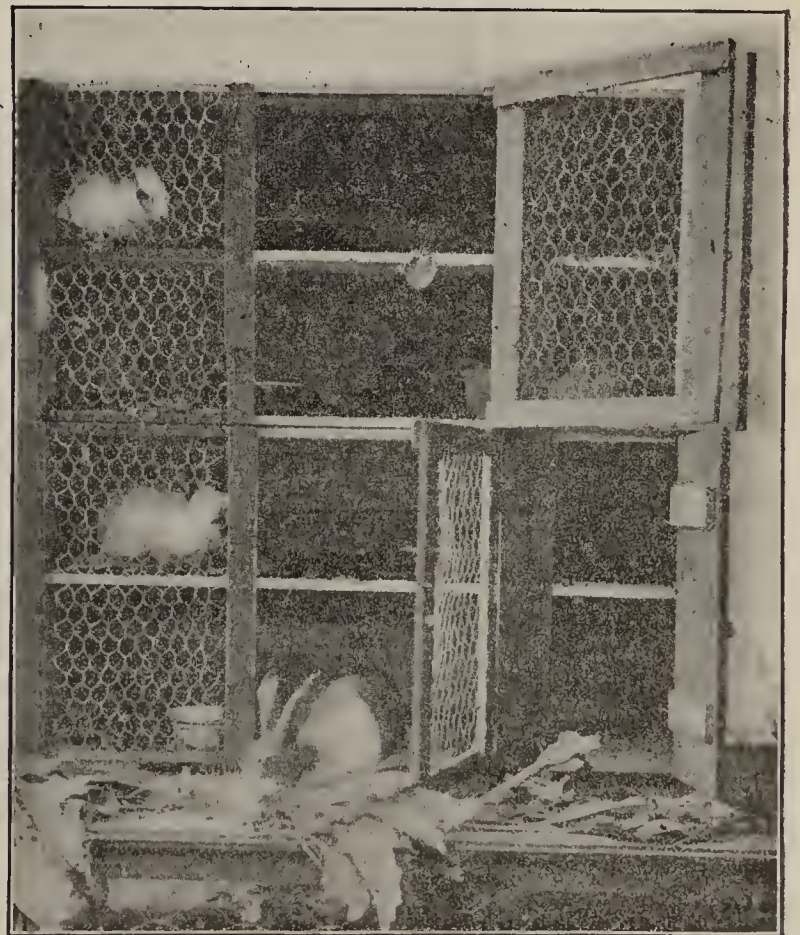
At the afternoon opening I talked to the school upon the sin of tormenting any woman, particularly old women, and asked the boys how they would like to see *their* mothers treated in such a manner. I tried to invoke a spirit of chivalry in the little gamin hearts and I really quite plumed myself upon my own eloquence.

About two days later Pasquale came into school a flying figure pursued by an infuriated Hebrew. He was too enraged to speak, at first; but after gaining power of utterance he broke forth, about "dat debbil boy, dat debbil boy, he Satan himself. I know him, dat debbil boy."

I drew forth at last the grievance. There was nothing "dat debbil boy" had not done from calling him "sheeny" and "matza" to upsetting his push-cart. I was indignant, and said sternly to Pasquale, "Do you remember what I said to you only two days ago, and what you promised me; Pasquale, you, especially?"

Pasquale for once was quite subdued. He stood drooping before me, but suddenly brightening he looked up and said with an eager air of relief, "Yes, ma'am, but you only told us about ladies, you didn't say nothing about no push-cart men."

Yes, assuredly my hope for a starry diadem rests upon that boy.



A Tier of Home-Made Rabbit Hutches.

Photographed by Dr. Edward F. Bigelow.

Pedro and the Pumpkin.

By Rose N. Archer, New York.

I. The Story.

In pantomiming songs and dramatizing stories; if a few simple "properties" are used, the children enjoy "acting" much more than if everything is left to the imagination.

A few stories had been dramatized by the kindergarten children of public school No. 137, New York city, before the following play of "Pedro and the Pumpkin" was attempted.

When the children came to school on the morning that the story was told they discovered on the blackboard a picture of a moonlight scene. When they asked why it was there, they were told that this was a little surprise which they would discover later. During the morning talk the story of Pedro was told, with a sequel of the teacher's invention. The original story can be found in "Stories of Heroic Deeds," by James Johonnot. It is called "Obed's Pumpkins." (The children had watched the teacher make a real "Jack-o'-Lantern" at Hallowe'en so that this part of the story needed no explanation.)

The children had been greatly interested in Indians the week before the Pedro story was told, and had seen some excellent prints and colored pictures of Indians at home and on the war-path. They had been shown toy Indian weapons, tents, a canoe, etc. A "tomahawk" cut out of pieces of stiff cardboard all of which were pasted together (to give the required strength) was made by the teacher, so that the children might play with it without danger to themselves or others.

The Story as told in the Kindergarten.

Once upon a time a little boy, whose name was Pedro, planted some pumpkin seeds in his father's garden. When the little pumpkins began to grow on the vines, Pedro

watched them every day during the summer, as they grew larger and larger, and turned from green to orange color.

One day Pedro's father told him to pick all the pumpkins and bring them into the house, or Jack Frost would spoil them.

"Please, mother," said Pedro, "may I keep one of the pumpkins for my own?"

"Why, what do you want a pumpkin for?" his mother asked.

"I think he wants to make a pumpkin pie!" said Pedro's father, and he winked (this way) at the boy's mother.

Pedro's mother laughed, because she knew that Pedro could not make a pie; but she said he might have a pumpkin.

Then Pedro picked the smallest and smoothest and roundest pumpkin, and carried it into the kitchen, where he took a sharp knife and cut a hole in the top of the pumpkin.

He took out all the seeds, which he spread on a paper to dry, (so that he could have them to plant the next spring and so raise more pumpkins), then he cut two eyes, a nose and a large mouth on one side of the pumpkin, and fastened a piece of candle on the inside. Pedro lit the candle.

"Oh, isn't that funny?" said Pedro's mother, when he brought the lighted 'Jack-o'-Lantern' to show her. "If I did not know what it was it would frighten me!"

Towards evening, Pedro's father came into the house and said to the mother that he would have to go to the city that night, with a wagon-load of potatoes, and when these were sold the next morning he would buy a beautiful new tablecloth and some groceries for the Thanksgiving dinner, and perhaps a box of candy for Pedro.

As he was about to drive away a man named Farmer Brown came into the yard and told him that the neighbors had seen some Indians in the woods near by.

"Then I shall not go to the city," said Pedro's father. "The Indians might come here while I am away."

"Oh, I am not afraid," said the mother. "If you do not go to the city to-night we shall not have the good things for Thanksgiving, and we shall all be so disappointed."

So Pedro's father gave her his pistol and told her to lock all the doors and windows if the Indians came, but not to shoot unless they tried to get into the house. Then he drove away.

After supper, Pedro sat by the window looking at the silver moon. He saw something moving, down by the fence. When he looked again, he saw that it was an Indian, with spots of paint on his face and feathers in his hair.

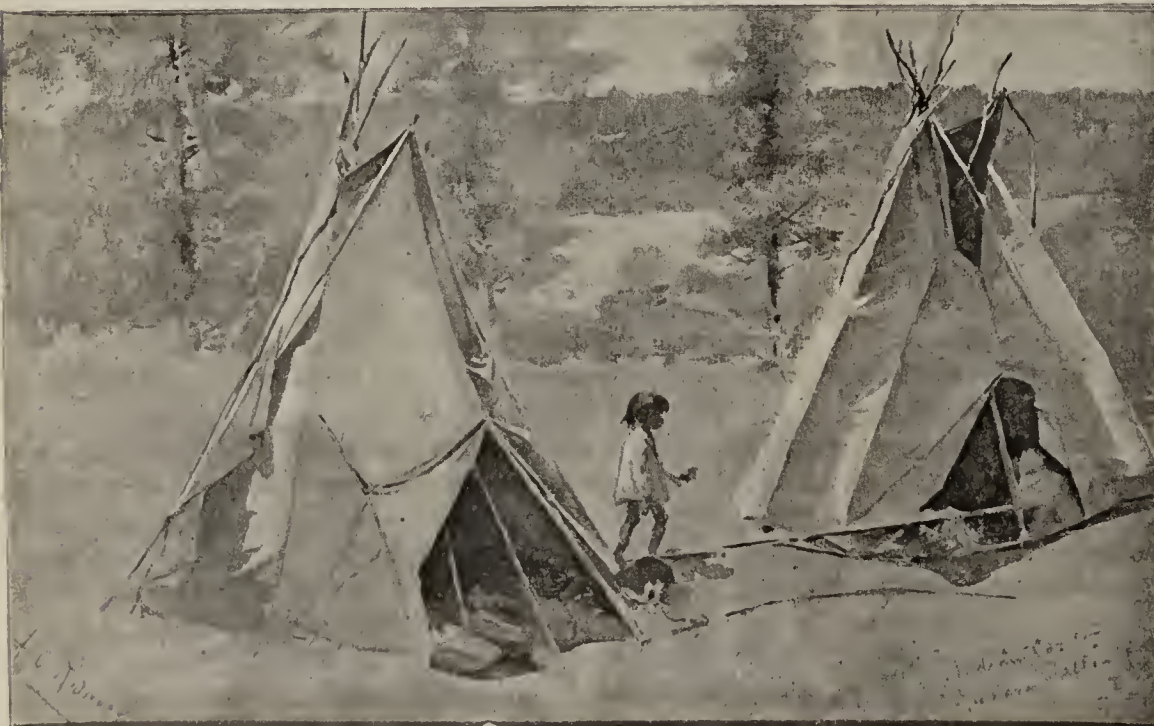
Pedro ran quickly and told his mother, who locked all the doors and windows and told Pedro to put out the lights. Then Pedro lighted the Jack-O'-Lantern and put it out on the front stoop to frighten the Indians.

Soon one! two! three! four! five! Indians came, and crept up close to the house. The Indian chief, who was called "Golden Eagle," carried a large tomahawk, and the other Indians carried bows and arrows.

As soon as the Indians saw the Jack-o'-Lantern on the stoop, they were so frightened that they ran away.

By and by, one of the Indians, whose name was "Little Silver Fox," and who was braver than the rest, came back to look at the Jack-o'-Lantern. As he came close up to the door Pedro's mother (who was afraid that he was going to set fire to the house) opened the window and shot off the pistol, bang!

The Indian gave one dreadful yell and dropped face downward on the door-mat.



HOMES OF ROVING INDIANS.

TEACHERS MAGAZINE is indebted to Mr. E. W. Deming for this interesting sketch. Mr. Deming has spent many years among the Indians, and his paintings have won him national distinction. The beautiful Hiawatha pictures which TEACHERS MAGAZINE supplied to its readers in the Fall were painted by him.

"Was the Indian killed?" asked Jacob.
 "Oh, no," answered the teacher, "the Indian was really very slightly hurt but he was so frightened that he fainted."
 Pedro's mother thought she had killed him, so she told Pedro that they must drag the Indian into the house and keep him hidden until her husband came home and could bury him. If the other Indians should come to look for "Little Silver Fox" and find him dead on the door-mat they would kill them and all the white people in the neighborhood. But if the Indians should come back and not be able to find "Little Silver Fox" they would think he had gone home thru the woods.

Pedro and his mother tried very hard to lift the Indian off the mat, and when they found that they could not do it they just pulled the mat into the house with the Indian on it.

Very soon the Indian opened his eyes. He was very much surprised to find himself inside a house. Pedro's mother was even more surprised to find that she had not killed him after all. He asked for a drink of water, and Pedro gave it to him, and Pedro's mother bathed the wound in his foot and put a nice soft bandage on it. Then the Indian went to sleep, he felt so much better, but Pedro and his mother were much too frightened to sleep. They kept watch for fear the other Indians might come back.

When morning came the Indian said he felt well enough to go home. He thanked Pedro and the mother for not killing him as they might easily have done while he was asleep. As he limped off, he said, "Injun like white people—Injun white boy friend—come, one, two day."

The next afternoon Pedro's father came, and Pedro and his mother told him all about the Indians as they helped him carry the packages into the house. The father was very glad that the Indian had said he would be friendly with the white people.

The next day, which was Thanksgiving day, the five Indians came to see Pedro. "Little Silver Fox" came first, carrying a white flag to show that they were friendly. The Indians brought presents to Pedro—a bow and arrow, an Indian basket, wampum, (strings of shells which the Indians use for money), a bunch of feathers and a toy Indian pony. They brought a beautiful pair of tiny Indian shoes, called mocassins, for the baby.

Then Pedro's father gave the Indian chief, Golden Eagle, a fine gun, and Pedro's mother gave the other Indians some strings of beads for their wives, who are called squaws. The Indians promised always forever after to be friends with these white people and they kept their word.

The children showed their appreciation of this story by a burst of spontaneous applause, and a general chorus of "Oh! Miss Archer, may we play it?"

"Draw the Indians' pictures by the black-board," commanded Ulysses Goldberg, and it was only the work of a few minutes to sketch the Jack-o'-Lantern on the stoop of the country house, and the Indians running away in terror across the lawn.

II. The Story Dramatized.

Stage Manager and Prompter, . . . Ulysses Goldberg

He tells the story and directs everything, besides giving the actors their cues.

The Mother, . . . Bessie Schwartz

The Baby, . . . A large French doll in baby clothes.

Farmer Brown, . . . Morris Lieberman

With an old straw hat pulled over his eyes and a rake over his shoulder.

Indians:

Yellow Eagle, the chief
 Hyman Kaloner

Blue Cloud	Francis Dryuff
Red Wing	Harry Taxin
Big Buffalo	Abe Perlstein
Little Silver Fox	Max Schudkin
Pedro	Morris Sisselowitz
Father	Solly Meyer
Two Horses	David Reith
	Emanuel Godinsky
Candy Store Keeper	Sam Rosenblum
Grocery Store Keeper	Jacob Assan
Dry Goods	Harry Goldstein
Market Man	Simeon Goldstein

ACT 1. SCENE 1.

The stage manager comes forward and explains to the audience the beginning of the story. Bessie Schwartz, the mother, holding the baby in her arms is seen sitting in front of the house (broom-closet) in a little kindergarten chair. Pedro runs out of the house into the imaginary garden and picks the pumpkin off the "raffia" vine, hurries with it into the house, where he exchanges it for one already made into a "Jack-o'-Lantern." After a short interval he proudly brings the lantern out to show it to his mother, who remarks that she would be afraid of it, if she did not know what it was.

ACT 1. SCENE 2.

The father announces his intention of going to the city with some bags of (brown tissue paper) potatoes, which he places in the wagon to which the two horses are attached. As he is about to depart, Farmer Brown comes into the yard and tells him about the Indians which have been seen in the woods. The father then decides to remain at home. But the mother persuades him to go to the city. He drives away slowly, and is supposed to spend the entire night on the road. Pedro and his mother and the baby go into the house.

ACT 1. SCENE 3.

Pedro spies the Indians, who come one by one from behind the trees and cautiously creep nearer and nearer to the house. Pedro puts the Jack-o'-Lantern outside the door and the Indians, with realistic war-whoops, retreat into the adjoining yard of the school (which is called the woods on this occasion).

Then "Little Silver Fox" comes back and while trying to discover what the Jack-o'-Lantern may be, is shot by the mother, with the (unloaded) toy pistol. He considerably falls on the near door mat, by means of which he is easily dragged into the house.

ACT I. SCENE 4.

The door of the house (broom-closet) is then left open in order that the audience may see what is transpiring within.



The little Pedro story-play was followed by "dinner."

The Indian (lying on the mat) opens his eyes, and asks for a drink of water. This is given to him by Pedro. Pedro's mother then pretends to bathe the Indian's injured foot, and really puts a bandage on it. The Indian goes to sleep. Pedro and his mother keep watch. The baby is put to bed.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

Night is supposed to have passed, and the Indian comes to the door where he stands and makes his little speech. He limps away leaning on a cane.

In the other end of the yard (the city) the father is busy transacting business. He sells the potatoes at the market and goes to the grocery store, the candy store, and the dry-goods store. His purchases are wrapped up in paper and deposited in the wagon.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

Pedro's father returns to the house. Pedro and his mother tell him all about the Indians as they help him carry in the packages. The horses are stabled. Pedro helps feed them.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

"Little Silver Fox" carrying a white flag and followed by the other Indians, brings presents to Pedro on Thanksgiving Day. Pedro's father and mother present the Indians with gifts.

Dramatizing stories is a direct aid to language. The lower east side child's vocabulary is limited. His sentences are "fearfully and wonderfully made." For example, the first time that the children played the story of "Pedro and the Pumpkin," two of the smaller children in the class spoke the opening lines as follows: (showing how well they grasped the ideas, but not the words.

Ulysses Goldberg.—Once der is a little boy, his name is Pedro. He goes by the garden und gets a pumpkin und takes it by de kitchen und makes hisself a jack-o'-lantern. Den he brang it by his mama—und she say—*go on* Bessie, youse de mudder, say what she dooze [does].

Bessie Schwartz (the mother).—"Ain't dat a a funny monkey face? I all the time gets afraid when I looks on it, if I don't know what it is!"

How the Play Was Staged.

The large enclosed yard adjoining the kindergarten room was always used whenever we dramatized the story. The children who did not take active parts sat in rows on kindergarten chairs arranged like the seats of a theater. Ulysses Goldberg was always chosen for stage manager, as he was "a born leader."

The janitor's broom closet was the house. A little girl was selected for the mother and a little boy for Pedro. The baby was a big doll (in very long baby clothes). At first a real pumpkin (but as this soon decayed in the warm class-room a make-believe pumpkin, of orange colored tissue paper, was substituted) was fastened to a vine of green raffia, on which were pumpkin leaves cut out of paper, crinkled, and painted green. This vine always grew in an imaginary garden to the right of the house.

A real jack-o'-lantern (later a tissue paper one with eyes, nose, and mouth indicated with black paint) was placed in the house, to facilitate matters (as is always done in a real theater).

The iron pillars in the yard were the trees, behind which the Indians hid before they crept up to the house.

The teacher made some Indian headdresses, consisting of wigs of dark gray cotton wadding, the braids of which were interwoven with strips of

gaily-colored cotton cloth and decorated with chicken and turkey feathers.

One sheet of wadding (unopened) was placed over the child's head and tied at either side just below the ear with a long strip of cotton cloth. Then the two fan-like portions of the wadding were separated into one-and-a-half inch strips. These were braided with the strip of colored cotton, and this produced a truly "Indian" effect. A band of the same colored cotton was fastened around the wig, like a crown, and into this the feathers were sewed; the stitches going thru the wig, being securely fastened. When the wigs were worn they were always lined with a fresh piece of white tissue paper (for obvious reasons) on each occasion.

Chains made of straws and kindergarten parquetry papers were worn by the children who took the part of the Indians.

An unloaded toy pistol, the click of whose hammer was distinctly audible, was used by the child who took the part of the mother.

The wagon in which Pedro's father took away the bags of brown tissue paper potatoes, was the janitor's large rectangular waste-paper basket. A rope and kindergarten horse reins composed the harness, and two little boys took the part of horses.

When the Indians brought the presents to Pedro, they gave him real feathers, real wampum (a few tiny shells in which holes were punched so that they could be strung on a piece of worsted) a real bow and arrow, a little pair of moccasins; fashioned by the teacher out of bogus drawing paper and painted with dots of different colors to represent bead work, an Indian basket and a toy horse.

The father presented the Indian chief with a toy gun, and the mother gave the Indians strings of curious beads (wooden kindergarten beads).

The quivers in which the Indians carried their arrows were long boxes made of bogus drawing paper covered with the same color of cotton cloth as was used in the Indians' head-dress. For instance, the Indian named "Blue Cloud," had a blue quiver and blue bands woven in his hair. The quivers were finished with a shoulder strap of the cotton and decorated with chicken feathers.

The bows and arrows, of evident Indian workmanship, were purchased for the teacher at one cent apiece by Ulysses Goldberg, who declared that he had seen real bows and arrows "by Mary's" (a candy store). He returned saying, "Mary's ain't got no more, but I gets dese by Goldstern's. Dey can shoot fine!" (And they did.)

The tom-a-hawk, as before mentioned was made of several thicknesses of card-board all shaped alike and glued together.

"Farmer Brown" wore an old straw country hat and carried a toy rake over his shoulder.



Recreative Physical Activities

By Belle R. Parsons, California

1. The Wind and its manifestations.

Let the children show, from their observations, how the wind manifests its presence. Let them tell how they know when the wind is blowing and illustrate their verbal examples by action. Even on this realistic plan the emotional and moral training is not lost. The thought stimulation of the wind arouses in the child the sense of mystery, of something above and beyond himself; he recognizes a force invisible yet mighty. The hidden power, the freedom of motion, the sense of vastness appeals to the child's inner self. His sympathies are stirred, his spirit is lifted up. He loves to run against this opposing force, to battle with it, and not be baffled by it. He develops a desire to overcome obstacles, a courageous spirit, an inner self-reliance and determination.

If the emotions of the real experience, then, are valuable, a recalling of them in play will not be wholly without its beneficial results.

Movements.

1. Clothes on the line, swaying and flapping in the wind.

Arms upward raise and downward sink with varying velocity.

Order: Attention!—Flap!—Flap!—Flap!—(8) or (6)——Po-sition!

When the arms come down let them strike the body lightly to make flapping sound and lend a spirit of fun and free play to the exercise.

The arms represent the clothes, hanging on the line, and should be relaxed in this exercise—(center the control in shoulders.)

2. Running against the wind with arms outstretched.

Body forward—upward—stretch, chin up and out; arms outstretched. Ready.

Running rapidly, as if resisting the wind.

Order: Attention!—Ready—Run!—(around room)——Po-sition!

It will perhaps be well to take this exercise, one row at a time. The activity offers good chest expansion, stirs up circulation and respiration.

3. The weathervane.

Trunk slowly to right twist.

Trunk slowly to left twist.

Order: Attention!—Ready!

—Turn—{ Right } —(8)——

—Left } —Po-sition!

Turn only from waist, keeping head and arms level, and feet firmly on the floor. A good exercise for seat work can also be made from the imitation of the weather-vane: the hand representing the body, the thumb the head of the cock, turn hand to right and left. Good exercise for suppleness of wrist joint.

4. Trees and the wind.

1. Swaying of sapling.

Get feeling of deep-rootedness and erectness.

Sway from ankles—right and left, forward and back.

Order: Attention!—Sway!—(Front)—(8)——Po-sition!

2. Swaying of branches in breeze.

Arms upward raise. Ready.

Tossing of arms: Right and left, or forward and backward.

Order: Attention!—Ready!—Sway!—(8)——Po-sition!

3. Branches tossed up and down in breeze.

Arms outward raise, not shoulder high. Ready.

Rising and sinking of arms, (stiffly).

Order: Attention!—Ready!—(Up or Down)—(8)——Po-sition.

4. Bending of tree in storm.

Arms upward raise, above shoulders. Ready! Begin gradually by slow swaying from ankles.

a. Trunk forward bend, more deeply each time.

b. Bending to right and left.

c. Rotate—right, forward, left, up.

Order: Attention!—Ready!—Sway!—Sway!—(8)——Po-sition!

Take these exercises slowly. Pause between each "Sway" long enough to let children complete one movement.

5. Weeping-willow.

Relax from waist, trunk forward, and downward, arms hanging loosely. Ready.

Swing slowly at first, gradually increasing rapidity, and turning farther to right and left each time.

Order: Attention!—Ready!—Swing!—Swing!—Swing!—(8)——Po-sition!

Pause between swings, giving the children opportunity to take movements slowly.

5. Wind-mill.



A suggestion for the April blackboard by Alice Dean Bachman, New York.

Right or left arm sideways raise; shoulder high—Ready.

Rotary movement.

Order: Attention!—Ready!—Round! and Round!—Position!

The trunk represents the mill, the arm represents the fan. Good and firm position may be gotten and held, by asking for tall, straight, well-built wind-mills.

6. Ship sailing.

Right arm directly upward raise for mast, left arm sideways raise as high as shoulder for yard-arm. Ready.

Order: Attention!—Ready!—Sail!—(around room)—Position!

Rock on the water before hoisting sails to get the feeling of buoyancy. Be sure the children feel the wind behind the sails, driving the boat on, tipping it to right and left.

7. Flying kites.

Free play exercise. No order given, more dramatic than vigorous. Pretend to toss kite into air, run backwards a few steps, let out the string; pull, tug, guide, and watch the kite, finally hauling it in and winding up the string.

8. Clouds.

Offer good head movements (looking up at the clouds).

Talk of clouds,—driven by the wind, changing shape, sailing. When the children have the right spirit, the feeling of vastness, let them play clouds. The movements should be left to the free play of the imagination on the part of the child, and not given under the formal direction of the teacher. Slow moving around the room, turning, balancing, poising.

References.

For Teacher.—"In the Child World," Poulsson. The Weather Vane: Froebel's "Mother Play," Blow.

For Children.—"See the Trees All in a Row," "Songs and Games for Kindergarten," Blow.

"Sweet and Low."

"Blow, Wind, Blow, and Go, Mill, Go."

"Music for Child World," Vol. II.

Pictures.—Weather Vane: "Mother Play," Blow.

The Elms, Corot.

There are many excellent Japanese pictures. The ship and the wind-mill suggest that this may be a good time to introduce the child to the Delft tiles.



Old School-House at Snow Hill, Hancock County.—M. L. Duggan, Sparta, Ga., County School Commissioner.



New School-House at Snow-Hill, Hancock County.—M. L. Duggan, Sparta, Ga., County School Commissioner.

The children could copy Delft pictures in color, or make tiles of clay and paint them.

When The Flag Was New.

Up, up, up, to the very top,
Let the new flag fly, they said,
As they halted there in the village square,
By the village captain led.
Up, up, up, to the very top,
Let it wave above the rest;
To the waiting earth let it hail the birth
Of the new land of the West.

Up, up, up, to the very top,
Was the minutemen's loud cry;
And the deep drum beat in the village street,
As the color guard marched by.
Up, up, up, to the very top
Of the flagstaff on the green,
Let the flag we love every flag above
Like a signal star be seen.

Rah! rah! rah! rang the brave huzza
From the border to the bay,
When the loyal word thru the land was heard,
And the flag unfurled that day.
And I'm well aware that if we'd been there
We would help the rest to cry:
"Up, up, up, to the very top,
Let the flag of freedom fly!"

—FRANK WALCOTT HUTT, in Young People's Weekly.

Cock Robin as a Rest Exercise.

By RUTH O. DYER, Virginia.

Children tire so soon of the usual arm and leg exercises for the physical culture period that they grow to take it more as a medicine than as a recreation.

I found that the little rhyme "Who Killed Cock Robin?" could be used with much satisfaction. The piece can be recited by the teacher and the motions made by the pupils, or for a change, the pupils can recite the piece in concert and make the motions.

Who Killed Cock Robin?

Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow;
I killed Cock Robin.

This is the Sparrow
With his bow and arrow.

Right foot out and motion of shooting arrow three times with right hand, same with left.

Who saw him die?
I, said the fly,
With my little eye;
I saw him die.

This is the Fly
Who saw Cock Robin die.

Right foot out and hands under arms to represent wings, motion of flapping wings three times, same with left foot out.

Who caught his blood?
I, said the Fish,
With my little dish;
I caught his blood.

This is the Fish
Who held the dish.

Right foot out, hands held to represent a dish, move from chest out three times. Same with left foot out.

Who'll make his shroud?
I, said the Beetle,
With my thread and needle;
I'll make his shroud.

This is the Beetle,
With his thread and needle.

Right foot out, motion of sewing three times, holding left hand in front of body and bringing right hand out, same with left foot out.

Who'll dig his grave?
I, said the Owl,
With my spade and shov'l;
I'll dig his grave.

This is the Owl
With his spade and shov'l.

Right foot out, motion of shoveling dirt three times from right side; same with left foot out.

Who'll be the Parson?
I, said the Rook,
With my little book;
I'll be the Parson.

This is the Rook;
Reading the book.

Right foot out, hands in position of holding a book. Hands pass three times from chest out; with left foot out.

Who'll carry him to the grave?
I, said the Kite,
If it's not in the night;
I'll carry him to the grave.

This is the Kite
About to take flight.

Right foot out, arms up and down three times as in flying, same with left foot out.

Who'll be chief mourner?
I, said the Dove,
For I'll mourn for my love;
I'll be chief mourner.

This is the Dove;
Whom Cock Robin did love.

Right foot out, and hands over face as in crying; bend body forward three times. Same with left foot out.

Who'll sing a psalm?
I, said the Thrush,
As she sat in a bush;
I'll sing a psalm.

This is the Thrush;
Singing psalms from a bush.

Right foot out, hands in position of holding a book, head held up, pass hands three times from chest out; same with left foot out.

Who'll toll the bell?
I, said the cow;
Because I know how
I'll toll the bell.

This is the cow;
Who thought she knew how.

Right foot out, hands held as in tolling a bell. Motion from right side three times; same with left foot out.



Robbie and the Others: Tales of a Real School-Room

By Alma Grant, Denver, Col.

Chapter VII.—The Christmas Party.

THE time had been speeding on, and the end of the fall term was at hand. The stores, gay with tempting displays in their doors and windows, and wagons loaded with Christmas trees going along the streets, kept the minds of the bewildered youngsters high above the practical, prosaic details of every-day life. It seemed as if all interests that did not focus directly on the season were lacking in proper spirit, and that human expectations of happiness could not go much farther than the possibilities to be reasonably expected by all at this time of the year.

And now the last day of school had really come. The December sunbeams chased each other hilariously right into the faces of the youthful members of the first grade class, as they sat in their seats. Sometimes they flickered on the floor making inviting tracks of light for their feet to walk on; then again they flashed on bunches of holly berries, or rested lovingly on the branches of arbor vitæ bringing out the varying shades of green into contrast with the bright holly berries. Or, drawing attention to an interesting St. Nicholas, who with his sleigh full of toys drawn by eight tiny reindeer was racing madly on in quest of all the good children in the land; or, again, with gay familiarity they illumined the features of a most fascinating Santa Claus in the act of attempting the perilous descent of a chimney, leading down to a fire place glowing with ruddy light. What if the Santa Claus, chimney, and fire were only the telling effects of colored crayons on a blackboard that covered all the lower portions of the walls above the wainscoting on three sides of the immense room. It was enough to cause delight to the children as did also the other Christmas pictures that had covered the wall surface as if by magic during the approach of the Yule-tide season.

During the morning the time was to be devoted to distributing the work that had been finished by the children. Only the good work had been preserved, and it was now placed in covers of pretty cardboard on which had been made sprays of holly, drawn and painted by the children themselves, and tied together with ribbon of the holly colors. These covers were filled with lesson papers that they had accumulated from day to day. As only the best lessons were honored with a place in the Christmas covers, and were intended as a gift to their parents, some covers were much fuller than others. Everything had been taken home the day before, so that nothing else was to be seen on the desks. A goodly number of the parents and other relatives filled the extra chairs that had been provided for the accommodation of the expected company.

The Christmas pieces were spoken, the songs and carols, of which they had learned a vast number, considering the time that had been devoted to that purpose were sweetly sung, and the morning was filled with delight of its kind. But in the afternoon was to come the Christmas party, which was to be conducted after the fashion of a basket

picnic, as all were to contribute to the feast. Finally, the morning's exercises were over, the last carol sung, and passing to the cloak-room the children returned with overshoes, wraps, and hats; and all were soon ready for departure. The visitors watched the preparations with interest, as with Christmas covers securely held, so as to show their beauty to the best advantage, the children took a somewhat elaborate march around the room, with a "Good-bye, Miss Howard," as they passed the piano and went on as usual to the cloak-room into the hall to run home. These good-byes were very temporary affairs, the children all thrilling with expectancy of a speedy return to revelry drawing nearer with every succeeding minute.

After numberless pleasant little visits, the last lingering guest had gone. Then at once active preparations for the party were in full sway. Robbie's older brother Max and William Hasfuss, two of the eighth grade boys, came down to help. The long table, moved to the wall, was soon loaded with mysterious packages that had been arriving at intervals all the morning, and had been quietly left in the large closet off the cloak-room. Two large waste paper baskets were filled to overflowing with oranges. Cakes covered with frosting white as the snow, fruit cakes, jelly cakes, nut cakes, cakes covered with candy, little Christmas cakes such as only a German housewife would know how to make, were there in profusion, and the to-be-expected number of black rye bread sandwiches, spread with lard, and bakers' rolls with fat ham, to take the place of butter, occasionally appeared, coming from homes whose inmates had never much of anything else to eat. These children were that afternoon to enjoy the feast of their lives. Teacher, among other things, had provided paper plates and Japanese napkins, a spray of holly for every desk with an abundance extra for the ever recurring little brother or sister, certain to be on hand at such times.

The boys soon had the plates, napkins, and holly in place. The large cakes had been cut and the numberless little ones put on plates supplied for the purpose. Max and William had worked like Trojans, and Miss Howard had given them a generous supply of the good things for their refreshment, which they had duly enjoyed before hastening home to the dinner awaiting them, and where, with seemingly unimpaired appetites, they attacked the noonday repast as if the plentiful collation of which they had so recently partaken in the first grade room had never taken place. An unfinished donkey of heroic proportions was next drawn upon the blackboard, and several pieces of crayon conveniently left with which to supply its missing appendage, which attempt would be made later by blindfolded children. A horn was also left in readiness for the hiding games, which horn was to be hidden by someone, while a whole row of children would go out into the cloak-room, returning to join in a gleeful hunt, until a shrill blast from the horn would proclaim that someone

had discovered its hiding place, when everyone would clap, and the next row would leave the room.

So everything was planned, and as soon as the intermission was over, the doors at last were thrown wide open allowing the buzzing, fluttering crowd that had already gathered there to enter. Leonora was at her gayest and best, as she was to do her part by dancing a cakewalk sometime during the afternoon. She asked if her brother Abraham Lincoln might not come to the party to dance it with her. The Whitehead family lived in a saloon and very often it was a part of their evening to cakewalk for the entertainment of the people there. They had been trained for it, and had attained quite a degree of perfection in the eyes of the other children. So Anne dispatched Leonora to borrow her brother Abraham Lincoln Whitehead from the second grade, for the whole afternoon, much to his delight and his own teacher's relief. For Abraham Lincoln was so constituted that it was always a pretty uncertain problem what he might be reasonably expected to do next, and being quite an adept in shifting all personal responsibilities from his own shoulders the children sitting near him stood a much better chance of comfort, when the distance between them and himself was increased. As they were to have exercises in his class that afternoon, the loan was willingly granted. So he accompanied his sister back to the fondly remembered room where he had once enjoyed such a lingering passage, covering a space of two years and over, when most any one of the others took the same flight in half of the time.

The first grade children were always glad to see

everyone that came, and Abraham Lincoln was sure of a warm welcome before he got inside of the door. Tho the superior airs of a second grade elevation were visibly upon him, any feeling of condescension he might have yearned to express was duly tempered with discretion, and a strong desire to gratify his sharp appetite with a share of the good things under cover on the table and in the baskets. He took his place, as one of the invited, in the seat assigned him, and was all ready for a good time.

As the twenty-fifth of December did not come until Wednesday, and the last day was on Friday; they were to have no Christmas tree that year in the room, but just a regular party, which of course; began with singing every Christmas song they knew.

"Once a little baby lay
Cradled in the fragrant hay,"

"Jolly Old Saint Nicholas,"

and all the rest of them.

The principal and two men who were on the school committee came in to listen to the songs; and greet the children with pleasant words and kind wishes, before going to the upstairs rooms. One of the men was president of the school board and had been in often before, showing such kind interest in everything going on there, and entering so readily into the spirit of it all that when the children saw him they expected something pleasant would happen, and it did, for someone knocked very loudly at the door and a messenger wearing a fur hat and coat brought a letter in a large red envelope. It was from Santa Claus to the first grade. As soon as it was opened, the president read it to them with much meaning and expressive looks. No one was more surprised than Teacher when the letter came. It was written in a large bold hand in red ink, and there was seen a red ink stain on one of teacher's fingers, too, that the president of the school board noticed as he shook hands with her when leaving the room.

Then the fun began in earnest, when Leonora and her brother, having donned broad hats, moved on in the slow, undulating motions with which the cakewalk began, and the quick nimble steps into which they changed, in time to the music as it went on. Certainly the every-day work in the school afforded no such opportunities for them to shine as this afternoon had brought; for many clouds obscured their mental pathway in the common every-day work of the school-room. The children clapped gleefully as breathless and delighted they returned to their seats. Then more children came to let the good work

COMMON SCHOOL HYMNS

TEACHERS MAGAZINE gives each month at least one hymn suitable for the common schools where children of all religious beliefs are gathered together. These hymns have been selected with great care, and the editor feels confident that they will prove a welcome collection to teachers everywhere. If you know of any favorite hymn which might be included please tell us about it. We want all the best things to be had in this magazine.

Lord of All Being! Throned Above.

f Moderato.

Lord of all be-ing! throned a - far, Thy glo-ry flames from sun and star;

Cen - tre and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart so near.



Two Rabbits Ready for the Race Across the Yard.

TEACHERS MAGAZINE is indebted to Edward F. Bigelow for this charming photograph. You will remember his helpful article about "The Educational Rabbit," last month.

go on by inviting partners to dance with them; and soon little feet were flying, dancing, spinning around the room, till tired to exhaustion they were willing to have a change.

It did not seem as if the donkey was to forever remain bereft of his natural equipments, as with shrieks of laughter tails were generously distributed about the room and the only ones the poor animal could claim hung from his neck and chin; and they had to do. Tho Robbie said, "He now thinks he is a Billy goat!" when blindfolded and given a last chance he deposited a fine bushy production right in the midst of a Christmas picture, he joined in the laugh and had to let it go.

Then favorite games were asked for, seasonable and unseasonable. "The Farmer in the Dell," and many others; until the hands of the clock were perilously near the time to stop, and refreshments were in order. Most of the mothers had stayed away from the party, but all who came had been cordially urged to join in the play, and they at first shyly, then gladly had entered into the spirit, surprised into forgetting for a time the hours of hard work that had filled the first part of the day. It was not, however, without some feeling of trepidation, lest they should be found indulging in behavior unbecoming to matronly dignity, that they consented; but they had enjoyed it; and now willingly aided in serving the cakes and fruit that they had helped to provide. Such a liberal supply, bananas for all, cakes for all, oranges for all, candy canes and pop corn balls for everyone, a

present from teacher. "Oh; teacher, it tastes!" sighed Heinie Dumpke, blissfully; as he ate his cake. A long candy cane, wrapped in paper and tied with ribbons was sent up to the principal. Everyone who was sick or who had stayed at home was generously remembered. With bulging packages well filled with a share of the tempting spread, and trusted for safe delivery to the one living nearest.

"I like a school party best; Miss Howard," said Mildred Burr, her dimples all twinkling at once. "Then all can go. My mama says our house is too small, we can't ask so many, but here everyone could come." "Yes," spoke up Robbie, "and that's just right for a Christmas party; for of course that is differ-

ent from other parties."

The ground was white and sparkling with crystals in the clear sunlight of the December afternoon as the throng of happy little children went out into the frosty air homeward bound. Bright looks reflecting the happiness from within as well as the dazzling beauty that was everywhere without; flashing back sparkle for sparkle. Had it been at night, the myriad of stars looking down from the sky upon the world into the myriad of bright eyes looking up, it would have given good grounds for discussion as to which is really the better reflection of the great Light; which is still an unsettled question in the mind of Anne.

COMMON SCHOOL HYMNS

Awake, My Soul.

f *Con spirito.*

A-wake, my soul! a-wake, my tongue! My God, accept the grate-ful song;

mf *f*

Let all my in-ward pow'rs re-cord, The truth and good-ness of the Lord.

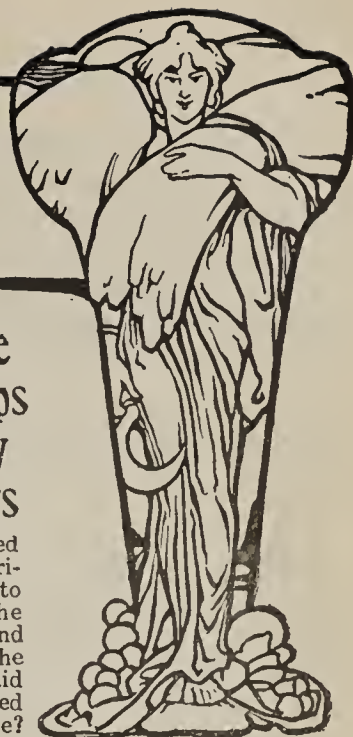


Hints and Helps

Plans,
Methods,
Devices, and
Suggestions

from the
Workshops
of many
Teachers

This feature, originally planned for *Institute* and *Primary School*, has proved so popular with teachers that it has been copied by nearly every educational periodical in the country. *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* will continue to publish the best to be had for this department. The Editor would like nothing better than that he might be able to visit the school-rooms of every one of the the hundred thousand teachers who will read this magazine. What an abundance of good things he would find! But that cannot be. The next best plan is to have the teachers aid each other by writing out the devices and plans and thoughts that have proved most helpful to them. Will you not contribute from the store of your experience? A good book will be sent for every contribution accepted for this department.



A High Aim.

ARE we as teachers keeping a high aim before us? It may be easy to keep in mind some "defined aim" that we have memorized, but are we actually living up to that aim? One of my highest aims in the work is to teach the love of good reading. Even those old poems in the readers, which we have read many times; retain their beauty still if read in a thoughtful, expressive manner, and as we ourselves are thrilled by the various sentiments expressed, our feeling is intensified in the impressionable minds before us. What we feel and are will leave an imperishable effect on the children. If we love good reading we will be certain to inculcate a certain degree of the same love in them.

It is never necessary for me at any time, if I have something to read to the pupils to say more than "Quiet," in a low voice and not a sound will be heard. Their favorites are among the following: "Stories Mother Nature Told Her Children," Jane Andrews; "Biography of a Grizzly," Seton-Thompson; "Hiawatha," "Snow-Bound," historical biographies, etc.

We should consider in reading a poem; the purpose of the author in writing it—the main "feeling-tone" the poem expresses. We should feel it ourselves, and then read, and the feeling will be reproduced in the pupils. In this way we may day by day bring before the children the loftiest sentiments of written expression—love of truth, purity, beauty, kindness, heroism, etc. These feelings will produce thoughts and deeds and character. *The Primary School* expresses in beautiful words the thoughts I have been thinking, and it seems to me to embody the secret of true teaching.

Thou must be true thyself
If thou the truth would teach;
Thy soul must overflow,
If thou another soul would reach;
It needs the overflowing heart
To give the life full speech.

Ontario, Canada.

CLARA PROCUNIER.

Rainbow Busy Work.

My little people enjoy most for busy work something which contains color. I bought packages of colored papers from Milton Bradley & Co. A sheet of each color was given to the children and with their kindergarten scissors they cut it into inch lengths. This made sufficient busy work for one session.

The next day they were given envelopes which contained what they had cut the previous day. They were then sent to the number table, where they arranged the colors in the form of a rainbow.

Each child is provided with a set of colored wax pencils and a square of paper. After he has his rainbow arranged he paints it on his square of paper. If this has been done properly, it will have been a valuable color lesson and most enjoyable busy work.

This has been the most successful device I have yet found to prevent whispering.

The children are told by their teacher that the row in which no pupil has whispered for one day, shall have a flag. It is surprising how anxious the children are to have their row own the flag.

Pennsylvania.

GRACE MEGARGEL.

The Teacher's Approval.

Some teachers have a very decided and characteristic way of showing approval. I know one teacher who says "That's right" in a tone that delights the hearts of the children. Another says "Good!" with emphasis and writes "good" on papers that she finds unusually creditable.

I know a teacher that passes among her pupils pencil in hand and whenever she sees anything particularly commendable, whether it is a difficult problem solved correctly, a well worded paragraph, or a neatly drawn design, she makes a "C" on the part she approves. Her "C's" vary in size, however. The bigger the "C" the greater the approval.

I think these expressions of approval have much to do with making a teacher's success; but they should be used only when they are *meant* and then used with *meaning*.

California.

ANNA McLANAHAN.

A Friday Afternoon.

The pupils of the primary room had been busy little workers, and as a reward for their diligence the teacher planned to have the grade promoted from the room the year previous to visit them on Friday afternoon as a change from the usual review work. So on Thursday for the writing lesson, they copied the following invitations:

The scholars of the Primary invite you to visit their room on Friday afternoon, October 16th, from one to two o'clock.

The ones who had written most neatly were given an envelope to address and permitted to deliver their message in person.

Some form of entertainment was desired and at the teacher's request the children brought straw cut in one-half-inch lengths. Small boxes were obtained from the store, enough so that all were provided with one. These were filled with cut straw, a threaded needle added, then all was in readiness.

At the ringing of the last bell on Friday afternoon the invited pupils gathered in the primary room, the material was passed and after a few suggestions all were soon busily at work stringing straw.

On the north side of the room there was an unused doorway, and over this the strings of straw were draped forming a curtain.

During the hour the children not only had a pleasant time, but by their work added to the attractiveness of the room.

Ohio.

MAUD FINDLEY.

A Splendid Idea.

I teach in a rural school, about two miles from town. Altho the prairies are beautiful, they are monotonous. In the study of nature the school has visited a limestone quarry near by, has gathered and examined the different kinds of plants that grow in the country near by, with their seeds, noted the insect and bird life, and gathered and preserved the different leaf shapes. I told them one day that with their parents' consent, we would visit the town school the next afternoon. This school had just moved into a beautiful new stone building. The principal had told me that we would be welcome to visit the six rooms and see the new school-house. We all enjoyed this visit very much, as we were politely received by each teacher in whose room we visited, not all remaining in the same room at once. After school I had the children come to my home in town, where a nice luncheon was served on the grassy lawn. Some of the parents drove in after their children in the evening; others I took home in a pony phaeton. The next day at school, we talked over the visit, each telling what he had seen and heard and learned. The principal of the town school asked us to come again, and said that he wished that he and his teachers with their pupils could visit our school, but thought there were too many of them.

Iowa.

PRUDENCE S. JACKSON.

A New Multiplication Table.

I often vary the monotony of writing the tables in this way:

6×1 flag = 6 flags.

6×2 stars = 12 stars.

6×3 clouds = 18 clouds.

Each pupil strives for a variety of new objects and a nice little story is told in each statement.

Pennsylvania.

E. MAIE SEYFERT.

To the Rescue.

My boys and girls like to pretend, when in reading class, if any one makes a mistake in any form, that they are a wrecking train to remove all signs of a disaster. Some one re-reads a verse or sentence that has been misread, correcting all mistakes as they proceed. It is a most perfect correction and full of interest.

E. MAIE SEYFERT.

Pennsylvania.

Inventing Nouns.

In learning to discriminate between common and proper nouns, I find pupils consider the following exercise anything but mechanical:

I write a list of common nouns on the board and with my aid and suggestion we specialize proper nouns from them.

Example: boy—James

girl—Helen

lake—Erie

school—Cedar Grove

teacher—Miss Seyfert

Pennsylvania.

E. MAIE SEYFERT.

Writing.

I have, in the past few months, had the opportunity of visiting several rural schools, and in these schools I find writing sadly neglected. I think the trouble lies in not teaching the pupils the proper heights of the letters and by letting them form the dreadful habit of scribbling simply because they have not been taught to write differently. Now I think children should be taught this when they first begin to write and I will tell you how I teach it to them. At the last intermission I draw two lines on the board about $1\frac{1}{2}$ or two inches apart. I have a slate board, so I use a piece of slate I found in the coal bin, which serves the purpose better than slate-pencil or crayon; on these lines I write a copy consisting mainly of one space letters. Lines the same are placed below the copy for the pupils, who copy it as soon as they have studied their lessons, which they make haste to do as they thoroly enjoy the writing period.

For the first few times it will be necessary for you to stand by the children and show them what is expected of them, for, without having written this way, they are apt to make the letter *e* just as high as *l*.

By writing this way they form the habit of neatness, so often overlooked by the busy teachers; by striving to make the letters as I tell them, "stay on the track."

Iowa.

J. O. C.

Sentence Building.

It is remarkable at what a tender age children can be taught to recognize complete sentences, if they are led properly.

Teach them from the start to grasp the meaning of what they read and they will soon know where one thought stops and another begins.

Start by either reading or writing part of a sentence and having the children finish it, and before long they can start and finish sentences of their own composition.

I often require them when reading to limit themselves to one sentence. It is a splendid attention drill for a class.

Then again, I tell them I am a sentence, (either telling, or one that asks a question) picked from the reading lesson, and they take turns in finding me, reading their selections of a sentence. If I ask a question, of course they know I have a question mark for a lock, and a period if I tell something.

Pennsylvania.

E. MAIE SEYFERT.

Tongue Twisters.

Flesh of freshly-fried fish.

Two toads, totally tired, tried to trot to Ted-bury.

The sea ceaseth, but sufficeth us.

Give Grimes Jim's great gilt gig whip.

Strict, strong Stephen Stringer, snarled slickly; six sickly snakes.

She stood at the door of Mrs. Smith's fish sauce shop welcoming him in.

Swan swam over the sea; swim swan; swan swam back again; well swam swan.

A haddock, a haddock, a black-spotted haddock, a black spot on the black back of a black haddock.

Susan shineth shoes and socks, socks and shoes; shineth Susan. She ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for socks and shoes shock Susan.

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers; a peck of pickle peppers, Peter Piper picked. If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickle peppers; where are the pickle peppers Peter Piper picked?—*Selected.*

Twins.

My children found "Twins" published in the November number of TEACHERS MAGAZINE intensely interesting. I copied the poem and illustrations on the board to use for supplementary reading. Our "twins" don't look exactly alike but the idea of twins exactly alike appealed strongly to the youthful imaginations, and the children soon learned to talk the poem. It has been very useful in teaching the little ones to read with expression and proper emphasis.

The illustrations made some funny drawing lessons. It was very difficult to make

the twins and their dolls and their horses look *exactly* alike, but we *tried*.

California.

ANNA MCLANAHAN.

Arithmetic.

The examples given below were arranged for use in the schools of Chicago, and are taken from *The School Weekly*. They are equally applicable to the courses of study in use in schools generally.

First Grade.

Oral tests with objects. Place 12 sticks before each child. Show how many 3's in 12. How many 4's, 6's, 5's? Show $\frac{1}{2}$ of 12. $\frac{1}{4}$ of 12. $\frac{1}{3}$ of 12. 12—3 12—9. 12—4. 6 and 6. 7 and 5. 8 and 4. 9 and 3. 4 twos. 3 threes. 2 sixes. 2 fives. How many sticks are required to make a square? a triangle? a triangle twice as long on each side? a square of that size? an oblong two sticks long and one stick wide? Which is larger, this oblong or a page of your reader?

Second.

Read orally 247,206, 900, 920, 607. What is $\frac{1}{2}$ of 22; of 24; $\frac{2}{3}$ of 18; $\frac{3}{4}$ of 16; 5-6 of 24? Tell quickly 9 and 6; 4 and 7; 8 and 6; 7 and 5; 9 and 8; 8 less 3; 9 less 4; 7 less 3; 9 less 7; 8 less 6; 7 less 5. Add quickly 7 to 26, 36, 46, 56, 66, 76, 86. Subtract 6 from 22, 32, 42, 52, 62, 72, 82. $76 \times 6 = ?$ $49 \times 7 = ?$ $421 \div 6 = ?$ $503 \div 7 = ?$ $429 \div 8 = ?$ A chicken caught six grasshoppers in one minute. At that rate how many could be caught in $\frac{1}{2}$ hour? A ship sailed east 216 miles on Tuesday, 186 miles on Wednesday, 27 miles on Thursday, and 89 miles on Friday. How far did it sail in the four days? John ate three meals a day for three weeks; how many meals?

Third.

Read orally 20,014; 9,002; 21,417; 10,001. How many 9's in 108? 8's in 72? 6's in 54? 7's in 56? Find five pairs of factors of 36. 7-8 of 48. 4-5 of 60. 2-3 of 72. $3,752 \times 6 = ?$ $1,992 \times 7 = ?$ $40,002 \div 7 = ?$ $59,271 \div 62 = ?$ My three houses cost me \$17,025, \$2,126, and \$4,800. If I should sell them all for \$22,000 would I gain or lose, and how much? My horse, Beppo, took me to Fairfax and back in nine hours, going at the rate of eleven miles an hour. How far away is Fairfax?

Fourth.

Find mentally five pairs of factors for 96. 2-3



The Rabbits where they love to be—among the beans.

of 48. 4-9 of 108. 3-7 of 63. How many sq. in. in a sheet of paper 9 in. wide and 14 in. long? How many inches around it? How many sq. in. in the top of a stand 20 in. wide and 2½ ft. long? How wide is a field containing 442 sq. rd. if its length is 26 rd.? George sold 5 pk. 1 qt. of chestnuts at 7 cents a quart; what did he receive? How many sq. rd. in a field 16 rods long and 12 rods wide? In a field 32 rd. long there are 576 sq. rd. How wide is it? How many inches in 9 ft.? in 4 yd.?

Practical Language.

In order to teach the children how to address an envelope correctly and have them feel that their effort was not time wasted, I secured a souvenir postal card for each one in the class and had them address these to me; to be mailed while I was attending Teachers' Institute, in Lancaster.

Besides addressing the cards properly, many were the little confidential messages penned to me in the best style possible. I gave these to the class afterwards for criticism.—E. MAIE SEYFERT.

Is "None" Singular or Plural?

It is not from disregard of derivation that the speech is in any serious danger. Much more harmful is the deference mistakenly paid to it. From this results not infrequently a pedantic and even painful mode of expression in opposition to the best usage, and that too without the slightest counterbalancing advantage. A remarkable illustration of this can be seen in the case of *none* as the subject of a plural verb. When and where the outbreak of hostility to this usage first manifested itself it may not be easy to determine. Apparently it was not until of late that any one ever thought seriously of questioning the propriety of the construction. But the fact seems suddenly to have dawned upon the mind of some student of speech that *none* was a contraction of *no one*. The processes of logic were at once set in motion. *No one* is exclusively confined in its construction to the singular; it cannot be used with a verb in the plural. In that all would agree. The conclusion was at once drawn that the word derived from it must be exactly in the same situation. It was therefore highly improper to use *none* as the subject of a plural verb.

It is needless to say to any person who has made himself familiar with the best usage, either written or spoken, that *none* has been and is employed indifferently as a singular and a plural; if anything, more frequently in the latter number than in the former. The study of our best writers settles that point decisively. It is in the power of any one to decide the question for himself; and it will make little difference what is the work he takes up. At Miletus, Paul tells his followers of the bonds and afflictions which await him at Jerusalem. "But none of these things move me," he continues; according to the authorized version which adopts here the translation of the passage as found in some of the earlier sixteenth-century versions. "None deny there is a God," said Bacon in his essay on Atheism, "but those for whom it maketh that there were no God." "None are for me," Shakespeare puts in the mouth of

Richard III.; "that look into me with considerate eyes." "None are seen to do it but the people," wrote Milton in his *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*. A magazine cannot be turned into a dictionary of quotations, otherwise it would be easy to fill page after page with examples of the use of *none* as the subject of a plural verb, taken from the best writers of the language of every period, and indeed from writers of every grade of distinction from the highest to the lowest.

—THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY, in *Harper's Magazine* for February.

Notes of Lessons.

Preparation is a condition of success in teaching. It is true that a teacher ought to be prepared at a moment's notice to teach with skill and success such subjects as reading, penmanship, and arithmetic, as these form the staple of his daily employment. But there are others which cannot be satisfactorily taught without careful preparation; and there are some aims in teaching which cannot be accomplished without much previous thought. In these cases no degree of skill can do away with the necessity of a thoro preparation both of the matter and methods of a lesson. The special preparation needed will vary with the individual; but all will require adequate knowledge of the subject, accurate information, clear thought, a proper choice of matter, a right appreciation of the difficulties of the pupils, a selection of appropriate illustrations, and a well-considered mode of treatment.

It is worth while to make notes of what we read or think respecting any subject we propose to teach. Stitching a few sheets of paper together, and placing the title of the subject at the head, the paper is ruled so as to form three columns. In the center column are placed all the thoughts, facts, or illustrations, bearing on the subject, that have been met with in reading, or occurred to the mind in thinking. These are not discussed, but stated very briefly, yet with sufficient clearness to recall the ideas when wanted. In the column to the left is indicated the division of the subject to which



Comparing the relative merits of their pets.

the entry belongs; and in that to the right is marked the page of the book or manuscript where the point appears. By constant additions from reading and study, these become at length an index to one's entire readings and thinkings on the subject.

The first thing the teacher has to determine is exactly what he proposes to do; what he proposes to teach, and why he proposes to teach that. His purpose must be clear to himself. He has not only a subject to teach, but a mind to train; not only information to impart, but faculties to cultivate, and powers to discipline. His purpose must be held distinctly in view. It will determine the methods to be employed, and on it will depend the unity of the lesson, and its effects on the class. It should secure that each lesson has a beginning, a middle, and an end. For the lesson should be a whole lesson and not a mere fragment. It is equally necessary that he should determine exactly how much he will teach. A common fault with some young teachers is to attempt too much. No more should be provided than can be taken in the time. It is not the completeness of the subject, but the thoroughness of the instruction that should be the aim. A child cannot learn much in one lesson, and a group cannot learn fast. That a thing may be grasped even by one child it is often necessary to present it in many ways, but this becomes imperative if it is to be secured to all. It is also necessary to its retention that it should be presented many times. Hence, a little and well, a few ideas and thoughts thoroly inwrought, will secure the object better than a great deal

attempted. The test of success must not be the ground covered, but the culture secured. How much has been added to the child's stores, and with what discipline to his mind?

Lessons prepared for one class are seldom found exactly to suit another. It is necessary to adapt the lesson to the mental development of the children; their previous knowledge of the subject, their general attainments, and the difficulties they are likely to encounter. Notes are of value chiefly when prepared in special reference to the pupils' needs. Hence the subject must be dealt with in this light. The learner must never be out of sight, never absent from the teacher's mind. Failure must result where this is neglected. Two faults are prevalent with young teachers. One is taking up every subject from the beginning. Tho it may form one of a course, and much information may be possessed, yet the pupils get no credit for what they know, and time is wasted on preliminaries which are perfectly well known. Thus little advance is made, and the children become disgusted with the wearisome monotony. The other fault is taking subjects which imply knowledge not possessed, or starting at a point which previous attainments do not warrant. In this case the lesson makes no way, from the necessity of turning aside to explain matters which ought to have been given before the lesson was attempted. The results are the children get confused, they have nothing on which to fix their minds, the object of the lesson escapes from view, and the preparation has been thrown away.

—JOHN GILL.



How They Do It.

By MATILDA K. BEEBE, Cleveland.

MARCH has come, and with it the first faint signs of spring—the mating of birds, the swelling of buds. Therefore, many of our teachers are beginning the “Nature Work” in their schools, and the younger teachers will want hints, perhaps, as to how to begin. With a view to obtaining these hints, I visited a Madisonville, O., school recently, and this is what I found: An old building, dingy old rooms, in fact everything “behind the times” except the teachers. They were all wide awake, eager to use every good thing, and their rooms and their work showed what can be done when one is in love with his work, and will make the best of his opportunities.

I spent almost the entire morning and all the afternoon in the first grade room. I found the dingy walls covered with pictures of birds, and on the front wall, where everybody could see it, was the Madonna and Child. Somehow, whenever I enter a room in which there is a Madonna, I am sure the teacher is good—and I have never yet been disappointed. Forty little children fixed their eager eyes upon the teacher, such a sweet-faced, bright teacher. I counted five colored children. None of the children looked as if they had come from wealthy families. They were having their first “spelling lesson” when I entered. The teacher put the word “one” on the board first. The children said the word, looked at it, spelling it softly, then the teacher rubbed it out, and the children wrote it. In like manner were written and studied the words two—this—box—green; “round” and “from” were spelled and left on the board, and the children copied them, because they were the hard words. Then the teacher examined the work, and it was erased. The lesson was to be repeated the next day, without this preparation.

On the wall was a large calendar with “March” printed at the head; underneath this the word “Thursday,” and below this again the figure “6.” Everybody could readily read the words and the figure. The teacher had them tell the month, then the day, then the number of the day. One little girl cried out, “We have 25 more days this month.”

The teacher took up a glass full of twigs. When she tried to take out one of the twigs, it was found that they were almost all held together by a solid piece of ice in the tumbler—the water had frozen. “Why,” said the teacher, “someone has been here and played with our twigs.” “Jack Frost,” joyfully exclaimed the little ones. The teacher managed to extricate without breaking, a maple

twig covered with yellow blossoms. “What kind of a twig is this?” asked she. One child answered, “It is a maple twig.” “What did we see on this twig the other day?” “We saw buds.” “But see,” she continued, “are these buds?” “No—they are yellow blossoms.” “Yes, but Jack Frost came and froze them. These March days are so uncertain.” Then one little girl showed the blossoms to every member of the class. “The lilacs are beginning to tell their story too,” said the teacher. A child was called upon to show the lilac twig to the class. All looked with great interest. “What do you see on the lilac twig?” One child said, “I see something green.” “What do you think that is going to be?” was the next question. One child said, “blossoms.” Another said, “leaves.” Then the teacher said, writing the words on the board as she spoke, and the class saying the words with her. (I will put the words she wrote in brackets). “I have [two] twigs. One is a [maple] twig, and the other is a [lilac] twig. On one are [blossoms] on the other is something [green]. Anna thinks they are blossoms, but Mabel says they are [leaves]. But since we don’t know, we must [watch].” The words in brackets were written in a column. This was repeated once, to impress those words upon the children’s minds.

She continued, “If Jack Frost had not come, I would have given you each a twig to draw, but since he has fastened them in ice, I am afraid they will break; do you think you can look so well that you can draw this twig if I show it to each of you?” Of course they could. She then showed the twig (lilac) to each child. “Now let us see how long the twig is”. After they had guessed a little, she said: “Let’s measure it. Shall we measure from the end of the twig or from the end of the bud?”



April blackboard calendar, drawn by William Mason, supervisor of drawing in the public schools of Philadelphia.

They suggested "from the end of the twig." So the ruler was taken, and it was found to be $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. "Is the twig very straight?" said she, laying it against a slate. "No." She then laid it against the board. "Now you may make the line for the twig." "Now make it as thick as you think it ought to be. Make it as smooth as the *real* lilac twig." After drawing it herself, she walked from seat to seat, having the children measure, having them compare to see whether their twig was thick enough. "Now where is the largest bud?" "On top." "What shape is it?" "Is it long, pointed at end, thick in the middle?" She drew the bud with them. "Now I'm going to walk around quickly and show you the *scales*." "Now you make scales first." After these were made, she said: "I'll show you how *I* would make them." Then she drew the scales, explaining as she drew. In the same manner she showed the other buds and had them draw *first*; then she drew them and walked about as before, comparing and correcting. "Now, what do you suppose is going to happen here, where that queer little thick place is?" "A bud is coming," one said. "Put it on." After all had finished, she wrote, "See my lilac twig." They read it softly, then loudly. "Now write the story."

Of course it would have been better if each child had his own twig, but who will say this lesson was lost? I examined the work; it was *thoughtfully* done.

In the afternoon class the first question was, "Who can tell me a song appropriate for this afternoon?" "Jack Frost," said one. This song was sung well by individuals and by class; also "Pussy Willow." Then they spoke of the day. "It is Wednesday. It is the month of March. It is March 6." The weather—"It is cold; sun-

shiny; windy. "There is a west wind." The children named the birds they had seen on the way to school—blue jays, robins, red-birds, sparrows. So many had seen red-birds, that one-half of the class drew a red-bird from a colored plate. The other half read a story about the moon from a large square copy suspended by a wire drawn across the top of the blackboard. The teacher had printed the story by means of her own printing press.

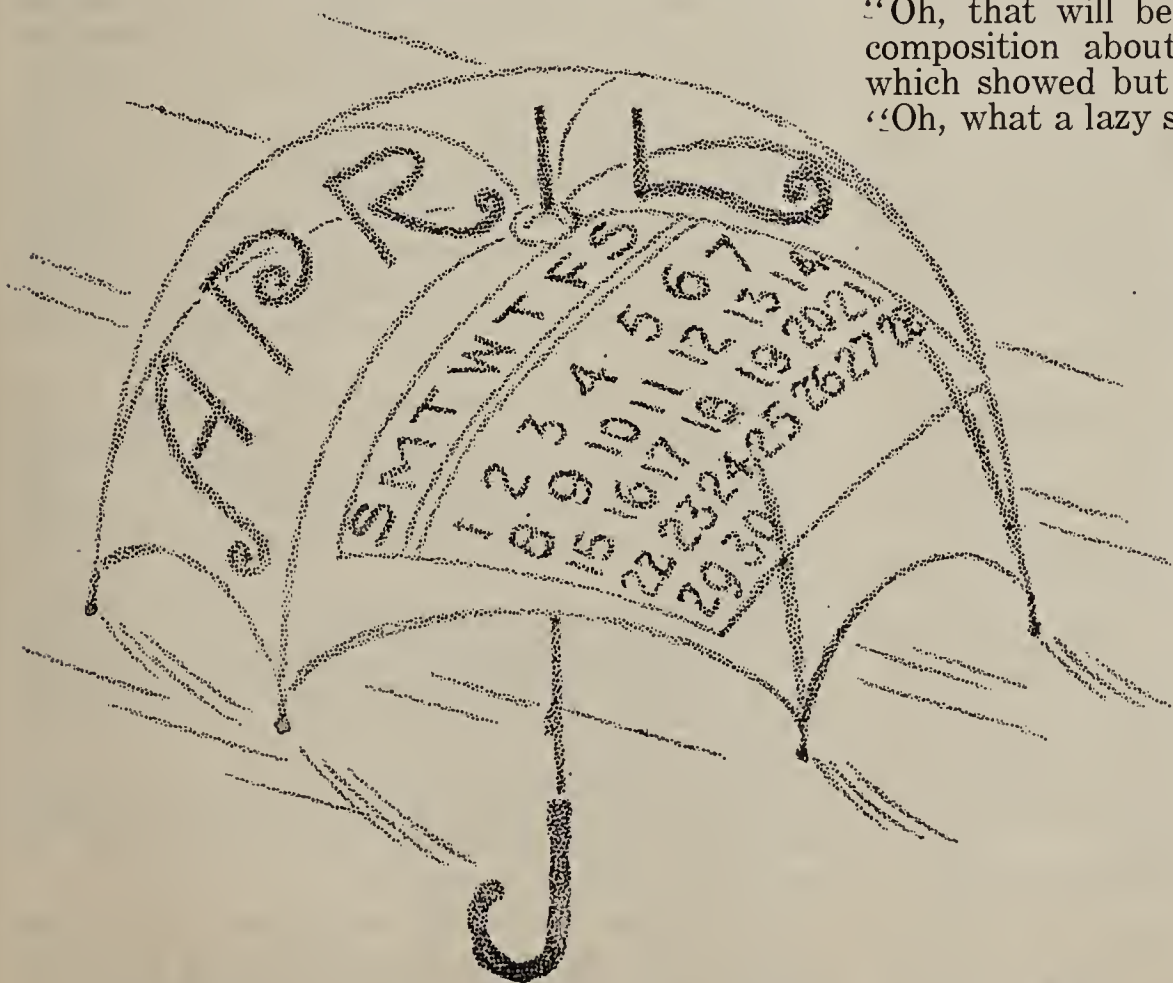
Instead of standing, the children sat in little chairs, facing the copy. Those in seats were as busy as bees. The reading class studied each story softly, and if a new word occurred, the teacher would sound out loud, pointing to the word "r-i-v-e-r-s," etc. Then they would hold up hands and one would be called upon to read. After the lesson had been prepared, each child was called upon to read several lines. They drew a bow on the board, to show how the moon looked last week. The lesson said: "Last week you were curved and shaped like a bow." Then a ring to show how it looked this week. "This week you are round and shaped like an O." They were bright and interested, and went to seats singing "Chickadee." Then they also drew the red-bird and wrote stories about it; and the other class read from "Baldwin's Primer."

Then all ran out of the room; and came running back, singing a merry motion song. Then they rested heads on desk, while the teacher sang a "Go to sleep" song. When she sang "Wake up" all joined her heartily.

All wrote their names. Then they told stories about March. "March is a windy month." "Some days are warm, and some are cold." "We have had six days in March." "The wind rocks the Pussy-willows." "In March the buds begin to grow." "In March the robins come." Whenever a good story was told, the teacher would say: "Oh, that will be a fine story to put into our composition about March." If one was given which showed but little thought, she would say, "Oh, what a lazy story."

Before writing the composition, they were reminded that every sentence or story begins with a *capital*; it ends with a period. If a question is asked, it ends with a question mark. Some of the words were written on the board, as the children told the stories; but even while they wrote, they felt free to ask the teacher how to spell certain words, and she as freely wrote the words for them, spelling them as she wrote, unless the word was already on board, in which case they were told to look. When the children had finished the compositions, (they still wrote on slates), the stories were corrected, and many of them read out loud.

We must prevent the children from expressing detached thoughts, and imagining they are thus writing a composition



April blackboard calendar, drawn by William Mason, supervisor of drawing in the public schools of Philadelphia.

Observation Lessons in Nature-Study

In 1903 the National Educational Association appointed a committee to investigate the feasibility of industrial education in schools, for rural communities. In its report, recently issued, this committee gives many helpful suggestions with regard to the teaching of nature study, suited both to city and to country schools. The illustrative lessons given below are intended to serve as models to teachers everywhere.

First Grade.—The Chick.

Purpose of the lesson.—To teach the child to think about a bird's life and form.

The lesson.—The young child is far more interested in what a bird does and how it does it than in knowing the names of kinds of birds. For beginning bird study, there is no better object than the chick—it may be studied at home or in the school-room—and by comparing the habits and form of the chick with those of familiar birds, the child will begin bird study with the right sort of understanding and mental attitude. The canary is also a good subject for first grade work.

In the following lesson the children should study the chick itself and should be led by the teacher to see the points covered by the questions. The ideal way for conducting this lesson is to have a chick in the school-room for three or four days and allow the children to observe it during recess. A chick a day or two old is best for this. If the teacher choose, it may be well to begin the study with a talk about the egg, its shape, its color, and its contents. The teacher should tell that the function of parts of the contents of the egg is to nourish the chick as it grows within the egg. This may be compared with the meat of chestnuts or walnuts or the starchy part of the grain of a kernel of corn. A little talk may be given also about the way the hen makes her nest and the length of time required for incubation.

What is the color of the chick above and below? What markings has it? Can you tell by the color of the chick what will be its color when it is grown?

What is the chick covered with? How does this covering differ from that of the hen?

How does the young chick get its food? How does the young robin get its food?

Describe the eye of the chick; can it see straight ahead as we do? Why does it turn its head to one side and then to the other when it looks at you? Is this the way the young robin sees?

What does the chick eat, and where does it get its food?

Describe the beak and tell how it is adapted to collect the food.

Does the chick chew its food before swallowing it? Why?

How does the chick drink? Why does it drink this way?

Where are the chick's ears? Does it learn readily certain sounds so that it comes to its food when you call?

What sounds does the old hen make which the chickens obey?

Can the chicken smell? What makes you think so?

Can you see the beginning of the comb? What is the comb?

Describe the chicken's foot and leg. Describe the toes. Which is the longest? Make a picture of a chicken's track.

What are the chick's feet used for besides to walk on? Does the chick or hen walk, hop, or waddle when it goes rapidly?

Can the chick fly? Has it any wings? Can the hen fly like the robin or the crow? How far can a hen fly? Why can she not fly farther? Why does she not need to fly at all? Compare the size of the hen's wings with her body, and the size of the robin's or sparrow's wings with its body to answer this question.

Where will the young chick put its head while sleeping after it is grown up? Why does it not do that now?

Did the chick get out of the egg by its own exertion, or did the hen assist it?

Look at the bill of the chick less than a week old and note the little tooth on the tip of the upper part of the beak. What is this for? Is it present on older chickens?

Second Grade.—The Robin.

Purpose of the lesson.—To lead the child to understand the relation of the bird to the season; to observe its food and the reasons for its migration; the time and manner of building nests and the care given to the young.

The lesson.—The robin is chosen for this lesson; as in most localities of the eastern and central United States it lives its life before the eyes of all, except perhaps those who are in the large cities. Therefore, it is a perfectly familiar object and may be studied thoroly by even the younger children.

The work will naturally begin in the spring, as that is the time when the child is most interested in birds; and the first lesson naturally is on migration.

Are the robins here all winter? If not where do they go? Which direction is South? How is the South different from the North in winter? Do the robins go south because it is warmer? If so, why do they return when the snow is still on the ground, and the cold weather of March is still here?

What does the robin eat? What does it eat when it first comes North? How long after it comes before it can get the earthworms? Why can it not get the earthworms at first? Bring out from this the fact that the frozen ground may prevent.

The English sparrow is here all winter. Is the sparrow any less afraid of the cold than the robin? Bring out the fact that the robin's food differs from the food of these other birds.

How many colors are there on the robin? What is the color of its breast; top of head; back; wings; tail; legs; beak; the border around its eyes? Is there any white on the robin?

Where does the robin stay when not on the ground? When on the ground, what is it doing? When hunting for earthworms, how does it act? Bring out the fact that it runs a little distance and

stops, and goes a little distance again, as if listening to find whether the worms are working near the surface. How does it pull earthworms out of the ground? Do the robins that come first have breasts the same color as those that come later? Why?

What is the robin's song? Where does the robin sit when it sings? Does it ever sing on the ground? What other notes does it make beside song? Do the robins "talk" to each other?

Where does the robin build its nest? What material does it use? Do the father and mother bird both build the nest? What is the lining of the robin's nest? What is the color of the robin's egg? Do the father and mother bird take turns in sitting on the eggs? How long after the eggs are laid before they hatch? Does the little robin when first hatched look like its parents? It is blind and it stays in the nest and it has no feathers; while the little chick can see from the first and is covered with feathers. How is the young robin fed? How is it kept warm? Do both the father and mother bird feed the young robins? How do the young birds act when the old ones come to the nest? Is the robin's nest kept clean? When the young robins first come out of the nest how do they act? How does the breast of the young robin differ in color from that of the parent? What will become of the young robin next October? If it goes South, how will it know how to get there?

Third Grade: Feathers.

Purpose of the lesson.—To teach the child what the plumage of birds is, and what relation it bears to the life and actions of birds.

The lesson.—This is an excellent lesson for the third grade after the pupils have learned something of the peculiarities of bird life thru the study of the chicken and robin. First, choose a feather from the tail of a fowl, and an ostrich or peacock feather, and elicit the likenesses and differences by observations, somewhat according to the following plan:

How are these feathers alike? Bring out in this that there is a central part, the quill or shaft, and from each side of both are the barbs; that along each side of the barb is a little fringe made up of smaller divisions which are called barbels. The names of these divisions should be learned entirely incidentally to the study of the feather itself, and not committed to memory as a lesson.

The differences in the feathers may be brought out in the following questions: Are the barbs as close together on the ostrich or peacock feather as on the feather of the hen? Are they the same color? Are they the same texture? Can you suggest a reason for this difference in form, color; and texture? Bring out in this that the close web of the tail feather of the fowl makes the tail strong and useful as a rudder during flight, while the tail feathers of the peacock are purely ornamental and are a hindrance to the flight of the bird. After the parts of the feather have been mastered, then give a lesson from the domestic fowl, choosing a feather from the breast, the wing, and the tail.

Breast feather: Have the pupils describe its shape and appearance noting particularly that the barbs extend almost to the base of the quill. Are the barbs near the base of the feather the same

in appearance as those at the tip? Bring out the fact that the barbs near the base are fluffy and soft, while those at the tip are stiff and of firm web. Which part of the feather lies underneath and which outside? Bring out the utility of the two parts of this feather, the soft and underpart being for the underclothing of the bird, and the stiff or outer part being for the outer garments.

Wing Feather: Are the barbs on one side as long as they are on the other? Do the longer barbs belong to the outside or front side of the wing, or to the back and inner side? How does this arrangement make the wing strong? Is the quill of the wing feather curved? Which side is uppermost, the convex or the concave side? Which way does the quill bend the easiest? What does this have to do with the flight of the bird?

How does the bird fly? This may be taught in several ways; but it should be clearly demonstrated that the bird lifts itself by pushing down with its wings against the air, as a boy jumps by pushing down against his vaulting pole. If practicable; the jumping from a step to the ground with a spread umbrella will give the child some idea of the way that the air resists and holds up the surface pressed down upon it. After this lesson in the buoyancy in the air, the wing of a fowl should be examined and the fact that it is concave and stiff on the down stroke and convex and limber on the up-stroke should be shown so that the child may understand why the bird, when lifting itself by striking the wings down, does not push itself down when it lifts its wings up. The wing from a fowl ordinarily used for sweeping and dusting, may be used to show the arrangement of feathers in the wing, the way they overlap and the arrangement of the shorter feathers.

Tail Feather: Is the quill of the tail feather curved? If so, is the curve like that of the wing feather? Are the barbs on either side of the quill equal in length and similar in arrangement, or are they one-sided like the wing feather?

By watching a bird flying, bring out the fact that the tail when spread acts as a rudder in balancing the bird and in guiding flight. Observations should be made on the different shapes of the tail of the robin and of the hen, and how the tails of each look when the bird is at rest and when it is flying. What other purposes than that of flight do the tail feathers serve? For this study the feathers of the peacock; the chimney-swift and woodpecker to show that one of these is for ornamentation and the other for use in bracing the bird up against the surface to which it is clinging.

General Questions on Feathers: What are the general differences in color of plumage between the hen and rooster, the turkey gobbler and the turkey hen, the male and female oriole? Bring out from such questions as these the fact that ornamentation and bright feathers make the birds attractive to their mates, and that the dull color of the mother bird lessens the danger of detection when on her nest.

Bring out all of the purposes that feathers serve to birds: for warmth, by the fluffy part of the breast feathers and the down; as covering, by the smooth web of the overlapping tips of feathers and that these are made waterproof by oiling; for

flight, as the feathers are used to strike against the air and lift the bird up; also that some tail feathers are used for props in climbing, and finally that there is utility in the beauty of the feathers of our brightly plumaged birds. Lest the pupils believe the widespread fallacy that "the birds' feathers make them lighter," the feathers should be weighed to show that they are no lighter than air; at the same time they should be studied with a view to bringing out the fact that they are as light as need be, and at the same time strong.

The above lesson may be correlated with drawing, both with pencil and in the case of the brighter colored feathers with water color.

Fourth or Fifth Grade.—Ecology.

Purpose of the lesson.—To relate bird life to its environment and also to the life of the pupil.

The lesson.—A few of the common birds that are of the greatest economical importance should be studied: the chickadee, the oriole, the blue bird, the phoebe, and the king bird are good subjects. The pupil should become familiar with the appearance of each. In order to do this, he should be able to describe the bird; this is an excellent lesson in careful observation. First, the pupils should be able to determine the size of a bird; this he can do by comparing it with the robin or the English sparrow. Second, the color in general, that is, gray, blue, or brown. Third, the colors of the different parts of the bird: the color of the breast, throat, top of the head, eye markings, top of the back, wings, tail, and under parts. An excellent way to fix such markings in the mind is to have an outline of the bird, and in the drawing lesson let him fill in the colors where they belong. Of course it would be far more desirable to have the pupil sketch the outline also. The pupil should endeavor to determine whether these colors and markings have any special relation to the welfare of the bird; whether they afford protection from enemies or otherwise help to adapt the bird to its environment.

After the color is fixed in the pupil's mind, the question of the food of birds should be discussed. This will have to be largely an information lesson on the part of the teacher, but correlated with this information, the pupil should make observations on how the bird gets its food. The chickadee hunts over the twigs and buds of trees for insect eggs; the blue-birds get much of their food on the ground by taking cut-worms, locusts, crickets, and grasshoppers; the oriole hunts for

caterpillars on the leaves; the king bird and phoebe perch in some open place and dart into the air after flies and beetles. All this may be observed by the child of any town or country, except the large cities.

An excellent way to impress on the pupil the economic importance of birds is to get from the Department of Agriculture, Washington, the bulletin on the food of nestling birds, and have the pupils make drawings similar to those on Plates 50 and 51, showing diagrammatically the proportion of the different insects used by the common birds for food.

If the teacher desires, this line of inquiry may be further developed by considering the habits and food of crows, hawks, owls; also of pugnacious and destructive birds, as English sparrow and shrike.

Bird Houses: With the knowledge that the birds are beneficial there comes to the child the natural desire to protect them and make them comfortable. If the pupils have manual training, let them make bird houses as a part of their work; if not, encourage them to make these houses at home and put them in the trees or on buildings nearby, where their occupants may be watched. Blue birds and martins are most desirable tenants for these houses. A study should also be made of the ways of making birds comfortable, as follows: Methods of keeping the cats from taking birds and their nestlings; feeding the winter birds with suet, and thus attracting them to the orchards where they will destroy insects in their winter quarters; giving special attention to the protection of nests during the nesting season; placing pans of fresh water where the birds will find it; the planting of trees and shrubs which the birds find attractive for protection, nesting, and food.



Building a Home-Made Rabbit Hutch.

The home-manufactured hutch will serve all the purposes of the more elaborate "boughten" hutch, and the building will mean a whole day of wholesome, helpful fun, out of school hours. TEACHERS MAGAZINE is indebted for this photograph to Dr. Edward F. Bigelow, the great leader of live nature study in this country.

The Maples in Spring

By Clarence M. Weed, State Normal School, Lowell, Mass.

OF all the living things of the outdoor world which may be utilized in the nature study in the schools the trees may fairly claim a leading place. They are found practically everywhere that schools flourish; they are always present at any season of the year; they change from week to week and from month to month, so that they present in spring and summer and autumn and winter varying phases of great interest and beauty. Perhaps more important than all else they furnish for the taking a great wealth of material with the infinite variety of nature, which may be brought into the school-room for actual first-hand contact by the pupils. In autumn the wonderful hues of the falling leaves as well as the glorious forms and colors of the maturing fruits furnish an almost embarrassing richness of material to the teacher. In winter the leaves and branches of the evergreens as well as the buds and twigs of the deciduous trees offer almost equally interesting opportunities for study. In spring and summer the buds unfolding into leaves and blossoms and the blossoms maturing into fruits provide again a wealth of material so vast that one must select with discretion that which is to be used in school work.

The commonly recommended practice of choosing for study thruout the year a single tree has great disadvantages. The pupils do not get the opportunity for comparison and for a wider range of vital knowledge of their environment that they could easily get by choosing instead the trees of a given family. In the very brief articles of which this is the first, I should like to indicate a study of the maples during the months of April, May, and June, which may be carried on with very limited time for study but which should result in a vital acquaintance with a group of our most abundant and interesting trees. Such a study as I shall indicate should easily be carried on in any of the upper grades, at least as low as the fifth and very likely even in the fourth.

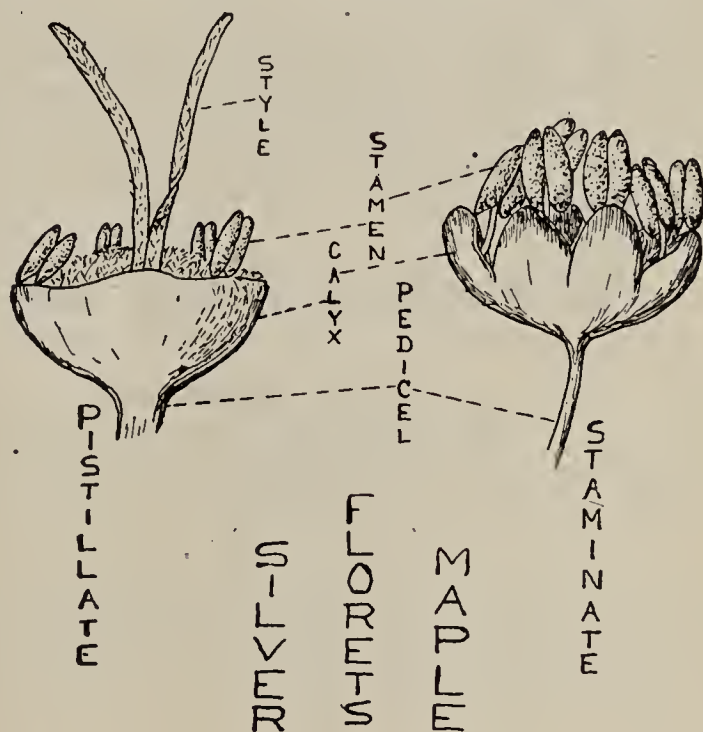
The precise manner in which this study is carried on will vary of course, with the pupils and the teacher, but it will utterly fail of its purpose if the pupils are not brought into direct first-hand contact with the tree itself and the developing flowers and leaves from them. It is not at all essential that they should be taken out to see the trees; altho this may be desirable after they have made a study indoors of the buds and blossoms. It is extremely desirable that they should make drawings of the flowers and the twigs that bear them and that they should also make drawings from time to time of the developing fruits. If time permits it will be desirable that they write brief descriptive essays of the parts they have drawn, and that each should make a booklet of drawings, descriptions, and poetic selections, the booklet to have some such title as "Maples in Spring."

The sequence of the study of the maples during the weeks of spring and early summer may be indicated as follows:

1st week.	Flowers of Silver Maple.
2d "	" " Red "
3d "	" " Norway "
4th "	" " Sugar "
5th "	" " Ash-leaved Maple.
6th "	" " Sycamore "
7th "	Fruits of Silver "
8th "	" " Red "
9th "	" " Norway "
10th "	" " Ash-leaved and Sugar Maple.
11th "	Seedlings of White Maple.
12th "	" " Red Maple.

The Silver Maple.

One of the very first trees to come into blossom in the spring is the silver maple or white maple. These flowers generally appear in the latter part of March, even in the most northern states. The flower buds are crowded together commonly at the ends of short branches, each bud containing from three to five blossoms. For the most part the flowers in a single bud contain but one set of essential organs in a well developed condition. In



those flowers in which the pistils are well developed the stamens are abortive or entirely wanting; while in those flowers in which the stamens are well developed the pistils are abortive or wanting.

Sometimes a single tree will have one kind of blossoms almost entirely; sometimes a single branch will have one kind of blossoms exclusively, and sometimes the two kinds of flowers will grow side by side upon the tip of the same twig. In the staminate blossoms the calyx is light yellowish green with five rather indistinct lobes and with four to six stamens projecting far beyond the end of the calyx by means of the long, slender white styles which bear upon their tips the brownish black, rather small anthers. These anthers open very soon after the stamens are pushed out and shed nearly all of their pollen, a fact which indicates an adaptation to wind pollination. The developing anthers are reddish and the pistillate

blossoms are conspicuous on account of the crimson styles thickly covered with stigmatic papillæ. These styles arise from the large woolly ovary that occupies most of the space within the calyx. The stamens are commonly present in the form of fairly well developed anthers with very short filaments.

Altho the myriad honey bees may be seen on warm days gathering an abundance of pollen from the flowers, the silver maple seems to be essentially a wind pollenized species. This is indicated by the lack of petals, the sudden maturing of the stamens, the manner of shedding the pollen, and the absence of nectar and odor.

The Red Maple.

The flowers of the red maple generally begin to open a week or ten days later than those of the silver maple, commonly being borne in clusters on the sides of the branches and generally opening early in April.

Usually from four to ten flowers arise from a single bud. Each flower has a distinct cylindrical stalk or pedicel about one-eighth of an inch long, and the condition as to staminate and pistillate blossoms is very similar to that described for the white maple. The staminate flowers have typically five sepals, five petals, and five stamens, with the pistil abortive or wanting. The yellow pollen adheres to the open anthers.

The bud scales, sepals, petals, and filaments are bright ruby red; the open anthers are deep crimson and the well developed disc is yellowish, with drops of transparent nectar distinctly visible on its surface. The ovary of pistillate flowers is



Blossom of Norway Maple.

smooth with a style separating into two large stigmatic lobes.

The blossoms have a slight odor and are very freely visited by bees, the adaptation to these insects as pollen carriers being indicated by the presence of petals, nectar, and odor, and the fact that the pollen remains upon the open anthers.

Norway Maple.

In eastern cities, where the Norway maple has been very generally planted as a shade tree, the beautiful flowers appear soon after those of the red maple. When the flowers are opening the leaf buds begin to expand, the inner bud scales elongating and the four anterior ones commonly spread-

ing out to form a St. Andrew's cross. The young leaves, folded like a fan, are shining light green and the veins are generally dotted with tiny round particles.

The comparatively large, greenish yellow flowers are borne in drooping compound clusters, the pollen-bearing and the seed-bearing flowers generally being on different trees. There are five sepals and five petals, the former larger than the latter, arranged around the outer margin of the large central nectar-bearing disc. In the staminate flowers the eight stamens arise from this disc, each starting from a distinct depression. In the pistillate flowers the stamens are upon very short filaments, altho they are fairly well developed. The pistil occupies the center of the flower, with a large double ovary and two large styles which project far beyond the anthers.

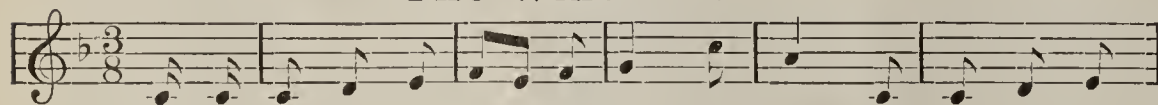
The blossoms have a distinct sweetish odor which, with the conspicuous color, serves to attract bees that gather the abundant nectar and incidentally carry the pollen from the staminate to the pistillate flowers.

An Action Song for March.

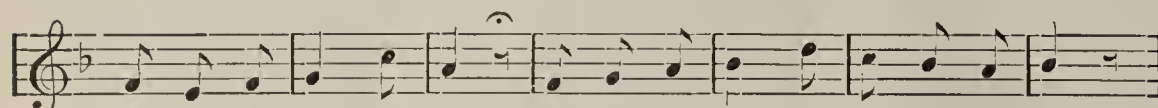
(The little ones will enjoy it. Let them stand in a circle and swing arms. Clap hands at the proper time).

The Windmill.

From the German.



Where the wind blows his best there stands my mill, High up on the



top of a breez-y hill; Bring me your corn, O mill-erman, do,



That I may grind it fine for you; Bring me your corn, O mil-ler man,



do, That I may grind it fine for you. The more the wind blows, the



fast-er it goes a-round, a-round, In a cir-cle a-round, High



up, clip clap! Low down, clip clap! High up, clip clap! Low down, clip clap!

Lesssons of the Rain

A Program for Rainy Days in the School-Room or for Nature Study Days

By Annie Stevens Perkins

1. SONG. The Rain. "Kindergarten Chimes."
Kate Douglas Wiggin.

2. READING OR CONCERT RECITATION. "The
Rainy Day." H. W. Longfellow.

3. QUOTATIONS. To be read at the desk.

A. The clouds consign their treasures to the
fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture
flow
In large effusion o'er the freshened world.
—THOMPSON'S "Season."

B. Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow un-
rolled
Its soft tinted pinions of purple and gold.
'Twas born in a moment yet, quick as its
birth,
It had stretched to the uttermost ends of
the earth;
And, fair as an angel, it floated as free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on
the sea. —A. B. WELBY.

C. How it pours, pours, pours,
In a never-ending sheet!
How it drives beneath the doors!
How it soaks the passer's feet!
How it rattles on the shutter,
How it rumples up the lawn!
How 'twill sigh and moan and mutter;
From darkness until dawn!
—ROSSITER JOHNSON, "Rhyme of the Rain."

D. Last night, above the whistling wind,
I heard the welcome rain,
A fusilade upon the roof,
A tattoo on the pane:
The key-hole piped; the chimney top
A warlike trumpet blew.
—BRET HARTE.

E. What skilful limner ere could choose
To paint the rainbow's varying hues;
Unless to mortal it were given
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven.
SCOTT, "Marmion," Canto 6, Stanza 5.

F. 'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds
creep
From leaf to leaf: 'tis sweet to view
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the
sky.
—BYRON, "Don Juan," Canto 1.

G. My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man:
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.
—WORDSWORTH.

H. We knew it would rain, for the poplars
showed
The white of their leaves; the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind, and the lightning
now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!
—T. B. ALDRICH.

I. The winds with hymns of praise are loud;
Or low with sobs of pain,—
The thunder-organ or the cloud;
The dropping tears of rain.

J. And now the thickened sky like a dark
ceiling stood,
Down rushed the rain impetuous.
—MILTON.

K. I bring fresh showers for the thirsting
flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
—SHELLEY.

L. Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the
clouds away
And tints to-morrow with prophetic
ray!
—BYRON.

4. RAIN SONG. (To be sung to the tune of
Juanita.)

O'er earth's parched furrows
Gently falls the kindly rain.
Gladly the blossoms
Lift their heads again.
Tall trees whisper softly
Or, rejoicing, loudly cry
Gratefully to heaven
When the shower is nigh.

Chorus.

Rain-drops, oh, rain-drops;
Sweet the mission you fulfill!
Rain-drops, bright rain-drops
Splashing pane and sill!

Earth wakes to beauty
Tho it erst in dust hath lain;
When comes refreshing
In the welcome rain.
While all nature voices
Praise and thanks for showers sweet;
Shall I not, too, join them
And their song repeat?

5. READING. "Rain in Summer." Long-
fellow.

6. READING. "The Summer Shower." T. B.
Read.

The Story of Five Little Rain-Drops.

To be Given by Small Children.

First Rain-Drop.

I fell on a rose and it smiled and said,
As it joyfully lifted its drooping head,
"Have you really and truly come, dear Rain?"
I had grown so faint with thirst and pain!"

Second Rain-Drop.

I fell on a tired traveler's hand
As he journeyed across the dusty land;
And he looked above in gratitude.
He did not speak but I understood.

Third Rain-Drop.

I fell on the cheek of a moaning child,
In a tropical land, where a mother wild
With anguish watched thru the fervid heat;
Till I came, no hope in her pulses beat.

Fourth Rain-Drop.

I fell on the farmer's parched field
And he cried, "It will save the season's yield!"
For rain meant much to him and to all
Who would need the harvesting of the fall.

Fifth Rain-Drop.

Poor me! I fell on a window-pane
And a child cried out, "Oh, the horrid rain!"
And he stamped and fussed, for he could not go,
Until to-morrow, to see the show!

8. Song. "The Summer Rain." Uncle Sam's
School Songs. (Hope Pub. Co., Chicago.)
This is a very pretty song. Imitate the "pat-
ter," in the chorus.

9. Recitation. The first to be given by one of
the older pupils, the second, by a bright, little
girl.

The Rain.

EDWIN L. SABIN.

All day the locusts in the trees
Had scraped and scraped their piercing song;
All day before a lifeless breeze
The stifling dust had rolled along.
The sky was brazen with the heat.
The sun was like a flaming sword,
And earth nor pavement to the feet
A spot of coolness would afford.
Mankind grew faint—and e'en the fly
Appeared to seek some friendly shade.
The panting dog, with half-shut eye,
Stretched limp, his dripping tongue displayed.
The world a furnace. What could now
Avail against the summer's bane?—
When, sudden, from a topmost bough,
Pealed forth the robin's call for rain!
Sweet, clear, insistent, bold it rang
Defiance to the deadly blight,
And in the hearts of all upsprang
A blessing on the feathered knight.
But still there fumed the brazen sky;
And still there hung the choking dust;
And we of little faith stood by
And hoped, and prayed, but did not trust.
Undaunted, cheery, piped the bird—
The breeze with freshness seemed endowed—

The locust's rasp no more was heard—
The far horizon bore a cloud!
Another! Then, in dense design,
Came mass on mass, of leaden hue.
Across the heavens swept the line.
The rain was here. The robin knew.

It Isn't Raining Rain To Me.

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers in the hills.
And clouds of gray engulf the day
And overwhelm the town.
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.
It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom;
Where any buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room.
A health unto the happy,
A fig for him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

—ROBERT LOVEMAN.

10. EXERCISE. "After the rain."

Two tiny boys wearing big rubber boots and
caps and coats enter, the first carrying a toy boat,
the other, a shovel.

First Boy.

I'm sure it is plain,
If there weren't any rain
No beautiful puddles there'd be,—
No water to float
My gay little boat
No grumbling or fuss then from me!

Second Boy.

When down from the hills
Run the gay little rills
Right merry and jolly I am.
My shovel I take—
And it's almost a lake
That is made when I build a big dam.

Two tiny girls enter, wearing coats, caps, and
overshoes. The first carries three little china dolls
the second, an iron spoon and little tin cover.

First Girl.

When brother is sailing his gay little boat,
I furnish the passengers,—sweetest a-float!
He always is willing the dollies should go.
Oh, the rain brings us just the best fun that we
know!

Second Girl.

I'm sure there is nothing I'd rather we'd play
Than making mud pies, for I know just the way.
I'm always quite patient whenever it pours
For soon we'll be having such fun, out-of-doors!

CLOSING SONG. Rain Upon the Roof. "Song
Crown." F. J. Huntington.

[The song is also published in "Flag of the Free," and
other collections. It is always a favorite with schools.
Every school should use it, occasionally. It is very
bright,—an imitative song.]

NOTE.—It is well for pupils to know how much has been
written and sung about the rain. Much is gained in char-
acter when a boy or girl meets the vicissitudes of nature
philosophically. We can help them.

Mary Kingwood's School--Story of a Teacher's Success

By Corinne Johnson, Pennsylvania

(Continued from the January number.)

Sixth Month.

THE days were quickly passing. Half of the school term was over, and what lessons had been learned! More and more each day was the thought impressed on Miss Kingwood, "We become like the thing we admire." She knew that this was only another way of saying that our ideal is the motive which impels us forward, and she could see that in every act the children held her as an authority on every subject, and that she was the model by which ideals were formed by them.

A mother told her that some little girls were playing school one day. A dispute arose and the fond mother was called to decide the question. There was a slight difference between the mother's decision and Miss Kingwood's way, and the ever-ready defense was made, "No, Miss Kingwood doesn't do it that way." Realizing the situation, Miss Kingwood felt the responsibility, and a higher resolve entered into her mind relative to future work.

In thinking over the work for February she decided that the organizing principle of the month's work should be "love." She began with that which comes closest to the little child—the mother love and the home love, gradually thru the talks of the month, to the love for heroes, working up to love of country, and not stopping short of that greatest of all—the Divine love.

February, the shortest month of the year, has many attractions for the children, yet Miss Kingwood did not overload "the course" this month, but carefully and deliberately instilled into their little hearts the spirit of patriotism. It seemed easy to do this, for the spirit of thankfulness and of giving during the previous months paved the way for this phase of the work to be emphasized.

She told them stories of Lincoln and Washington, and when their literary work was to be given, a special program relating to these two great men was prepared. Experience in past years had taught Miss Kingwood the dangers of "the patriotic month." Boys so love to hear of wars, and listen so eagerly for martial drum-beats that before we think of it war and fighting are associated in their hearts with the Washington stories. It is very easy for a boy to imagine that great things must be done in order to make a heroic life. Here then was the opportunity to show the existence of quiet, self-sacrificing heroism. In fact every day offered an opportunity to show the children this phase of life as practised among the poor and lowly, of which heroism the world never learns.

As Miss Kingwood had often said, it is not necessary to teach certain lessons at stated times, but it seems fitting to teach special subjects at certain times. Not that the children should be encouraged to be more patriotic in February than in any other month, but so long as America keeps green the memory of George Washington by a national observance of his birthday, so long will

February be honored with the best impression of love for country.

But what can a primary teacher do in four short weeks, thought Miss Kingwood. In answer she said, "We will do what we can and leave the rest for the children to learn as they go on in the life way." There are so many things that suggest themselves in these early hours of school life that can only be given a passing word, but the word given without bias is the seed of future growth, and looking into the future with a beautiful faith in the teachers that should come after her Miss Kingwood carefully planted the seeds of good citizenship at every advantageous point thruout the month, so that in the succeeding weeks of the term she might refer to them as mile-posts along the citizen way.

In visiting the other grades Miss Kingwood noticed at one time that they were writing about James Russell Lowell and at another time about Longfellow, and when occasion offered she talked of these great poets and taught short quotations from their poems. But as the morning talks contained the essence of all the lessons for the day the list of subjects was long and varied.

At the beginning of the month, keeping in view the growth in natural science, they talked of the length of the days, the temperature, the birds that were back from a brief visit to warmer climates; the holidays and short reviews of their lessons about the heavenly bodies. But the history theme was the one Miss Kingwood had uppermost in her mind for this month and all else must center in history.

Lincoln's birthday coming the first of the natal days of the great characters to be studied, Miss Kingwood told the story of his life in such a delightful, simple way that the children not only admired but loved him. She told many short stories of his life and work.

Incidentally the growth of cotton came into the discussion. One child said, "I have a cotton ball, may I bring it?" Of course she could bring it. That was just what was wanted. The lesson with it need not be recited here. The children had pictures of cotton fields. They saw the little black children with their fathers and mothers picking cotton, filling their baskets and carrying them on their heads to barns or sheds where it lay until it was thoroly dry so it could be sent to the great mills to be made into cloths of various kinds to clothe the people of the world.

In response to the question, "Who can name something made from cotton," all wanted to speak at once. This eagerness was controlled by a gentle word, and a long list of articles was named and written down, a short step in a systematic study of the mechanical arts, for before the lesson was done, they talked of cotton gins, spinning machines, looms, print works, wholesale stores, retail stores, dress patterns, thread, needles, sewing machines, and all the attendant materials and

instruments and machines that enter into the making of a garment. They were getting into touch with another of the great institutions unconsciously, and in future years much of the force that men and women, grown out of this school, would throw into their business relations, would date from these beginnings.

In connection with the study of the men of this month many lessons in politeness and kindness were garnered up, and the very helpful memory gem, "Politeness is to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way," was very helpful in the control of the class.

The volume of subject matter that presented itself grew so large that Miss Kingwood felt that she could easily have utilized another month; for their work relating to Lincoln, Lowell, Washington, and Longfellow was so far reaching that it supplied material for language lessons in every phase, for history, science, geography, sociology, and every other phase of her work as she saw it in relation to the coming school years of the children before her.

Valentine day was not overlooked, Miss Kingwood saw its use and noted what a source of pleasure it was to the children. She put it above the vulgar plane. She told the children about the good saint and how when he was old he sent loving messages to those who were sick and needed something to cheer them up. They made valentines for father and mother, and had a valentine box in which were mailed valentines to teacher and pupils. Miss Kingwood very thoughtfully dropped in one for each pupil, so no one would be missed, and when the box was opened several pupils were appointed to be mail carriers and deliver the valentines. Here again was the lesson of giving, for those who had sent many were happier than those who received many.

Then came the study of Washington, the boy; always polite, courteous and thoughtful for the comfort of those about them. She told them how he gave up his desire to be a sailor for his mother's sake, told of his life as a soldier and president, and the many stories of his eventful career, which is of living interest to old and young. On his birthday, Miss Kingwood had planned a surprise for the children. She had taken red, white and blue paper and let them fold "General's Hats," and when they marched out that evening each one was allowed to wear this hat. What a delighted company of fifty! They marched like soldiers down the walk, and as Miss Kingwood watched them, her heart throbbed in response to her great love for every one, and she thought what school would be without any one of them.

The song they seemed to like best during this month was "America." Every day someone asked, "May we sing 'America'?" And when they sang it, the very air seemed filled with patriotism. They learned also "The Children's Hour," and as they repeated the sweet lines they lived thru the experiences of the poem with exhilarating joy.

Thus far the month's work had been a continuous pleasure, but the echo from that evening march was soon to come into their lives in painful reality. Its shadow fell over the threshold one

day when little James came not to school. James had not missed a day since school opened in September. On inquiry no one knew why he was not in school.

Miss Kingwood was concerned about him, but as the weather was bad and a number of children were missing she supposed he was only out for a day or two because of the snow. She was not prepared when the third morning one little school-mate came softly to her desk and told her with choking utterance that James had gone to the better land. The information soon went round and many an aching heart came to teacher for comfort in the loss of a friend, for here indeed was a community of life and interest, the sweetest that it had ever been my lot to look upon.

Over and over during the day the little ones came to her and said "Oh, Miss Kingwood, James is dead." During the day one little girl sobbed as if her heart would break, and in response to Miss Kingwood's consoling words, she said, "Oh, Miss Kingwood, I feel so sad that James is dead." Teacher and pupil alike loved the little brother gone, and as the teacher looked at the vacant seat the tears that she had held in check burst forth and, in her own words, they all had just a good cry."

But the duty of the day called them to face the trial, and it was most appropriate that their memory gem learned in the early part of the term, should be brought up now, and "Little children love one another," never sounded so sweet as it did that sad February morning. In the hour of deepest gloom there is always a day star, and one lovely child raised her hand and when permitted to speak she said, "Please, Miss Kingwood, let us sing 'Precious Jewels.'" The manner in which they sang showed that they felt that one jewel had been added to the Master's crown.

At noon one careless boy who had often annoyed the teacher, came to her and said, "Here, Miss Kingwood, is five cents. Papa and mamma are away, but I got this out of my bank. Please get some flowers for James." The fountains of life had been touched and the boy's spirit had been in a measure freed to start on a perilous journey, eagerly looking for another Miss Kingwood in the other grades as it went along. Would he find her? This was my question.

The sorrow for the loss of the one lamb from the flock was great and was shared by all, but Miss Kingwood came to her work with renewed purpose, so to live that she might look back upon her association with these little ones without regret. This resolution was to her the bread of life. I would that every teacher might feed thereon.



"It never rains but it pours."

A suggestion for the April Blackboard,

THE CHILD WORLD

A Magazine of Supplementary Reading.

Supplement to TEACHERS MAGAZINE, March, 1906.



Once upon a time the birds of the air came together to choose a king. They met in a field which had just been plowed. In the center stood a fine old apple-tree.

When it was time for the meeting to begin, the Woodpecker tapped against the apple-tree, "tap-tap-it-tap-tap." Then he called out: "Please be still, everybody, and come to order. Jenny Wren has a new rhyme. She will count out who shall be our leader at this meeting."

Jenny Wren flew up to the tree, and all the birds gathered around as close as they could.

When everything was so quiet that you could hear the apple-blossoms grow, Jenny Wren began to count out a leader in this way:

"Chit-chit-chit,
Who'll be it?

One, two, three, and four, and five,
When you sneeze you are alive,
When you don't you may be dead,
That's what Bobby's mother said.
Chit-chit-chit,
You are it."

This is how the cheery little Chickadee was made it.

Jenny Wren flew down from the tree and Chickadee flew up and perched next to the Woodpecker.

Chickadee bowed and said: "Good day, good day, good day, dear friends. I am glad to see you all. I hope you will mind me. My name is Chickadee-dee-dee."

Then all was quiet again. No one said a word. All at once the Flicker called out:





"Quick, quick, quick, let us get to work."

"Shame, shame, shame," said the Bluejay.

"Why doesn't the Flicker keep still?"

The Woodpecker tapped against the tree, "Tap-tap-it-tap-tap." Then all was quiet again.

"I am sure we would all like to hear a word from the Bluejay," said Chickadee.

The Bluejay felt a little bashful when he saw all the birds looking his way, and he said: "Dear, dear, think of it, think of it!"

Now all the birds turned their eyes to the Owl and wondered what he would say.

The Owl blinked and blinked again and said: "Whoo-whoo-whoo-oo shall be our king? I believe the one who has most courage, he shall be king. We want no coward. Waugh-hoo."

This speech pleased the birds very much, and they made a great noise which meant hip, hip, hurrah! in their language.

The Humming-bird asked whether he might say something, too. Chickadee invited him to come up to the apple-tree so that the other birds might see who was speaking.

But the tiny Humming-bird just rose up in the air, and without holding on anywhere he stayed midway between the lowest branch and the ground.

"Hum, hum, it seems to me," he said, "we ought to choose the Eagle for our king. He is bigger and stronger than I or any other bird of the air."

At this the Swallow began to giggle, and the other birds had to laugh, too. It sounded very funny, indeed.

Quick as a flash the Humming-bird flew away home. Now the other birds were sorry they had laughed at him.

The Chippy sang out, "Chip, chip, hurrah for the Eagle! He is my choice, too. The eagle can fly higher than any one of us, and his voice can be heard even when the storm winds howl."

Chickadee asked: "Does any one know a reason why the Eagle should not be our king? Let him speak."

"Phew! Phew!" the Fishhawk called out. "I for my part do not want the Eagle as a king. He is a thief. Many a fine fish he has stolen from me. Phew! Phew!"

Then the Sparrow chirped up: "The Eagle is a coward. I have seen the Rooster beat him in a fight."

"Chit-chit, so did I; Chit-chit, so did I. Chit-chit," Jenny Wren called out, and kept on saying it till Chickadee asked her to be still and let some one else talk.

Then Jenny Wren got angry and flew away. At this the Swallow giggled again.



Just then a big white thing with a long, long tail came flying through the air. The birds were greatly frightened and flew away as fast as they could to find a hiding-place in the woods—all but one.

The one who stayed behind was the Bee-Martin. He was bound to know what strange bird that was, and to punish him for breaking up the meeting. The Bee-Martin had never seen a kite. He took it to be a great bird.

Plucky as he was, he darted at the kite with such force that he went right through the paper. That finished the kite. He turned three somersaults in the air and then he fell. The string to which the kite was fastened caught in the apple tree and broke. Down went the kite to the ground below and did not stir again.

The Robin had watched the fight from behind the leaves of an oak tree. When he saw what the Bee Martin had done, he called out to the other birds in the wood: "Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up, everybody. The giant bird is dead. Bee-Martin has killed him. Bee-Martin has shown more courage than all we others together. Bee-Martin shall be our king. Three cheers for him. Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up."

Then the birds came out of their hiding places and made so great a noise that the clouds shook in the sky. That was the bird yell and sounded something like this:

"Caw, caw, caw, caw, who are we?
Chur, chur, chur, chur, chee, chee, chee.
Look up, way up, heave-ho, chack.
Chee-ay, witchee-wee, tsip, tsip, whack.
R-r-r-r-r-r."

R-r-r-r-r-r meant "tiger."

The birds gathered again around the apple-tree. Chickadee asked the Woodpecker to tap against the tree. And the Woodpecker did as he was told, "Tap-tap-it-tap-tap,"

When all was still, Chickadee said: "Here are we, here are we to choose a king. Robin wants to tell you something. Hear him speak! Hear him speak!"

Robin bowed his head three times. "Do you think," he began, "do you think we could find a braver bird than the Bee-Martin? I think not. Let us choose him for our king."

Pee-wit Phoebe is my name," a cheerful bird called out. "May I say a word?"

"You may," Chickadee answered.

"Hear me, friends," Phoebe said. "I know Bee-Martin and his family very well. You see I am one of his consins, and I am proud of the honor. He is a born fighter. Yet he never hurts any bird without just cause. I agree with Robin. Bee-Martin ought to be made king."

Chickadee gave a tiny, sweet whistle and said: "Those who are in favor





HORSES AT

Nothing welcomes the coming of Spring more gladly than the horses. Unless they actually suffer. The snow balls up under their feet so that they find it difficult to move. Often when the ice on the surface of the trough is broken for them to drink, they are thirsty. Of Spring air they are like new creatures. They prick up their ears, plant their



THE TROUGH

From the painting by J. F. Herring.

are unusually well cared for there are many times during the Winter when they
to their footing; the steam from their nostrils freezes about their noses; and very
back and can hardly be persuaded to taste the icy water. But with the first breath
firmly in the softened soil, and work with a will, ready and glad to do their best.

of Bee-Martin for king of the birds will please fly up in the air when I count three. Those who are against his election may stay on the ground. One, two, three, three, three.

And all the birds flew up in the air. Only one stayed behind and that was Bee-Martin himself. The birds whistled and sang and chirped and cheered for fully five minutes. The Woodpecker tapped for order, but the birds did not hear him.

At last the Woodpecker flew down and invited the Bee-Martin to sit beside Chickadee. Bee-Martin did as he was asked.



As soon as the birds saw this, they stopped their joyful noise and gathered on the ground under the apple-tree.

When all was quiet Chickadee said: "Permit me, friends, to introduce to you our king."

Some of the birds wanted to cheer again. But the Woodpecker tapped against the tree so hard this time that it sounded almost like whack, whack, whack, whack. So the birds kept still.

Chickadee gave a merry laugh and said: "Patience, if you please!

There are several things more to be attended to. Robin will act as master of ceremonies."

Robin flew up to the tree and chirped, "Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye, all birds of the air. Bee-Martin is now our rightful king. His name from this day shall be Kingbird. Will you respect and obey him?"

"We will, we will, we will," the birds sang in chorus.

Meanwhile Chickadee had been away to get a ripe strawberry. He brought just the kind of berry that was wanted. Robin took the strawberry in his bill, squeezed a drop of the juice on the Kingbird's head, and said: "By this drop of red on the crest of your head you shall be known as our king. And with this the work of our meeting is ended."

Then some saucy Sparrow yelled, "Speech, speech, speech."

The Kingbird bowed, and this is what he said: "I greet you one and all. As your leader and king, I will try to do what is right. Whoever attacks one of you without just cause will be punished by me. All I ask of you is that you will obey my orders in peace and in war. Now let us return to our homes. A week from to-day we will meet in Farmer Wilson's field. Then we will celebrate my election by a jolly good time. Till then, I bid you good-by."

The Crows started the bird yell, and all the birds joined in. This is how it sounded:

"Caw, caw, caw, caw, who are we?
Chur, chur, chur, chur, chee, chee, chee.
Look up, way up, heave-ho, chack,
Chee-ay, witchee-wee, tsip, tsip, whack.
R-r-r-r-r-r."

And then they all flew away home.

That is how the birds elected a king. The next time you see a Kingbird you must look at his crest and you will see the beautiful red spot on it, which shows that he is the rightful king of the birds of the air.

The Blue-Bird.

I know the song that the blue-bird is singing—
Out in the appletree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary;
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.
Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat.
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile and you'll hear what he's saying
Up in the appletree swinging and swaying:
"Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer:
Summer is coming, and springtime is here.
"Little white snowdrops! I pray you arise;
Bright yellow crocus! come open your eyes:
Daffodils! Daffodils! say, do you hear?
Summer is coming, and springtime is here!"

—Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller.



SILK

Silk is a fibrous substance produced by the mulberry silk-moth, *Bombyx mori*, of China. The domesticated silkworm of China, Japan, Bengal, Piedmont and the Levant produces but one crop annually, spinning the largest cocoons and best silk of golden yellow or white. The silk industry originated in China. The city of Lyons, in France, is the greatest silk manufacturing center of the world. China and Japan yield forty-seven per cent of the world's supply of raw silk.

The Teaching of Civics

By Flora Helm, Head Assistant Robert Morris School, Chicago

Civics in Fourth Grade.

Special Purpose.

IN third grade civics we were concerned with the instinct of idealization. If the subject was developed properly in this grade the pupil will have acquired three powers:—

1. The power to admire characters with ideal qualities.

2. The power to admire ideal qualities apart from personality.

3. The power to perceive ideal qualities in heroic lives in his environment.

The degree of development of these powers in the individual child will depend on the child's heritage. Let the teacher be not discouraged over, nor wonder at, the fact that all pupils receiving the same education expand in such differing degree. Let him remember that an individual represents the education received thru years backward. Each person is the epitome of his line of ancestry. One child may inherit a power to idealize in an elevated and human line to a degree that supplements readily this work of the teacher. Another may inherit the power to idealize only in a material way. For, as was said in the preceding article—third grade civics—idealization varies in degree from the conception of more food or less energy to acquire it, up to the conception of a poem, a song, a religion. With these three powers developed

in the child, we are now ready to give him a new view-point on idealization.

He has learned to admire the hero as an individual; he must now acquire a knowledge of, and administration for, heroism in the mass.

He has become acquainted in the third grade with the policeman, the fireman, the soldier, as an individual. He must now become acquainted with the organization of which each policeman, fireman, or soldier is a member.

As he learned to admire bravery, strength, skill; service to others in one person, he now learns to admire bravery, strength, skill, service to others as they appear in an established system.

As he learned of the duties of policeman, fireman, soldier, and, at the same time, acquired an admiration for the sacrifice and other virtues that go with these duties, now he learns of the uses and duties of the police department, fire department, and the army.

He is making his first acquaintanceship with political organization. He must not only get knowledge of these organizations—he must keep up his power, to idealize their functions. To know what the ideal qualities are that make these organizations good and the absence of which makes them evil. This knowledge and this power of idealization are his first introduction to citizenship.

He learns that a community must have ideals as well as a person. That so strong a part of



Waite, photographer

THE TRAIL NEAR TONILA

Illustration from "TWO BIRD-LOVERS IN MEXICO."

By C. WILLIAM BEEBE.



McKinley Monument at Adams, Massachusetts.

people's nature is the determination to have strength, bravery, skill, service to others, so executed that the performance of them is not left to chance. But that when many people live in a mass, as in a city or town, they establish certain organizations whose special work it is to perform those duties requiring strength, bravery, skill, service to others. Therefore, from the preceding we deduce that the *special purpose* of fourth grade civics is to impart a knowledge of, and awaken idealization for, *heroism organized*.

Let us take for our outline and guide the third grade list of topics expanded into this diagram showing the relationship between the hero and heroism organized:

Policeman.....	Police Department
Fireman.....	Fire Department
Life-Saver.....	Life-Saving Service
Lighthouse-Keeper.....	Lighthouse Service
Postman.....	Post Office Service
Soldier.....	Army
Sailor.....	Navy

Police Department.

There was no ideal quality that the third grade child learned to admire more than that of justice. He liked the story that rewarded the good and punished the evil.

The police system is established primarily for the expression of this ideal quality of justice for all. The good are protected against the action of the evil-doer. Property is protected from theft and persons from assault. And then we find this system expressing the ideal quality, service to others. Lost children are looked after. People that are injured or taken sick suddenly in public places are taken care of by the police for the time being. Strangers and others requiring advice or directions are aided by them. Attending to accidents to property and people, and warning against fire are also their duties.

The city police system consists of a superintendent and four inspectors. There is one central police building where these men have their offices.

The city is divided into precincts and in each precinct is a station house with quarters for men prisoners and quarters for women prisoners, and lodgings for the homeless.

Those in charge of each station and precinct are captain, lieutenant, sergeant, and policemen.

The station houses are connected by telephone and telegraph with the central building. There are about six police courts to a large city. The head of a police court is called a police magistrate and he has to help him a clerk and a bailiff.

In these courts are tried the cases of people arrested by the police for wrong-doing.

For wrong-doing a prisoner is fined or sent to the House of Correction. This is a prison for the evil-doer. If a man who is fined cannot pay his fine he is sent here and works it out at 50 cents a day.

A superintendent and others live at this House of Correction to keep the order of the place and look after the prisoners.

Fire Department.

A popular ideal quality is that bravery which runs a risk of great sacrifice. To save another's life is noble; to save it at the risk of one's own life is the most inspiring deed of all deeds of chivalry and fraternal love. It really covers all the other ideal qualities—generosity, service, courage, and power.

The head of the fire department is the fire mar-



The Irish Homestead of the McKinleys. Here is where the late President McKinley's ancestors lived and labored.

shal. He has under him assistant marshals. The marshal protects the city in what ways he can from possible fire; he orders and superintends the best way to overcome fire when it does appear in a dangerous way; he investigates or has investigated all buildings and houses to see whether they are in a safe condition as to fire; he can destroy buildings even, if it is for the safety of life or of greater value; he is the head of the other officers; it is his duty to find out the causes of fires if possible; and he is also a sort of policeman who can arrest at the time of fire any person who causes trouble in its vicinity.

The city is divided into fire districts and the men of each district constitute a battalion.

A battalion consists of chief, captain, lieutenant, engineers, pipemen, truckmen, and drivers.

In each district there are stations which are headquarters for engine companies. Here men, horses, and apparatus are always ready for call.

In a city like Chicago there are eighty-three companies. Besides these there are twenty-seven hook and ladder companies, one hose company, and four fire-boats. The apparatus of the fire department consists of steam fire engines, hand engines, chemical engines, hose wagons, hose carriages, hook and ladder trucks, chemical extinguishers, portable pumps, hose.

The fire department uses the city water. Hydrants are placed at street corners to supply water.

The stations are all connected by telephonic and telegraphic communication. At the corners of streets are placed fire alarm boxes which connect with the stations.

Life-Saving Service.

The department that has the same noble, courageous service with the risk of death in it to perform for others as the fire department is the life-saving service. This service consists of 265 stations placed along the Atlantic, Gulf, Pacific, and Lake coasts. They are placed where there is danger on the shore to the ships. They are wooden structures where the crew lodge and the boats and apparatus are kept. A look-out is attached to each station where a day-watch is kept. The roofs are painted red to attract passing ships and a flagstaff also calls attention to the place.

The apparatus consists of surf-boats, buoys, life-boats, cork life-preservers, night signal rockets, guns, a medicine chest, a barometer, a thermometer, cots for the rescued.

The "crew" consists of the captain, and either six or seven or eight men, depending on the number of oar-boats used at the station during the "season."

The "season" for Atlantic and Gulf stations is from September 1 to May; the Lake stations, April 15 to December 15; four of the Pacific stations are open all the year; the rest at irregular periods, according to circumstances.

A day-watch is kept on the look-out from sunrise to sunset. And a night patrol along the shore from sunset to sunrise.

A red signal by a patrolman indicates to the wrecked vessel that relief is at hand.

Every week-day there is drill work in rescuing. Life-boats are very light and can be launched

in shallow water where ships cannot come.

The buoy is stationed at some distance from shore and supports the line that runs from it to the shore and on which a vessel may be passed back and forth from the buoy to the shore.

The "rockets" are to fire lines to the wreck.

Lighthouse Service.

There is a charm about the service that means a gallant dash—a noble plunge—a risk that may bring gratitude and joy to the served, glory and promotion to the server.

There are also services more humble; more monotonous; and more irksome than these; and, as they are equally necessary, we must consider them as ideal qualities deserving recognition and admiration. The third grade child learned to admire Atlas who upheld the world on his shoulders equally with Jupiter who hurled his thunderbolts. He learned that the god Balder with his gentleness and lovingness was just as ideal as Thor with his strength and domination.

So now the fourth grade child learns to estimate the service that means "watch" or "toil" equally with the service that means risk.

And in this class of service we enroll the lighthouse service and the post-office service.

Just as lighthouses are put up in all parts of the world for the benefit of any nation whose ships are sailing on those waters, so we put up our lighthouses for all peoples who navigate the waters; and thus the whole world becomes a brotherhood in its wishes for the protection and safety of those who are at the mercy of wind and wave.

Some famous lighthouses are the Eddystone lighthouse in the English channel, the Bell rock lighthouse in the German ocean, northwest Scotland, the Skerryvore lighthouse north of Ireland.

Some of the most noted lighthouses in the United States are the one on Minot's Ledge, off Massachusetts, the one at Sand Key, Florida Reefs, and the one at Spectacle Reef, northern part of Lake Huron. Lighthouses are generally built in the shape of a frustrum, and of stone; some are of cast-iron.

Their construction requires very fine engineering to resist the action of winds and waves. And sometimes it is years before they are finished.

Some are what is called screw-pile lighthouses. The piles on which these buildings rest are gigantic cork-screws driven in the rock.

Some lighthouses are floating ships anchored to rocks.

The light appealing to the vision and the fog-horn, to the ear, are the warning signals.

There are 722 lighthouses in the United States; they are inspected by army and navy officers.

(To be continued next month.)

TEACHERS MAGAZINE is now published by A. S. Barnes & Co., and there will no longer be any delay in the mailing of copies to subscribers. Whatever mistakes there may have been in the past will be corrected as completely and as speedily as possible. Will you not write a letter or a postal card—you who read these words—giving your present address and stating the time for which you have subscribed? Your reply will be carefully compared with the records and may be of considerable help. It is because we want you to be served well that we ask this favor of you. Please write addressing The Editor of TEACHERS MAGAZINE, 61 East 9th St., New York.

Children of Other Lands

Day by Day in Russia.

By DOROTHY WELLS.

IF one were to describe the children of America at any special time—say in February—what would apply to one section of our great country would not be at all true of many other localities. The boys and girls of Maine, for example, are this month skating, or sliding down hill, or they are having delightful rides on sleighs large enough to hold twenty or thirty noisy young folks at once. On the very same day the children in southern California are gathering great bunches of roses, while down in Florida the season of orange picking is at its height.

Russia is a much larger country even than the United States. One-sixth of the land of the earth is Russian territory. The czar rules over people of a hundred different nationalities and speaking forty different languages. In one part of Russia, the dress, the food, and the habits and customs may be quite unlike what they are in other sections. But children the wide world over have their own good times in their own way, in Russia, as everywhere else.

When the weather is very cold, what is the warmest kind of coat anybody can wear? Why, fur, of course. In cold Canada, children are often dressed in fur from head to foot, long coat and fur cap and gloves. But the Canadian children wear the grey squirrel or white coney coats and caps with the fur side out. In Russia everybody wears the fur side next the body. The coats do not look quite so pretty, but they are much warmer, and some parts of Russia are very cold indeed.

Little boys in America have been wearing, for the past two or three years, suits made with what are called Russian blouses. School boys in Russia all wear this sensible costume. In sum-

mer the boys have blouses of thin dark wool or coarse gray linen, and these are worn in the house even in winter. Some mothers make silk blouses for their sons, embroidering them in gay cross-stitch patterns.

Young peasant girls in parts of Russia, wear cotton aprons and calico dresses, all bought ready made. The girl's dress, called a *sarafan*, is gathered into a narrow band and suspended below the armpits by bands which cross over the shoulders. Scarlet, or scarlet printed in yellow, white and green, is the most popular color.

You know that the capital of Russia, and one of the largest cities, is St. Petersburg. Not far from there is situated a little village called Kuzmino. Miss Isabel Hapgood, who spent some time in Russia several years ago, tells us about the cottages in Kuzmino in a book she has written, called "Russian Rambles." She says that the cottages are raised several feet above the ground. The space underneath, which is covered up but has no windows, is used for storing carts, sledges, and farming tools. A rough staircase leads from the storeroom to the cottage above.

Three tiny windows on the front side, with solid wooden shutters, give all the light that gets into the house.

*Miss Hapgood's "Russian Rambles" is a mine of treasure to teachers who wish to read up about Russian life. It is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Many of the facts given here were obtained from this book.



RUSSIAN WORKING PEOPLE.

Farmer's daughter on the left, cab driver on the right, carpenters in the center. We know from our acquaintance with the many Russians who have left their own land to make homes for themselves in America, that there are no more honest, earnest people in the world than these Russian laborers.

The windows in many of the cottages have dainty white curtains, and all of them are filled with blooming plants. Carved horses' heads stand at the peaks of the roofs, and beautiful wood carving droops from the eaves. The name of the owner is written on the corner of each house.

Carpets are rarely used. The floors are of wood, inlaid, either with or without rugs. In olden times the gayly colored tile stores were built with a bench near the floor, on which people could sleep when the nights were particularly cold. Even now, peasants often climb up to the top of the stove and sleep there. Imagine sleeping on top of a stove!

Miss Hapgood gives a charming picture of one little home in Kuzmino and its inmates. The family, she says, consisted of an old woman, who

its whitewashed stove and mud oven in one corner; for both cooking and heating, a bench running round the walls on three sides, and a clean pine table in the corner of honor, where hung the holy images.

"In another tiny room they slept; and the baby, who was taking her noonday nap, was exhibited to us by the proud papa. Her cradle consisted of a splint market basket suspended from the ceiling by a stout wire spring, like the spring of a bird-cage, and rocked gently. The baby gazed at us with bright, bird-like eyes, and smiled quietly when she woke."

Elsewhere we are told by the same writer, of a baby's milk bottle that was made of a cow's horn. Many Russian mothers tie their babies up tight in swaddling clothes, because they think it makes the little limbs straight.

Would you not like to go to a Russian market? You will see many things that will interest you there, I am sure. Here are eggs, fresh and white, costing about a cent apiece. Strawberries, large and delicious, are ten cents a pound. Russian cherries are small and sour; but they make very fine preserves, and the people like them in their tea. Raspberries, plums, gooseberries are, in their season, plenty and cheap. On summer days tradesmen may be seen with trays of honey on their heads. Fresh cucumbers covered with honey are considered a great dainty. When the mushroom season comes on, the markets are full of these vegetables. There are many kinds grown for food in Russia. People may often be seen in early summer walking along the street with bunches of pea-vines in their hands, from which they pick the peas and eat them raw, pods and all. There is one variety that grows to a height of nearly seven feet, with pods three inches wide.

The Russians are very fond of flowers, and they have many varieties. Miss Hapgood says that she saw, during a fifteen-mile drive, one day, "hay-fields, plowed fields, fields of green oats, yellowing rye, blue-flowered flax, with birch and leaf trees in small groves near at hand, and forests in the distance. The grass by the road-side was sown thickly with wild flowers: Canterbury bells, campanulas, yarrow, pink and white, willow-weed, yellow daisies, spiraea, pinks, corn-flowers, melliot, honey-sweet galium, yellow everlasting, huge deep crimson crane's bill, and hosts of others."

In the gardens one may see campanulas, harebells, rose champions, crimson and yellow columbine, and blue forget-me-nots; or perhaps tall Siberian buttercups, as large and as sweet as yellow roses.

But Russian summers are short, and the winters are snowy and cold. Rides in the low sledges which are used instead of such sleighs as we have here may be enjoyed during several months of the year. Sometimes snow comes to stay by the middle of November, tho in other years not before Christmas.

Christmas is celebrated by Russian children with as much joy as in our own land. For several days beforehand the sidewalks in the city market places are lined with Christmas trees. "Vyaznirsky"



was very clean and very active; her son, a big fellow, with dark-brown curls, well set off by his scarlet cotton blouse; his wife, a slender, red-cheeked brunette, and their baby girl.

"They treated us," Miss Hapgood continues, "like friends come to make a call; refused to accept money for their cream; begged us to allow them to prepare the samovar (that is, make some tea), as a favor to them, and send for white rolls, as they were sure we could not eat their sour black bread.

"They showed us over their house in the prettiest, simplest way, and introduced us to the dark storeroom where their spare clothing and stores of food for the winter, such as salted cucumbers in casks, and other property, were packed away; to a narrow slip of a room in the front, where the meals for the family were prepared with remarkably few pots and no pans; to the living room, with

cakes, which are queer tasting spice cakes, are popular with the children in all parts of Russia, and are sold in great quantities at Christmas time.

In the week before Palm Sunday there is held what is known as the Pussy Willow Fair. Then everybody brings pussy willows, and in the churches, which are all Catholic, pussy willows are given to the people instead of palms.

On every feast day, such as New Year's or Easter, the beautiful church bells of St. Peters-

burg all ring, many of the churches making the sweetest of music. Russia has some of the finest bells in the world, as well as the largest of all. This bell was so large that it was never hung, but with a piece broken out of one side for a door, it is used as a chapel.

There is something that boys and girls here can learn from their cousins in Russia. We are told that Russian children very seldom cry, they never lose their tempers, and they never quarrel when they are at play.



Timid Little Maidens from Japan

An exercise for any number of girls, one acting as leader and soloist. Costumes, dainty Japanese makes, each girl carrying a fan and a small Japanese parasol. The girls enter the stage in single file, tip-toeing in with short steps, arms being held closely to sides of body, movements airy and reserved.

Leader steps to front of stage and others line up behind her.



I.
Leader.—We are timid little maidens from Japan (1),
Others.—From Japan (1);
Leader.—And each has a pretty little fan (2),
Others.—Little fan (2);
Leader.—And the parasols you know (3),

Are not made for rain or snow,
But we carry them for sun-shades, so and so (3),

Others—So and so (3).

CHORUS.—Oh, we are timid, little Japanese, Japanese (1),

Our home is far across the rolling seas, rolling seas,
Oh, that sunny land is ours,

With its beauty and its flowers,

Where the gentle ocean breezes fan the air, fan the air;

Oh, we are timid, little Japanese (1) Japanese;

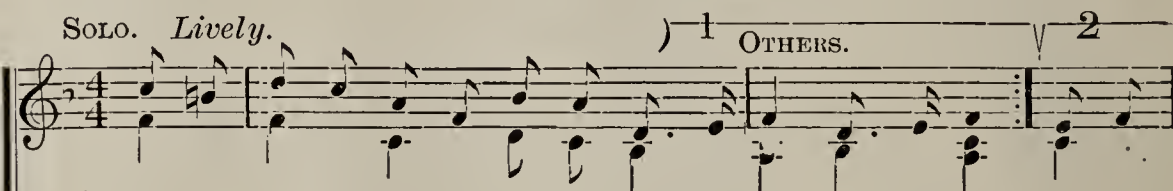
Our home is far across the rolling seas, rolling seas,

Timid Little Maidens from Japan.

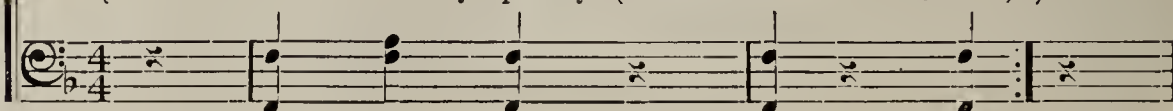
Motion Song.

Words and Music by T. B. WEAVER, Prospect, O.

SOLO. *Lively.*



1. { We are tim-id lit-tle maidens from Japan, (1) from Japan, (1) }
{ And each has a ve-ry pret-ty (omit.....) } lit-tle

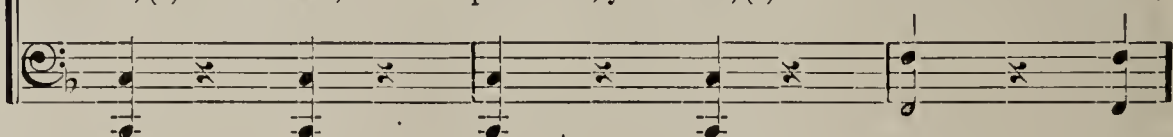


OTHERS.

SOLO.

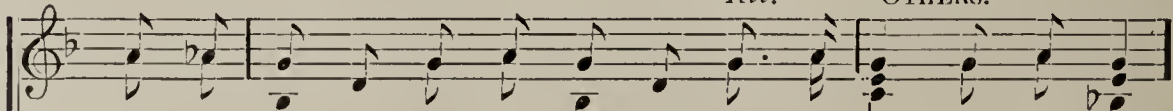


fan, (2) lit-tle fan; And our par-a-sols, you know, (3) Are not made for rain or snow,



Rit.

OTHERS.



But we car-ry them for sun-shades, so and so, (3) so and so. (3)



Where a people brave tho small,
Are polite and kind to all (4),
Fill the world with admiration everywhere;
everywhere.

II.

L.—We are timid little maidens from Japan (1);
O.—From Japan (1),
L.—And each has a pretty little fan (2),
O.—Little fan (2);
L.—Our jinrikashas so fleet,
Take one flying thru the street,
And our dainty little luncheons are complete,
O.—Are complete.—CHORUS.

III.

L.—We are timid, little maidens from Japan (1);
O.—From Japan (1);

S: CHORUS.

Oh, we are tim - id lit - tle Jap - an - ese, Jap - an - ese, (1)
{ Our home is far a - cross the roll - ing seas, roll - ing seas. }

Oh! that sun - ny land is ours, With its beau - ty and its flow'rs,

Where the gen - tle o - cean breez - es fan the air, fan the air; *D.S.*

Where a peo - ple brave, tho' small, And po - lite and kind to all,

Fill the world with ad - mi - ra - tion ev - 'ry-where, ev - 'ry-where.

L.—And each has a very pretty little fan (2);
O.—Little fan (2);
L.—And our kimonos we wear (5),
Made from silks and satins rare,
We believe cannot be equalled anywhere,
O.—Anywhere.

Chorus.

MOTIONS—(1) Hold fan timidly to face, top of fan just beneath eyes.
(2) Fan vigorously.
(3) Pretty poses with parasols.
(4) Bow politely right and left.
(5) Bending body in middle, step back with right foot and bow very lowly and peep over fan.

The First Spring Robin.

Early in the grayish dawning,
When the brooding wing of night
Folds away its dusky pinions
From the morning's blushing light,

Then to thy enchanting music
Wake I early, blithesome bird;
For a long, sad time it seemeth
Since thy fairy tales were heard.

Thou hast come from where the roses
Throw their fragrant odors round,
And the limpid wave is resting,
'Neath its foliaged borders bound;

Where the honey bud and violet
Maketh sweet the plain and dale,
And the zephyr from the hill tops,
Fans the flowery-scented vale;

Where the sun looks down in splendor,
And his warm and busy feet
Seeketh out the shady bowers
Of the wild wood's cold retreat;

There thou'st left thy mates,
bright warbler,
Fearless stemm'd the chilling cold,
And from leafless, frosty branches
Poureth forth the songs of old.

O, thou heraldest the summer,
With its joyous minstrelsy;
How that 'neath thy feet the budlings,
Soon will blossom on the tree.

Yet within thy tuneful song-
notes
Blend the lays of other years,
And among them mem'ries linger
In the drapery of tears.

Tidings of the past they bring me,
And the friends of long ago—
Some of whom are sweetly-singing
With the seraph-angels now.

And at grayish twilight early,
With thy lov'd returning strain,
Seems to come the cheering
promise
That in heaven we'll meet again.
—S. A. F.

The Body and Its Health

Bone Protectors. II.

By ADELAIDE R. PENDER, Connecticut.

Hygiene.

To the Pupils.—The most interesting, and for us the most profitable, part of the study of muscles is their care and development. Why do we have physical exercises at frequent intervals during the day? Give all the good reasons you can for physical exercise. Why do your teachers tell you that you should take a run at recess and also walk or run after school? Why do our physical exercises usually call for the movement of every part of the body?

Let us consider our exercises. Have we any that you think are for muscular development of the shoulders? Which exercises will strengthen the muscles in our arms, legs, feet?

Stand by your desks. Let us go thru each exercise on our list and analyze its use.

When people are examined by physical directors of gymnasiums, they are told not to use certain apparatus or not to take certain exercises at first. What is the reason? Some people have weak heart action, and hence their exercises must be of a different character from those prescribed for people with strong heart action. Other people have weak lungs; they must be given exercises that will develop the walls of the lungs.

Trained Muscles.

Let us consider the various occupations of the people in this town, of your fathers and brothers. What special muscles have they trained? We will write the names of the occupations on the board. Blacksmith! Have you ever noticed the thick, powerful muscles on the arm of this man? How did they become so strong? Carpenter! What muscles has he been training? Not only the muscles of his hands and fingers, but the muscles of his eye, gaining accuracy in measuring. Pianist! Think of the development of the muscles in the tips of this worker's fingers. So finely developed are the muscles that in a minute several chords have been struck. Bookkeeper! Muscles trained to write accurately, neatly, legibly, and quickly. The athlete develops his muscles by careful training. What are some of the things he does to grow strong, agile, and well fitted for the ring or the field?

Every worker is developing some sets of muscles more than others. This is the reason why frequent and regular exercise that brings into play all the muscles of the body should be taken.

Resting.

How may muscles be rested? We all know that sleep is the best restorer of tired muscles. But sometimes changing the muscular work rests them.

Why do you feel refreshed when you take exercise after studying hard? Why do people who work in offices like to take long walks? How is it that a man who has worked hard at manual labor in the factory all day is rested when he sits down to the evening paper for two or three hours?

Suggestions.

To the Teacher.—Lead the pupils to compare different members of the class as to muscle development. Compare a tall pupil with a short one; a thin one with a fleshy, and so on. Have them notice different people on the street—the grace, dignity, beauty of those who exercise to keep themselves lithe.

Refer to strong people in history or fiction—the Greeks, so splendidly developed. Compare the strength of Goliath with the skill of David with the sling-shot; Samson's strength; strength of Gladstone, altho accustomed to a sedentary life; strength of President Roosevelt; methods of athletes in training some of the noted prizefighters; talk about the jiu-jitsu methods of muscle training, used by the Japanese.

Develop the fact that climatic belts affect muscle development. People in the cold belt gather a great deal of fat, but are not necessarily stronger. In the temperate belt there is more evenness of muscle development, and the best races are found in temperate belts. In the hot belts the people are indolent, little need of muscle development, and so on. The people in each climate are adapted to it.

An instructive exercise consists in comparing the muscles of people and animals in pictures in readers, geographies and histories, thus linking these subjects with the physiology lessons.

The need of exercise, the care of the muscles; with muscular diseases and treatment, are the important sides of this physiological division. Have the children watch the daily papers, take notice of the accidents to muscles and bones. One day in the month of February within a short time there were reports of dislocations of shoulder, neck; and arm. The items in current events make the health lessons much more vivid.

Topics.

Muscles: Number. Color. Fastened to what? Shapes. Illustrate. Voluntary; involuntary. Tendons (use). Structure. Uses. Names of some muscles. Care of—to develop, to rest. Compare.



Ready Aid in Emergencies.

By R. A. GRIFFIN.

SELF-RELIANCE and self-control, whether natural or acquired, are very desirable characteristics in a teacher. If one has the natural instincts and quick execution which would have made him a good surgeon, he will know just the right thing to do in an emergency. These elements are, however, rare. There are persons who by nature are physically unable to staunch a wound or bandage an injured limb. But any one who has the general training that a teacher must have, can so control his sympathies, which make him shrink from witnessing suffering, as to be able to do what is necessary in case of accident in or about the school building.

Happily, accidents are not frequent. They are much more liable to occur in a village or country school where there is abundance of room for the rougher games than in a city, where the playground is small and the pupils are constantly under the eye of the teachers.

I would advise all teachers to inform themselves upon the subject of accidents by studying carefully some good medical work. In the higher institutions which have laboratories, provision is made for possible accidents, but there are some general directions that may be of interest to teachers in the grades and in the country schools.

An emergency school box should be kept in every school building, which should contain:

A roller bandage about an inch wide.

A small roll of absorbent cotton.

A yard or two of soft cheese-cloth.

A piece of oiled silk.

A roll of adhesive plaster.

A tube of white vaseline.

A bottle of smelling salts.

Some powdered alum.

Some baking soda.

A disinfectant. Sulpho-naphthol is as safe and convenient as any.

I would not advise the administering of even so-called simple remedies internally. If a child is suffering from pain or illness of any kind, it should be sent to its own or some nearby home immediately.

If a child is bruised by falling, place a piece of the cheese-cloth, folded several times and wet with as cold water as can be procured, on the bruise. If there is abrasion, wash it gently and carefully, to remove all dirt, with water to which has been added half a teaspoonful of sulpho-naphthol to a pint of the water. Then apply vaseline and cover with a piece of the cheese-cloth.

If the blow is on the head, and the child is stunned, place it in a recumbent position, incline the head slightly backward, and let him inhale very carefully the smelling salts. A fainting fit should have similar treatment. Loosen any article of dress that may retard breathing, and admit to the room plenty of fresh air. A little cold water dashed violently into the face will help to bring reaction.

In case a child receives a burn, as often happens in country schools where wood stoves are in use, wet the part and cover with baking soda. If the

skin is broken, use vaseline instead of the soda; covering first with absorbent cotton and then a bandage.

When there is a case of nose-bleed, apply cold water, or ice in a piece of oiled silk, to the back of the neck. Throw the head back and raise the arms. If this does not stop the difficulty dissolve a little alum in water, wet a piece of absorbent cotton and press it hard against the nostrils, letting the child draw the liquid up into the nose. Should this fail and the bleeding is profuse, send for a physician.

If there is bleeding from a cut, and the blood is dark and flows regularly, draw the edges of the wound together. Hold with the thumb and finger, and apply the adhesive plaster, in narrow strips. Should the blood be of a bright scarlet color, spurting out in jets, send for medical aid. In the meantime, to prevent danger from loss of blood, tie a handkerchief tightly at a little distance above the wound. If the bleeding does not stop, put a piece of tough stick under the handkerchief, and twist it tightly until the bleeding ceases.

In case of frost-bite, keep the child away from the fire or heat, lest there be rupture of a local blood-vessel. Rub the part with snow, or if that cannot be obtained, with very cold water. After it is relieved rub with vaseline.

Do not attempt any treatment for a dislocation or fracture of a limb, except to hold the limb straight, and in the natural position, lest some splinter of bone wound the surrounding part. Keep the child perfectly quiet until it can be properly cared for. A piece of stiff board tied to the limb will prevent injury in moving the patient. These are exceptional cases, and are not likely to occur, but the teacher who would have self-reliance will treasure any hints that will make his services valuable should any such emergency happen, either at the school or elsewhere. With knowledge and self-reliance come self-control, and he must be self-possessed to be able to quiet the fears of terror-stricken children around him.

There is a virtue that is often forgotten by the otherwise successful teacher. It is easy to be sympathetic when we are in the presence of positive suffering or actual danger. But the multiplicity of children's complaints and ills, many of them imaginary or pretended, are often treated with indifference or positive distrust. It is better to have the sympathies misplaced than to have the lifelong regret of one teacher, who required a little girl to sit quiet and erect during the presence of visitors, when she was suffering from the early stage of a violent illness from which she never recovered. Nothing wounds a suffering child more than to feel that "teacher does not care." Do not withhold the word or look of sympathy or the gentle caress, for if the child is really ill he will never forget it. If he is attempting to deceive it will be a coal of fire.

To teachers more than to any other class of workers is the admonition applicable: "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves."



More Lessons in Cooking*

By Lizbeth M. Gladfelter, Teacher of Domestic Science, St. Louis, Mo.

Lesson VIII.

Orange Ice.

- Individual proportions.
- Each pupil improvise a freezer.
- The philosophy of freezing mixtures.
- Cook stewed prunes.

Lesson IX.

Fats and oils.

- Study of milk, cream, skim milk.
- Oils versus fats.
- Volatile and fixed oils.
- Teach how to make cocoa.
- To roll butter balls.
- To whip cream.
- To clarify fat.

Lesson X.

Proteids.

- Lesson on eggs.
- Examination of egg.
- Test yolk for sulphur.
- Cook albumen in test tubes at different temperatures.
- Find effect of pepsin on these different results.
- Cook eggs hard.
- Cook eggs soft.
- Teach that eggs should never be boiled.
- Teach foamy omelet.

Lesson XI.

Cheese fondue and macaroni.

- Introduce rennet into milk, show caseine and whey.
- Tell how cheese is made.
- Food value of cheese.
- Recipe for cheese fondue or welsh rarebit.
- Cooking macaroni in white sauce.
- Show how the proteid is found in macaroni.
- Manufacture of macaroni.

Lesson XII.

Meats.

Soup.

- Experiment with small scrap of meat in test-tube, using first hot water, then with another piece, using cold water.
- Examine fiber of meat under microscope.
- From knowledge of action of albumen in egg lesson, let children deduce conclusions in regard to cooking the albumen in meat.
- Making of beef tea.

Lesson XIII.

Broiling a steak.

- Three methods.
- Study of beef chart.
- Prices of various cuts.

Lesson XIV.

Fish.

- To clean.

- Recipe for a stuffed baked fish.
- Each pupil prepare a fish.
- Different kinds of fish used as food.
- Different seasons for using.
- U. S. Fish Hatcheries.
- Geographical distribution of fish.
- Children prepare scalloped fish.

Lesson XV.

Croquettes, timbals, and hashes.

- How to use up cold meat.
- Deep fat frying.

Lesson XVI.

First lesson in batters.

- Egg-raised doughs.
- Reasons why the dough is light.
- Recipe for pop-overs.
- Use of Dover beater.
- Care in regard to oven temperature.

Lesson XVII.

Lesson on dough.

- Biscuit.
- Study of argol and baking powders.
- Experiment in test-tubes with Soda and cream of tartar.
- Molasses and soda.
- Sour milk and soda.
- Baking powders.

Lesson XVIII.

Yeast.

- Study of the chemistry of the yeast raising the bread.
- Different samples of different kinds of yeast.
- Experiments of different quantities in a solution of sugar and water in test tube.
- Experiments as before, adding different quantities of salt to test tubes, and find effect of salt on fermentation.
- Examination of yeast plant thru microscope.
- (In this day give no practical application in cookery.)

Lesson XIX.

Bread.

- Pupils mix, knead, and bake bread, in two hours' time.
- (As this lesson has been explained elsewhere at length, it will not be developed here.) It is the most important lesson of the whole course.

Lesson XX.

Dough raised from fat—pastry.

- Pupils make a lemon pie with meringue over it.

Lesson XXI.

Cake.

- Pupils make cake and ice it. Cut some cake into small pieces and ornament with fancy frosting.

Lesson XXII.

Desserts.

- Simple and inexpensive.

*From an outline of domestic science, prepared by Miss Gladfelter for use in public schools.

Their relation to the other dishes at the meal.
A study of gelatine.
Its source.
Its food value.
Liebig's experiments of dog fed on gelatine.
Different commercial brands.

Lesson XXIII.

Salads.
Chicken salad.
Mayonnaise dressing, or plain boiled dressing.
Value of celery and other salad plants.
Proper seasoning for salad.
Importance of olive oil in a dietary.

Lesson XXIV.

Vegetable lesson.
Unimportant place in regard to food value.
Cabbage, 95 per cent. water, etc.
Value as salts to the body.
An expensive food for poor people.
Only good in height of season.
(Vegetables are put at the end of the course, partly because of their unimportant place as a food, but more especially because they are scarce during the winter months, and therefore is it necessary to have the vegetable lesson late in the term.)
Select for practical work several vegetables in season.
Let some children practice on one, some on another.

Lesson XXV.

Preparation and serving of a dinner.
(To be developed later.)

Lesson XXVI.

Practical and theoretical examination of all the lessons taught in cooking.

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Next month TEACHERS MAGAZINE will have a splendid article showing how figs are prepared for the market. This is one of the many interesting illustrations accompanying it. The article was written for the special benefit of our readers and their pupils by Miss Myrtle E. Akin, of California.



Hours With Oliver Wendall Holmes

By Emily Clark Weber, California

The Chambered Nautilus.

IT is interesting to have a specimen of this beautiful shell, so that the pupils may see for themselves the ever widening chambers, separated by partitions, the "irised ceiling," and the "sunless crypt." The children will like to hear how its tiny inhabitant lived in "sunny seas" unshadowed by a cloud, its membranous sail set to the "sweet summer wind."

Stories of the sirens and mermaids are here appropriate,—the legends which symbolize the changing witchery of the sea.

Every turn of expression in this exquisite poem rewards delighted study. "Webs of living gauze"; the sail of the nautilus was a part of its own body which it could thrust out at will to guide its course "Dim, dreaming life" calls up a little talk about the creatures whose existence is so different from ours as to seeing and hearing and feeling.

Why, "soft step?" The polish of the specimen shell will explain "irised," "lustrous," and "shining."

"Wandering is surely a fit word to describe the ever surging, shifting, restless sea. The pupils may be able to fancy something in the seething billows suggestive of Triton, the trumpeter of the deep.

The lesson of this poem, as of every other, in order to be effective, requires to be worked out by each reader for himself. It is surely a beautiful one,—that as each year the nautilus made a larger shell for itself, so should we, year by year, shape larger lives, nobler homes of the soul.

Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle.

It is pleasant to read Grandmother's Story in connection with the study of the Revolutionary period, a picture of some maiden in Puritan garb, a few Boston views, a map showing the scene of the battle and its environs; all these give vividness to the work.

Read first with the class for the story. Or, the pupils having read the poem silently, made sure of the troublesome words, and acquired an understanding of the annotations, they may tell the story in the best language at their command.

Verse is usually poorly read unless the reader

appreciates the rhythm. Encourage pupils to read a few lines, emphasizing the accents, but not troubling with the technical terms used in scansion. Then if they understand the thought also, intend to make their hearers feel both sense and rhythm, and have something of command over their voices, they will read enjoyably.

Topics for Talks from the Pupils.

1. What does the Grandmother mean by "Whig," "Tory," and "Rebel?"
2. Why was Lexington called the "running battle?"
3. Tell about the American commander at Bunker Hill.
4. Describe the Grandmother as she appeared in her girlish days,—as in old age.
5. Describe the young wounded soldier.

Mental Pictures of the Poem.

Can you see the ripples on the water?

What made it seem to "redden?"

How was it that the pressing of the women against the belfry railing was like the pressing of waves against a wall?

What made the first volley seem like the bursting of a thunder-storm?

What other similar pictures can you find in this poem?

Many of Holmes' poems, particularly the patriotic or humorous ones, are keenly enjoyed by young students. Contentment, The Broomstick Train, and the One-Hoss Shay are especial favorites.

The life of Dr. Holmes is a familiar story; among the abundant material for its study the magazine articles published late in 1894 and early in 1895 are particularly noteworthy.





Games for School and Playground.

(Continued from last month.)

Hunt the Key.

A key is hung on a long piece of twine. The players form a ring, and hold the twine. One stands in the center. The others keep their hands constantly in motion, and pass the key back and forth. The one in the center tries to discover who has the key. The players may constantly whistle on the key to show where it is. When a player is caught with a key in his hands, he takes the place in the center.

Hunt the Slipper.

The players sit on the floor in a circle; with the knees raised, and the girls well scattered among the boys, that their dresses may hide the slipper. One is chosen to be it, and runs around the outside of the circle trying to tag the person who has the slipper. The slipper is passed quickly from one to another under the knees. It may sometimes be thrown across the circle if hidden at once. When far enough away from the one who is it, it may be struck three times upon the floor to show where it is. The one caught with the slipper is it.

Beast, Bird, and Fish.

The players stand or sit in a circle. One takes the knotted handkerchief, and throws it at another player, calling either "Beast" or "Bird" or "Fish," and commencing at once to count aloud to ten. The one at whom the handkerchief is thrown must name an animal of the right division before the player says, "Ten!" For instance; if A throws the handkerchief to B, and says, "Fish! one, two, . . . ten!" and B says "Cod" before A has counted ten, B takes the handkerchief and tosses it at another player. But if he is too late in saying his word, or if he names an animal of the wrong division, he must pay a forfeit. The game may be played without forfeits. In this case the player who counts continues throwing until someone fails. The one who fails then takes the handkerchief.

Not I, Sir.

The players stand in line, and are numbered in order. One is chosen to be teacher. He turns to one of his class, and this conversation takes place:

Teacher. "I heard something about you, No. 2, sir."

Pupil. "What, sir, me, sir?"

T. "Yes, sir, you, sir."

P. "Not I, sir."

T. "Who, then, sir?"

P. "No. 5, sir."

T. "No. 5 to the foot."

No. 5 must go to the foot of the class unless he can say, "What, sir, me, sir?" before the teacher says, "No. 5 to the foot." If he succeeds, the dialog is continued between the teacher and No. 5. The object of the game is to be head of the class.

Observation.

Twenty objects are placed on a table. Each player in turn is allowed to look at them one-half minute. He then goes to a seat from which the table cannot be seen, and writes down all he can remember. The one writing the greatest number correctly wins the game.



AN OBEDIENT BOY.

His mother has told him not to cross the street until a wagon had passed so that he would not be run over. So he has been waiting here for twenty minutes, watching for a wagon to go by.

The Spring Kite

By Florence Ellis Shelby, Indian Territory

A Windy Weather Exercise.

This kite exercise is arranged for twelve boys and twelve girls. However, the size of both kite and tail can easily be altered for any number of children (more or less) that you wish to use, or can accommodate upon your platform.

The kite is twelve feet long and nine feet wide. Buy twenty-five yards of bright red tape, half an inch wide. Divide into two parts, one twenty and one five yards long. You will find it convenient to roll the twenty yard portion from each end upon two pieces of pasteboard. (See Fig. 1)

Arrange boys as shown in figure 2, about three feet apart. Put the middle of the long tape around the waist of No. 1 (not snug), tying in a double knot behind. (Tie only single knots for rehearsals). Leave three feet of tape, and then wind about No. 2 and tie behind his back; on the other side about No. 3, next around Nos. 4 and 7. Also tie one end of the five-yard tape about No. 4, and stretching it thru the center of the kite tie it about Nos. 5, 6, and 7.

Then continue the two long ends around the waists of Nos. 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, leaving always three feet of tape between every two boys. There will be two three-foot ends left behind the last boy (No. 12). Knot these and put them into the hand of the first girl.

Have each boy get a sheet of bright red bristol board (all the *same* shade). It will cost five cents. Take all these and cut them kite shape, about thirty-six inches long by twenty-seven inches wide, one for each boy to carry in both hands as a shield.

The tail of the kite consists of twelve little girls holding hands. Each girl dressed in different shade of tissue paper. (The dresses are much prettier of crepe paper if your pupils can afford it, with wide ribbon to match for the hair). The ordinary one-cent-a-sheet tissue does nicely.

The teacher would better assign a color to each child; for instance, 1 light blue, 2 pink, 3 green; 4 yellow, 5 dark blue, 6 white, 7 brown, 8 lavender, 9 purple, 10 cerise (bright rose color), 11 black, 12 orange. Let the paper costumes be worn over simple white dresses or aprons. If all cannot have white slippers and stockings, insist that all wear black.

It will save time and trouble to copy the following directions and send to each mother.

Descriptions of costumes for this exercise and illustrations showing arrangement of children, will be found on page 522.

Exercise.

1. Come straight upon the platform from the side, boy No. 1 leading—all keeping the tape well stretched out between them to show form of kite. Lively march music. The tail comes behind of course, in zig-zag line, as shown in figure 2.

2. All halt and stand facing semi-front, boys holding their red cardboard kites directly in front of them, girls swinging their arms (never letting go hands), to rustle the paper dresses softly.

Girls recite.—March (or April) is coming,

The wind is humming;
See the clouds scurrying
Hear the brook hurrying.

3. The rear girl now leads the tail in a sort of spiral gyration all on tip-toe, (see figure 3). Perform this while the boys recite:

With jackets off
The cold we scoff.
Marbles come out,
Tops spin about.

4. Girls halt and recite:

Hurrah for spring;
And the bird on wing.
We hunt the frail crocus;
The sudden showers soak us.

5. Girls immediately begin marching in the form shown in Figure 4, on tip-toe, arms held high; still holding hands. Boys raise their red kites over their heads parallel with the ceiling and hold while saying:

But the wonderful sight
Is to see your own kite
As it floats on the gale
Waving its tail.

6. Girls complete the Figure while the three boys in front of the kite, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, bringing their kites in front again say:

Oh my! but it's fine
Just to hold to the twine.
A boy seems to rise
Right into the skies.

7. Girls march as in figure 5, on tip-toe, arms still raised. Boys in the center of kite, Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7, bring their kites down to front position, and swaying them to right on 1st, 3d and 5th lines; to left on 2d and 4th lines, they say:

1 Can't a kite pull
2 When it's going full?
3 Come, let's catch hold
4 When it rises so bold
5 And ride thru the sky—

8. The girls interrupt briskly and say:
Who dares to try?

9. Girls now retain positions as in figure 5, but keep twisting bodies slowly, first as far to right, then as far to left, as possible, arms lowered. The five boys forming the back of the kite, Nos. 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, letting point of kites just touch floor, say together:

If it breaks away;
Well, it's only play;
But I'd like to know
Where the lost kites go.

10. Boys and girls together, all kites in shield position, girls at rest, recite:

So, three cheers for the kite.
Here goes with your might:
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!!

All the boys waving kites wildly above heads and girls springing lightly off floor on tip-toes, at each "hurrah."

11. March off directly to the music, or boy No. 1 leads in an easy turn if need be, the tail zig-zagging after, with a hippity-hop step.

Suggestions for Reading.

By ELLEN A. VINTON, Virginia.

The following suggestions are drawn from my experience and observation in a school where the study of literature is begun in the lowest grades and has its due share of time and attention thruout the course.

The committee of fifteen recommend that we begin to use literature in the place of readers in the fourth grade. This is excellent advice, but the literature for this grade should be simple, easy to understand, and attractive to the little people. If the pupil's attention is too much absorbed in the mechanical process of reading, he cannot enjoy the story or poem presented and he may acquire a distaste for it, which is always a detriment to progress. If the story is attractive, that is a strong incentive to overcome the mechanical difficulties. Reading that will furnish easy subjects for composition work is desirable; such as fables and fairy tales.

One important object to be accomplished in the reading class is the acquisition of a good vocabulary and the habit of correct English expression. For this reason, dialect stories and those containing colloquialisms and the conversation of illiterate persons should be avoided.

For the fourth grade there can be nothing better than Hawthorne's "Little Daffydowndilly and Other Stories." I would have children read something of Hawthorne's in every grade, that his pure simple diction and style might be impressed upon their minds. We shall find no difficulty in selecting something suited to every grade. For the fifth grade there is the "Wonder Book." After this comes the "Tanglewood Tales," a fit introduction or supplement to the study of mythology. "Grandfather's Chair" should be read in the grade in which U. S. History is studied; and in the eighth grade, "Snow Image," "The Great Stone Face," and "Little Annie's Ramble" will be enjoyed and appreciated.

But do not suppose that a steady diet of Hawthorne is proposed, altho it is difficult to find English at once so simple, natural, and artistic. Some poetry should be interspersed and a goodly number of fairy tales. A "Book of Tales," embracing both prose and poetry, well suited to the fourth grade, contains entire stories from Grimm, "Jack and the Bean Stalk," "Cinderella" and selections from the "Arabian Nights." This book is edited by Swinton and published by The American Book Company.

No book can be more delightful or profitable in the fifth or sixth grade than Kingsley's "Water Babies," and Andersen's "Fairy Tales" should find a place in the seventh or eighth. Burrough's "Birds and Bees" will help to cultivate habits of observation and love of nature. This work is suitable for the sixth and seventh grade and may be followed by "Sharp Eyes." Selections from Irving's "Sketch Book" should be read in the eighth grade. The charm of the style, the beauty and humor of the tales and the subjects furnished for composition work, all make it a profitable book.

Selections from Longfellow such as the "Children's Hour," are simple enough for the fourth or fifth grade. "Evangeline" may be read in the

sixth or seventh grade, and "Miles Standish" in the eighth. I have seen Whittier's "Snow Bound" much enjoyed in the ninth grade, and have no doubt it could be used to advantage in the eighth if desired. There is other poetry especially adapted to children; such as that of Eugene Field; Hezekiah Butterworth, and the collection "Sunshine," by Katherine Lee Bates. If these are not accessible for class use, the teacher will find the selections desirable to read aloud to her pupils. Scott's "Lady of the Lake," suggested by the committee seems to me too difficult to use below the ninth or tenth grade.

As soon as the child is mature enough to read at home with pleasure and profit, it is well to have a number of prescribed home readings. These may be used to cultivate the reading habit of those who are not inclined to read enough, and to crowd out poor literature in the case of those who enjoy reading. The subjects may be utilized for composition work as well as for lessons in ethics. Among the books especially fitted for this purpose are "Tales from Shakespeare" by Charles and Mary Lamb, "Timothy's Quest," "Vicar of Wakefield," "Tom Brown at Rugby," "Little Women," etc. In connection with the study of natural history let the pupil read George MacDonald's delightful story, "A Rough Shaking." This teaches many fine lessons, besides the habits of wild beasts and kindness to domestic animals. Another little book by the same author, "At the Back of the North Wind," is much enjoyed by imaginative children; and should we not try to make all children imaginative? There are three books that have taken their places in the literature of the world, that every child should read at that susceptible age when he can appreciate their wonders without thinking about their improbabilities—I refer to "Robinson Crusoe," "The Arabian Nights," and "Gulliver's Travels." All parents do not think of this, but let the teacher supplement their care in this respect.

This list might be prolonged indefinitely, and doubtless some reader will wonder why her favorite is left out; but it is not the intention to exhaust the subject. Probably more books have been mentioned than can be read between the fourth and ninth grade, but let each teacher select what is best adapted to her pupils. Even in the same grade there is great difference in taste and appreciation. The child who has "tumbled about in a library," tho having the same advancement in other studies; will appreciate a higher class of literature than a child of a less cultivated home. Let the teacher study each class and not force upon the children what they do not enjoy. Surely there are books enough for us to vary the program a little. If the majority of a class appreciate a poem or tale, the others will gain something from the enthusiasm of their mates; but where only a small number enjoy it, all but the mechanical part of the work is useless; often worse, for it gives the pupil a distaste for standard literature.



Start Where You Are.

By EDITH C. WESTCOTT, Principal of Western High School, Washington, D. C.

THE whole secret of success in school teaching (as indeed, in the conduct of any business), lies in working out from the opportunity of the immediate present. You are getting ready to have a written lesson, a short paragraph, it may be, from each child. Logically your first move will be to arouse interest in some subject, and get the same threshed out in general discussion. Now, nine times out of ten the teacher drags in a subject which has no relation to the here and now of the school-room. The wooden results of this method are too well-known to all of us. Made-to-order sentences; priggish interest, artificial formality; everywhere an apparent desire to do and say what "she wants," ("she" being the teacher).

In these morning talks, which precede the composition, suppose you were to make it the invariable practice to let the suggestion of the moment guide you in the selection of the topic. Think of the spontaneity of discussion; the alertness and originality challenged in both teacher and pupil! Shall we be more explicit? Take, for example; a few suggestions from the infinite number that will open in the experience of every thinking teacher.

You step to the window: A coal cart is discharging its load into a neighboring cellar. Twenty ways of handling that occur to you at once. The story of the coal from the mine to the consumer. The conduct of business in a large city. The cost of coal to the man who telephones for five tons as compared with the cost to the man or boy who goes with his basket to the small dealer. The chance for practical arithmetic in weights and measures. (A boy might be sent down to examine the coal tickets, and report to the school on the gross weight, cost, and net.) Prices, "corners," famines, the natural history of a piece of coal, the fuel used by our grandparents, these and many more lines for discussion are opened by this trivial circumstance, commonplace in the experience of every child, and yet one for which this old world has been preparing for eons upon eons.

Perhaps your children pass a corner where a contractor is excavating for a building. What better beginning for physical geography? We somehow get the notion that we must have things in the large, a mountain or a stretch of seascape, or a swift river flowing between varicolored walls of rock, before we can talk of the earth's crust. A handful of red clay from the neighboring cellar will make as good a starting point.

Suppose the street is being torn up for sewerage or gas pipes—the opportunity for discussion of two of the most important items in municipal responsibility, the health and the lighting of the city, are opened up with ramifying branches of inquiry and interest limitless in extent. It only remains for the skilful teacher to guide the discussion whither she will, and to utilize and organize the vagrant information in possession of every alert American boy and girl. Here is the opportunity to teach spelling, composition; oral

expression; local conditions; civic pride; responsibilities of citizenship.

But all these subjects are suggested by conditions *outside* of the school-room, tho within the immediate experience of every child. There is not a day that does not offer a choice, and a wide one, from the infinite variety of conditions, temperaments; and experiences within the school-room. To go into further detail, would be to discredit the alertness of the teacher. Once having accepted in good faith, the doctrine that the "here and now" are important, that the teaching that is related to the facts of life as it is being lived, is vital and pregnant of resource, the specific detail becomes individual matter, determined by the peculiar environment and needs of each school.

As to the *country* school; the opportunity offered by such a scheme of "morning talks" is even more limitless than in the town school. The change of seasons; the crops, the weather; the market reports, the potato harvest; haying, the fall of a leaf, the meadow brook, the first anemone; the school meeting; the township elections, the pulp mill, the lumber camp, etc., etc., following to its legitimate conclusion any inquiry stimulated by the activity or experience of the child himself; so that school exists to carry on; to broaden, and to vitalize all the commonplace routine of daily experience. Hitch your arithmetic to the local problem. You will know what that is for the individual; for the grade; for the school system; and, incidentally you will find its name is legion.

Begin your nature work, your geography (place or physical) with some local condition or starting point. Your civics should make for intelligent understanding of the local organization of community in which you teach. All that the child lives; sees; thinks, and does, is grist to your mill; and should be the "open sesame" to the world of wider experience.



The Song of the Umbrella.

D
r
i
p;
drip;
drip ! The
April days
have come. And
me you'd better always
take whenever you leave home;
for when the sun is shining bright, and down
the street you trip; an April shower may come up;

D
r
i
p;
d
r
i
p; drip.

Virginia.

RUTH O. DYER.

Thoughts for Teachers

Do you know the fun of rummaging in a second-hand book shop? And have you found treasures in the musty little underground shops, that you could use in school and out—bought for a song, and not to be parted with at any price? A friend of mine has many such treasures, rescued from heaps of rubbish in the way of trashy paper-covered novels, medical and theological books long out of date, and piles of street songs forgotten by all save their composers. But gold is gold however obtained, and from one of his most cherished bits, a few thoughts have been selected this month for you.

Let me tell you about the book from which they are culled: It is yellowed with age, covered most unattractively in black cloth, and it bears the imprint of the year 1836. It is entitled "Lacon; or Many Things in Few Words," and it is addressed "To Those Who Think." The author, Rev. C. C. Colton, wrote a preface of twelve pages,—people had time to read prefaces in those days—in London in 1820. Here are some brief selections:

Were we as eloquent as angels; we would please some men, some women, and some children, much more by listening, than by talking.

He that sympathizes in all the happiness of others, perhaps himself enjoys the safest happiness; and he that is warned by all the folly of others, has perhaps attained the soundest wisdom.

Many men fail in life, from the want, as they are too ready to suppose, of those great occasions wherein they might have shown their trustworthiness, and their integrity. But all such persons should remember that in order to try whether a vessel be leaky, we first prove it with water, before we trust it with wine. The more minute and trivial opportunities of being just and upright are constantly occurring to everyone; and it is an unimpeachable character in these lesser things that almost invariably prepares and produces those very opportunities of greater advancement; and of higher confidence, which turn out so rich a harvest, but which those alone are permitted to reap, who have previously sown.

Hurry and Cunning are the two apprentices of Despatch and Skill; but neither of them ever learns the master's trade.

Men spend their lives in anticipations; in determining to be vastly happy at some period or other; when they have time. But the present time has one advantage over every other—it is our own. Past opportunities are gone, future are not come. We may lay in a stock of wine; but if we defer tasting them too long, we find that both are soured by age. Let our happiness, therefore, be a modest mansion; which we can inhabit while we have our health and vigor to enjoy it; not a fabric, so vast and expensive that it has cost us the best part of our lives to build it, and which we can expect to occupy only when we have less occasion for a habitation than a tomb.

The wisest man may be wiser to-day; than he was yesterday, and to-morrow, than he is to-day.

A friend called on Michael Angelo; who was finishing a statue; some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work; his friend looking at the figure exclaimed, "Have you been idle since I saw you last?" "By no means," replied the sculptor; "I have retouched this part and polished that; I have softened this feature and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "all these

are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo; "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

Agar said, "Give me neither poverty nor riches"; and this will ever be the prayer of the wise. Our incomes should be like our shoes, if too small, they will gall and pinch us, but if too large, they will cause us to stumble and to trip. Wealth, after all, is a relative thing, since he that has little, and wants less, is richer than he that has much, but wants more. True contentment depends not upon what we have; a tub was large enough for Diogenes, but a world was too little for Alexander.

That is not the most perfect beauty; which, in public, would attract the greatest observation; nor even that which the statuary would admit to be a faultless piece of clay, kneaded up with blood. But that is true beauty; which has not only a substance, but a spirit,—a beauty that we must intimately know, justly to appreciate,—a beauty lighted up in conversation, where the mind shines; as it were, thru its casket, where, in the language of the poet "*the eloquent blood spoke in her cheeks; and so distinctly wrought, that we might almost say her body thought.*" An order and a mode of beauty which, the more we know, the more we accuse ourselves for not having before discovered those thousand graces which bespeak that their owner has a soul. This is that beauty which never cloy; possessing charms as resistless as the fascinating Egyptian, for which Antony wisely paid the bauble of the world—a beauty like the rising of his own Italian suns, always enchanting, never the same.

He that can please nobody is not so much to be pitied as he that nobody can please.

If a man be sincerely wedded to truth; he must make up his mind to find her a portionless virgin; and he must take her for herself alone. The contract, too, must be to love, cherish, and obey her; not only until death; but beyond it: for this is a union that must survive not only death, but time, the conqueror of death. The adorer of truth; therefore, is above all present things—firm in the midst of temptation; and frank in the midst of treachery; he will be attacked by those who have prejudices; simply because he is without them; decried as a bad bargain by all who want to purchase; because he alone is not to be bought; and abused by all parties, because he is the advocate of none; like the dolphin, which is always painted more *crooked* than a ram's horn, altho every naturalist knows that it is the straightest fish that swims.

Guessing Rhymes

By Lois Bates

The children will enjoy these guessing rhymes very much. They can be used for reading and writing lessons, or one can be learned by each pupil, the answer to be guessed by the other children or by any invited guests who may be present. Miss Bates, the author, has written a great many songs and games for little folks. The rhymes given here are taken from a little book called "Games Without Music for Children." It contains a great deal of material helpful to the primary teacher. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, are the publishers.

Nature Rhymes.

All the trees have buds of green,
Pretty yellow flowers are seen,
Lambs are frisking, happy, free,
Pray what season can this be?

Spring.

Sunny days so bright and long,
Sweet, new hay, and mower's song,
Honeysuckle, roses sweet,
Holidays, that are a treat.

Summer.

The reapers' scythes are heard among the yellow
corn,
There's harvest moon at night, and frosty air at
morn;
The hunter sounds his horn, ripe nuts and fruits
are here,
The leaves go whirling by, and colder days draw
near.

Autumn.

Now we have the North wind bold,
Bringing frost and snow and cold,
Sliding, skating, oh, what fun,
When this season is begun!

Winter.

We are sometimes dark and heavy,
Then you think there will be rain;
We are sometimes light and fleecy,
And the blue sky shows again.
If you would see us look above,
Across the sky we always move.

Clouds.

In the early morning
Drops are shining clear,
On the leaves and grasses;
In the flower-cups here;
Thru the night 'tis falling,
But by noon each day,
Sunshine warm and pleasant
Sends it quite away.

Dew.

You want me very much when
you wish to fly your kite,
I send it soaring upwards, to
such a great, great height;
Sometimes I lift your hat off,
and you to catch it try,
You wonder where I come from
—guess quickly, who am I?

Wind.

Flowers.

Before the winter changed to spring,
I saw a graceful, white, wee thing;
It's pretty bell was hanging down,
As if it thought, "Too soon I've grown,"
Altho more snow we yet may see,
We give glad welcome, flowers to thee.

Snowdrop.

Five petals I have, very dainty I think,
When I first blossom they're a bright rosy pink;
I smell very sweet—now you'll guess me right
quick,
But mind when you pick me the thorns do not
prick.

Wild Rose.

Animals.

I watch your house all night,
When you're asleep, my dear;
If any thief should come,
My voice you soon would hear.

Dog.

They are frisking in the field,
By the side of mother dear,
Playful, happy creatures, they
Never think of danger near,
And their coats so soft and light
Keep them warm by day and night.

Lambs.



Black Dutch Rabbits at the Old Stump.

Photographed by Dr. Edward F. Bigelow.

My coat is made of soft, warm fur;
My tail is thick and round,
My eyes are very sharp and bright,
I like to crack the nuts, you see,
And jump about from tree to tree.

Squirrel.

Mother Goose Rhymes.

A little boy once had a horn,
I think he lived among the corn;
And wore a pretty dress of blue,
I've nearly told his name to you.

Little Boy Blue.

A boy and girl walked up a hill,
But tumble, tumble, down they came;
And where's the water? Where the pail?
Of each poor child you know the name.

Jack and Jill.

Somebody has a garden,
We ask her how it grows,
Such funny things she says are there;
A-growing all in rows.

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary.

Who sat down in a corner,
One Christmas long ago,
And thought himself a good, good boy;
While eating pie, you know?

Little Jack Horner.

'Twas something about a supper,
And something about a knife,
And something about a boy that cried;
And something about a wife.

Little Tom Tucker.

She had a dog and he
could smoke,
And dance, and
laugh or cry,
This woman and her
dog you know,
To find her name
please try.

Mother Hubbard.

He tumbled from a
wall so high,
And if to pick him
up they try,
They find it is in vain;
in vain,
He cannot be picked
up again.

Humpty Dumpty.

She sat upon a little
stool,
To eat her food
one day,
A spider came and
frightened her,
And quick she
ran away.

Little Miss Muffet.

Fairy Tales.

Who was it went her grandma to see;
In cloak and hood, as pretty as could be?

Red Riding Hood.

And pray whom did she meet, that said "Good-
day,
I'll race you little maiden all the way?"

Wolf.

And when at last she reached her grandma's house;
Who lay there in the bed, still as a mouse?

Wolf.

She sat by the fire, and she looked, oh, so sad,
Until a kind fairy made everything glad,
Away drove the maiden in carriage so bright,
With slippers that sparkled like jewels that night.

Cinderella.

They say she slept a hundred years;
Her hair down to her feet had grown;
And then the brave prince woke her up;
And claimed the maiden for his own.

Sleeping Beauty.

He climbed a stalk so wondrous high;
It seemed almost to reach the sky,
And then he slew, so we are told,
A giant who was bad and bold.

Jack the Giant Killer.

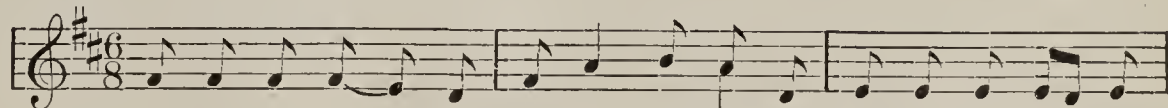
Who was it had a pussy cat,
And sent it o'er the sea.
And then became Lord Mayor, they say;
And rich, as rich could be?

Dick Whittington.

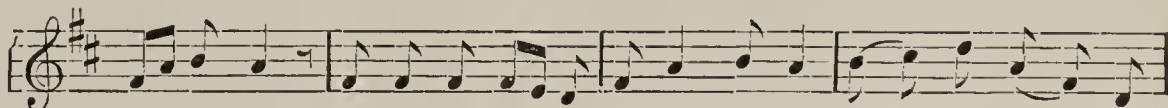
Dear Mother Nature.

MARY HICKS VAN DERBERGH.

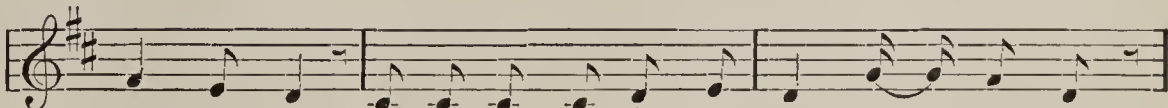
W. C. WEST.



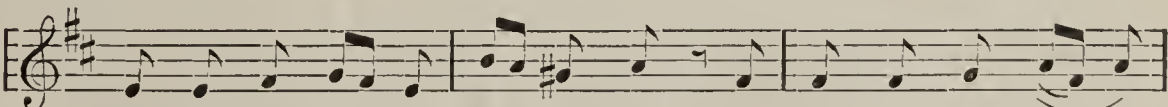
1. Dear Mother Na-ture is rock-ing, rock-ing Thro' cold win-ter months the
2. In dain-ty cra-dles, swinging, swinging, Dream-i-ly 'twixt the



buds to sleep, Soon we shall hear her calling, calling: "Children, arise from your
earth and sky; Lulled by the stormwinds, loved by snowflakes, All the wee small



slum-bers deep." "Wake up, Crocus, and wake, Pus-sy Wil-low!
blos-soms lie. Soon we shall see them dancing, danc-ing,



Cro-cus so gay and brave and warm, And lit-tle gray catkin—
On darksome boughs in dress of green, Each year do earth's



dear lit-tle Qua-ker, Just as sweet in your mod-est charm."
fair spring ba-bies Seem the dear-est ev-er seen.



Among Ourselves

The Editor's Round Table



TEACHERS MAGAZINE now bears the imprint of A. S. Barnes & Co., universally respected as a great publishing house and firmly established in the affections of educators. The name of this firm is the best guarantee for the continuance of this periodical and the publications affiliated with it, under most favorable auspices. The efficiency of all departments will be greatly increased, and the new organization perfected as speedily as possible.

The editorial policy will remain essentially unchanged. Provision has been made for adding to the office staff and for considerably improving and enlarging the facilities for carrying on the work. This will enable the editor to get under way long cherished plans for increasing the usefulness and widening the scope of this periodical.

The outlook is bright for a broader and fuller usefulness in this field of limitless opportunity for serving God and our country. This thought is an ever fresh spring of inspiration. Here you, my friends, and I meet to renew our strength and pledge one another to be steadfast in the faith in the perfectibility of humanity and in our resolution to make the future glorious with promise. The more heartily you and I help and cheer each other the greater will be the gain to the children; for the building of whose present and future happiness we both have agreed to toil.

Now I want your aid, friends; I need it. A word from you at this time will be most welcome. Many of you have taken the trouble to write occasionally, commending, criticising, contributing, supplying "hints and helps," sending good wishes. It is my sincere desire to have from each one an expression of opinion as to how the usefulness of TEACHERS MAGAZINE may be enlarged; what has been found helpful in recent numbers; what portions have not been specially serviceable; etc. The irregularities in the mailing of copies will, of course, be promptly remedied. The present publishers will do all in their power to improve the mechanical excellence of this periodical and to insure prompt delivery to subscribers. But what can the editorial department do to serve you better? Will you not write to-day? Now?

You will probably be somewhat disappointed at not finding the usual installment of C. Hanford Henderson's "Autobiography of a Teacher" in this issue. The fact is that in the effort to get the March number out early all manuscript which was not ready for the printer at the close of January had to be held over for April, and Dr. Henderson's article was among these. There never was a more fascinating story written for American teachers than this "Autobiography." Its importance will

be more and more widely recognized as time goes on. How fortunate TEACHERS MAGAZINE was in securing these contributions for its readers will be told in years to come. Have you called the attention of other teachers to them? The autobiography is equally interesting to principals and superintendents and university men, tho it was especially written for the teachers in the elementary schools. Dr. Henderson is one of the great writers of America. His novel of "John Percy-field" has been especially successful. The March installment of our series is entitled "More Adventures."

Watervliet, N. Y.; must be pretty hard up either financially or morally when it feels that it cannot grant its teachers the modest increase of \$50 a year.

How did you like Dr. Bigelow's "Educational Rabbit" in TEACHERS MAGAZINE last month? Of course you enjoyed it. I know of no one who can make nature study more interesting and profitable than Dr. Bigelow. He is in great demand as an institute instructor; and thousands of teachers have seen his benignant face and listened to his fascinating message. Next time you see him shake hands with him and tell him what pleased you most in his articles in TEACHERS MAGAZINE. By the way, all the charming rabbit photographs published in this number were supplied by him for our pleasure and use in the class-room.

When you come to write me I would like to have you include a word concerning the story of "Mary Kingwood's School." It strikes me that Miss Johnson's way of passing on her teaching experiences to others is excellent. In what way has her story specially helped you?

A shrewd Yankee once said that he never knew of anything ever running of itself unless it was going down hill. This is as true of schools as of anything else.

The fool and his folly are not easily parted. But it's worth trying to divorce them. That is part of the business of the school.

What subjects do you suggest for the department of "Children of Other Lands"? This feature was original with *Primary School* of which this magazine is the successor. A word from you will please Miss Dorothy Wells and aid her to meet your wishes.

No educational periodical has ever had such beautiful cover designs as our magazine has printed each month. In fact I doubt whether the general magazines have brought out anything better or of closer interest to teachers and their pupils. Mr. Wilson, the artist, has won distinction as a designer of covers. He has promised to describe in the near future how you or your pupils may copy his designs by the use of only two colors. Now don't get frightened. The outlines are really so simple that they will inspire courage in anyone who can do easy drawings. Mr. Wilson will show how to go about it. Only two colors are needed; because no more are required in printing the cover. The present series will come to a close in June. The suggestions for copying the designs will appear in either April or May.

The cover this month tells the story of the wind month. We can imagine the feelings of the little schoolma'am as the windows behind her burst open and the reckless March breezes rush in and scatter the papers that were arranged with so much nicety. Meanwhile the two rabbits—whoever heard of March without hares, and hares are rabbits—are making a feast of the exercise papers. The whole design is a catchy bit of artistic conceit that is sure to please the teachers. Do you agree with me?

The death of Dr. William Rainey Harper, president of the University of Chicago from the inception of the institution [in 1891, did not come unexpectedly, yet the sorrow for it is none the less. He was a lovable man, and he worked with an energy that seemed inexhaustible. As an organizer and administrator he had no superior in the field of higher education of America. While he was not, strictly speaking, an educator, and it would be unwise to compare him with those who are, he has been of much help to the cause of education by the espousal of the educational ideas of others. His greater glory, aside from his wonderful business ability, must be looked for in theological scholarship and in his inspirational power as a teacher of theological lore. He was an authority on the Semitic languages, especially Hebrew. To Bible archeology and Assyriology also he made valuable contributions. American theology loses in him an erudite scholar, a great inspiring force, and a masterly teacher; Chicago university a never-wearying worker for the enlargement of her scope and efficiency; one who aimed to make it the most comprehensive institution of learning in the new world; the country at large an honored citizen, who by his wonderful personality and labor has added to her glory among the nations of the world.

Miss Parson's gymnastic games represent an exceedingly interesting departure in physical culture for primary schools. The charming article in this number will give you some conception of their value. The work has the endorsement of the leading authorities in child study and will no doubt be enthusiastically received by the readers of TEACHERS MAGAZINE. There will be more of this material for several months to come. How does this appeal to you? By freely telling me just what pleases you most you are helping me to do more for you. This magazine wants to serve you.

Russian Toys.

Teachers who wish to make use with their classes of the material given in the article on life in Russia, to be found on pages 568 and 569—and may their number be legion, will be interested in the following description of Russian toys. It comes from a London paper, and I enjoyed it so much myself, that I decided to pass it on to you, so here it is.

If there is anything that is original, it is the Russian toy. It may lack beauty, it may be absolutely and almost rudely simple, but at any rate it is original. Nowhere has its like been seen in the shops of London, Paris, or any Western town; strange to say, perhaps, for when a traveler brings home a Russian toy it is almost always a welcome addition to the nursery. What can be imagined more magnificent or thrilling than a troika, or sledge drawn by three horses, the middle one running straight, the side ones prancing, caracoling; and twisting round their graceful necks, so that they may catch a glimpse of the whip of the driver; as he sits, swollen out to twice his usual size, in his blue caftan on the box? Or what can be more curious than the baba? It represents the human form usually so adjusted as to form a sort of box; taller than it is broad. The top pulls off and then another baba appears, but, of course, smaller than the first, and then another, and so on—all of them painted in the brightest colors that imagination can conceive.

The toys are made as a rule, of the bark of the birch; a graceful tree which adds much to the beauty of the forest zone in Russia. Among them one may see little figures in white wood, all characteristically Russian, the clumsy moujik; with his never failing beard; a pedler, the woman with her spinning wheel, and a toy known as a smithy; which represents a bear and a man seated opposite one another with anvils and a block. And there are dancing bears which throw out their paws in a wonderful way; when a string is pulled, for bruin is a favorite animal with the Russian toy maker; and sometimes the wicked peasant—for it is always the peasants who make these toys to while away the long winter hours—dares to represent his "pope" or priest, begging; with blue robes, purple bonnet and long, white beard, below which there is a slit into which the money goes; so that the toy, in fact, becomes a money box.

The Russian peasants excel in making little dishes, cups, and goblets, so small that they will go into a waistcoat pocket, but absolutely perfect as to workmanship, in their own limited way, of course. Wooden spoons, too, may often be seen on sale in great numbers at the stalls outside a monastery. Sometimes they are adorned with a rude picture of the monastery, or made with the bowl emerging from the fish's mouth.

Dolls would seem to be little in vogue as a toy; and if they are seen in Russia they are often of German make but there are often on sale diminutive figures representing peasant women, clothed in brightly colored and highly picturesque costumes. Windmills, too, are favorite toys, and wooden whistles with gayly painted heads at one extremity.

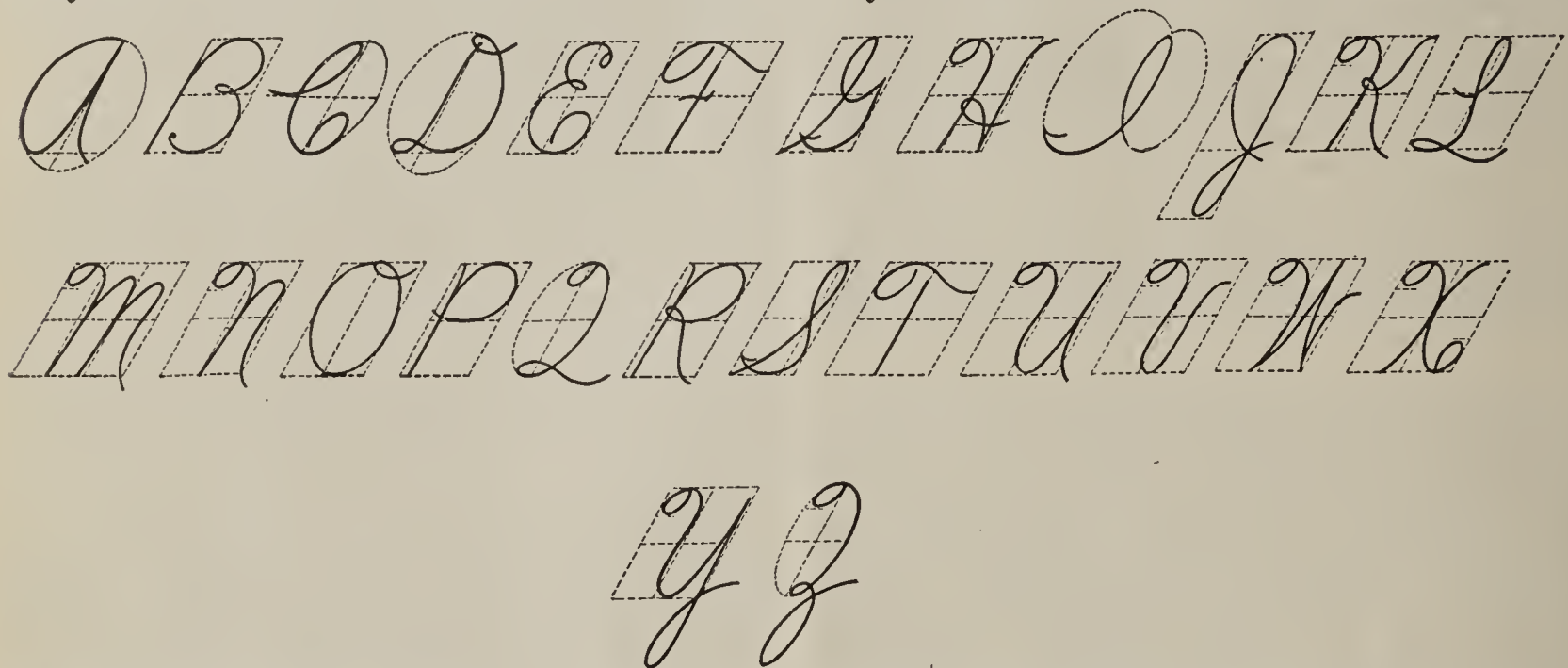
(Continued on page 589.)

Lessons in Writing II

By Horace G. Healy, New York

Having devoted our first lesson to the subject of movement, we are now ready to make a careful study of the forms of letters. As the capitals are the larger and more easily understood, we shall study them this month. Your careful attention

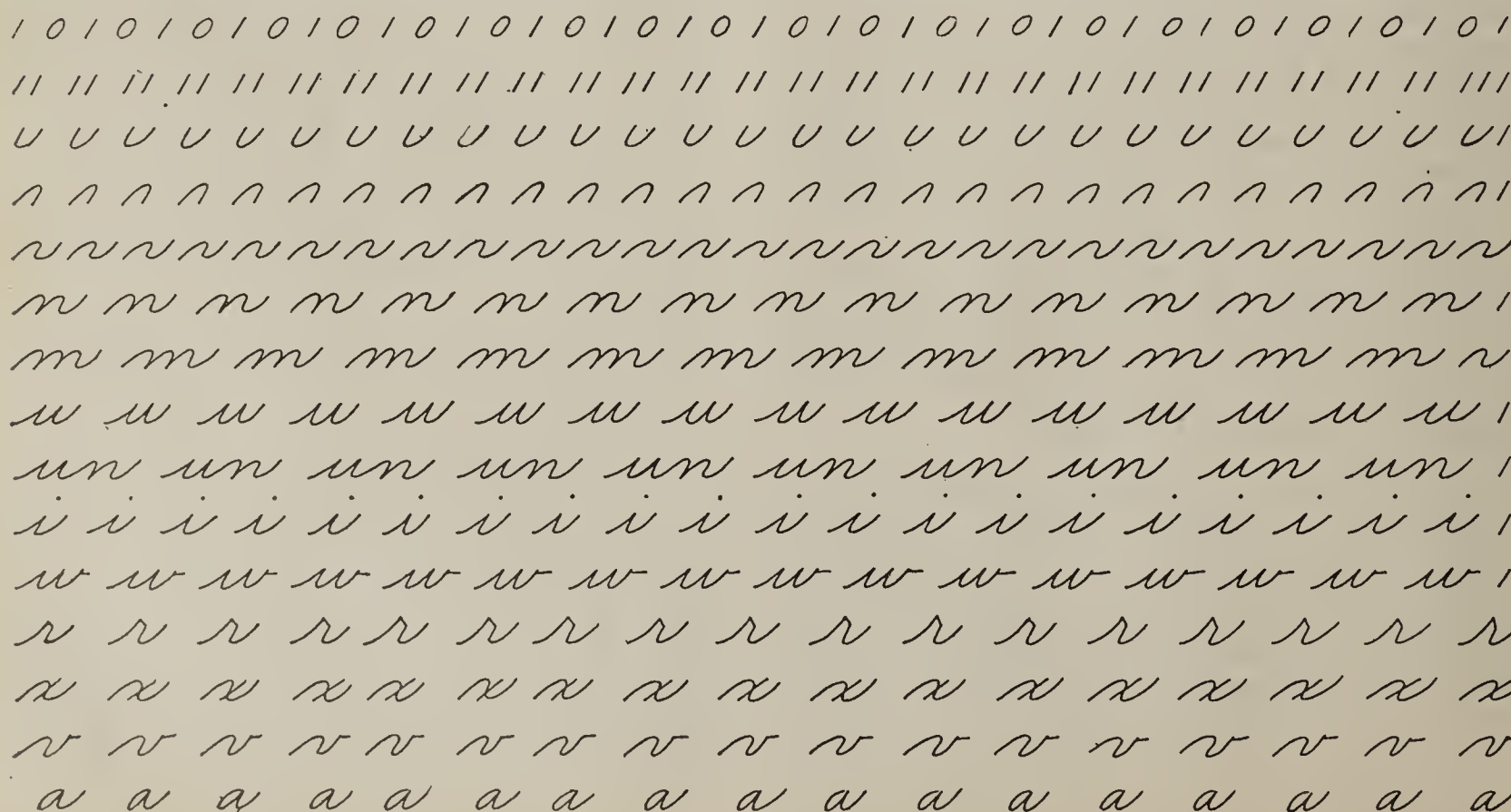
The small letters are not difficult if a careful study is made of them at the beginning. A great advantage is derived by studying them in groups. In this plate we have four letters, o, c, e, and s. They are similar in slant and should be studied



is called to each letter in Plate I. Carefully outline the oval or the rhomboid and then put in the letter. Make the letters about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch high while you are learning the forms. After that, do not make them more than $\frac{1}{4}$ inch high.

together. Make at least ten lines of each letter before proceeding to the next. These are the only small letters in the alphabet which do not have straight lines in them.

We shall now prepare for the remaining nine



minimum letters. In this plate, we have a study of round turns and straight lines. Be very careful in your practice on the last line.

Notice that the *n* and *m* are very round at the top. The *i* and *u* are sharp. Practise the *u* and *n* together, as shown in line four.

Practise these letters as in the former plates. Make them equal distant apart. Keep the wrist

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well raised from the paper, and do not let the fingers bend. The *x* is made like the last part of the *m*, with a straight line drawn upward thru it.

The figures should be taken up early in the study of writing. It is well to learn them in the order in which they are here presented. Notice that the 4 is made a great deal like the figure 1, in fact the last stroke of the 4 is a 1.

The 6 is $1\frac{1}{2}$ times as high as the figure 1. The stroke of the 5 starts out like 1, comes down half way, it then retraces and then swings round like a crescent. The 7 is not quite as high as the one, but it comes down thru the line, a distance equal to the length of the 1. The top of the nine is of the same height as the 1, and comes down thru the line the same distance. The first part of the 8 resembles a capital S with a straight line drawn up thru it.

In practising the figures use 1 as the measuring stick, placing it before all the others

The Crows in Winter.

Crows are not nearly so numerous in the winter, in northern New York and in places equally cold, as they are in summer. Yet many of them gain a living by picking up the grains of corn that have fallen from the freight cars and been scattered along the track. And since they cannot long exist without water, they also find much food on the river banks and along the spring runs when the snow is deep. No other bird will better reward close observation, the study of his language alone being an endless source of amusement and instruction. Crows are among the earliest birds to build. They lay their dark green eggs before the last snow has fallen.—From Nature and Science in February *St. Nicholas*.



GOING TO SCHOOL IN SHORT-TIME.
 How the out-door folks envy them! Do they? —Courtesy of the Chicago Daily News.

Replies to Questions

By Amos M. Kellogg

Debater, Tennessee.—There is no question as to the existence of Lake Chad. A report was spread abroad about ten years ago doubting its existence, but it has lately been visited by a French party. This party states that it seems to be drying up. Its present form is like a capital V, the angle to the south. It is not over twelve feet deep in its deepest places. Several rivers pour into it. One is named the Shari; but the evaporation is greater than the rainfall. Besides, the northeast trade winds from the Atlantic bring much fine sand, and this is producing islands in the eastern part. The southwestern part is now a vast swamp, and in the process of time the whole of the lake will become a vast marsh, and then dry land.

Ellen B. Kingston.—Not all questions can be answered here. The first one propounded should be asked of a good lawyer, who will make the matter clear to you. Why English publications employ a *u* in honor and a few other words is mainly due to the influence of Dr. Johnson. Very early it appeared as *honur*, *honour*, and *honor*. The two latter forms were used by Shakspeare and many others. Dr. Johnson's influence put aside the latter form, coming generally into use, on the ground that it was derived from the French "*honneur*," while really it is from the Latin "*honor*." The process of omitting the *u*, however, continued in other words (error, anterior, author, candor, labor, favor, neighbor, color, orator, terror, horror, etc.), and Webster gave his influence towards its omission in "*honor*." It is thought this stimulated the English to hold on to it, arousing international prejudice, for they consider it an American innovation, while in reality they are the innovators.

L. L.—Tobacco is in the hands of the government of France; that is, it is a monopoly. Only the government produces it, manufactures it, and sells it. The profit goes into the state treasury, and this amounts to sixty millions each year. This causes the cost of tobacco to be greater in France than in any other country; also it lessens the consumption in France. The state also monopolizes the manufacture and sale of matches, making a profit of five millions each year on them.

Eunice M.—The rules of shipping require that a red light shall be carried on the port (left) side and a green light on the starboard (right) side. They must be strong enough to be seen at the distance of two miles and not be visible astern. If a red light is seen, then it is known that a vessel has her port side toward the sailor and is moving towards his left; if both are seen,

she is coming directly towards him. The rule is, "Turn out to the right." The order for it is, "Port your helm." The sailor says, "Keep green to green and red to red."

Coffee vs. College.

Student Had to Give Up Coffee.

Some people are apparently immune to coffee poisoning—if you are not, Nature will tell you so in the ailments she sends as warnings. And when you get a warning, *heed it or you get hurt, sure*. A young college student writes from New York:

"I have been told frequently that coffee was injurious to me, and if I had not been told, the almost constant headaches with which I began to suffer after using it for several years, the state of lethargic mentality which gradually came upon me to hinder me in my studies, the general lassitude and indisposition to any sort of effort which possessed me, ought to have been sufficient warning. But I disregarded them until my physician told me a few months ago that I must give up coffee or quit college. I could hesitate no longer, and at once abandoned coffee.

"On the advice of a friend I began to drink Postum Food Coffee, and rejoice to tell you that with the drug of coffee removed and the healthful properties of Postum in its place I was soon relieved of all my ailments. The headaches and nervousness disappeared entirely, strength came back to me, and my complexion, which had been very, very bad, cleared up beautifully. Better than all, my mental faculties were toned up, and became more vigorous than ever, and now I feel that no course of study would be too difficult for me." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.



Blow, March wind, blow,
Go, wind mill, go!
When the March wind has his say,
All our troubles blow away.

Russian Toys.

(Continued from page 585.)

Among other toys are horn paper knives with openwork reindeer, helping to form the blade, extraordinary birds with long bills, a loving cup which resembles a small bath with an elevated handle at one end, and is used in Russia by the peasants, and sometimes even by the boyar, when he wishes to offer a stranger beer.

The Russian peasants excel in making boxes and cabinets; which, either by reason of their orna-



mentation or because they open in some unexpected way, may almost be classed as toys. The simple kind of decoration may be very pretty, because it often represents a gilded cupola, which is so characteristic a feature of a Russian landscape. Or sometimes the woodwork is lined with rude forms of pine trees. But the more elaborate boxes are carved or colored with great skill, and throw quite a flood of light on Russian life or scenery. One picture on the lid will, perhaps, represent several huts, in a row, then a church with a green cupola, and a windmill in the background; above, white cloudlets fleck the blue. In another a girl will be watching a village street white with snow; in a third a knight with couched lance is making his way thru an endless forest.

The zakuska, a little meal of dainty morsels; that is eaten standing at a side table before dinner; offers scope to the Russian toy maker, and no wonder. The green peas, the red lobster, the strawberries, the knife and fork that lie across the plate—all these are represented with wonderful accuracy in the coloring. But with all their beauty they fall far short of the original, which is often so pleasing to the eye, that it seems nothing short of profanation to the esthetically minded to apply it to such a vulgar purpose as satisfying the appetite.

In a country like the north of Russia; where there is very little stone and a good deal of wood; it is obvious that wood carving was likely to flourish as an industry. Undertaken at first as an amusement, it gradually became a necessity, for as the population increased the land proved insufficient for the support of all, and the means of livelihood had to be found in some other way.

A famine that occurred some fifteen years ago gave an impulse to village handicrafts, and so great has been the development that an attempt has even been made to seek for a market outside the Russian empire. Thus, in the province of Vologda, which covers an area greater than the British isles, there are more than ninety thousand women engaged in making lace; another ancient industry of the same province is the carving or plaiting of the back of the brick. Practically the whole of this immense province is untraversed by railways; in the short summer the rivers are used for purposes of transport; in winter long trains of sledges in Indian file traverse the vast snowy expanse, to Archangel, Moscow, or Nijni-Novgorod. Here they dispose of their goods at the fairs.

Food and Study.

A COLLEGE MAN'S EXPERIENCE.

"All thru my high school course and first year in college," writes an ambitious young man, "I struggled with my studies on a diet of greasy, pasty foods, being especially fond of cakes and fried things. My system got into a state of general disorder and it was difficult for me to apply myself to school work with any degree of satisfaction. I tried different medicines and food preparations but did not seem able to correct the difficulty.

"Then my attention was called to Grape-Nuts food and I sampled it. I had to do something; so I just buckled down to a rigid observance of the directions on the package, and in less than no time began to feel better. In a few weeks my strength was restored, my weight had increased; I had a clearer head and felt better in every particular. My work was simply sport to what it was formerly.

"My sister's health was badly run down and she had become so nervous that she could not attend to her music. She went on Grape-Nuts and had the same remarkable experience that I had. Then my brother, Frank, who is in the postoffice department at Washington city and had been trying to do brain work on greasy foods, cakes and all that, joined the Grape-Nuts army. I showed him what it was and could do and from a broken-down condition he has developed into a hearty and efficient man.

"Besides these I could give account of numbers of my fellow-students who have made visible improvement mentally and physically by the use of this food." Name given by Postum Co.; Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book; "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.



Mr. and Mrs. Ostrich at Home.

By LIZZIE ANDERSON.

NOW Mrs. Ostrich, get your feathers all plumed, for we are sure to have more company to-day. I want the visitors to say that you are the prettiest bird, and wave the finest grey plumes, in the whole corral."

Now this particular ostrich had not been in California very long, and the words and looks of the many visitors had made him exceedingly vain.

Just ten months had passed since he left his home in Africa and took the long sail that had brought him here, but he had almost forgotten the time when he could stretch his long legs and run without ever once turning.

He told Mrs. Ostrich that he liked this way of living better than the old, for surely they never found anything half so sweet in the old home as the sugar beets that the boy brought them every day.

"Do you think, Mrs. Ostrich," he said, "that Mr. Bob, in the next yard, will dare put his head over into our pen again? Such a blow as I gave him! I hope it will teach him better manners, so he will know better than to pry into our home affairs again."

"You might have been a little more careful where you struck him. He will be blind all his life, I heard a man say," and Mrs. Ostrich looked timidly up from the eggs which she was covering.

"Not a bit too fierce, my dear. Did you see him look at you and the nest? You know I must fight on such occasions," and Mr. Ostrich kicked the dust in a cloud around him.

Just then the first visitors of the day come down the walk, first a little girl and boy, then their father and mother. Last of all came the dear old grandmother. All were there to see the ostrich farm.

The little ostrich chicks on the right, in a yard by themselves, pleased them so much that Mr. Ostrich thought they were not people of much account. To make such a fuss over Mrs. Bob's poor little sickly chicks!

"And if you could only see how foolish they act," he said to Mrs. Ostrich as he stood first on one foot, then on the other.

"Mr. Ostrich, did you hear that? What can they mean! I distinctly heard the little boy ask his mother what made them keep the big turkeys all penned up, and what made them look so funny and round with their tail feathers all pulled out. I shouldn't think Mrs. Bob would feel very proud of that. Turkeys! Mr. Ostrich did you ever see a Turkey?"

"But they are coming down here. Mr. Ostrich shake out your white feathers and look as bright as possible. You have the blackest coat of any one here if I do say it, and how that man could ever have the heart to pluck out those beautiful black and white plumes is more than I know."

"Now, now, you sit still and I will run down by the fence and hear what they are talking about."

And Mr. Ostrich with his funny awkward gait stalked off, leaving Mrs. Ostrich to take care of the nest and the nine mammoth eggs.

The nest was a very simple thing. It was a hole dug in the ground, in the most open place in

the whole yard, with never a bit of shade to protect the mother bird from the hot sun.

The forty days must seem long indeed, to wait for the coming of the baby ostriches.

In a short time Mr. Ostrich came back with a very important swing.

"Now, Mrs. Ostrich, just listen to what I have heard," he said, "and when our little ones come out you must teach them every bit of this story. They must be educated, you know, no ignorant little ostriches in our ranch like Mrs. Bob's foolish birds!"

"This is what I heard. About twelve years ago a man brought over from Africa forty-two ostriches. The birds were more than three months on the journey. Since that time he has raised more than three hundred birds.

"A full-grown ostrich weighs about two hundred and seventy-five pounds. He stands eight feet high. Do you hear, Mrs. Ostrich, I am eight feet high.

"We are both a brownish color until eighteen months old, when I get my black coat and you put on that pretty grey suit.

"Then the man said you were sitting on but nine eggs while Mrs. Bob had twelve. How I did snap at the man when he told them that.

"The little chicks are fed on sugar beets and cat alfalfa. Whoever would have thought they called that pretty grass by such a long name.

"The little chicks grow at the rate of a foot a month until they are six months old.

"We live to be seventy years old. The eggs weigh three pounds each.

"I learned why they pull the feathers out of my wings and tail every nine months. They sell them. Sometimes they get as much as seventy-five dollars a pound for them.

"Perhaps that very little girl is wearing one of my plumes," said Mrs. Ostrich.

"Mrs. Ostrich, do you think you can remember it all?"

"How very smart our little birds will be!" Mrs. Ostrich remarked.

Spring Medicine

The best is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the best because it does the most good.

While it makes the blood pure, fresh, and lively, it tones the stomach to better digestion, creates an appetite, stimulates the kidneys and liver, gives new brain, nerve, and digestive strength.

Miss Julia C. Tison, 501 W. Monroe St., Jacksonville, Fla., says: "Last spring I was completely broken down, Hood's Sarsaparilla restored me to perfect health. It aided the worn-out nerves of my digestive organs to do their duty, and I was once more able to eat and properly digest my food."



In usual form, liquid, or new form, tablets.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Penny Sad and Penny Glad.

When a little penny's dingy
And a dull and ugly brown,
From the fingers of the butcher-boy
And every one in town,
I feel sorry for the penny,
And I say it is too bad—
Don't you think the little penny must be
sad?

Then I rub it on the carpet
With all my main and might,
Till it gets all warm and shiny,
And so pretty and so bright
That I'm sure it has forgotten
All the troubles that it had—
Don't you think the little penny must be
glad?

—STELLA GEORGE STERN in *St. Nicholas*.

The Pipe and the Soap Bubble.

"I am little," the soap bubble said, "just
now;
Oh, yes, I am small, I know;"
(This is what it said to the penny pipe);
"But watch and see me grow.

"Now, look! and reflected in me you'll see
The windows, the chairs, and door.
I'm a whole little world; did you ever
know
Such a wonderful thing before?

"And only look at my colors bright,
Crimson and green and blue.
You could hardly hope such a lovely
thing
Would ever stay here with you.

"And I feel so light!" the bubble cried;
"I am going now; good-by!
I shall float and float away from here,
Out under the shining sky;

"I shall float—" But, puff! the bubble
broke.

The pipe near the nursery floor
Never looked or spoke, but went on with
its work,

And blew a great many more.
—KATHARINE PYLE in *St. Nicholas*.

March.

March! March! March! They will hurry
Forth at the wild bugle sound!
Blossoms and birds in a flurry
Fluttering all over the ground:
Hang out your flags, birch and willow!
Shake out your red tassels, larch!
Up, blades of grass, from your pillow,
Hear who is calling you—March!

—LUCY LARCOM.

Not he alone who gladly dies
To win his country's fame
For some great, unreckoned deed,
Rests 'neath an honored name—

But he to whom the hand of fate
A bitter portion gives,
Who daily battling fear and pain,
With smiling courage lives.

—CHARLES BECKER.

C. A. Bryce, M. D., editor of the Southern Clinic, in writing of la grippe complaints, says: I have found much benefit from the use of antikamnia tablets in the fever and muscular painfulness accompanying grippe. A dozen tablets should always be kept about the house. Drug-gists speak well of them and so far as our experience goes, we can indorse the above.
—Southwestern Medical Journal.

31 Boxes of Gold 300 Boxes of Greenbacks

For the most words made
up from these letters

Y = I = O = Grape = Nuts
331 people will earn these prizes.

Around the fireside or about the well-lighted family reading table during the winter evenings the children and grown-ups can play with their wits and see how many words can be made.

20 people making the greatest number of words will each receive a little box containing a \$10.00 gold piece.

10 people will each win one box containing a \$5.00 gold piece.

300 people will each win a box containing \$1.00 in paper money and one person who makes the highest number of words over all contestants will receive a box containing \$100.00 in gold.

It is really a most fascinating bit of fun to take up the list evening after evening and see how many words can be added.

A few rules are necessary for absolute fair play.

Any word authorized by Webster's dictionary will be counted, but no name of person. Both the singular and plural can be used, as for instance "grape" and "grapes."

The letters in "Y-I-O-Grape-Nuts" may be repeated in the same word.

Geographical names authorized by Webster will be counted.

Arrange the words in alphabetical classes, all those beginning with A together and those beginning with E to come under E, etc.

When you are writing down the words leave some spaces, in the A, E, and other columns to fill in later as new words come to you, for they will spring into mind every evening.

It is almost certain that some contestants will tie with others. In such cases a prize identical in value and character with that offered in that class shall be awarded to each. Each one will be requested to send with the list of words a plainly written letter describing the advantages of Grape-Nuts, but the contestant is not required to purchase a pkg. These letters are not to contain poetry, or fancy flourishes, but simple, truthful statements of fact. For illustration: A person may have experienced some incipient or chronic ails traceable to unwise selection of food that failed to give the body and brain the energy, health, and power desired. Seeking better conditions a change in food is made and Grape-Nuts and cream used in place of the former diet. Suppose one quits the meat, fried potatoes, starchy, sticky messes of half-cooked oats or wheat and cuts out the coffee. Try, say, for breakfast a bit of fruit, a dish of Grape-Nuts and cream, two soft-boiled eggs, a slice of hard toast, and a cup of Postum Food Coffee. Some amateur says: "A man would faint away

on that," but my dear friend, we will put dollars to your pennies that the noon hour will find a man on our breakfast huskier and with a stronger heart-beat and clearer working brain than he ever had on the old diet.

Suppose, if you have never really made a move for absolutely clean health that pushes you along each day with a spring in your step and a reserve vigor in muscle and brain that makes the doing of things a pleasure, you join the army of "plain old common sense" and start in now. Then after you have been 2 or 3 weeks on Grape-Nuts training you write a statement of how you used to be and how you are now. The simple facts will interest others and surprise yourself. We never publish names except on permission, but we often tell the facts in the newspapers and when requested give the names by private letter.

There is plenty of time to get personal experience with Grape-Nuts and write a sensible, truthful letter to be sent in with the list of words, as the contest does not close until April 30th, 1906. So start in as soon as you like to building words, and start in using Grape-Nuts. Cut this statement out and keep the letters Y-I-O-Grape-Nuts before you and when you write your letter you will have some reason to write on the subject "Why I Owe Grape-Nuts."

Remember 331 persons will win prizes, which will be awarded in an exact and just manner as soon as the list can be counted after April 30th, 1906. Every contestant will be sent a printed list of names and addresses of winners on application, in order to have proof that the prizes are sent as agreed. The company is well known all over the world for absolute fidelity to its agreements and every single one of the 331 winners may depend on receiving the prize won.

Many persons might feel it useless to contest, but when one remembers the great number of prizes—(331)—the curiosity of seeing how many words can really be made up evening after evening and the good natural fun and education in the competition, it seems worth the trial; there is no cost, nothing to lose and a fine opportunity to win one of the many boxes of gold or greenbacks.

We make the prediction that some who win a prize of gold or greenbacks, will also win back health and strength worth more to them than a wagon full of money prizes.

There are no preliminaries, cut out this statement and go at it, and send in the list and letter before April 30th, 1906, to Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., and let your name and address be plainly written.



Vinol

The
Cod Liver
Preparation
without
Oil.

Body Builder and Strength Creator

**For Old People, Puny Children,
Weak, Run-down Persons, and after Sickness**

The latest improvement on old-fashioned cod liver oil and emulsions. Deliciously palatable at all seasons

For sale at THE Leading Drug Store in Every Place.
Exclusive Agency given to One Druggist in a Place.
CHESTER KENT & CO., Chemists, Boston, Mass.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY

FIFTEENTH SUMMER SESSION

July 5—August 15, 1906

University work with full library, laboratory, and shop facilities. Faculty includes 37 professors and 21 instructors. Courses in 20 departments, including Education, Psychology, Civics, History, Languages and Literature, Mathematics, Sciences, Nature Study, Photography, Drawing and Design, Manual Training and Shopwork. For superintendents, professors and teachers, and undergraduates. Inclusive tuition fee, \$25. For circular, address the REGISTRAR, ITHACA, N. Y.

YALE UNIVERSITY SUMMER SCHOOL

Second Session, July 5 to August 16, 1906

Courses in Anatomy, Art, Biology, Chemistry, Commercial Geography, Education (History and Theory), English, French, Geology, German, Greek, History, Latin, Mathematics, Methods of Teaching, Physical Education, Physics, Physiology, Psychology, Public Speaking, Rhetoric, and School Administration.

These courses are designed for teachers and college students. Some are advanced courses and intended for specially trained students, others are introductory and presuppose no specialized preparation.

In the great majority of cases, instruction is given by members of the Yale Faculty of the rank of professor or assistant professor. A number of leading school authorities have been added to the Faculty to give courses on educational subjects.

About 100 suites of rooms in the dormitories are available for students and will be assigned in the order of application.

For circulars and further information address
YALE SUMMER SCHOOL,
135 ELM STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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Learning.

Ply away, dearie, ply away:
The little black notes, some day,
Will answer what you please
To your fingers on the keys,
When you ask them what they've got to say.

Dear little clumsy fingers now;
Dear puzzled eyes, so slow!
But fingers learn to race,
Never missing one its place,
And eyes to eat up notes by the row.

Ply away, dearie, ply away,
A little bit better each day.
That's how people train
Fingers, eyes, and brain
A trained will's nod to obey.
—E. S. MARTIN in Dec. "St. Nicholas."

A Tree of Happiness.

I have planted a Tree of Happiness
In ground all wet with tears,
I have prayed to God that His sunshine
May fill the lonely years

I have planted a tiny seed of hope,
And then a seed of Trust.
They grow in that sweet sunshine,
And blossom as they must.

I show my flowers to the sorrowing,
To those who suffer pain;
And my trees grow strong in sunshine,
And pure and sweet in the rain.
—L. T. MULLIGAN.

Open the Door.

Open the door of your hearts my lads,
To the Angel of Love and Truth;
When the world is full of unnumbered joys,
Casting aside all things that mar,
In the beautiful dawn of youth.
Saying to wrong, *depart?*
To the voices of hope that are calling you,
Open the door of your heart.
—"Our Companion."

A Good Fairy.

Of all good fairies round the house,
Good Nature is the sweetest:
And where she fans her airy wings
The moments fly the fleetest.

And other fairies, making cheer,
With her are gayly present;
They shine like sunbeams in the place,
And make mere living pleasant.

The smiles she gives are rosy light
Shed softly on the wearer;
They make a plain face sometimes fair,
And make a fair face fairer.

Before them dark Suspicion flies,
And Envy follows after,
And Jealousy forgets itself,
And gloom is lost in laughter.

Were there great genius or great power,
Great wealth, great beauty offered,
Let pass these fays, dear heart, but keep
All the Good Nature proffered!
—HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD
in January "St. Nicholas."

Rest and Health for Mother and Child.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for OVER FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for THEIR CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN CURS WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure to ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." And take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

What Sulphur Does

For the Human Body in Health and Disease.

The mention of sulphur will recall to many of us the early days when our mothers and grandmothers gave us our daily dose of sulphur and molasses every spring and fall.

It was the universal spring and fall "blood purifier," tonic and cure-all, and mind you, this old-fashioned remedy was not without merit.

The idea was good, but the remedy was crude and unpalatable, and a large quantity had to be taken to get any effect.

Nowadays we get all the beneficial effects of sulphur in a palatable, concentrated form, so that a single grain is far more effective than a tablespoonful of the crude sulphur.

In recent years, research and experiment have proven that the best sulphur for medicinal use is that obtained from Calcium (Calcium Sulphide) and sold in drug stores under the name of Stuart's Calcium Wafers. They are small chocolate-coated pellets and contain the active medicinal principle of sulphur in a highly concentrated, effective form.

Few people are aware of the value of this form of sulphur in restoring and maintaining bodily vigor and health; sulphur acts directly on the liver, the excretory organs, and purifies and enriches the blood by the prompt elimination of waste material.

Our grandmothers knew this when they dosed us with sulphur and molasses every spring and fall, but the crudity and impurity of ordinary flowers of sulphur were often worse than the disease, and cannot compare with the modern concentrated preparations of sulphur, of which Stuart's Calcium Wafers is undoubtedly the best and most widely used.

They are the natural antidote for liver and kidney troubles and cure constipation and purify the blood in a way that often surprises patient and physician alike.

Dr. R. M. Wilkins, while experimenting with sulphur remedies soon found that the sulphur from Calcium was superior to any other form. He says: "For liver, kidney, and blood troubles, especially when resulting from constipation or malaria, I have been surprised at the results obtained from Stuart's Calcium Wafers. In patients suffering from boils and pimples and even deep-seated carbuncles, I have repeatedly seen them dry up and disappear in four or five days, leaving the skin clear and smooth. Altho Stuart's Calcium Wafers is a proprietary article, and sold by druggists, and for that reason tabooed by many physicians, yet I know of nothing so safe and reliable for constipation, liver, and kidney troubles and especially in all forms of skin disease as this remedy."

At any rate people who are tired of pills, cathartics, and so-called "blood purifiers," will find in Stuart's Calcium Wafers a far safer, more palatable, and effective preparation.



CLASS PINS this style, with any 4 letters or figures and one or two colors of enamel, sterling silver, 25c. each; \$2.50 a doz. Silver plated, 10c. each; \$1.00 a doz.

Special designs in pins or badges made for any class or society at reasonable prices; send design for estimates; also manufacturers celluloid buttons and ribbon badges. Catalogue free. Bastian Bros., 2105 Rochester, N.Y.

March Birthday Calendar

MARCH 1.—William J. Worth, an American general. Born in Hudson, N. Y., March 1, 1749. Died in San Antonio, Texas, May, 7, 1849. He was prominent in the war of 1812 and in the succeeding Indian wars. For his valuable services in the Mexican war he was made major-general.

MARCH 2.—De Witt Clinton, an eminent American statesman. Born in Little Britain, Orange county, N. Y., March 2 1796. Died February 11, 1828. He held several public offices, such as mayor of New York city, United States senator, governor of the state of New York, and he was candidate for the presidency of the United States, his competitor being James Madison. New York state is indebted to him for the construction of the Erie canal, and he lived to witness the prosperity it produced.

MARCH 3.—Dio Lewis, M. D., an American reformer of the essentials requisite to the health of women. Born in Auburn, N. Y., March 3, 1823. Died May 21, 1886. He was an inculcator of the idea that proper physical and healthful exercise would replace the use of drugs. He founded a school in Boston for teaching gymnastics and calisthenics as a regime for the public schools.

MARCH 5.—Isaac I. Hayes, M. D., surgeon to the Grinnell expedition under Dr. Kane. Born in Chester county, Pa., March 5, 1832. Died December 17, 1881. He took part in two other Arctic expeditions, and received gold medals from the Geographical Societies of both London and Paris. He is the author of several volumes of interesting Arctic journeys.

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The Summer School is open to men and women, without entrance examinations.

For information, address PROF. ARTHUR H. QUINN, Director, College Hall, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.

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SUMMER SESSION

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Professor W. J. Rolfe, editor of the Rolfe Shakespeare.
Professor F. T. Baker, of Columbia University.
President L. C. Lord, of the Eastern Illinois Normal School.

Professor S. A. Forbes, of the University of Illinois.
Mr. Charles A. Bennett, editor of the Manual Training Magazine.

Professor Charles A. McMurry, of California, Pennsylvania.

Dr. Ernest F. Henderson, of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Circulars and full information on application to
THOMAS ARKLE CLARK, Director, Urbana, Illinois.

MARCH 9.—Isaac Hull, an American commodore. Born in Derby, Conn., March 9, 1775. Died February 13, 1843. He was distinguished as the commander of the American frigate "Constitution," which captured the British frigate "Guerriere," the first naval action of the war of 1812, for which he received a gold medal from Congress.

MARCH 11.—Francis Wayland, D. D., LL. D., an eminent American divine, scholar, and author. Born in New York city, March 11, 1796. Died in Providence, R. I., September 26, 1865. His works on "Moral Science" are ranked with the great guiding monuments of human thought in the department to which they belong.

MARCH 12.—Thomas Buchanan Read, a distinguished American poet and artist. Born in Chester county, Pa., March 12, 1822. Died in New York, May 11, 1872. As an author he is best known from his poem "Sheridan's Ride." His "Closing Scene" was considered by the *Westminster Review* as being one of the best American poems ever published.

MARCH 18.—John C. Calhoun, an eminent American statesman. Born in Abbeville district, N. C., March 18, 1782. Died March 31, 1850. His political career was one of the most marked in American history. He served as senator, secretary of war, secretary of state, vice-president, and was candidate for the presidency. He, with Webster and Clay, formed "The Great Trio."

MARCH 22.—Joseph Saxton, a noted American inventor. Born in Huntington county, Pa., March 22, 1799. Died in Washington, D. C., October, 1873. He made the clock which still marks the time from the belfry of Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, when he was but eighteen years old. He was one of the original incorporators of the National Academy of Science.

MARCH 24.—Thomas Cushing, an American patriot. Born in Boston, Mass., March 24, 1725. Died February 28, 1788. He was so prominent a member of the Colonial Congress that he was regarded in Great Britain as being one of the leaders of sedition.

MARCH 26.—Benjamin Thompson, a celebrated natural philosopher and economist. Born in Woburn, Mass., March 26, 1753. Died August 21, 1814. Being disaffected with his country during Revolutionary times, he went to Europe, and for political services and scientific researches was made count, to which he added Rumford, the name of the town in New Hampshire (now Concord) in which he once lived. He gave to science many endowments, both in discoveries and wealth. It is a matter of national pride that the two men, Benjamin Franklin and Benjamin Thompson, who first demonstrated the capital propositions of pure science, in regard to lightning and electricity, were Americans by birth and education.

MARCH 28.—Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, a distinguished American traveler, ethnologist, and scientific writer. Born near Albany, N. Y., March 28, 1793. Died in Washington, D. C., December 10, 1864. He was at the head of the expedition which, in 1832, explored for the first time Lake Itaska and the sources of the Mississippi river. His scientific writings are said to be among the most important contributions to the literature of this country.



Purity

and health are necessary to beauty. One of the greatest essentials to refined beauty is a clean, sweet mouth gleaming with perfect, pearly teeth.


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CLAY W. HOLMES, ELMIRA, N. Y.

A DIMPLE MAKER.

Find a child with dimples and chubby arms and legs and you find a healthy child. Find one with drawn face and poor, thin body and you see one that needs Scott's Emulsion. Your doctor will no doubt tell you the child is fat-starved—its food is not nourishing it.

Nothing helps these thin, pale children like Scott's Emulsion. It contains the very element of fat they need. It supplies them with a perfect and quickly digested nourishment. Scott's Emulsion brings dimples and rounded limbs.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street, New York.



STENCILS

Read the whole list carefully.



Blackboard Stencils on strong linen paper.
Borders—Sunbonnet Babies, Brownies, Holly, Golden rod, Oak Leaves, Maple Leaves, Swallows, Kittens, Reindeer, Pumpkins, Turkeys, Rabbits, Cherries and Hatchet, Flags, Roses, Dutch Boys, Chicks, each 5 cents.
Colored Chalk Crayons—very best, doz. 14 cts.
Calendars and Large Portraits—Name any wanted, each 5 cents. Large fancy alphabet for 20 cents.
Washington on Horse, Washington and Betsy Ross, Log Cabin, Flag, Uncle Sam, all large, each 10 cents.
Santa—Driving eight deer 10 cents, Going down chimney 10 cents, Filling stockings 10 cents.
Busywork Stencils—4x5 inches, set of 50 for 25 cents. Another set 5x8 inches, 50 for 35 cents.
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The Flag.

I did not know it was so dear,
 Till under alien skies
 A sudden vision of it near
 Brought tears into my eyes.

To wander down the crooked street
 Of some far foreign town;
 No friend amid the crowd you meet,
 Strange faces peer and frown;

To turn a corner suddenly,
 And ah! so brave and fair,
 To spy the banner floating free
 Upon the foreign air!

Most beautiful its starry blue,
 Most proud its white and red;
 The meaning thrills one thru and thru
 For which the heroes bled.

Oh, that will catch the careless breath,
 And make the heart beat fast;
 Our country's flag for life and death!
 To find our own at last!

In those far regions, wonder-strewn,
 No sight so good to see—
 My country's blessed flag, my own,
 So dear, so dear, to me.
 —ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

TO LADIES ONLY.—The wish to be and none can say she does not care whether she is beautiful or not. Dr. T. F. Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier elicits a clear, transparent complexion, free from Tan, Freckles, or Moth Patches, and so closely imitating nature as to defy detection. It has the highest medical testimony, as well as professional celebrities, and on its own merits it has become one of the largest and a popular specialty in the trade. FERD T. HOPKINS, Sole Proprietor, 37 Great Jones street, New York. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers thruout the United States, Canada, and Europe.

Some natures in the sunshine bask with closed eyes.

Nor latent energy display till storms arise;
 Like Maples—when a cold breath from the north

Brings out their gorgeous hues of red and gold;

The summer sun could ne'er their ruddy tints unfold

It needs a touch of frost to call them forth.

—KATHERINE MORSE.

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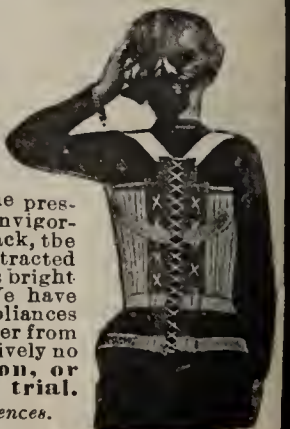
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Flower Quotations.

Daffodils that come before the swallow
darts, and take
The winds of March with beauty.
—SHAKESPEARE.

Thanks to that human heart by which
we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, its fears,
To me that meanest flower that blows can
give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for
tears.
—WORDSWORTH.

For he who blesses most is blest,
And God and man shall own his worth;
Who toils to leave as his bequest,
An added beauty to the earth.
—WHITTIER.

The trees are full of crimson buds
And the woods are full of birds;
And the water flows to music
Like a tune with pleasant words.
—NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

Within the sun-lit forest,
Our roof the bright blue sky,
Where streamlets flow, and wild flowers
blow,
We lift our hearts on high.
—EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

In those vernal seasons of the year
when the air is calm and pleasant, it were
an injury and sullenness against nature
not to go out and see her riches, and par-
take in her rejoicing with heaven and
earth.
—MILTON.

This forms a man's chief attribute,
And reason is to him assigned
That what his hands may execute
Within his heart, too, he should find.
—SCHILLER.

The Maid and the Dispensary.

It is commonly supposed that the per-
sons who use the public dispensaries can-
not afford to pay a doctor. If the dis-
pensary statistics are large then, it is
thought, the number out of work is very
great. This is not a fair inference. A
large number of the patrons of dispensar-
ies are poor, but a large number are not.
At Johns Hopkins hospital, a story is told
of a woman who, after being treated,
lingered in the dispensary. "Is there
anything further, madam?" a young
doctor asked. "Oh, no, I'm just waiting
till they've treated my maid."—*The
World's Work*.

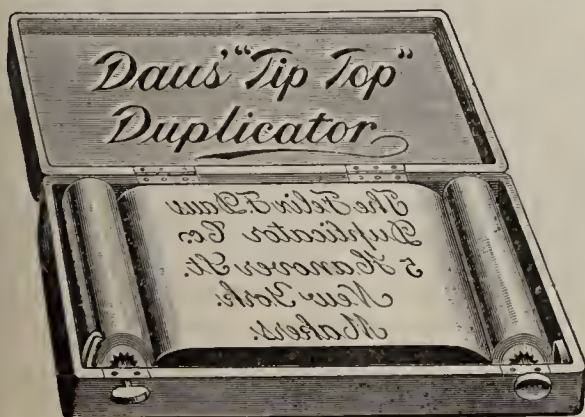
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Teachers Magazine—March.

Animal Stories

For Reproduction

The Rabbit.

The rabbit belongs to the same family as the hare. It used to be called a coney. It is found in large numbers in this country.

The rabbit has long ears as long as its face. Its color is tawny brown or grey, but the under part of the tail is white.

Rabbits burrow in the ground, chiefly in sandy places. They live in holes. They may be seen most frequently at night, that being the time they choose for seeking their food, which is chiefly vegetables and tender plant shoots.

The flesh of the rabbit is eaten, and the skin is used in making cloaks, gloves, etc.

The rabbit is often kept as a pet by boys, but it cannot be trained to do tricks as it is timid and rather stupid.

The Hare.

The hare is a gnawing animal, like the rat. It is very shy and timid.

The hare is larger than the rabbit, and is a very fast runner. Its fur is short, of a tawny or grey color. The tail is bushy and not very long. The animal has long ears, and its eyes are large and set so that it can see in any direction without turning the head.

The hare feeds in the night and is seldom seen in the daytime. Its back hips are strong and twice the size of the front ones. These allow it to leap long distances. The fore feet have five toes, the hind ones four. There is hair at the bottom of the paws. It eats vegetables and fruit.

The hare lives in shallow holes. Its color is very much like that of the ground.

The Frog.

The frog has a broad, short, and flat body. The back legs and feet are long, and the toes five in number, are webbed. The four toes of the front feet are like fingers and are used for grasping. The skin is covered with a slimy substance, and is of a brownish yellow, or greenish shade. The eyes are large and stand out.

The frog moves by jumps by means of the hind legs. Its webbed feet help it to swim.

The frog breathes by swallowing the air as we do food. If the frog's mouth is held open it cannot breathe. When breathing it closes the lips; expands the mouth, and then the air enters by the nostrils. When the mouth is full of air, the nostrils close, as does the entrance to the stomach. Then the sides of the mouth draw together and the air is forced into the lungs.

The frog feeds on insects and worms, swallowing them whole. It has a few teeth on the top jaw to hold the worms, etc.

The root of the frog's tongue is in the front of the mouth, and the tip points to the throat. The animal can stretch the whole of the tongue out of its mouth. There is a sticky substance at the tip. When a frog sees a fly, out darts its tongue and the fly is caught.

Frogs cannot breathe in water, nor can they catch food with their tongue there. They spend most time on land, but re-

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quire plenty of water. The skin becomes like parchment if the frog cannot get water.

Frogs lay eggs at the bottom of water courses, and they sleep in the mud in the winter. They are useful in gardens to destroy insects and slugs. Frogs' legs are eaten, and considered a great delicacy.

The Swan.

Swans belong to the same family as ducks. There are many kinds of swans.

When walking on the earth the swan waddles and looks clumsy, but it is most graceful when on the water. The neck is about the same length as the body, and the head is long, with small eyes and strong beak. The beak is red and has nostrils in it.

The swan has webbed feet, and its body is covered with white or grey feathers. It builds its nest of twigs, weeds, etc., and lays greenish colored eggs.

In olden times the flesh of the swan was considered a great treat.

Black swans are found in Australia. The young of the swans are called cygnets.

Actions Instead of Feelings.

One may be feeling, at a given time, without courage and far from cheerful. This, at least, he can do: He can take a good long breath, and stiffen his backbone, and put on the appearance of cheer and courage, and doing so he is far more apt to become cheerful and courageous. There are two sorts of selves in you, a lower and a higher. You can be true to your higher self, or you can be true to

your lower self. But you are bound to be true to your higher self. And one of the sensible, helpful ways to get the feelings you think you ought to have is to act in the line of them. It is to no one's credit to act as badly as he feels. He is rather bound often to act much better than he feels. And so acting, he will be helped to better feeling.—PRESIDENT KING, Oberlin college.

Worth Thinking Of.

"If we sit down at set of sun
And count the things that we have done,
And counting find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count the day well spent.

"But if thru all the livelong day
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If thru it all
We've done no thing that we can trace
That brought the sunshine to a face,
No act most small
That helped some soul and nothing lost,
Then count that day as worse than lost."

Evenfall.

Come, heap on logs, and send the blaze
up higher,
And make good cheer about the roaring
fire—

Nay, but the bluebird's here! Or stay, I think
I heard the laughing of the bobolink!
Was that the ash upon a coal took shape,
Or is 't the blue bloom of a pulpy grape?
Within my chimney corner's happy gleam
A cloud of wizard sprites the season's
seem,
And all the year a many-colored dream!

Can I mistake, or was 't but yester-eve
I saw the fire-fly dance the fairies' weave?
Was it this morn that from his sphere of
flame
Love stooped, deific, uttering my name?
Surely no music or of flute or bird
Like the child's voice this afternoon I
heard!
Thru what meridians of light you fare,
Oh, lovely life, and thru what stress you
bear
My wondering soul to this serener air!
—HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD in the
January Century.

Thru the rich man's window
Joy passed one day;
He passed the scholar's alcove
Tho bidden there to stay.
He brushed the cheek of beauty
Then rested—foolish Joy—
Beneath the ragged jacket
Of a little beggar boy.

—MARY F. BUTTS.

If You Suffer

From Germ Troubles, Please Learn What Liquozone Can Do.

Thousands who were sick—like you, perhaps—are well to-day because of Liquozone. Many had doctored long. Many were discouraged because other treatments had failed. But they were treating germ diseases with remedies which do not kill germs.

We offered to buy them a bottle of Liquozone—just as we offer you. They did with it what other remedies failed to accomplish. And those countless cured ones—scattered everywhere—are now telling others what Liquozone has done.

Kills Disease Germs.

Contact with Liquozone kills any form of disease germ, because germs are of vegetable origin. Yet to the body Liquozone is not only harmless, but helpful in the extreme. That is its main distinction. Common germicides are poison when taken internally. That is why medicine has been so helpless in a germ disease. Liquozone is exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying; yet no disease germ can exist in it.

The virtues of Liquozone are derived solely from gases. The formula is sent to each user. The process of making requires large apparatus, and from 8 to 14 days' time. It is directed by chemists of the highest class. The object is to so fix and combine the gases as to carry into the system a powerful tonic-germicide.

We purchased the American rights to Liquozone after thousands of tests had

been made with it. Its power had been proved, again and again, in the most difficult germ diseases. Then we offered to supply the first bottle free in every disease that required it. And over one million dollars have been spent to announce and fulfill this offer.

The result is that 11,000,000 bottles have been used, mostly in the past two years. Today there are countless cured ones, scattered everywhere, to tell what Liquozone has done.

But so many others need it that this offer is published still. In late years, science has traced scores of diseases to germ attacks. Old remedies do not apply to them. We wish to show those sick ones—at our cost—what Liquozone can do.

Where It Applies.

These are the diseases in which Liquozone has been most employed. In these it has earned its widest reputation. In all of these troubles we supply the first bottle free. And in all—no matter how difficult—we offer each user a two months' further test without the risk of a penny.

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Consumption
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Cancer—Catarrh
Dysentery—Diarrhea
Dyspepsia—Dandruff
Eczema—Erysipelas
Fever—Gall Stones
- Goitre—Gout
Gonorrhea—Gleet
Hay Fever—Influenza
La Grippe
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Malaria—Neuralgia
Piles—Quinsy
Rheumatism
Scrofula—Syphilis
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Tuberculosis
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The Snapshot.

"Come on; all ready. Stand right there. I'll tell you when I'm taking. Wait—I've got to focus. Now! Prepare! No, no—the camera's not straight. How far is it, do you suppose? I'm focussing at twenty feet. No, papa needn't change his clothes. And doesn't baby look too sweet!

"Now! Wait a minute—I can't get You all in somehow. Mamma please Move close to papa—closer yet; Or sit with baby on your knees. I'll move back too, a little bit. Now! Wait—you're partly in the shade I guess that mamma'll have to sit, Or else she won't show, I'm afraid.

"And, papa, you sit, too. Let's see— No, that won't do; your feet are out Of focus; they would look to be As big as ferryboats, about! Turn catty-corner—there! Now! No, That won't do. Wait. I guess we planned Best way at first. You seem so low, Perhaps you all had better stand.

"No! Wait!—until the sun is bright, How mean a cloud should interfere! You're all three now exactly right! Just fine! And baby's moved! Oh, dear! But there—it's coming out! Now, quick! Here baby! Look at sister—look! Just look at sis—I'm taking!" (Click!) "There, now! It's over with. You're 'took.' "

—EDWIN L. SABIN in February St. Nicholas.

Out of Doors.

The pleasantest place for a boy to be Is out where the grass is growing; As glad and free as a king is he, Far up where the wind is blowing.

He's one with the bee and the butterfly, The robin and he are brothers; His tent is the sky so blue and so high, Swept clean of the dust that smothers.

The treasures he seeks are a wayside flower, A whistle shaped from the willow, The diamond shower, the gold of an hour, And mosses and ferns for a pillow.

The lessons he learns are greater than books, And truer than words of sages; He reads in the brooks and the violet nooks

The marvelous epics of ages!

—WILLIS WARREN KENT.

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By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side of Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man dug that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun,—

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Bethpeor's height
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

And had he not high honor,
The hillside for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines like tossing
plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave?

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Bethpeor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours
And teach them to be still;
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Things which we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him He loved so well.

—C. F. ALEXANDER. Abridged.

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April.

The sun rose up in the morn,
And looked from east to west:
And April lay still and white—
Then he called the wind from his rest.
Sigh and lament! he said,
Sweet April, the child, is dead!

The sun touched his lips to her cheeks,
And the color returned in a glow:
The wind laid his hand on her hair
And it glistened under the snow
As laughing aloud in glee—
Sweet April shook herself free.

—E. P. UTTER.

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Miss Alys Bentley, Director of Music of the public schools of Washington, will give each month a suggestion for appropriate music and exercises for the month, a talk in methods of teaching children to sing and three of the best songs to be found.

We shall announce other features later. What do you think of these and what others can you suggest?



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Vol. XXVIII

APRIL, 1906

No. 8

The Product of the Schools

By the Editor



WE are quite accustomed to hear the schools of fifty years since held up as shining examples to the teachers of to-day. So persistently have their praises been sung that their superiority in certain respects is commonly conceded without question. In the list of virtues ascribed to them "thoriness" easily holds first place.

We have been told that spelling, penmanship, and arithmetic were more efficiently taught than at present. There is no doubt that more time was given to these studies. In fact the program contained little else besides. The three R's constituted practically the whole intellectual bill of fare in the elementary schools. A firm grounding in these "essentials" was considered the principal object. Drill was the method supposed to produce the much lauded "thoriness."

What are the facts as regards results?

Heretofore we have had only assertions to deal with. Thanks to a comparative test made at Springfield, Mass.; on the basis of examination papers dating back to 1846; we now have in our possession tangible proofs. The story of this test for which we are indebted to Mr. Riley, the efficient principal of the Elm street school of Springfield, appeared originally in the *Republican* of that city and may be read in the February number of *Educational Foundations*. It shows conclusively that a narrow curriculum and constant drill do not necessarily make for "thoriness," and that a school with a rich program may do better work in the three R's than one which confines itself wholly to these so-called essentials. The schools of to-day—the schools which work in the light of the present—are actually producing better results in spelling, penmanship, and arithmetic than were their predecessors of sixty years ago. *This we know.*

Now let us examine another claim frequently heard to the effect that old-fashioned honesty is disappearing from the land. This lamentation is intended as an indictment of the modern schools. We are told quite plainly at times that the only salvation of the world is to be found in a return to the stern ways of the schoolmasters of the past.

What are the facts?

The newspapers are filled with reports of investigations into various forms of "graft." Men occupying positions of trust and honor have been

found wanting in the virtues which are the very roots of manliness and righteousness. Look at them! Their hair is white, their eyes have long lost the brightness of youth, their step is tottering. Are these men the products of the modern school? No; they were trained in the "thoro" schools of the past, where the schoolmaster's word was law, where "lickin' and larnin'" went hand in hand, where the three R's were the supreme anxiety.

The investigators of these men who have brought disgrace upon their country—they are the products of the modern school. The warfare upon "graft" was inaugurated by these young men; most of them graduated from college within the last ten or twelve years. Their ideals urged them to attack the monstrous evils that had begun to corrode the very foundations of our national institutions. These young men founded good government clubs, not minding the scoffs of their cynical seniors. They organized vigilance committees to bring to task the betrayers of public trusts, whom a diffident generation had lifted into power.

If to-day were not better than yesterday then the teachers of yesterday would stand altogether condemned. Each generation strives to leave the world richer than it found the same. Not only by their guidance, direction, and prescription do educators advance civilization, but also by their mistakes. We profit by the errors of those who have gone this way before us, as they profited by the errors of their forerunners.

To be sure, not all the teachers in the schools of to-day are working in the light of to-day; but most of them are, and they give character and efficiency to the spirit of the education of the present.

Let us not forget the good we owe to the past. At the same time we will not yield up our hope in the future. The noblest women and the greatest men are yet to come. The girls and boys in our schools are going to know beauties and joys that no mortal has ever dreamed of. The world is growing better every day.

With hope in the future, faith in the present; and a heart flowing over with love toward all, especially the children, the teacher is pointing the way to a new heaven and a new earth. Hope gives strength. Faith makes duty light. Love brings happiness.

Translations of John.

By A. C. SCAMMELL

JOHN has had many translators. There are as many versions of him as he has had overseers and teachers; these all purport to be true, but they are not quite so, since each chameleonzes him.

This is his mother's version: John is such a dear boy! Always so kind and quick to see where he can give help! He is fiery, when roused,—he inherits that,—but he is soon over it; he is always ready to own up, and to turn about the minute he sees his fault. John is a born tease, but he chooses his victims; he never hectors the children who would be hurt by it, and who cannot give back as good as is given.

He is too rough at play, I know; but he's a little giant in strength, and doesn't stop to think that his play-fellows haven't his hardness.

He is up to his eyes in mischief, so I hear; nothing really bad, but he keeps something doing for the other children to see. Well! I wish he wouldn't! And he wouldn't, if his teacher just knew how to interest him in his school work! My John is a great worker. His teacher does not know how much good, solid work she might get out of him; for she doesn't know the boy. She would get good dividends for her pains, if she would only cultivate John's acquaintance; at least, his mother gets them."

John's teacher's version: O that John! He is such a trial! Hasn't done anything worth while this term, except in drawing and woodwork. He likes these, and asks to spend extra time on them. As if I would give a special privilege to a boy like him! He'll have to do some things that he doesn't like to do, out in the world, and he might as well learn the lesson from me.

He is the slyest, artfullest boy! Out at recess he is always plaguing some one. Such a temper! Fearful! O, you don't know! I can't understand how it is that the children bear with him, but somehow they seem to like him.

He gave Joe a hard blow last week. The other boys said that Joe was mean to John, and I said, "That doesn't excuse such an act in the least." After school, I had a really serious talk with John. I tried to make him see what such a temper would lead to. I told him that it would surely land him in prison inside of ten years. I gave him instance upon instance.

But I don't think I touched his feelings, for when I looked into his eyes, I saw twinkles there, when I had hoped to see tears. O, well! I've tried my best with John!

John told his mother of his after-school warning, saying soberly, as his only comment, "Teacher has dyspepsia worse than ever grandpa had, and I'm awfully sorry for her."

A later teacher's translation: I like our John! So much, indeed, that I am taking lessons of him in garnishing and flavoring our plain school dishes. You know; the dry, hard lessons that don't appeal, and therefore don't relish.

For you must know that our John is an epicure; and would have every task made tasty for him. He has his favorites in studies, but he will take kindly to anything that is well spiced with interest.

The other day we had a chippy spelling lesson; so I gave John one of Trench's easy books on the use of words, and asked him if he would find in it a pleasant sauce for his class to pour over the lesson. He found it, and the spelling went off like a charm.

Yesterday, he was holding the school with his fun, when it came to me to dilute his spirits with history stories. For three minutes he was John the sober, for he was busy searching. Then his face broke into a laugh; he had found his fun in an amusing anecdote of Lincoln. I believe that John can do anything in mechanics. I give him extra time to try his skill in this line; somehow, the children seem to feel that any privilege given to John is a favor shown to them.

John is tempery; but I can appeal to him from the *hero* side. "If Washington could keep in, when he had such good reason to be angry, I guess I can," he said once. I point to the knightly side of his nature when his teasing habit is on. I haven't said half of the good things I could say about our John.

How John's playmates say it: We all like John. He always plays fair. He's chock-full of fun. He can do anything better than the rest of us. He isn't *slow*, you'd *better* believe. Nothing bad at all about John; he doesn't lie, nor swear, nor say mean things, nor—well, he *does* get mad, but it's generally on other folks' account, and when he is to blame, he makes it up all square.

He always takes sides with anybody who has bad luck. He never likes the teachers who don't like him; that's just like grown folks. John's the *daisiest* boy in the whole school, anyhow!

From his Sunday school teacher: John is a very alive boy; this means that there is a good variety in him.

The most of him is sound; a part of him needs working over. I wonder if the boy has been managed rightly in the public schools! Haven't come of his teachers cruelly ignored his tastes and distastes, while others have catered to them? I wonder what ideals his teachers have held before him, and if they have approved those of his own choosing! Down deep in John, I believe there is strong principle. Have his teachers called it up to help him on toward his decisions, a real boy's decisions? It seems to me that John "is turned about with a very small helm," whithersoever the governor, his impulses, listeth. He needs steady-ing. By and by he will say this of himself; then, self-poised, he will go on toward a noble manhood.

The supreme object of the school is the development of the social efficiency of its pupils. The paramount interests of humanity must be kept well in the center. But in order that these greater considerations may rest on a solid foundation, there must first be adequate provision for the lesser necessary things. After the three Rs have been allotted their proper share of time we can then deal with the greater good of the future men and women represented by the boys and girls before us. We know the future men will want to be healthy and strong. They may reasonably desire their interests to open out in many directions. They have a right to pleasure in all that is beautiful; to joy in intellectual pursuits; to a heart that is contented with the world.

A Case of Corporal Punishment

By Susie M. Best, Ohio

MR. B.—Johnny Blair is just unendurable. I can't live another minute with him in the room. He is demoralizing all the other youngsters. Can't you give him a taste of the rod just for example's sake? E. F.

Mr. Benton, principal of the Gray street public school, adjusted his reading glasses and perused the above note for the second time. He was not distinctly opposed to corporal punishment in his school, but the school board, while not absolutely forbidding the use of the rod, had interjected so many "ifs" and "buts" in connection with its occasional administration, that it was generally conceded by the teaching force of the city, to be decidedly discreet to refrain from employing it.

Consequently, under ordinary circumstances, Mr. Benton would have denied the request of "E. F." and have tried, for the thousandth unsuccessful time the effect of "moral suasion" on the obstreperous Johnny.

But to-day E. F.'s note found him in the right mood. The boys, big and little, had worried him body and soul on the playground and in the halls. The spirit of Old Nick himself seemed to possess them.

And Johnny Blair! Yes, he was certain Johnny was the offender who had thrown mud balls over the school yard wall, and spattered over Mrs. O'Grady's line of wash, and had roused that lady's ire, and had brought her over with a whole volume of threats of reporting such demoralized proceedings.

And now Johnny was torturing E. F.—Edna Ford—the best teacher he had, but a delicate, fragile girl, more fit for a glass case than for the wear and tear of a school-room.

"Poor little girl," said Mr. Benton, compassionately. "I'll just settle that young rascal once for all, and the school board and its orders can go to the 'demnition bow-wows' for all I care!"

Mr. Benton swelled like a knight defender of the old heroic days. (He was a bachelor and Miss Ford was a *very* pretty girl—and—perhaps—well, just draw your own conclusions.)

Alas for Johnny! Things were beginning to look black for him. Mr. Benton went to his closet and drew from its retreat a long stinging-looking rattan—just the thing to make Johnny squirm. He drew it down sharply thru the air, to try it, and listened with a grim satisfaction to its sounding "swish."

He stepped from the office to call a child to go to Miss Ford's room for Johnny, when lo and behold! who should come up the hallway but that individual himself—at least so Mr. Benton thought.

"Ho! you rascal!" he said, catching the boy by the coat-collar, "you're here yourself, are you—well, just come with me and I'll make a public example of you once for all. You'll annoy Miss Ford, will you, and you'll throw mud on Mrs. O'Grady's wash, will you? I'll show you."

This was not very dignified language, but Mr. Benton was human. He had been tried beyond endurance and there were no witnesses.

"I never annoyed Miss Ford," protested the boy, "and I never—"

"Silence!" thundered the irate principal. "Just come along with me and we'll soon see."

Forthwith he marched the trembling urchin into Miss Ford's room. It was very quiet in there, he thought, and she seemed quite serene—because she had gotten rid of Johnny, Mr. Benton thought.

"Excuse me, Miss Ford," he said, "but this is one of your boys, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied Miss Ford, smilingly.

"Ha, I thought so," said Mr. Benton; and whack! down came the rod unceremoniously upon the proper portion of the victim's anatomy.

Whack! whack! whack! it continued till the boy's trousers, which were not in a very "whole" state to start with, and were of thin material, gave a long and embarrassing "tear."

Mr. Benton stopped in some confusion.

"Now, sir," he said sternly, inwardly hoping Miss Ford had not 'seen,' "go to your seat and annoy again if you think it is wise to do so."

"Has Tommy been annoying you, Mr. Benton?" inquired Miss Ford. "I'm surprised—he doesn't usually misbehave."

Mr. Benton started. "Tommy?" he said; "Tommy who? It's Johnny Blair that's been annoying and he's been annoying you and not me."

"Johnny Blair?" said Miss Ford in a puzzled tone, "Johnny Blair is not in my room and he never annoyed me."

"Not in your room? Isn't that Johnny Blair that I just whipped, and didn't you say he was one of your boys, and didn't you send me this note asking me to punish him?" Mr. Benton fairly pelted the little teacher with his questions as he pulled out the note from his vest pocket where he had thrust it, and handed it to her.

Miss Ford took it and read it and then she giggled a little.

"E. F." she said, "those are my initials sure enough, but you've made a mistake; this is Ethel Friend's writing and Johnny Blair is in her room. My boy is Tommy Blair, Johnny's twin brother."

Mr. Benton said nothing, but he looked and thought volumes as he beat a hasty retreat to his office. Once in that sanctum he sat down and faced the awful possibilities of his case. There was no glossing over the fact that he hadn't given Tommy a light thrashing—it was a sound one. Oh, how sorry he was he had let the school board's wishes go to the "demnition bow-wows"—how he wished he had never owned a stick—for appalling visions of an official investigation, to say nothing of a possible assault and battery case loomed up before him. How could he have made such a blunder? To be sure the twins were veritable Dromios. Still this justification would not stand with either board or court,—he knew that. There was but one course to pursue. Tommy Blair must be conciliated at any cost.

Stepping to Miss Ford's door, Mr. Benton beckoned the still weeping Tommy from the room. That individual obeyed, but gingerly,—possibly

anticipating a repetition of his former experience. But quite a different emollient awaited him.

"Tommy, my boy," said Mr. Benton when the pair had reached the office, "that was a fine joke, wasn't it—ha! ha! a fine joke, I say."

"It hurt," sobbed Tommy laconically.

Mr. Benton's heart sank. "Hurt! nonsense! Do you think a soldier would think a little thing like that hurt? Not much! You'd like to be a soldier, wouldn't you, Tommy?"

"Not if they get licked," replied Tommy.

"Oh, Tommy; you're a funny fellow," roared Mr. Benton; "ha; ha; ha; a funny fellow! I say, Tommy," he added nervously, "you and I are chums, aren't we? Do you like molasses candy? I just love it," insinuatingly.

"Brown or yellow?" said Tommy brightening somewhat.

"Either, Tommy; either; and lots of it. Don't they keep it next door?"

"Pans of it," said Tommy; wiping his eyes and his nose with the back of his hand.

Mr. Benton felt for a nickel. "Would that buy a good paper full, Tommy?" he asked.

"You bet," assented Tommy eagerly. His purchases were generally limited to a cent and those only semi-occasionally. Tommy began to think whippings were blessings in disguise.

"That nickel's yours, Tommy, and the candy it buys is all yours, too," said his preceptor, thrusting the nickel into Tommy's grimy fist.

"Um, um!" grunted Tommy in saccharine expectation.

This evidence of mollified feelings was very gratifying to Mr. Benton, but there was still one element of anxiety in the case. Molasses candy might soothe the lacerations of Tommy himself; but how would it serve with his mother when she heard the tale and saw the rent in the breeches? That awful rent! But stay! A sudden inspiration came to Mr. Benton. The Poor Fund! The fund raised thru a school entertainment for the very purpose of providing the necessary articles for covering the nakedness and insuring the warmth of the indigent children of the schools!

Tommy's case clearly came under the regulations for the dispensation of the fund. Even before the rent, the trousers were poor and threadbare and Tommy's widowed mother could ill afford to provide him a new pair. A pair of new trousers for Tommy! Mr. Benton mentally saw the order filled out and all his anxieties settled forever.

"Tom," he said, enthusiastically, "I gave you a little licking to-day in a joke, and—"

"It hurt," said Tommy, recollection restoring to him his sensations upon the occasion alluded to.

"Well, Tom, even if it did," said Mr. Benton, secure in the prospective new pants, "you know you often did things in the past that deserved a licking which you didn't get, and you'll no doubt often do things in the future for which you'll not get one. (Not from me, so help me, heaven!) he added mentally. "And besides, you only took the punishment for

your brother, who richly deserved it you know, and I guess our score is about evened up, isn't it, Tom?" he continued.

Tommy was not so sure that he approved of vicarious atonement, and he did not quite catch the drift of Mr. Benton's logic, but he was anxious to be off to the candy store so he agreed to all the propositions.

And now Mr. Benton came out with his *coup d'état* with a grand flourish.

"Tommy," he said, "there is just one thing more. Your trousers are about worn out and they are split across the seat, are they not?"

Tommy drew his hand investigatively across the indicated portion and agreed.

"Well," said Mr. Benton, "which would your mother rather you had, a whipping and a pair of new trousers, or no whipping and no trousers?"

Tommy knew his maternal ancestor.

"A new pair and a whipping," he responded.

Mr. Benton wiped beads of relieved perspiration from his forehead. "Well, Tommy," he said going to his desk and taking out one of the Poor Fund blanks and filling it out for one pair of trousers, "this paper gets you your pants. All you have to do is to go down to Blank & Blank's on X street, and present this order and the trousers are yours. And now don't stop to say thank you but just run along and always be a good boy and obey your teacher and your principal. And Tom," he added, thoughtfully, "you need not tell any of the other boys about our little conference, you know."

"I ain't no snitch," said Tom as he made for the stairs and the candy shop.

The next morning Mr. Benton received this note:

"Mr. Benton—deer sur—Fur your kindly whipping my boy Tommy I kindly thank you,—also fur the pants. Johnny also needs a new pare. You can whip him as soon as you are a mind too. Hoping you will do so, I am;

Yours respectable;

MIS BLAIR.



Is there any other place where children can have so happy a time as on a farm? These city boys and girls do not believe there can be. Have your pupils write a composition giving their own opinion. The editor would like to see a few of these compositions.

Photographed by Herbert W. Park, on a farm in New York State.

Mary Kingwood's School—Story of a Teacher's Success

By Corrinne Johnson

Eighth Month.

THE death of little James cast a gloom over the entire school. Many times a day something was said which made teacher and pupil alike think of the little one who had gone from them. Miss Kingwood tried with renewed efforts and greater zeal to interest the pupils along new lines and with new stories—not that they might forget James—no, for he had exerted an influence over each little life, and Miss Kingwood's life as well, that could never be taken away. It was an influence of nobility that abided, like a sweet incense as the days went by. She felt the uplift of sweet sorrow and knew its value in shaping life to noble outline, but she felt also that there should be no morbid sorrow allowed to leave its trace in the young lives. She wanted as little of sadness for the child life as it was possible to have, for she knew that in the future trials must come, and in the unrevealed years there would be many periods of passing thru the valley. Her purpose was to temper the soul to power, power to stand in the hour of need. To this end stories of trial and ultimate triumph; poems of need and felt need satisfied; and songs of triumph over loss and sorrow made up a goodly portion of the new lessons these days. The meaning of the quotation "gold tried in the fire" was by story and kindly word worked into the moral fiber of this little band of workers.

March had been a busy month; and now that April was here many new lessons were suggested.

One morning after the last bell had rung, some one asked; "Miss Kingwood, may we sing 'Father, We Thank Thee?'" She met the note of prayer in the child's voice with the keynote of the song. And what a prayer it was as they sang it! It seemed to reach up to him who cares for these little ones:

Father, we thank Thee for the night
And for the pleasant morning light,
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the world more fair.
Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good,
In all we do, at work or play,
To grow more loving every day.—Amen.

The most natural way of opening the work of the day seems to be with music, and as they sang this morning they seemed to dwell in a spirit realm, in a realm that put away thoughts of play; or work—indeed every child seemed to be holding the Infinite Hand. It was a moment of worship, a sacred time.

As I have said before; Miss Kingwood was a wise teacher,—wise in many respects, especially in her aptness to follow the way suggested by the children when eager to enter new fields. So whenever she observed the state of mind that was so apparent this morning she quietly led them into the rich realms of literature. This was the hour for that work anyway, she thought, before the mind became weary or disturbed by the experiences of the day. Sometimes she gave them only

a line, "a literary gem," or "memory gem," as so many say.

This morning she felt that the occasion was at hand to enter into a study of wider range and deeper meaning, and reminded them of a good man who loved children, whose birthday they had celebrated a short time before. The man was Longfellow, the children's friend. She related a number of attractive anecdotes about the good poet, and in simple phrase told them how he clothed in rhyme the deepest meanings of human life, illustrating her statement by reading a line here and there from his poems in such a way that the little hearts responded to the call to live with Longfellow in his realm of higher and better life.

And then with deep meaning shining from her eyes she read to them "The Rainy Day." She stood with the poet on the spirit side of this natural presentation of an overmastering spiritual truth, universal in the human race, and as her life flowed thru her words into the soul life of the children, she got the answer, in *sympathy*, if not in full interpretation, and in that hour she felt the thrill of joy that comes from life uplifting other life.

She said to me that we do not give children enough of a chance with these great poems of universal content. We persist in giving them something easy and childlike, forgetting that childlike means Christlike. "And," said she, "we select matter for them that has no broadening and deepening force for them, when we might be giving them the very bread of life as it is given to us in the world's best books."

She believed that the best literature read to the child becomes in a measure far greater than we think a part of their lives, and cited the literature quoted by many of the world's greatest characters to show that the abiding and life strengthening words for great lives are the words which came into their lives in earliest childhood.

After Miss Kingwood had read the poem one little boy volunteered to say, "Why, Miss Kingwood, he thought his life was like the weather in the fall. He ought not to mind the bad, there is always some good." Not a very elegant way of putting it to be sure, but somehow this seven-year-old boy had caught the spirit of the writer, and think of it, these little children in the first year grade asked if they might memorize this poem! Some time afterwards a thoughtful little girl suggested that if the sun shone all the time and we had no cloudy and rainy days we could not know the worth of the sunshine. Teachers who have had experience of dark and dreary days will realize the force of the child's observation.

The warm spring days were near at hand; they meant much to this primary school. The children sowed seeds. Some brought glasses; filled them with water, and with their own little hands placed a layer of cotton on the water and put the seeds there.

The child revels in the sense of ownership—so let him have it whenever possible. Because

they sow the seeds themselves they watch the development and growth of seeds with greater interest.

In planning her work Miss Kingwood, attached full value to the fact that these children had not known, many springs, and that as children they would not know many more. With this truth in mind she strove to enrich every hour of this spring-time for every child under her care. The world does not hold in her storehouse of experience many periods so full of pure and sweet pleasure for the child as the spring time, and Miss Kingwood felt that not one moment should be marred by any hard and fast rule of conduct concerning their observations and conversations about spring and what it was giving them.

Several of the children placed their glasses on their desks, and waited, showing plainly by their manner that their expectations concerning the outcome of their experiments were not very definite. Day by day they watched. They noted the seeds swelling and were overjoyed when the covering burst open to let the leaflets out to climb upward in the light; and the rootlets to creep downward in the water below the cotton. Every little investigator showed in his face the joy of revelation.

At this stage of the work Tom Baker let it be known that he was still in the ranks by asking, "Miss Kingwood, why is it that the roots go down into the water and the leaves and stem come up into the air?" And then in such a gentle and unassuming way; this teacher talked to Tom Baker, and thru him to the class, of the Wisdom that enables the roots of the plant to seek for the needed elements in the soil, while the stem and leaf seek other elements in the atmosphere, and bless Tom Baker, he didn't know, but at recess that day he was heard to say to his chum, "Say, Bob, isn't it funny that a chestnut tree will pull chestnuts out of the same dirt from which an oak tree pulls acorns?" Miss Kingwood heard the words and her heart throbbed in unison with this seeker after the wonderful facts of nature.

Among the children the plants were indeed helpful and inspiring. They observed that the sprouts of those in the dark were white while those in the sun were green, and this time Bob wanted to know why. The questions were fruitful of helpful suggestion in the answering of them and the children were happy, triumphant in their work.

Some time after this the teacher asked them to bring twigs. They brought the pussy-willow, maple; horse chestnut; lilac; apple twigs, and others. They had a twig party, and each child introduced his guest. The pussy-willows always bring their welcome with them, and the teacher who does not want to lay the bunch of pussy-willows caressingly against her cheek has lost something from her nature that was her best inheritance, and that the children will sadly miss without knowing what it is, but which leaves them with a sense of loneliness and loss deep down in the heart that nothing can supply.

Miss Kingwood believed that if you had a troublesome boy who never thought of you as anything but a teacher, you should let him occasionally see the loving human side of you. Why not,

she said, be a child again, a child among the children and be true enough to enjoy this spring with the children in their way—the natural way?

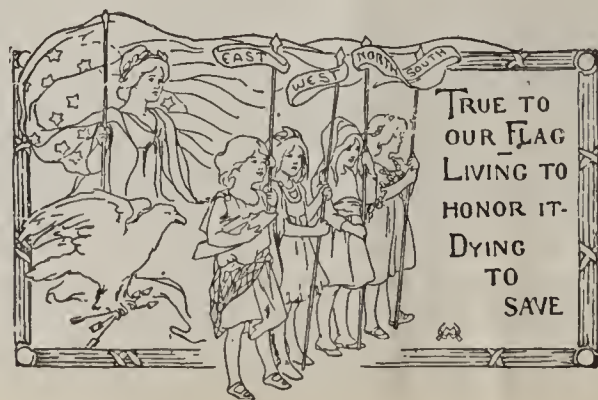
When the life in the twigs which had been brought in had been encouraged to "push out the tips," and the apple and the lilacs really had little flower buds the delight of the children knew no bounds and that little surprised "oh" of delight meant more real joy indications than all the wealth of summer in its time could bring.

Miss Kingwood had asked the children to watch for the first bird to come back, and for the first flower. Children are apt to see the bluebirds and the robins long before the teacher does, and one day Johnny, not over-bright ordinarily, came running in breathlessly with "Oh, Miss Kingwood, I saw a robin!" That report aroused the school and many lessons were learned about how the birds return, how they get their food, how they build their nests; and this discussion supplied material for conversational language lessons for many days as well as for geography, science, and number work.

Many times the children would ask for stories, and perhaps would designate some particular one which was a favorite. But Miss Kingwood had a new one this week, and as she read Ruskin's "The King of the Golden River," the children saw that Hans and Schwartz were men of stone because they did not serve those with whom they came in contact. They were all in sympathy with Gluck when he was ill-treated by his brothers, and were delighted when they found that Gluck, who gave water to those that needed it; made himself a helper and friend and by doing for others gained true happiness for himself.

Miss Kingwood's success, or at least part of it; depended on these stories—she taught after the manner of the great Teacher, tho cycles of years have passed by since He taught upon earth. Miss Kingwood studied His life as the God-man who taught *daily* thru His stories, not in dusty, crowded school-rooms, but by the roadside, on the mountain side, or on the brow of a hill, at the seashore; or from the deck of the ship;—anywhere, out in Nature's broad arena.

In meditation and prayer this teacher had so much contemplated the life and work of the Man of Galilee as a teacher of men, that she felt that His every act while upon earth was a teaching act, and so she believed that every act of hers whether by look, movement, or spoken word was a teaching act, and in striving to be like Him in her work she implicitly believed that for her was given the promise "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my little ones, ye have done it unto me."



What the Catholic Church Has Done for the Higher Education of Women

By Rt. Rev. T. J. Conaty, D.D., President of the Catholic University of America

[For this article, which appeared originally in the *Catholic Mirror*, TEACHERS MAGAZINE is indebted to the kindness of Dr. McMillan of the Paulist Fathers' School, New York City.]

THE Old Testament loves to dwell upon the names of women prominent in the instruction of the people. Anna, the mother of Samuel, and Miriam, the sister of Moses; Judith at Bethulia, Esther at the court of Ahasuerus; Ruth in the fields, and the mother of the Maccabees at the altar of martyrdom. These are a few of the great characters which influenced the Jewish people. The deeds of three of them were of sufficient glory to merit a record in special books of the Testament;

In the Christian dispensation Anna taught Mary the law, and Mary unfolded to the youthful Saviour the lessons of religion. Anna, the prophetess, foretold His greatness, and Elizabeth prepared the Baptist for His work. St. Paul constantly refers to the women associated with him in apostolic work. He reminds us that Timothy, his disciple, learned the Scriptures from his grandmother Lois and his mother Eunice. Priscilla, with her husband, Aquila, accompanied St. Paul to Ephesus; and "there found Apollo, an eloquent and fervent man, and expounded to him the way of the Lord most diligently." St. John wrote his second epistle to Electa, a lady eminent for piety and charity.

The first centuries of the Church are full of examples of noble women recognized as a force in instruction. St. Methodius, in his Banquet of the Ten Virgins, records an old tradition that the famous St. Thecla, a disciple of St. Paul, was skilled in secular philosophy and polite literature. One of the famous paintings in the Munich gallery commemorates the preaching of the faith in Alexandria by St. Apollonia.

A woman, St. Catherine of Alexandria, has long been revered as the patroness of Christian philosophers, and many significant legends have grown up about her name. Another ancient legend says that St. Barbara was instructed by Origen. As a matter of fact two of the most illustrious Greek fathers, St. Basil and St. Gregory of Nyssa, were instructed by their sister, St. Maxima. In the legends of the Christian physicians, Cosmos and Damian are said to have been educated by a woman, Theodora. St. Fulgentius, an African father, tells us that he was educated by his mother, who made him learn Homer and Menander by heart before he studied his Latin rudiments. St. Paula inspired St. Jerome to write his most important works. She was as well acquainted, he said, with Hebrew as with Latin and Greek. In letters written by him on the education of St. Paula's daughter, we may see the estimate placed by St. Jerome on the higher theological education of women. "When old enough let her read the works of St. Cyprian, the epistles of St. Athanasius, and the writings of St. Hilary." One can readily imagine what study this demanded. He said he would be more honored by teaching the spouse of

Christ than the philosopher Aristotle in being preceptor to the Macedonian king. St. Marcella, whom St. Jerome calls the greatest glory of the city of Rome, was often consulted by bishop and priests on biblical questions after St. Jerome, who had taught her, had left Rome.

Paula, Laeta, Fabiola, Marcella, all Roman ladies, were students of Scripture in St. Jerome's school. St. Melania was of great assistance to St. Augustine in his struggles with the Pelagians and Nestorians, entering often into open controversy with them.

St. Eustachium, according to St. Jerome, wrote and spoke Hebrew without any adulteration of Latin. Much might be said of the women who were in constant correspondence with St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, and St. Fulgentius, both with regard to the program of studies, as also to the system of studies. Valeria, Proba, Eudoxia, and Paula are names of Christian women associated with the establishment of educational systems for the training of young women. These are a few of the many facts which have come down to us from the Græco-Roman period of Christianity.

Volumes have been written upon the work of female monasteries in the history of medieval education. The monasteries and convents which sprung up thruout Europe following the development of Christianity were usually nurseries of learning. Intellectual activity was often the test of a convent. St. Brigid, at Kildare, in Ireland; Hilda, at Whitby, in England; Ebba, at Coldingham; Lioba, with Boniface, in Germany; Gertrude, at Nivelles, in Brabant; were the originators of great centers of knowledge which aided in keeping alive portions of the ancient learning and culture which otherwise would have surely perished. Mabillon recognizes that one of the glories of the Benedictine Order was the learning of its nuns; and he recalls the names of learned religious women in the monasteries, which then took on, in a way, the functions of normal schools. He adds that there was often emulation for study between the monks and the nuns. St. Hildegard of Bingen, known as the Sybil of the Rhine, wrote curious, miscellaneous treatises, anticipating, it is said, some truths of modern science.

St. Gertrude in the time of Dagobert learned the Holy Scriptures by heart and translated them from the Greek. She sent to Ireland for masters to teach music, poetry, and Greek to the cloistered nuns at Nivelles. Montalembert tells us that literary studies were cultivated in the monasteries for women in England during the seventh and eighth centuries, perhaps with more enthusiasm than in the communities of men. The Fathers of the Church, Latin, Greek, poetry, and grammar were in the schedule of studies, while many were devoted to the study of the Pentateuch, the Prophets, and the New Testament.

The Catholic nun as an educational force is not a result of modern civilization, nor of modern educational demands; she is rather one of the forces which have made modern civilization possible, as she is also one of the sources of strength and grace working for the salvation of modern society. She has what Fenelon calls "that divinest characteristic of love, the forgetfulness of self, which spends itself without measure, and gives itself without reserve."

If we cast a glance at the history of universities, we will find Catholic women associated with them not merely as students but as teachers.

The Chronicles of Richard of Poitiers, speaking of Managoldus, remarks that his wife and daughters were highly educated and taught sacred Scripture at the school of Lelano.

The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have some remarkable illustrations of position held by women in university life in Bologna, Padua, and Pavia, world-famed universities of the Church. Among the teachers of Bologna we find the names of Prosperza de Rossi, who taught Scripture; Marietta Tintoretto, daughter of the first Tintoretto, who taught painting; Novello d'Andrea, who took her father's place in class and taught canon law for ten years; Anna Manzolina was professor of anatomy; a woman succeeded Mezzoranti at Bologna, as teacher of Greek. Statues are erected to two women who taught botany in Bologna and Genoa. Maria Arronetti taught at Pavia. One of the famous teachers of the University of Padua was Helen Cornelia Bisopria, who proved herself worthy of the title of doctor of philosophy, which she received publicly in the Cathedral of Padua in 1678.

Maria Agnesi of Milan, who has given her name to the mathematical curve known as the witch of Agnesi, was elected to the Bologna Academy of Sciences; Pope Benedict XIV. declared that she was without question among the very first professors of analytics. The Pope in 1750, named her professor of mathematics at the University of Bologna, and when she demurred he assured her that Bologna had often heard, in its chairs, persons of her sex.

Mlle. Legardiere wrote a work which Guizot says is the most instructive now extant in ancient French law. Plantilla Brizio, a woman architect, built the chapel of St. Benedict in Rome. In the eighteenth century women took degrees in jurisprudence and philosophy in the Papal Universities. Laura Bossi received the doctor's degree at Bologna and was appointed professor in the Philosophical College, where for twenty-eight years she delivered public lectures on experimental philosophy, until her death in 1778. Vittoria Dolphina, Christina Roccatti, Veronica Cambera, and Tarquinia Molza are a few of the many women honored by university degrees.

These are but a few names selected at random from the long list of noted women whose learning was equaled by their sanctity of life and whose inspiration was in their Catholic faith. The story is interesting when we reconsider some of the deeds of women in the encouragement given to education by their interest and generosity. St. Elizabeth of Portugal induced her husband to

found a university at Coimbra. The first regular professorship at Cambridge, the chair of divinity, was founded in 1502 by Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII.; and of the Tudor line. She founded St. John's college and also Christ college. Pembroke college was endowed in the fourteenth century by the widow of the Earl of Pembroke. Clare college was endowed and named by the Countess of Clare in 1338. Queens college was founded in 1448 by Margaret of Anjou, Queen of Henry VI., who had founded King's college in 1441. Elizabeth Woodville, Queen of Edward IV., and a friend of Margaret, completed her work.

Under the patronage and inspiration of the German Princess Matilda, daughter of Crown Prince Palatine Louis III.; the University of Freiburg, in Breslau, was founded by her husband, Albert of Austria, and that of Tübingen by her son, Eberhard van Württemberg.

Apropos of those deeds of generosity, it may not be amiss to recall that the first founder of the Catholic university of America and the donor of Caldwell Hall was Mary Gwendolin Caldwell; whose magnificent gift made the university possible.

Trinity college is a monument to the generous deeds of the noble-hearted Catholic women of America.

Fifteen centuries, therefore, find a glorious record of Catholic women in education. It is true that most of it has gone unrecorded. The world will never know how beneficent has been the simple, self-forgetful service of consecrated lives to God and the salvation of souls. Yet their works speak louder than words. We must not forget, moreover, the social and economic conditions which often precluded the possibility of a more general education of women in the last few centuries. When the times demanded a more widespread education of the people, the Catholic Church gave inspiration and encouragement to Catholic women to aid in its revival and general diffusion.



How It Works Out in Practice.

By EDITH C. WESCOTT, Washington, D. C.

AT 9 o'clock Miss Laura stepped briskly into the school-room from doing hall duty. Then she sniffed, and glanced around the room and asked, "Children; what's that odor?"

"They're repairing the gas main on Park street." "It's the gas," came promptly from opposite sides of the room, for in this school there was the freest comradeship between Miss Laura and her forty sixth-grade pupils.

"Repairing the main, are they? What's a 'main,' Frank?" pursued the teacher, closing the window thru which the foul odor entered. "Why, Miss Laura, don't you know? Why, it's the big pipe they lay under the pavement, and it carries the gas down the street, and then people tap this big pipe and bring the gas into their houses."

"Once we had to have the main opened in front of our house, Miss Laura," thoughtfully added a dull boy in the third row, "and ma was awful glad when they got thru, 'cause"—"Who lays the main; Howard?" interrupted Miss Laura, skilfully guiding the lad away from personalities.

"I don't know."

"I do. It's the gas company," offered a bright boy in the front seat, "and my father says we'll never have good gas until there's another company in town."

"What has another company to do with the quality of the gas? I should think one company making poor gas enough in any town,"—laughed Miss Laura, as she tucked the dust cloth with which she had been dusting off her desk, into the corner behind the bookcase.

"Why, it is competition; Miss Laura; that's what they call it. You just let another gas company get started here, and the 'Metropolitan' would have to make better gas right off, or be run out."

"So you think competition is the life of trade; do you, John?" continued the teacher, as she stepped softly about the room, giving the little touch here and there that made the place at once comfortable and attractive.

"Well, yes—I suppose so—anyhow; I made a whole lot of money last summer on snowballs, until

another fellow bought an ice shaver, and peddled them on our block, two for a cent."

"Undersold you did he? Well, to come back to our gas proposition, here's half a room full of girls; and not one of them saying a word. Can't some one of you tell me where the gas comes from that is carried down Park street in the big main?"

"I know, Miss Laura," from a dainty miss of eleven years, "the gas factory is down on the flats near the river. My father took me by there last Sunday when we were out for a walk. My! there was an awful smell!"

"Yes, and gas isn't always manufactured," came from another interested quarter.

"How's that, Nellie?"

"In some places they have natural gas. It comes out of the ground, just like water or oil. Last summer my aunt took me to see a gas well 'shot' out in Ohio."

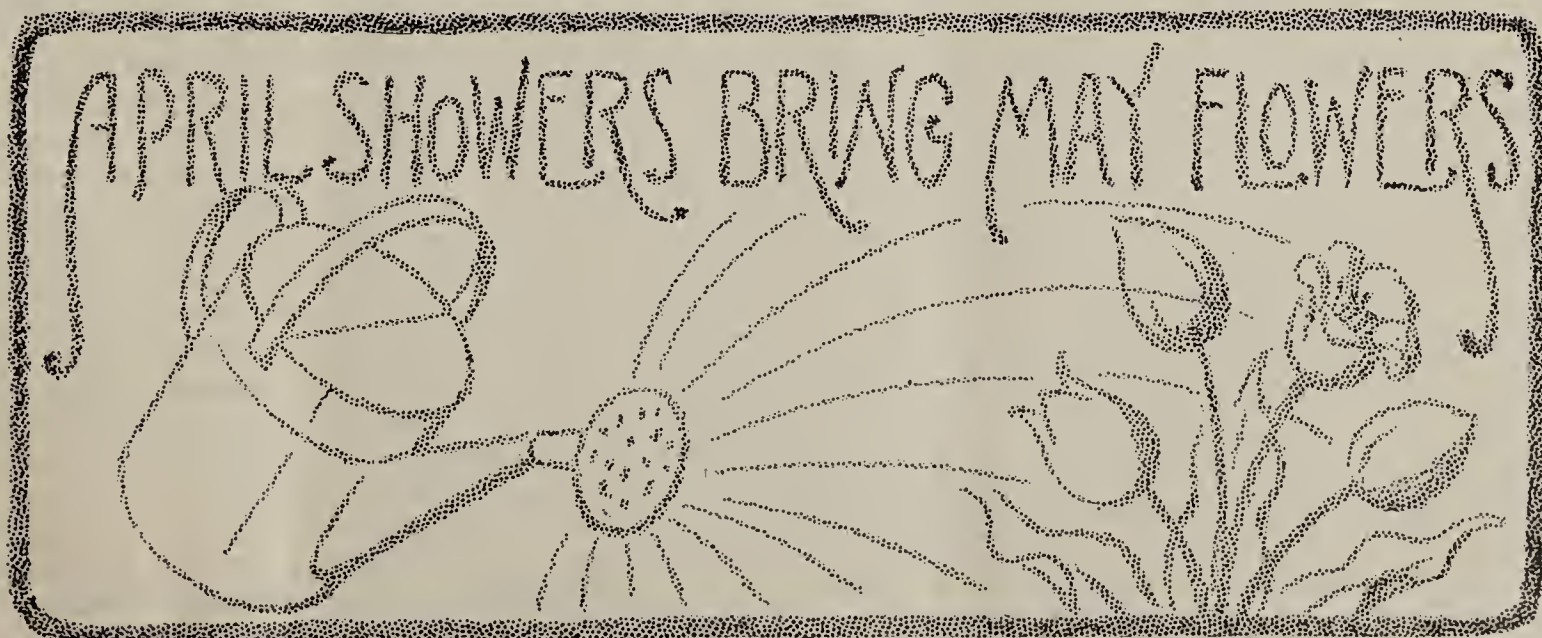
Miss Laura perched on top of a convenient desk; all animation and interest. "Fine! Do tell us about it, Nellie!"

"Well, I don't just remember all about it. But we drove out into the country where there were a great many people, all driving up in carts and buggies. It made me think of going to the county fair. In the middle of a big field was what they called a derrick, or something like that, and when everybody was ready, they 'shot' the gas well. I don't understand exactly what they did; but a great sheet of fire leaped up from the ground; fifty feet I guess, and it burned and burned, and when we went away we left it burning, and at night we could see the glow of it in the sky, miles away."

"How interesting! You are really giving us quite a picture of the scene! As for me, I should like to know something more about this natural gas. What do you say, children, to taking the subject for our lesson to-morrow? You'd like to? Fine! 'A' side take the geography of it. What do I mean by that, Frank?"

"Find out the places where the gas wells are, I suppose."

"Yes, locate the gas belt—that means map drawing, too, you people on 'A' side. Put in stars to mark the largest wells. 'B' side may look up the history of natural gas. What do I mean by that, Ada?"



Another design for the April blackboard, by Wm. Mason, supervisor of drawing in the schools of Philadelphia. Calendars by Mr. Mason appeared in March TEACHERS MAGAZINE, on pages 546 and 547.]

"You mean us to find out when and how it was discovered, I guess."

"All right so far; but I think the history would include more than the discovery. Think of your history of the United States, does it stop with the discovery of America?" and Miss Laura gave a merry little laugh, which brought an answering laugh from the youngsters, and this wise suggestion from one of the brighter ones—"I suppose the discovery of gas may have made towns where there weren't any before."

"Capital! You've got the idea, Joe. Think of the significance of such names as 'Gas City' and 'Enterprise!' There's our place geography again; the town growing up in the wake of the discovery in large quantities of any natural product. Now, Nellie," turning to the child with an encouraging smile, "I am sure you can get some one to help you out on the more accurate details of your story. Will you try for to-morrow?"

"Yes, indeed, and I think we have some pictures I can bring."

"Miss Laura, do they use natural gas to read by? I know they use it for cooking, and to warm their houses."



Designed by William Mason,
Philadelphia.

"You find out by to-morrow, Jean, and also one word that will express 'to read by,' and another that will save you that long phrase 'to warm their houses.'"

"I know, Miss Laura, I just didn't think. I ought to have said 'illuminating' and 'heating.'"

"All right, Jean. Now let's tabulate a few questions as a guide to what we want to learn about natural gas, and as I write on the blackboard, you copy for your penmanship lesson. Mind! Your very best penmanship!"

1. In what part of the United States is the natural gas belt?
2. Draw an outline map of the region, indicating with stars some of the most important wells.
3. When was natural gas first discovered?
4. For what purposes is it used?
5. It is cheaper than manufactured gas?
6. Is it as satisfactory for illuminating purposes?
7. What influence has its discovery had upon the development of towns and cities in the gas belt?

"Now, before we leave this; any questions?"

"I should like to know, Miss Laura, what gas is made out of, and why anybody can't make his own gas if he wants to."

"Good enough, Mary; that opens up a nice subject for discussion later. And you, Tom?"

"I was thinking it would be fine fun to know how the gas meter works. Every month about the twentieth, a man comes into our cellar to look at the meter, and a few days after that we get the gas bill!"

"Yes, and it occurs to me, Tom, that if some of you boys would bring some old gas bills into the class, we would have some very interesting material to illustrate our discount lesson. Dear me! Here it is half past nine. Just see where my little question has led us! Here, Frank, get the water bottles. The rags, Mary. We are late for our color lesson and will have to work fast to get thru by short recess!"

Authority of the School---A Reply to Amos M. Kellogg

We all have our limitations and none are infallible, not even Amos M. Kellogg, wise as he generally is in school matters. In the February issue of your interesting MAGAZINE, in answer to a correspondent, he asserts that the power of the teacher over the pupil ceases when he quits the school grounds. This certainly is a bad slip from fact; and one which seems mischievous to the best school authority. Were it justified by law or court decisions; which fortunately it is not, much wholesome restraint of school would be at an end; and the pure and helpless child would be at the mercy of the strong and vicious.

A decision of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts very pertinently sums the matter up thus:

"On the one hand, there is certainly some limit to the jurisdiction of the school board and teachers; out of school hours and out of the school-house; and on the other hand, it is equally plain, if their jurisdiction does not commence until the minute for opening school has arrived; nor until the pupil has passed within the doors of the school-room; that all the authority left to them in regard to some of the most sacred objects for which our

schools were instituted would be of little avail."

"And in regard to the treatment of the teacher by pupils when out of school and where the teacher agreeable to Mr. Kellogg is helpless to punish within the school for any insolence they may see fit to afflict him with; the same decision says:

"And as to what purpose would he (the teacher) repress insolence to himself, if a scholar as soon as he has passed the threshold, might shake his fist in the teacher's face, and challenge him to personal combat. These considerations would seem to show there must be a portion of time; both before the school commences, and after it closes, and also a portion of space between the door of the school-house and that of the parental mansion where the jurisdiction of the parent on one side and the school board and teacher on the other is concurrent." 10 Mass. Report (Mann).

Experience has taught me however that teachers should be very circumspect in taking advantage of this law, and not punish for these offenses until he has made his right clear to the school board and parents as well.

Mt. Auburn, Illinois.

E. F. COLWELL.



Hints and Helps

Plans,
Methods,
Devices, and
Suggestions

from the
Workshops
of many
Teachers

This feature, originally planned for *Institute* and *Primary School*, has proved so popular with teachers that it has been copied by nearly every educational periodical in the country. *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* will continue to publish the best to be had for this department. The Editor would like nothing better than that he might be able to visit the school-rooms of every one of the hundred thousand teachers who will read this magazine. What an abundance of good things he would find! But that cannot be. The next best plan is to have the teachers aid each other by writing out the devices and plans and thoughts that have proved most helpful to them. Will you not contribute from the store of your experience? A good book will be sent for every contribution accepted for this department.



Which is Economy?

THE weekly drill of the third grade in number was well under way one afternoon when a fire engine rushed past the school. The ringing of the gong brought the drill to a sudden end. Every child was at the window before the teacher realized what had happened. "Children, take your seats," she said in a shrill voice. "John, will you please get off that desk? Mary, close that window immediately. How in the world will we ever get to our new books if every fire engine takes our time this way?"

"Four four's, James? Aren't you ever going to answer?"

"Well, next, have you let your multiplication table run off with the fire engine, too?"

"Five sixes, Kate? Never heard of that, have you?"

"Children; will you *please* turn around and pay attention? Here we have lost this whole period for our number drill, and you need it so much, just because of that fire engine. I wish we lived where there were no fire engines."

This happened in the third grade room on the second floor. In the room just below a number drill was also going on. Also every child and even the teacher in this room were immediately at the windows, at the very first sound of the gong.

"Isn't that a wonderful sight, children? Did you ever see such horses?" said the teacher.

"Look at them go; will you!" exclaimed Frank. "My, I'd like to be the man on be-

hind," said the bad boy in the room. "Oh; I would be so afraid," said little Mary.

"Dear me, I do hope it ain't our house," said another.

"Children," said the teacher; "write three exclamatory sentences about the fire engine, on the board," for she suddenly remembered that sentences were in the course of study, and her children were not very sure of the different kinds.

Can you believe that she got real exclamatory sentences? Well she did.

Washington, D. C.

ALYS BENTLEY.

Spelling Plans.

I derive inspiration; help; and practical benefit from *TEACHERS MAGAZINE*, especially "Hints and Helps." In this department we glean the ideas of so many teachers from their work in the school-room.

Sometimes as a spelling exercise let each one in



Teachers' Room in the Public School of Roslyn, Long Island.

the class pretend to be a "storekeeper" by writing a list of what he would furnish his store with; counting the one who writes the most words correctly, in a given number of minutes, the most successful merchant. It adds pleasure to let them play next door to each other; that is, let Ralph keep a jewelry store; May, dry goods; Chester, a grocery; then let one little fellow see how many things he can make of iron in his blacksmith shop. At another lesson let each one be a farmer and spell the thing he will produce. Then let them furnish their homes with the necessary articles.

We keep lists of mis-spelled words in work during the week, each child his own list, and as a Friday review, each one hands to me these words or a certain number of other words which he selects from the past week's work and I pronounce them for written spelling by the class or classes.

For the smaller children, I sometimes select a list of words from their lesson and put them on the board, the letters in irregular order, and after they have studied their lesson require them to arrange words or letters as they should be; numbering each word. If I find horse in the lesson; I write r-s-h-e-o; and they can soon arrange them, too.

I find that different plans introduced into their spelling lessons relieve the dull monotony which the children so often experience in spelling.

Arkansas.

ALICE BAKER.

Teach History!

Many of the schools of to-day have not seen fit to place in the school curriculum of the primary and intermediate grades the study of history, notwithstanding that branch of education touches the core of human action. It is surely not necessary to emphasize particularly the acts of the world's noted warriors, to relate thrilling accounts of battle or bloodshed, but rather to emphasize the appearance of a people; their homes, their manners and customs; their government; their religion; their great men and women in whatever path of life they may have trod. The importance of bringing into the lives of the children the work of womankind adown the ages is not to be overlooked. At present the ideals of character presented in the school-room nine times out of ten are masculine. The truth is not spoken when one part of human action is left in oblivion.

In the presentation of Egypt with its interesting customs and mammoth monuments, a Rameses II. plays an important role; in artistic Greece with its fine code of ethics stands forth a Socrates; in Judea with its long line of religious leaders, a Moses and an Esther; in Rome with its spirit of conquest, a Julius Cæsar; in Russia a Peter the Great and a Queen Catherine; in Spain a Queen Isabella; in England a Queen Elizabeth and a Queen Victoria; in the United States a George



Physical Laboratory of the Lawrence High School, Long Island.

Courtesy of Dr. James S. Cooley, School Commissioner, Mineola, L. I.

Washington; an Abraham Lincoln; a Whittier, a Dorothy Dix, and a Horace Mann.

When children have been denied for two weeks the privilege of a history lesson thru unavoidable conditions of the school work, and when told that to-day they are to have a lesson in the subject; their eyes brighten; and they almost stand up in their eagerness; then the teacher realizes what such a study means to them.

How much the children come to respect the efforts and struggles of the people of the early civilization; and the immense amount accomplished in the construction of useful and beautiful buildings; household utensils; weapons of defense, and methods of transportation! Moreover it brings the child face to face with the fact that God has never neglected His children be they red or yellow, black or white.

Certainly the moral fiber of every boy and girl must be stirred by the self-sacrifice of a people who have bound themselves into a nation; and who have left an undying record of their noble endeavors. Undoubtedly, the higher self of the child will be awakened by coming in touch with the lives of the great men and women who have been the active makers of this old world's history.

Minnesota.

ABBIE L. SIMMONS.

Geography Cautions.

Oral instruction is the only means of teaching geography successfully to young boys; and an epitome of fresh information given by the teacher should be written on the blackboard and carefully copied into the notebook with which every boy should be provided. Maps, plans, and sketches should be drawn in these note books rather than in special map books; as by this means it is far easier for boys to grasp the idea or the unity of the subject. It is essential that all work so copied should be corrected by the teacher, and, if this practice were generally adopted, the writing and spelling in our lower grades would be greatly improved. In imparting information the teacher

must rely partly upon the intelligent "exploration" of the map, partly upon a rapid succession of questions and answers following a brief statement of new facts. Questions should be so framed as to compel thought and to appeal to the scholar's reasoning powers. Every answer, at any rate in the case of younger boys, should consist of a complete sentence which must be something more than the rearrangement of the words of the question, and so must involve the exercise of the scholar's constructive imagination. The greatest care must be taken to convey clear ideas, and for this it is essential to limit the number of details. Many teachers make the mistake of "leading their pupils into the search for alluring details instead of teaching just enough facts for the purpose of clear and simple generalization."

England.

W. EDWARDS; M. A.

Three of Miss Dyer's "Helps"

Sight Word Drills.

I have found the following an excellent drill for sight words:

Place on the board a ladder; and on each round place a sight word on which the children need drill. When the time for the drill comes and the little people are asked who wishes to climb the ladder all will be anxious to try.

As the teacher points to the words; beginning with the one on the bottom round and going upward, the one selected as the first climber pronounces them. If he is a weak pupil and cannot pronounce more than half of the words any of the other pupils will be glad to respond when the teacher says: "John cannot go any farther; who will help him climb to the top?"

When the pupil has once reached the top of the ladder it is necessary that he come down again, and pronouncing the words from the top to the bottom gives him a more thoro drill.

Umbrella Drill.

Another drill which can be used on a rainy day is an umbrella drill.

Make a list of the sight words on which the pupils need drilling and write them one under the other on the board. Have a large umbrella drawn to one side. The children realize, of course, that going out on a rainy day without an umbrella means discomfort.

A child's imagination is so fertile that a mere suggestion of a condition makes it a reality. When the teacher stands before her class and says: "Now, children, it is raining hard and not a single one in this room has an umbrella; you are all out in it; but here is a large umbrella under which we can all get, and all who can pronounce these words for me may get under it," the children become greatly interested. All will be very anxious to get under it, and when a child pronounces all the words his name is written under the umbrella.

A School-Made Reader.

My pupils; who are in the first half of the second school year, have enjoyed very much making readers for themselves. These readers are nothing more than the ordinary composition books in which they keep all their written language work,

but we have made it as much like a reader as possible, never giving more than two pages to any one subject.

When our oral lessons on Hiawatha are finished we make a Hiawatha page in our book. The wigwam; drawn by the children, decorates the top of the page, then follows a number of short sentences about Hiawatha.

Whenever we can we illustrate with drawings or with pictures cut from magazines. *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* has aided us greatly with its pictures of Washington; Longfellow, etc.

Then there is a lesson on the flag; and "the star spangled banner" drawn by our little artists waves its bright colors from the top of the page.

In this book are also kept our memory gems and the poems taught.

To show the children that it is indeed a reader we read from it during the last months of the session; and when the children carry it home at the close of the term it is with pride that most of them show page after page of the reader they made at school.

Virginia.

RUTH O. DYER.

An Important Oversight.

In several schools which I have visited, very little attention has been given to furnishing adequate toilet accommodations. In one school of wide reputation members of classes of girls in domestic science working for long periods in that department are compelled to go a distance of a city block between buildings to reach a toilet room. In a school for young men a long journey thru several departments and up and down stairs is made for this purpose. In some of the private schools held in houses built for families the facilities have been little increased, if at all, imposing real suffering upon little children at recess and other times.

In the city with its short school day the physical need is too little regarded in program making, and instead of doing all that can be done to help a child to good habits; he must ask permission to leave the room in the midst of other work or, as is often the case; restrain himself to his injury.

The relation of this matter to drinking water is important. Individuals vary in their need of water. But in many schools there is at least an unconscious tendency to reduce the drinking of water to a minimum.

The whole subject is not an easy one to discuss with some teachers and parents, but I have found that in most cases a frank statement has led to more careful attention to conditions both in the school and in the home. Workers with defective children find that regularity and care in these matters are among the first requirements. A child subject to convulsions, having as many as a thousand a year, has thru proper care of the discharge of the bowels been kept free from convulsions for a year at a time. There are many pupils, much nearer normal, whose comfort and effectiveness would be greatly increased by a study of their special needs and by the formation of habits which meets these needs.

FRANK A. MANNY.

Ethical Culture School, New York.

Little Talks on School Management. VIII

By Randall N. Saunders, Hudson, N. Y.

Parental Co-operation.

WITHOUT support in the home, the few hours of influence in the school will scarcely suffice to counteract the many hours of relaxed discipline outside. "We plan for our powers the divinest we can,—we do with our powers the supremest we may," and then are discouraged because we do not succeed,—because there is a counter current of opposition,—an eddy unseen, that snatches success out of the swift flow of our zeal and delays it in idle circlings until we are in despair.

To keep your school together; proving that you are master of the situation, overriding opposition; superior to fear and not to be bribed by favor, is a very difficult task to accomplish gracefully, the while you are striving to keep free from bitterness toward betrayers and attempting to win their esteem.

"There are two ways to victory," says Thoreau; "to strive, or to yield;" and while it is not in exact harmony with the meaning of the hermit of Malden Pond, yet, in these days, many teachers are holding their positions seemingly in great favor thru yielding to the caprices of their pupils; knowing that the children are the rulers in many of the homes. But what becomes of conscience and that happiness which is the true reward of duty well done,—what, when this tide of false

popularity turns; as it surely will? There is another way of yielding,—probably the one intended by the great naturalist,—expressed by Espinoza: "He who lives according to reason; endeavors to the utmost of his powers to outweigh another man's hate, anger, or despite against him with love or high-mindedness. He who chooses to avenge wrong by requiting it with hatred, is assuredly miserable. But he who strives to cast out hatred by love; may fight his fight in joy and confidence. As for those he doth conquer; they yield to him joyfully, and that not because their strength faileth, but because it is increased."

In every community there are people who look upon the teacher as the natural enemy of their children and vigorously uphold them in any misdemeanor or impudence, and listen raptly to the wildest misrepresentations. Tho having repeatedly punished unmercifully their children for mischief and falsifying, they inconsistently deny the teacher the exercise of even the mildest forms of corrective. We all know that the average child is a little angel; but we also have a misty reminiscence of the early days of Lucifer. There are the people who do not think it necessary for their children to attend school regularly, and who think that punctuality is far from being an absolute necessity. There are those who neglect, day after day, to provide proper books for their children,—there are those who wanted some other



The Public School at Glen Cove, Long Island.—At the left is shown the residence of the County School Commissioner, Dr. James S. Cooley.

teacher hired and are trying their very best to make life as nearly unbearable for the present incumbent as they can; and, thank goodness! there are those who, if he deserves it, stand at the teacher's back thru thick and thin, and without whom in many instances, life would be almost unbearable. This latter class are among the old-fashioned folk who believe that children should be seen and not heard at all times,—who believe in having not only the respect, but also the love and confidence of their children,—who see that their children keep good company and are at home after nightfall,—who know how lessons have been learned and recited at school thru daily interest in school work, who discourage tale-bearing with its fungi of exaggeration, and who strive in every way to aid instead of to multiply the cares of the instructor.

How to gain the co-operation of the opposition and still retain dignity, self-respect, and supreme control is the problem. Some teachers yield, but not in the manner first instanced at the outset of this brief talk, but, apparently, by not declaring open war. Thru firmness and the exercise of inherent qualities of attraction, they finally draw unto themselves a following that is productive of books for the bookless, of notes of explanation and apology for detained pupils, of demands for severe correction for the obstreperous, of bouquets for the desk, and of invitations that turn life from funeral marches to the grave into an endless procession of triumph in which, so to speak, each former enemy is at the teacher's chariot tail, so scorched are they in mind by the particular brand of coals that have been heaped upon their heads.

Love and patience are virtues only up to a certain point; and when they have been exhausted they are vices, weakening and degrading. Open war is sometimes inevitable, and what cannot be gained thru universal and uniform courtesy,—thru warmhearted interest in pupils and parents,—thru evident good fellowship and ever apparent sincerity and ability, can often be gained by a bold stand on dignity and authority,—by an exhibition of the righteous wrath that drove the desecrators from the temple and that restored the peace and the sanctity that had been profaned. A friend of mine, who had traveled in the west in the days of the gold fever and who had seen a deal of rough life, used to say: "Never argue with a drunken man; if he insults you, knock him down,—it will sober him into a repentance for the meanness he felt toward you and didn't dare perpetrate when he was sober." People



Officers of a "School Town" in the East Williston Public School, Long Island.

Courtesy of Dr. James S. Cooley, School Commissioner of Nassau County.

drunken with envy, hatred, or conceit need knock down arguments often to insure you from immunity from insult.

The principle to be maintained is the kind of dignity most admired in your community. Attempt to satisfy the people thoroly that you are first competent and then kind,—that you wish to be friendly with everybody,—that you are not a prig or a snob, but a good fellow,—that your interests are the interests of the community, and that you are willing to go more than half way to be friendly and helpful; and, somehow, the obstruction sand and gravel will work out of life's little stream, and you will glide on to a degree of success that will be gratifying and compensating.



Red, White and Blue for Our Soldiers.

By MARIE IRISH.

Memorial day exercise for three little children, one carrying red flowers, one white, and the other blue. If the red and blue flowers are not obtainable use artificial violets and red roses.

No. 1.—I bring to-day my flowers of red
To place upon the soldier's grave,
In memory of the noble life
That to his country's cause he gave.

No. 2.—And I will bring my flowers of white
Fair blossoms which to us recall
The patriotic deeds of those
Who on the battlefield did fall.

No. 3.—And I would give these blossoms blue;
For as we bring the soldiers flowers
We feel that tho the honor's theirs
The loving memory is ours.

All.—Red, white, and blue we bring to-day;
The hues of our fair banner bright,
That led the "boys" to victory
And cheered them in the battle's fight.

Nature Study

Simple Observation Lessons.

In 1903 the National Educational Association appointed a committee to investigate the feasibility of industrial education in schools, for rural communities. In its report, recently issued, this committee gives many helpful suggestions with regard to the teaching of nature study, suited both to city and to country schools. The illustrative lessons given below are intended to serve as models to teachers everywhere.

A Bird Group.

Purpose of the lesson.—(1) To familiarize the pupil with a definite group or class of birds. (2) To train the powers of critical discrimination; by studying objects that are very similar.

The lesson (woodpeckers).—By the time the pupil has reached the fifth grade, he should have made many observations on the form, appearance, and habits of the common birds. It is time, therefore, that he becomes interested in the kinds of birds of the region. In order to do this, it is best to consider one group at a time and learn all the common species belonging to it. Thus the eye becomes trained to look for similarities in habits, in flight, and in appearance; and after the pupil comes to know three woodpeckers or three thrushes or three sparrows, he knows better what to look for in completing his knowledge of the group. Of all the groups, perhaps none is more interesting or offers better opportunities for study than the woodpeckers. These birds are of the utmost importance economically; they also have striking modifications of form and are noticeable birds wherever they may be.

The work should preferably be begun in the winter. In most localities, by placing suet upon the trees, the downy woodpecker may be called within sight of the windows and its habits studied. A field note-book may be started with this lesson on the downy woodpecker.

If possible the note-book should show sketches of the different birds studied; and these sketches may be made in color, altho this is not strictly necessary. While studying the woodpeckers, comparison should be made between them and the nuthatches.

The pupil should always endeavor to determine the general life story of each of the kinds: resident or migrant; if migrant, when they arrive and when they leave; what places they frequent; woods, open fields, yards, swamps, etc.; where they rest, kind of rest; how many eggs and description of them; plumage of young birds; song or notes; and other field observations.

Downy and Hairy Woodpeckers.

1. What is the general form, size, and appearance of the downy woodpecker?

2. What is the color of the downy woodpecker above? Below? Top of its head, its throat, and breast?

3. The difference in color between the male and female.

4. How does the downy go up a tree? Explain the use of the feet and the tail in the downy's climbing. Note the shape of the tail feather of the downy and compare it with that of any other bird. Note the arrangement of the toes, and how they assist the downy in clinging to the bark.

5. How does the downy go down a tree trunk? Does it ever go head first?

6. Why does the downy climb trees? What does it use its beak for? Is its beak shaped for this purpose? How does the downy manage its head to make its blows forceful?

7. Has the downy any song? Describe its note.

8. Note the woodpecker drumming. What is the drum, and how and when does it use it? What is the drumming for?

9. The downy stays in the North all winter. Why is it therefore, of the greatest importance to the orchardists and farmers?

10. Another woodpecker remains in the North all winter; it resembles the downy very much except that it is about one-third larger. This is the hairy woodpecker. The pupils should be encouraged to look for this bird during the winter months.

The Sapsucker.

The next woodpecker to study may be the sapsucker. While this bird winters in our southern states, it is a migrant in April and September in New York and New England. The sapsucker should be described in comparison with the downy.

1. General form; size; and appearance.

2. Color of back, top of head, throat, and breast of male and female.

3. Are these habits like those of the downy? Does it hunt for insects like the downy? (Special stress should be laid upon the fact that the sapsucker is largely an insect-eating bird and that its habit of sap drinking is incidental).

4. Note the holes made by the sapsucker. Are they in rows? If so, do they reach clear around the tree?

5. Would the sapsucker kill the tree unless the holes completely encircled the tree? If not, why?

6. In what kinds of trees have you found the sapsucker holes? What does he make these holes for?

The Redhead Woodpecker.

The next woodpecker will probably be the red-head, as this is very striking in appearance and most children know it by sight.

1. General form; size; and appearance.

2. Make a careful description of the colors of

the redhead. Compare it with the downy. Is the redhead seen on trees as much as the downy?

3. Does it eat fruits or nuts? Does it stay with us all winter? If so, what does it live upon?
4. What does it use for a drum?

The Flicker.

The flicker is one of the most noticeable of the woodpeckers and is everywhere common in most localities during the spring and summer months.

1. Describe the flicker. Compare color and size with that of the downy.
2. What is the difference in color between the male and female?
3. What is the flicker's note? Compare it with the downy's.
4. Why does the flicker spend much of its time in the meadows? (Bring out the fact that the flicker lives largely upon ants.)
5. When the flicker flies it shows a certain white mark, where is this? Compare it with the white that shows on the meadow lark when it flies.
6. What is there peculiar about the flight of woodpeckers as a whole? Which is especially evident in the flight of the flickers?
7. Which of all the woodpeckers are the most beneficial to man?

Practical Lessons on Nature Study.

By A. T. SEYMOUR.

Seeds, Soils, Germination.

The study of nature teaches the child to observe, to reason; to express accurately. Nature study awakens an intelligent interest in the pupil's environment. The method of study should be inductive, i. e.; from the known to the unknown.

1. The seed compared with a fruit.
2. A seed tester,—germination.
3. Experiments illustrating the need of air,—how water gets into the seed; osmosis.
4. Soils, (sand, clay, humus); soil water; capillarity, effects of cultivation.
5. Depth to plant seeds, temperature, and germination.
6. Structure of a seed (a) Seed coats, (b) The embryo, (c) The endosperm.
7. Forms and markings of seeds. Drawings.

Questions.

1. How is the young plant in the seed protected?
2. How does the embryo live until it gets roots?
3. Name some seed used for food.
4. How do seeds travel?
5. Name some seeds which steal rides. How?
6. Name a seed from which we obtain starch.
7. What seed gives us a valuable oil?
8. Why is a grain of corn *not* a seed?
9. If seeds do not grow; what may be the causes?
10. How can we tell whether seeds are good or bad?
11. Show how the seeds of fruit trees are aided in spreading over the earth.
12. How are seeds protected?
13. Why are the seeds in nuts soft; while in apples and oranges they are hard?
14. Which "comes up" more quickly; a large seed or a small seed?

15. Why are apple seeds planted in the autumn?

16. What seeds may be planted as soon as the frost is out of the ground? How do you know?
17. What are the parts of a seed?
18. What are the parts of the embryo?
19. Name a seed having the stored food, (a) in the embryo or endosperm; (b) around the embryo;—exosperm.

20. Draw a seed from memory and label all parts.

Experiments.

Experiment 1.—A seed tester.

Apparatus—Two plates, a cloth, in length twice the diameter of the plate; same width as plate.

Method—Wet cloth and wring it out; then lay cloth on plate and place on cloth 50 seeds to be tested. Fold back the end of the cloth to cover the seeds; cover whole with a plate or glass and put in a warm place. See that seeds do not get dry. (Seeds require warmth, air, and moisture to germinate).

Experiment 2.—To sprout seeds.

Place seeds in a box of sawdust or sand; wet sawdust thoroly and cover. Seedlings are easily removed from damp sawdust, and if desired will grow several inches in height.

Experiment 3.—To show that seeds need air in order to germinate.

Soak some seeds about twenty-four hours; then put them into a bottle and cork tightly. The seeds will sprout but will not grow. Remove cork and insert a lighted match. If the match does not burn, the oxygen is all used up.

Experiment 4.—To show that the animals exhale carbondioxid.

Apparatus—A straw or tube; lime water.

Method—Blow thru tube into the lime water. The white precipitate proves the presence of the gas. (CO_2).

Experiment 5.—Osmosis.

Apparatus—An egg; knitting needle; five inches of glass tubing; sealing wax; glass of water.

Method—Crack one end of the shell into small pieces and pick off the pieces carefully. Attach glass tube to other end and with needle punch a hole thru the egg under the glass tube. Place egg in water, tube up. In a few hours the water will rise into the egg, thru the membrane, and fill the glass tube.

Osmosis is the passing of liquids thru porous membranes. This shows how seeds are wet, how sap rises in trees, and how the blood passes thru the tissues of the body.

Experiment 6.—Depth to plant seeds.

Apparatus—Glass tumbler filled with soil; seeds.

Method—Plant one or two beans and corn grains near bottom so that they can be seen thru the glass. Half fill glass with soil and plant more seeds of same kind. Near top plant other seeds; water once; put in a warm place to germinate.

The top seeds will be too dry to germinate; while the bottom seeds will be too deep. The corn will grow. (Why?) This teaches that seeds which bring up the cotyledons must not be planted very deep in the soil. All seeds must be planted deep enough to keep moist.

The Body and Its Health

The Skin.

By ADELAIDE R. PENDER, Connecticut.

Properties.

To the Pupils.—What do you call the covering of your muscles? Point to the skin on your hands. Is there any part of your body which is not covered with skin?

Think for a moment of some of the properties of skin. Let us make a list right here on the board. (Strong, elastic, smooth, delicate, pinkish, fits perfectly, yields to every movement on account of its elasticity, thick and hard in places, sensitive.)

To the Teacher.—All of the above characteristics will be the result of your pupil's own thought, with a little skilful questioning.

To the Pupils.—Let us consider the strength of the skin. It will bear pretty severe exposure to both heat and cold without suffering. It will not remain marred for long even when it has received a hard blow. Can you think of illustrations? Some of you have been near a red-hot stove, yet your skin has not been burned. But sometimes you have been burned; it did not take the skin long to get well, did it? How many of you have bruises on your hands or feet now? When you consider all the muscles and blood vessels and nerves of the skin is it not surprising that a bruise or sore heals so quickly?

How can you show me the elasticity of your skin? Yes, draw some of it together on your hand; then release and see how quickly it resumes its old position. Make a dent in your cheek, the dent does not remain there longer than when you do the same to your rubber ball. Rub your cheek; does it not seem smooth?

Do you know any places on your body where the skin seems thicker and harder than in other places? Why do you suppose the skin is harder on the soles of the feet and the palms of the hand? Why do we dress more warmly on a cold day? Hardening of the skin tells a story of protection. The blacksmith says that his hands are calloused. What does he mean? Look at your hands. Are they calloused? How did you do it? The bare-foot boy can run on sharp pebbles and over stubbles without pain. But can he do this when he first goes barefoot in the summer? Many children wear no stockings in summer and thin ones in winter, while you wear thick underwear in winter. How can they do this and not feel the cold?

Where is your flesh most sensitive? (Tips of fingers, back of hand, cheeks, lips.) Did you ever see your mother hold the flat-iron to her cheek? Why did she do this?

To the Teacher.—Call two or three pupils to the front of the class and test the sensitiveness of the skin in this way. Place various objects in their hands, while they are blindfolded, and have them guess from the feeling what the objects are, the weight, the shape.

To the Pupils.—Have you ever watched a blind man walking? How is he able to tell when he is approaching a tree or any large object? The blind have very sensitive skins, due to the deprivation of the most important of their senses.

Color, Freckles, Tan, Wrinkles.

To the Pupils.—Look about the room. What different colors of skin do you see? Yes, we have the dark or brunette, the light or blonde, the olive skin that is almost of the brunette type, pink or rosy skins, pale skins, the sign of ill health. What colored skin has the prettiest woman you know or ever saw? Let the pupils select someone in the place whose complexion they admire.

Did you ever see an Albino? Such people are very rare. How does the physiology describe them? What is the cause of freckles? Have you any? When do a person's freckles show most?

What is the cause of tan? When do you tan?

What makes a person blush? Have you blushed this morning? Would you be willing to tell the cause? Did you ever see anyone who had the jaundice? How did you look?

Name the five great races of the world and tell the color of each race. Open your geographies to the map of the world. Let us point to places where the black race lives, the white race, the red race, and so on.

When do people have most wrinkles? What is the cause? Why are there wrinkles at the joints? Why are people pale?

Functions.

To the Pupils.—Name the functions of the skin. (Covers, protects, organ of secretion, regulates temperature, organ of excretion and absorption; aids organs of breathing). Illustrate each of these functions.

Of what use is the skin of animals? Of what are footballs made?

To the Teacher.—Now is the time to develop a lesson on tanning, using all the pictures available in geographies, referring to parchments, bags, shoes, gloves, book-covers, and anything else in the room that is made of leather. Let the pupils write a list of leather articles in the room.

Now also is the time to compare the skin of the body with the skin of plants, bringing out every comparison possible; skin of fruit also. Look at the cells of a plant thru the microscope, also the cells of the epidermis.

Renewals.

To the Pupils.—How do you know that the cells of your epidermis are being renewed all the time? (In case of dandruff, scales that are set free in sickness, and so on). Why is this a wise provision of nature? Tho we cannot see the cells that come off when we wash ourselves, they are there nevertheless. These cells are being shed every day to make room for new ones from the under skin; or dermis.

The Maples in Spring. II

By Clarence M. Weed, State Normal School, Lowell, Mass.

The Sugar Maple.

BY the latter part of April or the first part of May the beautiful pendant blossoms of the sugar maple give the trees a distinctive appearance. The flowers come out with or slightly in advance of the leaves. They are pendulous on long slender stems that arise in a cluster which has a short stalk coming from the terminal or lateral buds. Each stem is thickly covered with whitish hairs. The flowers are greenish yellow in color, the staminate and the pistillate blossoms being generally borne on separate trees, altho sometimes both occur on the same tree or even in the same cluster. The calyx is bell-shaped, hairy on the margins, with five lobes. There are no petals. In the staminate flowers the stamens project by means of their long styles considerably beyond the calyx. In these the pistil is abortive. In the pistillate flowers

the stamens are very short with the pistil well developed, having a single ovary and style and two stigmas.

The flowers of the sugar maple are particularly attractive objects for drawing lessons and may generally be gotten in such abundance that each pupil may be furnished with blossoms.

The leaves of the sugar maple come out of the

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bud smooth and shining on the upper surface, with whitish granules along the principal veins and with rather long whitish hairs on the margins and along the veins on the lower surface.

The Ash-Leaved Maple.

The box elder or ash-leaved maple is a widely distributed native tree which has also been very generally planted in parks and private grounds as well as along streets for shade and ornament. The flowers appear early in spring, about the same time as those of the sugar maple, being borne in terminal racemes of decided grace. The pollen-bearing and the seed-bearing flowers are generally upon different trees. The staminate blossoms are deep green in the ends of the green stalks which are covered with rather long white hairs. There

are four or five stamens with long green anthers and very short filaments in each flower. The pistillate flowers are borne in racemes on long, hairy stems, with a well developed calyx cut into five divisions which are partially clothed with rather long whitish hairs. The stigmatic surface along the styles is enormously developed.

The leaves of the box elder come out of the bud with their leaflets folded side by side and covered with a whitish down, especially on the under surface. The earliest leaves begin to unfold as the flowers come into blossom. The bark of the young twigs at this time is of a shining deep olive green; very rich in its coloring.

The Sycamore Maple.

The sycamore maple has been extensively planted in eastern America as a shade and ornamental tree. In England it is often called simply the sycamore, altho in America this name is commonly applied to an entirely different tree, the buttonwood or plane tree.

The flowers of the sycamore maple generally appear a little later than those of the sugar maple; being borne in drooping racemes on the ends of short branches, each raceme being from three to six inches or more long. The flowers are green with rather stout stems which are clothed with whitish hairs. Sepals and petals are both present with whitish hairs on their inner surfaces. The stamens have long white hairs on the bases and the filaments, and the ovary is very woolly. All this hairiness is probably a device for excluding ants and other wingless insects from the nectar of the flowers. On some trees the flowers have the stamens very well developed, with the filaments quite long and the pistil abortive; on others the stamens are abortive and the pistil is well developed.

The young leaves are covered on their under surfaces with a dense cottony down. The flowers appear to be visited both by bees and moths. Concerning the visits of the latter Jean Ingelow wrote:

Yon night moths that hover where honey brims over
From sycamore blossoms.

Key Fruits.

During the later weeks in May the beautiful and interesting key fruits of the silver maple and the red maple are so well developed that they should receive attention from teacher and pupils. They are generally available in abundance and may be utilized in making cover designs for the maple booklets as well as in making careful drawings for the pages of such booklets. The distinctions between the key fruits of these two species are well marked and should be seen by the pupils. Such selections as the following concerning the effect of the red maple keys in brightening the May landscape should be printed by each pupil in his booklet:

The Maple crimson to a coral reef.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The scarlet Maple keys portray

What potent blood hath modest May.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The most significant phase of the life of our common maples during the month of June is the maturing of the key fruits of the silver maple and the red maple and the sprouting of the seeds in these fruits into tiny trees. In the case of the other species of maples the fruits reach a size large enough to give a characteristic idea of their appearance when mature and to serve very well for drawings by the pupils. The fruits of the sugar maple, the Norway maple, the sycamore maple, and the ash-leaved maple generally ripen and fall from the trees in autumn, when attention should again be called to them, altho the pupils are very likely to notice them even without this because of their previous study of the fruits of the tree.

Early in June the key fruits of the silver maple will be upon the ground beneath the trees in great numbers. It will be well worth while to let each pupil plant, either in window boxes on the inside or outside of the windows or in boxes out of doors or in a bit of ground near the school, a few of these interesting key fruits.

They may well be pushed into the soil very slightly with the wing vertical rather than horizontal. They will sprout almost immediately and before the school adjourns, if it continues in session until near the end of June, each pupil will have some beautiful little maple trees which serve admirably for drawing lessons in the maple booklet and which in many cases the pupils may be encouraged to transplant at home in some situation where the tree will grow for future benefit.

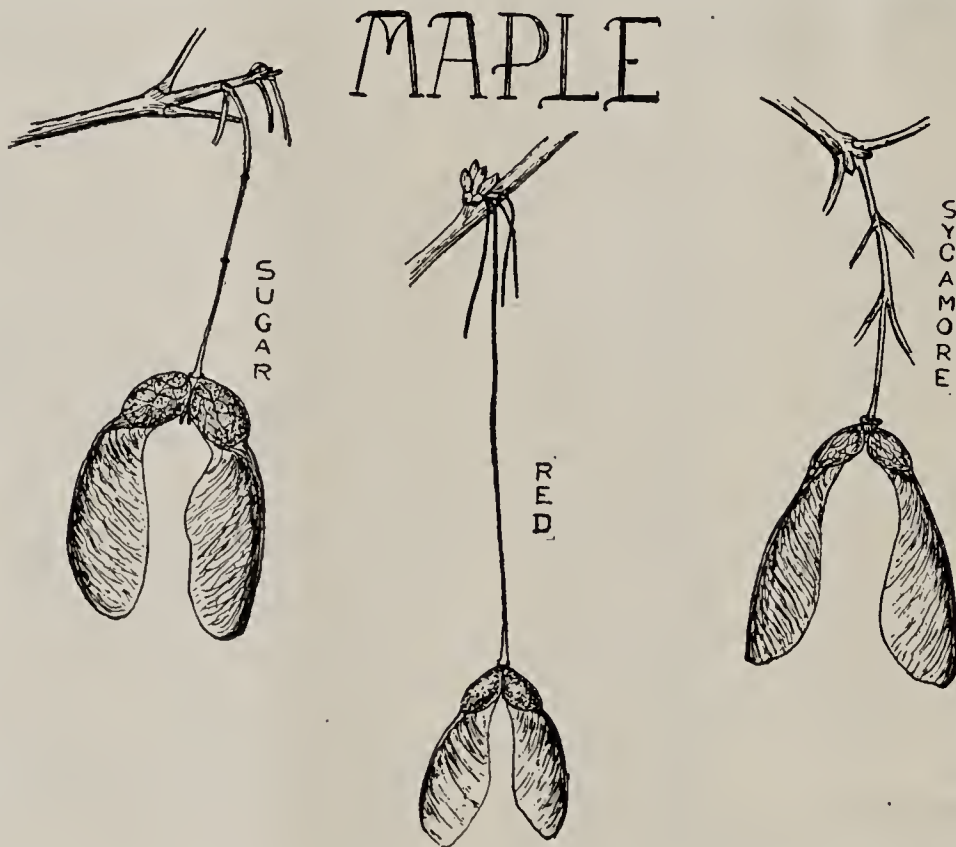
Perhaps even more desirable would be the starting of a tree garden in connection with the school itself. In no other way can we so surely reach the best results from the study of trees in the school, for in no other way are we so likely to encourage the pupil to plant trees for himself and others in future years. A tree garden is a very simple thing to establish and it can be carried on successfully in connection with almost any school where a few feet of ground can be spared for the purpose. It will be a source of constant interest to both pupils and teachers as well as to the people of the neighborhood, and will furnish a rich supply of material for nature, language, and drawing lessons as well as a supply of young trees for planting in home grounds and along public highways.

Such a garden may very well be begun by means of these key fruits of the silver maple and of the red maple as well as the various other maples which may so easily be obtained. In addition to those species in which the seeds themselves are planted one can very readily get small seedlings

already started from the roadsides or the borders of the woods. Such seedlings are generally very easy to transplant and of course will serve to give large trees more quickly than in the cases where one must wait for the seeds to grow. The maples are particularly serviceable in this connection; for seedlings of them may be found even in the gutters of the city streets and they grow so rapidly that the pupils will be able to see in a very few years good sized trees as a result of their work.

These seedlings trees serve admirably for teaching the tree as a whole and will prove attractive in this connection, even to little children. The root; the stem, the seed leaves, and the foliage leaves are all present in miniature and in a size to be comprehended by the smallest child.

Any teacher wishing to start a tree garden should send to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for Bulletin No. 29 of the bureau of forestry, entitled the Forest Nursery. In it Mr. George B. Subworth gives admirable directions for the collection and propagation of tree seeds.



List of Noted Trees.

The Elm Tree at Philadelphia under which William Penn made his famous treaty with nineteen tribes of barbarians.

The Charter Oak at Hartford; which preserved the written guarantee of the liberties of the Colony of Connecticut.

The wide-spreading Oak Tree of Flushing; Long Island, under which George Fox; the founder of the Society of Friends or Quakers, preached.

The lofty Cypress tree in the Dismal Swamp under which Washington reposed one night in his young manhood.

The huge French Apple tree near Ft. Wayne, Ind.; where Little Turtle, the great Miami chief; gathered his warriors.

The Elm tree at Cambridge in the shade of which Washington first took command of the Continental army, on a hot summer's day.

The Tulip tree on King's Mountain battlefield in South Carolina on which ten bloodthirsty Tories were hanged at one time.

The tall Pine tree at Ft. Edward, N. Y.; under which the beautiful Jane McCrea was slain.

The magnificent Black Walnut tree near Haverstraw on the Hudson at which General Wayne mustered his forces at midnight, preparatory to his gallant and successful attack on Stony Point.

The grand Magnolia tree near Charleston, S. C.; under which General Lincoln held a council of war previous to surrendering the city.

The great Pecan tree at Villere's plantation;

below New Orleans, under which a portion of the remains of General Packenham was buried.

The Pear trees planted, respectively, by Governor Endicott, of Massachusetts, and Governor Stuyvesant, of New York, more than two hundred years ago.

The Freedman's Oak, or Emancipation Oak, Hampton Institute, Hampton, Virginia, under which the slaves of this region first heard read President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation.

The Eliot Oak of Newton, Mass., under which the apostle, John Eliot, taught the Indians Christianity.

The old Liberty Elm of Boston planted and dedicated by a schoolmaster to the independence of the colonies, and the rallying point for patriots before, during, and after the Revolutionary war.

The Burgoyne Elm at Albany, N. Y., planted the day Burgoyne was brought there a prisoner.

The Ash and Tulip trees planted at Mt. Vernon by Washington.

The Elm tree planted by General Grant on the Capitol grounds at Washington.

Sequoia—Palo Alto, California.

The Cary Tree planted by Alice and Phœbe Cary in 1832, a large and beautiful Sycamore seen from the Hamilton turnpike, between College Hill and Mt. Pleasant, Hamilton county, Ohio.

Arbor Day Program.

Recognizing the increasing importance of Arbor Day, and in response to a general demand from its members, the American Civic Association arranged for the preparation of the "Suggested Arbor Day Program," herewith reproduced. The program is the work of Mr. Warren H. Manning, of Boston, vice-president of the Association's "Outdoor Art" department. Mr. Manning has given much time and thought to the subject of the most effective observation of Arbor Day and the program presented herewith is the fruit of close study and wide experience.

(This program can be varied to meet the needs of the community in which it is to be rendered.)

- Brief Address by Teacher10 minutes
- Origin and Purpose of Arbor Day—
Arbor Day law—The tree, the shrub,
the flower—in history, literature,
poetry, art, and the daily life.
- Song. (Selected).5 minutes
- Noted Trees.10 minutes



The Sugar Maple.

- Short stories from pupils about celebrated trees.
- Song. (Selected).5 minutes
- The Beauties of Trees and Nature.10 minutes
- (Short quotations by pupils from celebrated authors and poets.)
- Song. (Selected).5 minutes



Keyfruits of Red Maple.

- Our Own Beauty Spots.15 minutes
- (Pupils to locate and describe beautiful local natural features that ought to be saved.)
- The dedication of the Arbor Day Memorial
- Song. (Selected).5 minutes

Appropriate Songs for Arbor Day.

- "Mountain Maids Invitation."
- "America."
- "Star Spangled Banner."
- "The Brave Old Oak."
- "The Christmas Tree."
- (For kindergarten and first grades.)
- "The Alder by the River."
- "Pussy Willow."
- "The Golden Robin," by W. O. Perkins, a collection of songs, contains several appropriate woodland and spring songs, as "Our New Song;" "Cold Winter is Gone;" "Spring Song;" "The Old Mountain Tree;" "Away to the Hills"; and "April Song."

Octavo Music.

- "Verdant Fields,"By C. Grobe
- "Presage of Spring,"By A. Hollander
- "Plant a Tree,"By Leslie
- "The Trees are all Budding,"By F. Kucken
- "Woods—Early Spring,"By Mendelssohn

The Discontented Flowers

By Marie Irish

ARBOR DAY PLAY FOR SEVEN CHILDREN.

CHARACTERS.—Mother Nature, Violet, Buttercup, Daisy, Bluebird, Marie, and Anna.

COSTUMES.—Mother Nature, dark gown trimmed with green ruffles, bunches of green leaves, and flowers.

Bluebird, blue cap and jacket and dark trousers.

Violet dresses as far as possible in blue, has blue tissue paper cap cut to represent a violet and wears violets. Buttercup has yellow dress, yellow cap cut like a buttercup, and wears buttercups. Daisy has white dress with yellow trimmings, a yellow cap, and wears daisies.

Marie, a light spring frock, and hat with flowers.

Anna, a light-colored wrapper.

The background of stage should be hung with green branches, in front of which the three Flowers, who should be rather small girls, stand. Jars of branches conceal the lower part of their bodies. They should be standing in place when curtain is drawn.

Scene 1.—The Flowers in their Woodland Home.

Violet.—How pleasant it is in our quiet corner. Mother Nature has given us a beautiful home, do you not think so, *Buttercup*?

Buttercup.—Yes, indeed. The golden sunshine, the green grass, the stately trees with their waving branches, the bright butterflies and merry birds are all beautiful.

Daisy.—Yes, it is pretty enough, but it is very quiet. For my part I should like to travel. Even a Daisy can enjoy the wonders of the world.

Violet.—Oh, Daisy, how can you wish to leave this lovely spot? You should not be discontented when Mother Nature has given us so much.

Buttercup.—Here comes Bluebird. Perhaps he will sing us a sweet song.

Bluebird.—(entering). Good-day, little flowers. How happy you should be in this charming home. Shall I sing for you?

Daisy.—No, Mr. Bluebird, we are tired of songs. Tell us about the great world and the strange things you see on your travels. If only I could travel as you do, how happy I should be.

Bluebird.—Oh, Daisy, you cannot imagine the wonderful sights I see—great factories and mills, lofty buildings and beautiful dwellings, cars and steamboats, trees, vines, and flowers—no, you can not think how many strange things the world contains.

Buttercup.—And the people—tell us of them. Do you like them, *Bluebird*?

Bluebird.—The people differ very much. I like those who are my friends. Some do not wish me to visit them, and others love me. The children are my best friends—except the naughty boys who rob our nests and try to kill us. Some of our friends build little homes in which we can nest, and they listen eagerly to our songs.

Daisy.—Oh, can you not take me with you, *Bluebird*, that I, too, may see these things?

Bluebird.—No, no, Daisy, you must help beautify the spot in which Mother Nature has placed you and do the work for which you are intended. I will come again soon and tell you more of what I have seen. Good-bye, Flowers.

The Flowers.—Good-bye, *Bluebird*.

Exit *Bluebird*. Enter Mother Nature; she stands at side of stage.

Daisy.—I just wish I could go away! I am tired of this solitude where things are always the same!

Buttercup.—I, too, should like a change. This is beautiful, but I think it must be more interesting out in the world.

Violet.—Yes, it must be wonderful. I think I should like to know the dear little children and see their homes.

Mother Nature (coming forward).—Ah, my discontented Flowers, you do not know what you are wishing. The great world is full of trouble and anxiety, and you are better off in your own quiet home. Why can you not be happy and contented?

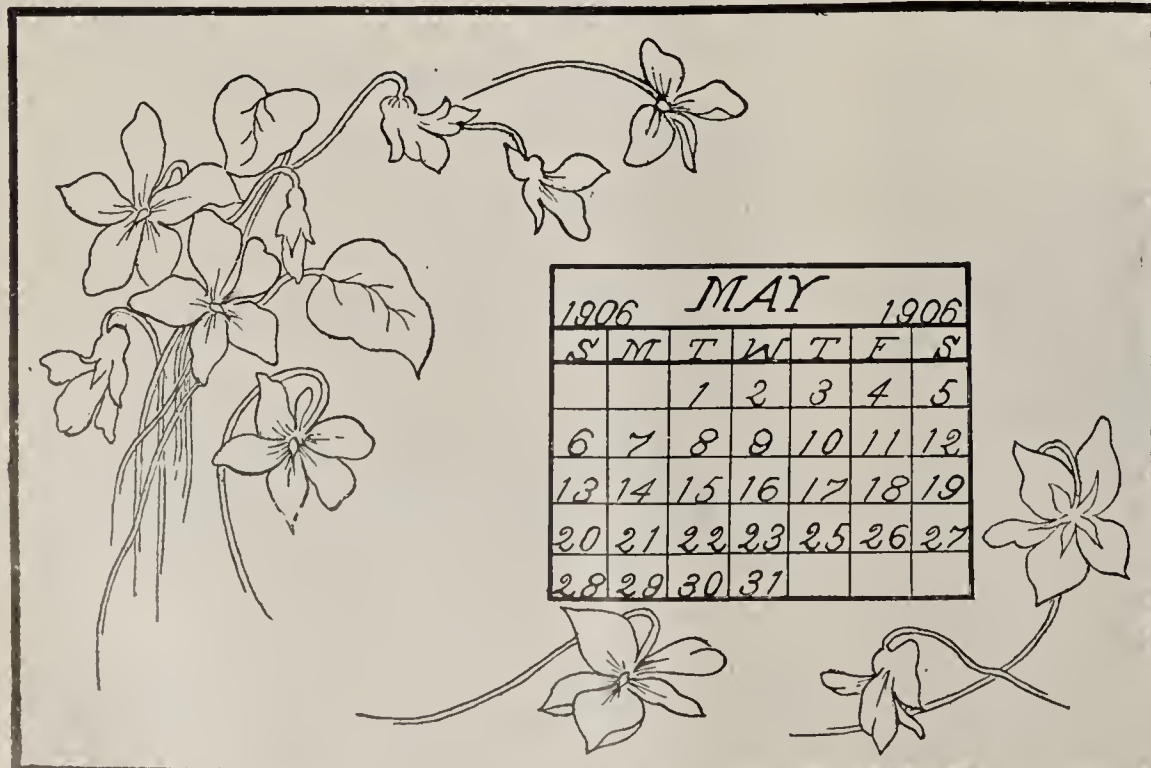
Violet.—But, dear Mother Nature, why should not we, too, see new sights? Here it is always the same.

Mother Nature.—The rivers and lakes, the hills, valleys, plains and forests, the fields of grain, the villages and cities are indeed interesting, but we cannot all be travelers. Our missions in life are different, and your work, my Flowers, is to beautify some small spot with your brightness, or cheer some heart with your silent messages of love and sympathy.

Daisy.—But can you not take us with you, Mother Nature, that we may have a change?

Buttercup.—Do, Mother Nature. Take us to see the children and the homes in which they live.

Violet.—Or let us carry a message of love to some sad heart.



Designed by Alice Dean Bachman, New York.

Mother Nature.—Dear Flowers; I cannot take you with me, but since you are so anxious to leave this charming home I will grant your wish. Wait patiently and an opportunity will soon come for you to see the world,—but remember that even Flowers have a work to do. Good-bye.

Exit Mother Nature.

Daisy.—How delightful that we are going away. I hope I shall not have long to wait.

Marie (entering).—Oh, some beautiful flowers! A dear little violet; a golden buttercup, and a bright-eyed daisy. It is a shame to pick them but I must take them home to poor sick Anna—she will be so glad to have them. Dear little blossoms, I am sorry to take you from your woodland home, for I know you love it fondly. You will miss the whispering of the grasses, the music of the waving branches, and the merry carols of your friends, the birds, but perhaps you would be willing to go if you knew how much pleasure you will bring a little sick girl. Say good-bye to your wild-wood home, dear flowers, and come with me. I shall take good care of you.

Marie takes them, one at a time, by the hand, leads them to the side of the stage and stands them in a group, then puts her arm around the three together and conducts them from the stage. The curtain is drawn and branches are removed from stage. A couch is placed near center of background with a small table beside it. Anna lies on the couch.

Scene II.—Anna and the Flowers.

Marie (entering with flowers. She stands just back of the table).—Oh, Anna dear, I have brought you a beautiful wildwood bouquet. I will put these flowers close beside you where they can be a comfort. Perhaps they will whisper to

you of their pretty woodland home and will bring you a taste of the spring-time. I am sure they will make you better, and be company for you while I am gone. Good-bye dear.

Exit Marie.

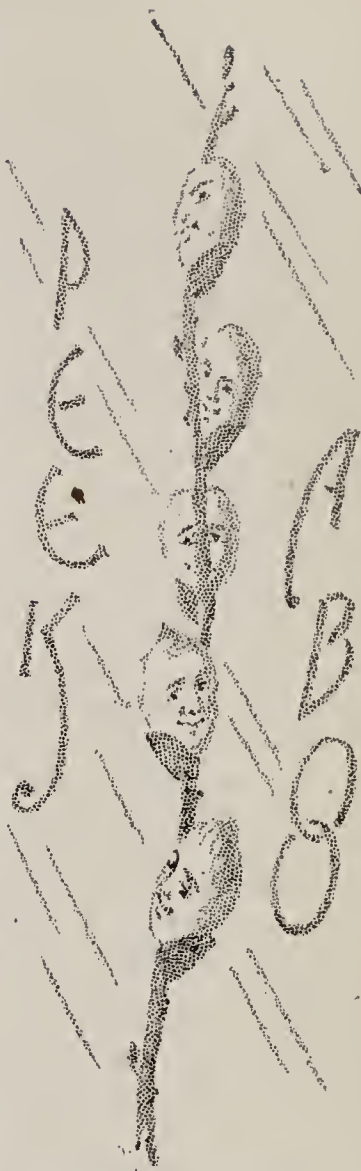
Anna.—Oh, you sweet little Flowers. Just a glimpse of you has helped me already. You bring me a message from Nature, the breath of spring and a ray of the sunshine and freshness of your native bower. You make me feel, little Blossoms, that I shall soon be well.

Closes her eyes.

Violet.—See, sisters; she has fallen asleep. We have helped her, I am sure. Mother Nature said we had a work to do and this is ours.

Buttercup.—If we can brighten the life of a lonely child we have not lived in vain.

Daisy.—We shall not see the world, but Mother Nature knows best, and we will try to be happy and content in our new home.



Designed by William Mason, Philadelphia.

Gettysburg Forty Years After

By MARY BIXBY WOODRUFF, Florida.

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Tears and love for the blue,
Love and tears for the gray.

A union soldier with his wife stood on the field of Gettysburg during the last reunion.

"See, Kate," said he, "there is the stone wall, and right here is where I stood when the bullet came."

Within speaking distance stood a big southern planter in grey uniform and broad panama hat. He was talking to his companion.

"I hid behind this wall," he said, "and right over there where that man stands,—the one with the blue army overcoat—there was a union officer, a captain I thought from his stripes. Well, I just raised my gun and shot him in the top of his head, and over he went dead."

The union man turned. "Yes, you shot him; but he didn't die, for I'm the chap," and he stepped up to the planter.

Removing his hat he added; "Now put your hand right there, if you don't believe me."

The planter felt in the mat of dark hair and there was a hollow large enough to lay his finger in.

"Brother," he said, and his voice broke and the tears streamed down his face, "I'm mighty glad."

He put his arms around the captain's neck. "Glad? Well I reckon I am glad! Why, I've carried that load all these years,—that I had killed a brother!"

"Now I've a plantation right over here. You and your wife come home with me. I want to talk this over."

This is a true story and if you go to a little village in New York state called Round Lake, any one will repeat it to you. Everybody there knows Captain R—, and they have all seen the big Southerner who comes every summer to go fishing with the captain.

The two are no longer enemies, but brothers.



An Entertainment for Memorial Day

(One in which the whole school may join)

By Annie Stevens Perkins, Massachusetts

DECORATIONS.—Flags and bunting should be tastefully draped and arranged. The school-room flags, in their standards, should be gathered into the hall or large classroom in which the exercise is to be given. Place evergreen and a few flowers about the base of each.

If the children can go to the woods for material, beautiful decorations can be made. Secure a large quantity of moss, tree-evergreen, Solomon's Seal, and eye-berries, or whatever other "greenery" the locality may afford. Deep pie-plates, with three small bottles in each (vaseline bottles are good), will furnish forms for floral pieces. Place the bottles filled with water, in the center of the dish. Bank green leaves, or better, wet moss, all about them, to the edge of the plate. Edge the plate with small sprays of the fine evergreen. In the bottles place the most beautiful flowers you can obtain from homes or florist, geraniums at any rate can be secured, and the different shades of color are most attractive. One color in each "piece" is best. The water keeps the flowers fresh.

In the moss stick quantities of Solomon's Seal, stripped of all leaves, as it is then pure white and looks less common. Some of the little stalks should be taller than others; those near the edge being low. This plan of arrangement offers opportunity for great variety. A red, white, and blue decoration can be worked out easily in this way. Red geraniums, small sprays, or red berries should be used around the edge, Solomon's Seal next, and a mass of blue horseshoe violets in the bottles, where they will remain for some time without drooping. These decorations can be used in the cemetery afterwards.

Have upon the board or on an easel, lists of heroes of the Revolutionary war, the Spanish war. A wreath should be placed above each list. A list of naval heroes should be given a prominent place, so arranged that the anchor used in the exercise "Heroes of the Navy," may rest near it.

This is the soldiers' day. If possible, have a short address by a veteran and a word from an army nurse, at the close of the program.

The Program.

Song by the School—"America for Freedom."

Address of Welcome—(By one of the older pupils.)

This is the day of days for our soldiers. Let us give ourselves to its success unreservedly. Let us try to catch the spirit of fraternity which it inspires in the breasts of those who participated in the war that saved the Union or in the more recent war that cemented and augmented it. We should truly honor the few veterans of the Civil war who yet remain with us. We shall not have any of them with us after a little time. During the year now drawing to a close our local post of the G. A. R. (name the post) has been called upon to mourn the loss, by death, of many of its loved comrades. They have been mustered out of our ranks, and in answer to the last roll-call, have joined the ranks of the ever increasing Grand Army which have gone before.

No more for them shall sound the Reveillé;
No more the stirring drums to Guard mount loudly call;
No more at Dress Parade, they'll march while band doth play;

No more, Tattoo, at night bid slumber on them fall.

Their march of life has ceased, the battle fierce is o'er:

The knapsack, gun, canteen, are each one laid aside;

Folded the tent: *Good-bye! They've only gone before:*

In the beyond, in *Peace*, henceforth they will abide.

Let us then cherish their memory, "let us honor them for what they did and dared," and in loving tenderness, "*Let us scatter their graves with the Everlasting, not the Cypress.*"

Friends of our school, we bid you welcome to these our memorial exercises. Veterans of the G. A. R.; (at this point the speaker should pause and the pupils very quietly rise to their feet and prepare for the salute) we salute you!

The school remains standing and the speaker goes to his place. At a sign from the teacher, the school recites in concert (using low-pitched, earnest tones and without forcing the voices in the least degree), facing a large flag:

Flag of our great Republic, inspirer of zeal,
Thou emblem of protection, of Freedom's power and weal,
Thy stars and stripes we honor, so eloquent and fair!
We love thee, glorious banner, waving in Freedom's air!

After a slight pause, the military salute is given, with precision, accompanying the words, "We salute thee."

Another slight pause, and these words are added:

"We, the children of many lands, who find rest under thy folds, do pledge our lives, our hearts, and sacred honor, to protect thee, our country, and the liberty of the American people forever."

The Blue and the Gray.

This recitation should be given by a boy dressed in the gray uniform of the Confederate soldiers. A boy dressed in the blue uniform of the Union soldiers should stand by his side and the words should be addressed to the latter. At the close of the recitation, the boy in blue should recite "The Blue and the Gray," with introduction as given.

The first boy should extend his hand to the boy in blue as he begins his recitation. The hand should be grasped and held thru the first two lines.

Two years after the Civil war had ended the women of Columbus, Mississippi, decorated not only the graves of their Confederate dead, but also the graves of the Union soldiers. This unusual action excited much favorable comment in the papers. Mr. Francis Miles Finch, a lawyer living in Ithaca, N. Y., seized upon the romance and pathos embodied in the incident, and wrote "The Blue and the Gray."

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the green grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;

Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the one the blue;
Under the other the gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat;
All with the battle-blood gory;
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day,—
Under the laurel, the blue;
Under the willow, the gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
Let the desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the roses, the blue:
Under the lilies, the gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender;
On the blossoms blooming for all.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
'Broidered with gold, the blue;
Mellowed with gold, the gray.

And when the summer calleth
On forest and field of grain;
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain.
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day—
Wet with the rain, the blue;
Wet with the rain, the gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraid-
ing,
The generous deed was
done;
In the storm of the years
that are fading
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the blossoms the
blue,
Under the blossoms the gray.

No more shall the war cry
sever,
Or the winding river be red;
They banish our anger
forever,
When they laurel the graves
of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day,
Love and tears for the blue;
Tears and love for the gray.

At the close of the recitation
two of the tiniest little girls to be
secured should advance and pre-
sent a wreath of flowers to each
boy. The children should be
dressed in white, and should wear
scarfs of hunting. They say, in
concert, very slowly and clearly:

We have one happy country.
We know if need should call,
Both North and South would answer,—
We love her soldiers all!

The Flag above the School-House Door.

A RECITATION.

In cities and in villages, in country districts scat-
tered wide;
Above the school-house door it floats; a thing of
beauty and of pride.
The poorest child, the richest heir,—'tis theirs in
common to adore
For 'tis *their* flag that proudly floats,—the flag
above the school-house door.

What does it mean, O careless boy, O thoughtless
girl at happy play?
Red for the blood your fathers' shed on some far-
off, eventful day—
White for the loyalty and faith of countless women
who forbore
To mourn, but gave their all to save the flag above
the school-house door.

And blue,—sweet hope's ethereal blue—the color
of true loyalty—
Red, white and blue united in one grand, harmo-
nious trinity;
'Tis yours to love! 'tis yours to serve! 'tis yours
to cherish evermore!
God keep it ever floating there—the flag above the
school-house door!

—HARRIET CROCKER LEROY; in *The Youth's
Companion*.

Song—Dear Native Land.

Mr. Wilson is the supervisor of music, Beverly and
Wakefield, Massachusetts.

Dear Native Land.

DUET OR SEMI-CHORUS.

ANNIE STEVENS PERKINS.

G. F. WILSON.

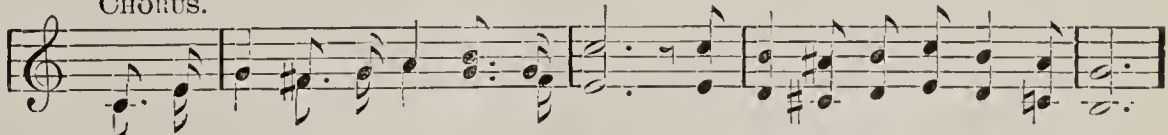


1. O North and South, O East and West, I love my na-tive land so blest;
2. O fruit-ful fields and bu-sy marts, O pa-triot sons with loy-al hearts,
3. O mem-o-ries of gold-en deed And truth that un-to-val-or leads,

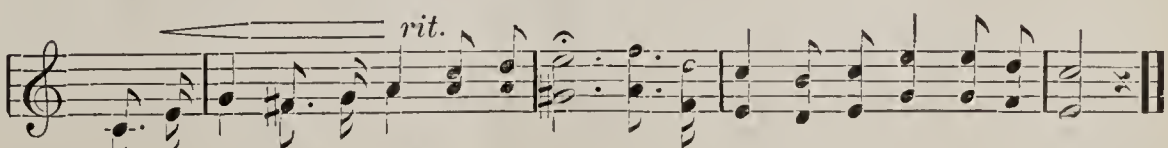


The sun-kiss'd flag up-on her hills My heart with ho-ly rapture thrills.
My na-tive land pos-sess-ing thee, Is blest with true pros-per-i-ty.
For blessings past and yet to be We of-fer praise, O God, to Thee!

CHORUS.



Let us sing, glad-ly sing, one and all, The flag of our coun-try so dear;



And the he-roes who stirred by her call, Rose to suc-cor the land we re-vere.

Flag Drill.

Boys should give the drill. In "Ideal Drills," published by the Penn. Pub. Co., Philadelphia, a suitable drill can be found.

Song by the School—Selected Patriotic Drill.

For eight girls.

The girls should be dressed in white with shoulder scarfs of bunting. They should carry, each, a long strip of whale bone wound with the national colors.

Enter at back, left and right, four each. Meet at center and pass to the front in twos. First two go to the left, second two to right, third to left, fourth to right. March around stage twice in serpentine curves, then meet at back and come down single file. March twice around then form line across front of stage. Whalebone wands should be laid across left shoulder, held in right hand during the march. At chord, they are grasped in both hands, curving, at low front. In time to the music, the following movements are then given: At the first beat of the measure, hold curved whalebone at left, low. At 2, move it to right, low. At three, left, shoulder-height. At 4, right, shoulder-height. At 1, left, high. At 2, right, high. At 3, above head; hold thru 4. At 1, right, high. At 2, left, high. At 3, right, shoulder-height. At 4, left shoulder-height. At 1, right, low. At 2, left, low. At 3, low, front; hold thru 4.

Rest during one measure.

Whalebones straight, held in left hands. At 1, low, left wand held obliquely toward floor. At 2, horizontal from shoulder toward left. At 3, obliquely, high left. At 4, swing wand to right, above head. (Practice for parallel lines.) At 1, high left, oblique. At 2, horizontal from shoulder. At 3, low left, oblique. At 4, change wand to right hand and repeat these movements, with right hand, at right side. At 4, alternating girls take wands into left hands. Repeat the movements. This will bring the wands crossing each other, in pairs, at low left and right and high left and right.

At chord, place wands across left shoulder, held in right hand. March single file around stage. Come to front. Half turn one way, half the other, at chord. March about the stage, meeting and passing twice, at back. Meet at back and come down in twos. First two pause at front and form an arch by crossing wands high. Next two pass under the arch, and around stage, coming down to form a second arch at the back of, and a little to the left of the first arch. Third two then march to front, pass thru first arch and around, to form third arch at a little distance behind and to the right of the first arch. The last two then come to front, pass thru first arch, separate, and pass thru arch on their own side at back of first, then pass each other and go thru the opposite arch and around to front, where they meet, pass together thru the first arch, and toward back. At center back, they form an arch and at chord, the other couples close ranks. They then march around stage and toward back where they form arches at right and left and a little to the rear of the first arch. The fourth couple wind in and out as the other couple did, according to directions given. Then, at chord, close ranks and march in twos, threes, fours, and, finally, single file, around the stage, in serpentine curves.

Form line across the front. Alternating girls curve their whalebone wands in right and left hands, one wand within the other. Hold the ends very firmly so they will not fly out. At 1, hold the double circles thus made, at low left side. At 2, swing them forward in a straight line. At 3, lift to shoulder height. At 4, high. At 1, drop to shoulder height. At 2, to low, forward a little. At 3, to

low, side. At 4, face for marching by twos and march around and off the stage with wands in same position. If a longer drill is desired, movements can easily be repeated or new ones added.

If the girls are good singers, let them form in line at back of stage, before going off, to sing a patriotic song. Wands should be held curved, in front, held in both hands, as at first, during the singing. Wands should be curved above the head at close, and participants should march out holding them thus.

History of the G. A. R.

The Grand Army of the Republic was organized in Decatur, Illinois, April 6, 1866, by Dr. B. S. Stephenson of Springfield, formerly surgeon of the Fourteenth Illinois Infantry. The establishment of Post 1 at Decatur was soon followed by the establishment of Post 2 in Springfield. In a very short time posts were organized in Indiana; Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri and other states. The veterans rejoiced to band themselves together thus. The first national congress was held in Indianapolis, Indiana, Nov. 20, 1866. On June 30, 1900, there were 6,045 Grand Army posts; forty-five departments; and 276,662 members.

The Sons of Veterans will carry on the work of their fathers. They assist in the decoration of graves on Memorial Day, and in many other ways supplement the work of the G. A. R.

The Woman's Relief Corps, which cares for the soldiers and their widows, and the association of army nurses, are kindred organizations. The aim of all these organizations is, primarily, to inspire and encourage patriotism.

Recitation—The Old Canteen.

Found in Baker's G. A. R. Speaker, and other patriotic collections.

NOTE.—Have an old canteen in evidence. A boy in uniform reciting this will make the piece effective.

Heroes of the Navy.

First Pupil—(Carrying a naval flag.)

A few years ago the *Boston Journal* published an article in its columns containing a suggestion that the heroes of the navy be honored on Memorial Day in some special manner. Mrs. Sampson, wife of Admiral Wm. T. Sampson, Commandant of the Charlestown navy yard (near Boston), read the article with interest and planned a program for a service to take place on the deck of the old frigate Constitution, May 30, 1901. We shall always want to remember just how and where this custom was inaugurated, for many people are planning to enlarge upon it in future years. Admiral Dewey has called the idea a beautiful one.

I will tell a little story about this first ceremony.

There were prayers, patriotic songs, and speeches; all referring especially to the brave heroes who were buried at sea.

Then at the close of the service, the bugle blown by Trumpeter Warner, sounded "taps" with solemn, sweet tenderness, just as it has been sounded over many a fallen hero. The three volleys were then fired by a marine detachment; and the ports of the "Old Ironsides" were slowly opened. At each port-hole stood little children dressed in white. Thru the port-holes and from the deck and pier; thronged with children and adults, beautiful flowers were cast into the water;

—roses, lilies, lilacs, pansies, and field flowers.

It was a beautiful and suggestive service.

Second Pupil.—(Carrying a large pasteboard anchor wreathed with evergreen and flowers).

All honor to our sailor dead,
Who sleep beneath the wave!
Let blossoms fair be strewn above
Their silent, watery grave!
We may not go to each lone spot;
Where lies a sailor brave;
The tide will bear our tokens far,—
They died our land to save!

At the close of the recitation, place the flag and the anchor in suitable position near the list of naval heroes.

Bugle Song.

One of the veterans or other suitable person is requested to sound the reveille previous to the singing of the first stanza by the school.

The piano, bugle, or cornet and drum play a short march before the second stanza is rendered.

One of the veterans will blow "Taps" before the school sings the third stanza. This verse should be sung slowly.

The sweet, familiar air of "Blue Bell," music procurable

at any music store, is the one to which the words have been set.

Reveille—Soldier the dawn is breaking;
Hark to the reveille!
Unto the conflict waking,—
Oh! what shall be the day?
Home-love is pleading, calling;
Duty is calling, too,
Into the strike appalling,
Soldier, love goes with you!

First Chorus.—Soldier awaken! Day dawns again.
Watch! for the foe may come, ye know not when.
No time for dreaming, Duty is stern!
Now God be with you till the camp-fires burn!

March.—Onward! the word, O soldier!
Forward! the foe is nigh!
Steady and firm, march onward,
Ready to do or die.
Banners on high are streaming,
Bright gleam the burnished arms;
Onward, to glorious conquest,—
No time for weak alarms!

Second Chorus.—Soldier, God
bless you! Hark! hear
the drums!

May you be strengthened;
now, whatever comes!
'Mid strife and carnage, 'mid
shot and shell,
May you be guided and be
guarded well!

Taps.—Soldier, the day is
over;
The battle is fought and
won.

Rest with thy struggle
ended,—

Duty so nobly done!
Rest, sweetly rest, beloved;
Naught shall thy peace
destroy;
Rest, till above the hilltops;
Wakens the morn of joy!

Third Chorus.—Good-night;
O soldier! good-night to
you!

Love now is watching o'er
you,—love so true.
No more of carnage, no more
of strife!

Peace, joy, security; and
endless life!

Short Address.

CLOSING SONG—America.

To be sung by school and
audience.

Banner of Light.

(For Soprano and Alto.)

Words and Music by ANNIE STEVENS PERKINS.

Vivace.

1. O - ver the hills where the sun-light gleams, O - ver the vales and the murm'ring streams,
2. O - ver the north-land where thousands throng, O-ver the south-land so sweet with song,

O - ver the home of our cher-ished dreams, Flag of our coun - try, float!
O - ver the sea and its sail - ors strong, Float in pro - tec - tion still!

CHORUS.

O - ver the brave, O - ver the free, O - ver each he - ro's grave,

Ban - ner of light, Ban - ner of might, Gal - lant "Old Glo - ry" wave!

Memorial Day Poems

Decoration Day.

There is peace, there is peace in the South and the North,
When the suns of the May-time shall call the blooms forth;
There is peace in the vale where the Tennessee runs—
Where the river-grass covers the long-silent guns;
There is peace in Virginia amid the tall corn—
Where Lookout's high summit grows bright in the morn;

There is peace where the James wanders down to the main—
Where the war-torn savannas are golden with grain.
There is peace where the squadrons of carnage have wheel'd
Fierce over Shiloh's shell-furrowed field;
There is peace in the soil whence the palmettos spring,
In the sad Shenandoah the harvesters sing.

There is peace in Manassas, Antietam's dark rills;
No more throbs the drum on the bare Georgian hills;
There is peace where the warriors of Gettysburg rest;
On the ramparts of Sumter the summer birds nest;
There is peace where the Father of Waters ran red—
Where the batteries of Mobile lie soundless and dead;

There is peace where the rifle hangs mantled with dust—
Where the once reeking sabre is sheathed in its rust;
There is peace where the war-hoofs tore up the smooth lea—
Where the hoarse-noted cannon rang over the sea;
There is peace in the North, tho her soldier is yet
Far away on the field where the fierce columns met;

There is peace in the South, tho her soldier is lost
In the path where the path of the foeman is crossed;
There is peace in the land, and the "stars and the bars"
Forever are merged in the stripes and the stars;
There is peace where the flowers cover the tombs,
And the Blue and the Gray now blend with the blooms.
—Selected.

Bring Flowers.

Bring flowers to strew again
With fragrant purple rain
Of lilacs, and of roses white and red,
The dwellings of our dead—our glorious dead!
Let the bells ring a solemn funeral chime,
And wild war-music bring anew the time
When they who sleep beneath
Were full of vigorous breath,
And in their lusty manhood sallied forth.
—Selected.

Memorial Day.

Strew with flowers the soldier's grave,
Plant each lovely thing that grows;
Let the summer breezes wave
The calla lily and the rose.
White and red, the cause, the price!
Right, upheld by sacrifice.

Let the summer's perfumed breath,
Fragrant with the sweetest flowers,
Charm the sadness out of death,
glorify the mourners' hours,
Freighted with their prayers arise,
Incense of their sacrifice.

Blustering winds of early spring,
Violets nestling in the snow,
O'er these mounds sweet odors fling,
Catch the fragrance as ye blow!
Rudely sweet salute the tread
That comes to beautify the dead.

'Tis not valor that we praise,
Thirst for glory, love of strife,
Gentle hearts from quiet ways
Turned to save a nation's life,
Lest in jealous fragments torn,
Freedom's land should come to scorn.

Selected.

After the Battle.

The drums are all muffled, the bugles are still;
There's a pause in the valley, a halt on the hill;
And bearers of standards swerve back with a thrill
Where sheaves of the dead bar the way;
For a great field it reaped, Heaven's garnerers to fill,
And stern death holds his harvest to-day.

There's a voice in the wind like a spirit's low cry;
'Tis the muster roll sounding—and who shall reply
For those whose wan faces glare white to the sky,
With eyes fixed so steadfast and dimly,
As they wait the last trump, which they may not defy,
Whose hands clutch the sword-hilt so grimly?

The brave heads late lifted are solemnly bowed,
As the riderless chargers stand quivering and cowed—
As the burial requiem is chanted aloud,
The groans of the death-stricken drowning,
While victory looks on like a queen pale and proud
Who awaits till the morning her crowning.

There is no mocking blazon, as clay sinks to clay;
The vain pomps of peace-time are all swept away
In the terrible face of the dread battle day;
Nor coffins nor shroudings are here:
Only relics that lay where thickest the fray—
A rent casque and a headless spear.

Far away, tramp on tramp, sounds the march of the foe,
Like a storm-wave retreating, spent, fitful, and slow;
With sound live their spirits that faint as they go
By the red-glowing river, whose waters
Shall darken with sorrow the land where they flow
To the eyes of her desolate daughters.

They are fled—they are gone; but, oh! not as they came;
In the pride of those numbers they staked on the game,
Never more shall they stand in the vanguard of fame,
Never life the stained sword which they drew;
Never more shall they boast of a glorious name,
Never march with the real and the true.

Where the wreck of our legions lay stranded and torn,
They stole on our ranks in the mist of our morn;
Like the giant of Gaza, their strength it was shorn
Ere those mists have rolled up to the sky;
From the flash of the steel a new day-break seemed born,
As we sprang up to conquer or die.

The tumult is silenced; the death-lots are cast,
And the heroes of battle are slumbering their last;
Do you dream of yon pale form that rode in the blast?
Would ye see it once more, O ye brave?
Yes—the broad road to honor is red where ye passed,
And of glory ye asked—but a grave!

—Anon.

Our Heroes.

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne.")

Our heroes ne'er can be forgot,
They'll be all bro't to mind!
Oh, never can they be forgot,
The noble and the kind.

Indeed these soldiers, brave and true,
Have many battles fought.
And for their own "Red, White and Blue"
Much honor they have brought.

So let us all now join in song
To those, our men so true;
And let us have a merry throng
For the "Red, White and Blue."
(Chorus to be sung after the third verse.)

CHORUS.

For the Red, White and Blue, my dear,
The Red, White and Blue;
We'll loudly sing a song of cheer
For the Red, White and Blue.

—Selected.

THE CHILD WORLD

A Magazine of Supplementary Reading.

Supplement to TEACHERS MAGAZINE. April, 1906.



II. Crowning of the Kingbird.

One—two—three—. The clock of the distant town hall was ringing out through the darkness.

The stars could hardly keep their eyes open. They were *so* tired. And yet they did not want to go to bed.

This was to be the day of the great picnic of the birds of the air. The crowning of the Kingbird was to be celebrated.

The stars had heard all about it. The clouds had told them. That is why they were so closely crowded together right over Farmer Wilson's field.

"We shall stay up the whole day," the stars said. That was at midnight. Kind old Mother Moon only smiled. When the clock of the town hall struck two she kissed her children good night and went to bed.

Now it was three o'clock. Hark! "We're up, we're up, we're up." The Robins were the first on the field.

The stars were too sleepy now to even care. They shut their weary eyes. Then the Dawn came up and covered the stars with soft blankets, and they dreamed the things they had wanted so much to see with their own eyes.

The Robins kept up their triumphant song, "We're up, we're up, we're up." "Shut up! Shut up!" a Catbird called from his nest. That was not nice to say. But the Catbird was waked out of his best sleep, and that made him cross.

"We're up, we're up, we're up," the Robins whistled. "So are we, so are we, so are we. See! See! See!" the Chickadees sang out as they arrived on the picnic grounds. Vireo said, "I see it. I know it. There are others."

When the sun peeped over the hill there were hundreds of birds on Farmer Wilson's farm. They sang and whistled and made a great noise.

Suddenly the booming of a cannon was heard. The birds were aston-

ished and listened in silence. Meadow Lark was the first to speak: "What do you suppose that means?" "That is the sunrise gun," the Catbird answered. "It must be the royal salute," the Chat suggested. "Whoever heard a royal salute of less than twenty-one guns? Who?" the owl asked. Then all were silent again.

One—two—three—four— the town clock counted. "Time for breakfast," the Titmouse sang out. "Yes, yes," said the Catbird. "Maids, maids, hang up the tea kettle, kettle, kettle," called the Song Sparrow. Then all the birds laughed.

Breakfast was served on the ground. There was plenty to eat for everybody.

"What shall we have for dessert?" the Sparrows wanted to know, "Not a thing, not a thing," said Bobolink.

"Cherries, cherries, cherries," the Robins yelled. Then they flew away. The Sparrows went with them, and so they had dessert after all.

At half past five, sharp, the procession was formed. First came the Chats acting as policemen. Then came a dozen Grouse drumming for dear life. Two hundred Warblers followed singing in chorus. Next came the Blue-birds: they were the colorbearers.

Blue Jay carried an embroidered purse with golden chains and medals in it.

The Blackbird bore on a cushion the Ruby Ring of the Kingbird. On his right walked two Phoebes with the royal robe of cloth of gold. On his left was Song Sparrow with a white flag which had a red strawberry in the center.

The Cardinal walked alone in all his state.

He was followed by the daughters of the Kingbird, each attended by a Kinglet.

Two Scarlet Tanagers, with two Goldfinches between them, walked abreast. One Tanager carried the royal staff. The other carried the sceptre. Goldfinches carried the golden spurs.

Now came the sons of the Kingbird, each attended by a Humming Bird.

The Cedar Wax-wing bore the Crown. The Grossbeak took care of a gilded pine cone which they called the Orb.

Two Purple Martins carried a golden flask holding pure oil of roses. Indigo Bunting had a tiny golden spoon!

There was joyful cheering when the Kingbird and his wife appeared in the procession. They walked under a purple canopy borne by four Orioles in gorgeous array.

Right back of the Kingbird were the Wood Thrush and the Veery.

Blue-bird held the Queen's handkerchief of real lace. Redstart carried a tiny rug of cloth of gold. Between Blue-bird and Redstart walked Vireo proudly with the flag of the Queen. This flag was green and had a ruby ring in the center.

Twenty Redheaded Woodpeckers closed the procession.

All the other birds, with the exception of the Sparrows, were seated on the fence running around the field, and sang this new song which the Bobolinks had taught them:

Cling, clang, cling,
Come let us sing
The glory of the King,
Of the birds on the wing.

The Grackles almost spoiled the last line by their squeaking.

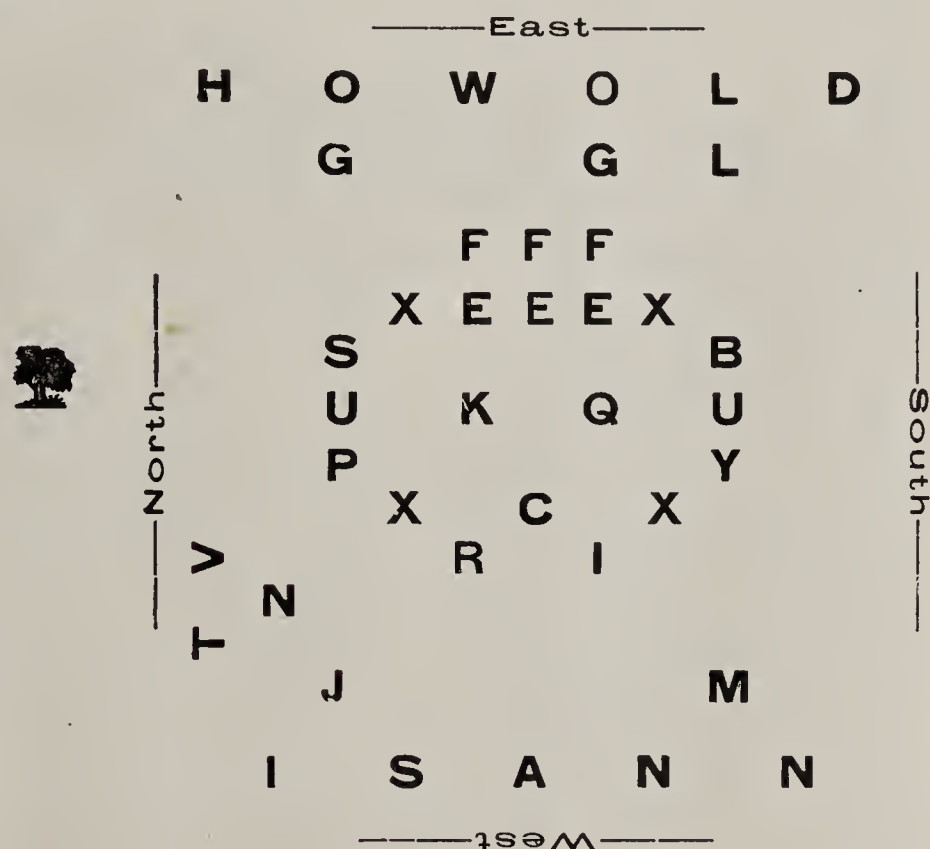
When the Wrens caught sight of the Kingbird's good wife they could not hold themselves for joy, and said over and over, "Sweetest, sweetest queen!" The Kingbird smiled and the Queen blushed.

The procession stopped when the royal canopy arrived at the apple tree that stood in the middle of the field. Under this tree stood a large box. Farmer Wilson had placed it there to hold tools and other things.

Robin Redbreast, who acted as Master of Ceremonies, had selected this box as theater for the crowning of the Kingbird. The top was covered with green leaves and ferns. Over the sides hung garlands of honeysuckle. It was very pretty indeed.

The four Orioles holding the Canopy flew to the top of the box. The Kingbird and his wife followed and took their places under the Canopy.

Robin Redbreast acted as Master of Ceremonies and placed the birds who were to go on the theater with the King. This is how they were finally arranged:



The four Orioles (X X X X) held the purple Canopy. Behind the King (K) and the Queen (Q) were their three daughters (E E E) with the Kinglets (F F F) attending them. Somewhat further back were the two sons (O O) with the Humming Birds (G G) near them. In the northeast corner of the theater stood Song Sparrow (H) holding the King's white flag which had a red strawberry in the center. Blue-Bird (D) with the Queen's lace handkerchief was in the southeast corner, next to the Goldfinches (L L) who carried the Golden Spurs.

The Cardinal (C) stood before the King and the Queen, attended by the Cedar Waxwing (R) who bore the Crown, and the Scarlet Tanager (I) who carried the pine cone scepter.

Here is the list of the birds on the theater: By comparing the letters with the floor plan you can easily tell how the birds were placed:

A—Redstart with the Queen's Rug.

B—Vireo with the Queen's green flag which had a ruby ring in the center.

C—Cardinal.

D—Blue-Bird with the Queen's handkerchief of real lace.



THE



URSERY

From the painting of E. A. Waterlow

E E E—Daughters of the Kingbird.
 F F F—Kinglets attending the Princesses.
 G G—Humming Birds attending the Princes.
 H—Song Sparrow with the King's white flag which had a red strawberry in the center.
 I I—Scarlet Tanagers: one with the pine cone scepter, the other with the royal staff.
 J—Jay with the King's embroidered purse which had in it golden chains and medals.
 K—Kingbird.
 L L—Goldfinches carrying the golden spurs of the King.
 M—Robin Redbreast, Master of Ceremonies.
 N N—Purple Martins with the golden flask which had in it pure oil of roses.
 O O—Sons of the Kingbird.
 P—Meadowlark.
 Q—The Queen.
 R—Cedar Waxwing with the golden Crown.
 S S—Sisters Dotty and Jenny Wren.
 T—Wood Thrush.
 U U—Phoebes, cousins of the Queen.
 V—Veery.
 W—Indigo Bunting with the golden spoon.
 X X X X—Orioles four carrying the royal Canopy.
 Y—Blackbird with the Ruby Ring.
 Z—Catbird, conductor of music.

On the branches of the tree overhead perched a chorus of two hundred warblers. The Catbird was conductor of music.

Robin Redbreast gave the sign to begin. The Catbird said, "one, two, zeay, zeay." At the second "zeay" all the warblers began to sing. Even the oldest birds could not remember ever having heard so grand a chorus.

Then followed a duet by Wood Thrush and Veery. Every heart was touched by the song. The Swallows said they would have shed tears if they had known how. It really was the finest treat there ever was. The two sweetest singers of the whole round world joined in one melody,—oh, it was wonderful!

Once more the chorus of warblers burst into song. Everyone did his very best. Each tried to sing as well as Wood Thrush and Veery.

When the music came to an end, all the birds cheered and cheered, till Robin Redbreast walked to the Canopy and made a low bow to the King. Then all was quiet.

The Cardinal walked slowly to the East side of the theater. The Kingbird flew to the top of the Canopy and looked toward the East.

The Cardinal said: "Hear, ye birds of the air! I here present unto you Bee-Martin, the Undoubted King of this Realm. Are you willing to accept him and to do him honor?"

All the birds cheered loudly and joyfully, and cried out: "Hail to the King!"

Then the Cardinal walked slowly to the South side. The Kingbird looked toward the South.

The Cardinal said: "Hear, ye birds of the air! I here present unto you Bee-Martin, the Undoubted King of this Realm. Are you willing to accept him and to do him honor?"

Again all the birds cheered loudly and joyfully, and cried out: "Hail to the King!"

Then the Cardinal walked slowly to the West side. The Kingbird looked toward the West.

The Cardinal said: "Hear, ye birds of the air! I here present unto you Bee-Martin, the Undoubted King of this Realm. Are you willing to accept him and to do him honor?"

Once more all the birds cheered loudly and joyfully, and cried out: "Hail to the King!"

The Kingbird returned to his place under the Canopy. The Cardinal now stood before him and asked: "Will you promise to govern the birds of the air with justice and in kindness?"

The Kingbird answered, "I will."

At a sign from Robin Redbreast the two Goldfinches placed the golden spurs at the feet of the King. Then they bowed and returned to their places.

The Cardinal and Robin Redbreast now conducted the King to the west side of the theater. Song Sparrow with the royal banner followed them.

The older son of the King also went with them and stood behind his father. He was attended by a Humming Bird.

The Cardinal tapped his right foot three times, and Indigo Bunting came to him. He tapped again and the two Purple Martins placed at his feet the golden flask.

The Cardinal took the golden spoon from Indigo Bunting. He poured into it pure oil of roses from the golden flask. Then he dipped his bill into the spoon and touched the head and the breast of the Kingbird, and said: "With this drop of oil of roses I anoint thee King of the birds of the air."

When the Cardinal had said these words the chorus of warblers sang a beautiful anthem.

Robin Redbreast turned his head to the South. This was the sign for the two Phoebes to come forward with the royal robe of Cloth of Gold.

Robin fastened the robe to the shoulders of the King and then made a low bow. The two Phoebes returned to the East to wait on the Queen.

Now Cedar Waxwing came forward and put the golden crown at the feet of the King. The Scarlet Tanager who had carried the scepter in the procession also came forward and stood beside the Song Sparrow.

The Cardinal took up the crown, and said: "May happiness descend upon thee and abide with thee all the days of thy life!" With these words he placed the crown upon the Kingbird's head.

Then all the birds cheered and cheered and cheered.

Meanwhile, at a sign from Robin Redbreast, the birds who took part in the crowning ceremony placed themselves in this way:

C R O W N
K
H I M
N
G

Robin Redbreast (M), Master of Ceremonies, took the pine cone scepter from Scarlet Tanager (I) and gave it to the Kingbird (K).

Song Sparrow (H) waved the royal banner, and the chorus of warblers sang, "Long live our gracious King."

All the birds cheered at the close of the song. The Kingbird bowed to the South, to the West, to the North, and to the East. Then he returned to his place under the Canopy in the East. His older son walked at his side.

Behind them walked Song Sparrow with the royal banner. On his right was Scarlet Tanager, and on his left was Indigo Bunting. Robin Redbreast followed.

OSSIAN LANG.

Next month I will tell you how the Queen received the Ruby Ring and how the birds showed how much they loved her. You will also hear of many other things that happened on Farmer Wilson's field on the great day when Kingbird was crowned.



THE PLOW BOY

From the painting of H. H. LaThangue

The Teaching of Civics

By Flora Helm, Head Assistant Robert Morris School, Chicago

Civics in Last Grade.

(Continued from last month)

Post Office Service.

THERE is no service of our country which benefits so many people and is so necessary, not only in the great events of our life such as death and sickness, danger and accident, but also for the ordinary affairs of life, such as business, travel, arrival, departure, intercourse of friends and members of a family, as the work of our noble men in gray.

The entire department is under the control of the postmaster-general.

Every large city has its post office building; the small towns rent a building; and the villages have the department in some central store. For every place to the smallest village must have its postal service.

The mail is transported by railroad, steamship lines, stage-coaches, and horse-back. Each post office has its postmaster; under him are assistants, clerks, and carriers, all of whom labor in some form towards the work of collecting and distributing letters, newspapers, periodicals, and packages.

Those who get these positions have to pass an examination called the civil service examination and they hold their places as long as their work and behavior are satisfactory.

The expenses of this great work with the pay for all its workers come out of the stamp money paid by people who send their mail. So we may say the post office department is self-supporting.

Army and Navy.

There is probably no service known in the history of all times and known thruout the area of the wide world that has been so idealized by harper and poet and minstrel and dreamer as the service of battle and the service of the sea. All the greatness of self-sacrifice and danger to life; all the romance of adventure and risk; all the thrill of unknownness and mystery, create a background that throw the soldier and the sailor into Titanic bas-relief.

There are three purposes in the history of time for which warfare has been waged.

1. Conquest and plunder.
(Selfishness its basic motive.)
2. Defense of rights.
(Justice its basic motive.)
3. Promotion of right and defense of the weak.
(Generosity or brotherly love, motive.)

The facts concerning the departments of the army and navy cover so wide a range and material on the subjects is so plentiful that a mere suggestive outline will suffice.

Why we have an army and navy. (Second and third purpose.)

School for soldiers—West Point, New York.

Forts { barracks.
 { forts in territories—Indians.
 { Fortress Monroe—Virginia.
 { Fort Meyer, Washington, D. C.
 { Fort Sheridan—Chicago.

Classes { Cavalry—pistols; swords; carbines.
 { in infantry—rifles.
Army { artillery, guns.

Officers of U. S. Army.

President, U. S.—commander-in-chief.

Secretary of War—adviser with President about army and navy.

Adjutant-General—correspondence, gives orders to commanders of different parts and receives reports from them.

Inspector-General—inspects condition of army; controls money affairs.

Quarter-master—clothing and supplies.

Commissary-General—food.

Surgeon-General—medical and surgical affairs.

Chief-Engineer—forts, bridges, docks, harbors.

Judge Advocate General—legal affairs.

Signal Officer—telegraph and signal service.

State Militia

Departments of Navy. Heads are Officers in U. S. Navy.

School for sailors at Annapolis, Md.

Yards and docks.

Equipment and recruiting.

Navigation.

Ordnance.

Construction and repair.

Steam-engineering.

Provisions and clothing.

Medicine and Surgery.

Forms of War Vessels.

The Oregon, New York, Iowa, Texas, etc.

Torpedoes and torpedo destroyers, cruisers; submarine boats, coast-protectors.

Charts, maps, books, almanac for use of navigators and sailors.

Pensions.

Soldiers' and Sailors' Homes.

Decoration Day.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold;
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod."

Recapitulation.

There are two purposes in thus idealizing these public functions. The first is to inculcate the idea that all labor, even tho paid for, is elevated and inspiring when it is performed rightly. The second is to show that a country—a community of people—has its ideals of strength, skill, bravery; power, and service to others, the same as an individual. And that the country regards these ideal qualities as so essential that the existence of them is not left to chance. So she creates certain organizations and institutions that shall execute and perpetuate the rights and necessities of the persons who make up that country—that community.

the sun. Some are ready to "sweat." The latter are dumped in large piles on the sweat room floor where they simply lie for the allotted ten days. They are stirred about a few times in the stated interval, and this is all of man's share in the sweating. Nature's share is in the tendency of like substances to equalize like qualities when placed in close contact. The wet look of the figs is merely the result of the law at work and is the reason for the term "weating."

Before going to the packing house, a cold salt water bath is given the figs. Over-dried fruit then rises and is skimmed off. Good fruit sinks and is washed between the hands, placed a couple of inches deep on large trays, and put in the sunshine for a half day during which time the fruit is turned once. The figs are then emptied into the sweat boxes in which they are taken to the packing house.

There these full boxes are carefully piled one upon the other to prevent the efforts of insects to get the sugar. The first step before actual packing is the grading the figs into four sizes by a machine consisting of three perforated galvanized iron trays, all in a frame and on the same plane. The circular openings in the several trays are respectively $\frac{1}{8}$ inch, 1 inch, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch in diameter. The contents of the corresponding hoppers below are designated as three-crown, four-crown, and five-crown figs. The fourth size, the six-crowns, are those which passed over all the trays into the end hopper. These grading trays are given a quick up and down motion by some sort of power. This motion causes the figs to hop about until they reach the tray with openings large enough for them to fall thru.

Indicating sizes by "crowns" is a Turkish custom. In foreign goods the size is shown by the number of crescents or "crowns" pictured upon the box, the larger the number the larger the figs. But the same number on different men's packing stood for different sizes, whereas, in American practice, the size is fixed. Thus, five-crown figs are always those too large to pass thru holes smaller than five-fourths of an inch in diameter but not large enough to pass over openings of the size named.

The method of softening fruit for packing depends upon the class of figs. The imperfectly matured Adriatic varieties must be dipped in hot water containing soda and salt to neutralize their natural acidity. The Smyrnas grown in this country under the copyrighted name "Calimyrna" to distinguish them from the foreign product, need merely steaming. It is well to compare the cleanliness of domestic and foreign packing. In Turkey, not one washing or processing is given. We get the fig with all its qualities acquired in the oriental climes, including those given by hands unwashed or wet with the foul sea water drawn at the nearest quay and used to soften the figs while packing.

In America, women do the real packing, the figs still being hot. Upon a hard wood board a "form" is laid (See illustration.) This contrivance reminds one of a hard-wood, close-runged ladder, about as thick as the spaces between rungs are wide. Its sections are the exact size of the cartons seen at the fruit stores.

Each "brick" of figs weighs one pound. Bricks

are made in this way. Each fig is flattened between the fingers, and, with a short knife, split down one side from stem to orifice. It can now be spread out so that its sides snugly fit the form when it is laid, skin down, upon the temporary bottom. The last layer is placed skin up. Thus the upper and lower sides of the finished brick look alike. Pressing is done either with a letter press or by hand pressure upon a wooden block fitting the sections.

The illustration shows one of these blocks within the empty form while another block lies beside the same form. When the sections are packed, the form is inverted and slapped smartly down upon the boards to loosen the bricks, which are now weighed. If necessary, the weight is corrected to an exact pound before the bricks pass to the next



Fig. 3. Branch showing Caprifig and Non-Caprifig Figs.

The ones showing the veins are the non-caprifig. The two plump ones at the left are the caprifig ones. Credit must be given Mr. Roeding for permitting these private prints to be made from his negatives, the same ones from which the plates were made to illustrate his copyright book giving fig culture in all its details for agriculturists. M. E. A.

table. There a set of workers weigh them again, wrap them in waxed paper, place each in its carton, and seal the finished product.

The smallest figs, 3-crowns, are pickled for market. If Eastern consumers are not familiar with them, a demand for an introduction thereto would scarcely be regretted.

Such is the preparation of home-grown figs for home consumers and such others as the limited crops will now supply, for this is yet a young industry altho it has shown itself able to give foreign competitors a sharp tussle in the near future when many growers have followed the daring pioneers who risked fortunes and endured arduous journeyings in oriental countries to give their country this new industry, to prove that we have the necessary natural conditions for successfully domesticating the Smyrna fig.

The Voice in School Music.

Some Suggestions Upon Its Use.

By F. E. HOWARD, Connecticut.

I DO not know how many public school teachers in the United States are teaching vocal music to their classes, a very large number, no doubt; neither do I know how many of them have ever given serious thought and study to the physiology of the voice, or what we call its culture,—a very small number, perhaps. How, then, can we expect good voice management, vocal training, and so on, in school singing? Really, we cannot expect it; for a knowledge of vocal physiology is not required thru intuition, nor by teaching notes, sharps and flats, time names, and other necessary and unnecessary things in connection with school music. It is not implied that teachers are ignorant of physiology. Of course, they are familiar with the subject, and understand all about the structure and functions of the larynx, vocal bands, and the organs of speech.

But the possession of a general, or even an intimate knowledge of physiology, does not necessarily imply possession of data upon which voice training in singing may be safely based. Until quite recently no writer on the physiology of the voice has said more in reference to children than to give a few brief statements regarding the growth of the larynx, which ceases at the age of six years, the comparative length of the vocal bands in children and adults, and the change at mutation. Still, if to this is added, that from the age of six years to the time of puberty, the cartilages, or walls of the larynx are constantly gaining in firmness, and that the vocal bands and their controlling muscles are during the same period gaining in strength, it is enough.

If these facts, suitably amplified, can be brought to the attention of every teacher who is required to teach singing to children, they will then be prepared to deduce for themselves safe rules for the care and sensible use of the child's voice. There need be no mystery about this matter of voice training, or voice management, and there is moreover, very little chance for disagreement as to the principles which must govern. First, the voice must not be used so that injurious physical results will follow, such as loss of elasticity in the vocal bands, or congestion and inflammation of the organs employed.

It follows as a corollary, then, that the voice must be so used in singing that the physical apparatus concerned in its production shall gain in mobility, power, and general health, and this applies equally to the voice training of either child or adult. But, independently of all physical or physiological considerations, the voice which comes from healthy normal organs should be good in tone. The more it is used (so it is not unduly fatigued), the more beautiful should be the tone. Many voice teachers, perhaps most, ignoring physiological considerations, work with this principle or thought ever before them. They are successful, too; for if the conditions are not right, the tone will not be; hence, the conditions must be changed until the right adjustment and balance of parts is

hit upon. It may be added, that no amount of scientific knowledge will enable a teacher to train voice properly who is not guided in his work by the same artistic sense.

Now, when we take into account the delicacy of the child's vocal bands, the weakness of the muscles which act upon them, and the lack of rigidity in the laryngeal cartilages, the physical reasons for insisting on soft tone are apparent; while any one who is musical enough to distinguish the sound of a trombone from that of a flute, will be able to detect a difference in tone quality between the loud and soft singing of children, greater than that between brass and wood. From whatever side the subject is approached, the first and most important truth in regard to the use of the child voice in singing is, that loud singing is a musical and a physical barbarity.

Soft singing is a very elastic term. The teacher who permits her pupils to sing in a series of war whoops that may be heard a block away will scarcely entertain the same conception of soft tone as those whose love of noise is less active.

Technically, children should sing with what is known as the head tone, and they should sing softly enough to produce it. This tone is absolutely free from the reed quality. It is flutey, thin, clear, perfectly smooth. It is not in the least like the adult singing tone. It is produced by the vibration of less than the entire substance of the vocal bands. Using this head-register, or tone, the child of six sings very softly; as he grows older the voice increases in power, but not rapidly. Even at fourteen years of age the lower notes must be quite soft to secure this light action at the vocal bands.

The use of this voice, then, is the gist of the subject of voice training, so far as the term applies to children. Properly speaking, we should not attempt training, i. e., developing the voice, under the existing school conditions. We should rather care for, and preserve it. If proper conditions as regards position, breathing, soft tone, compass, and so on, are established, the voice, the mechanism, rather, will look after itself.

This for the physical side of the topic. But how about the essence of song, the music, and the voice training, which is accomplished only as the soul of the singer utters itself thru the medium of tone? To make school music a living factor in the life of the pupil, a constant influence for good, a source of real spiritual growth, fitting the boy or girl for the enjoyment of civilized life in a way that no other training can quite parallel, is the real object of the earnest teacher of school music.

There are those who are so intent on thoughts like these that they are wholly impatient at the mention of the physical or physiological phase of singing, and the school teacher who does not, either thru knowledge or instinct, secure that use of the voice from the child which is natural, and therefore beautiful, had better recognize that noise is not music, and that bad, coarse singing stunts the growth of musical sensibility and love of the beautiful as certainly as cold and dirt and poor food checks physical growth. The physical side of voice management must be understood and heeded, if school music is to become a factor of any value in education.

The Autobiography of a Teacher. VI

By C. Hanford Henderson

More Adventures.

I HOPE that the gentle reader will not feel that in these partial sketches of a busy life I am making too much of the adventures. If an apology be needed it is particularly in point at the beginning of the present chapter. Since I realize that this part of my story is little short of the melodramatic. But my whole life has been adventurous, and I value all my adventures, for they have really been my teachers. It is true, I fear, that all teachers are not agreeable, but some of the least agreeable are said to be highly effective. Since I started out to tell something of the pedagogical side of a life, I must not omit its less gracious aspects.

Those of us who believe practically in evolution; must believe that there comes a time when the process is a conscious process. If I am the sum of all my past environments, and I come to be aware of the fact, it follows as a necessary corollary that by controlling the present environment I really shape the future man. We are the children of our own experience. When I take over the control of my own life, grasp the reins in my own hands, I become very regardful of experience. I am no longer content to take what comes, for the spiritual reaction may not be to my liking. I must decline certain experiences. Since I have come to recognize them as the causes of undesirable results, I must accept other experiences—deliberately seek them out, in fact,—as the cause of effects humanly to be desired. This is indeed the pith of my own every-day philosophy of life. It is neither novel nor original, but it makes life absorbingly interesting, for it keeps it full of large possibilities. It makes education a conscious process which begins when the soul first awakens, and continues thruout the whole of the earth-life. Under what influences shall I place myself to-day—this month—this year? That is the vital question for the unfolding soul. It is in this spirit, I think, that one should seek adventures, not at hap-hazard, not as idle amusement, certainly not merely to kill the time, but as the open door to a larger knowledge. There is much to be said in favor of perseverance,—it is a goodly virtue—but so many chant its praises that I am disposed to think that it may get overpraised, and that occasionally some free-lance like myself would better praise its opposite,—the good habit of giving up when you have got all the juice out of an experience that you wholesomely can, and the turning to new and more promising nourishments. For environments do become like sucked oranges, and it is the part of wisdom to know when to throw them away.

There was once a mariner, it is said, who whistled for a breeze, and got a hurricane that sent his ship to the bottom. I was in much the same case when I turned towards the Rocky mountains,—my breeze became a hurricane. My adventures began, as I have said with a gentle prelude, and ended in a distinct melodrama. The prelude, however, was one of great happiness, for it meant a month of wonder in Colorado, the

golden month of October, and with no less a comrade than my mother. I had never been further west than Pittsburg, and my mother, I think, had never gone beyond the neighborhood of Chicago. It is still a distinct experience to cross the plains, but in 1884, it was an even greater experience, for the farms and ranches did not reach so far westward from the Mississippi, nor so far eastward from the foot-hills of the Rockies. The two frontiers were further apart, and the yellow, naked plain, an once impressive and terrifying, was more of a reality. It was quite the longest journey that my mother and I had ever made. The weather was perfect, the scenery was novel and full of interest, and we were soon both quite well. We were singularly free from care and worry, and above all, we were together. My mother was very youthful in appearance as well as in spirit. I think that something of our happiness must have been reflected in our faces, for twice, at least, we were mistaken for wedding-journeymen. I was careful to point out to my mother that this was due not only to her youth and beauty, but quite as much to my own devotion—nor was she disposed to gainsay it!

We stopped first at Denver. I had checked my valise at Pittsburg, and by good fortune, claimed it immediately on the arrival of our train in Denver, and had it carried to the cab. When we reached the hotel and I went to dress for dinner, I found one thing missing and then another until I realized that somewhere during that long journey my valise had been thoroly rifled. My greatest loss was a little diamond scarf-pin that had been given to me on my twenty-first birthday and that I was most unwilling to part with. The following morning I reported the matter to the superintendent of the Union station, who was filled, it seemed to me, with an altogether unholy glee, since the circumstances proved quite beyond question that the theft had been committed en route and not in his own station. It seems that many similar losses had recently occurred, and that the blame had been thrown on the Denver baggage-room. The amount of personal satisfaction that I could feel at having vindicated Denver was tempered by the loss of the pin! However, to make a long story short, I made formal complaint to the proper authorities and in the following spring, my little diamond pin was sent to me in the East, with a money order to cover the other losses. The pin had been found on a brakeman down in Missouri! I mention the occurrence as being rather remarkable detective work over such a vast territory as stretches between Pittsburg and Denver,—and it was before the days of Sherlock Holmes.

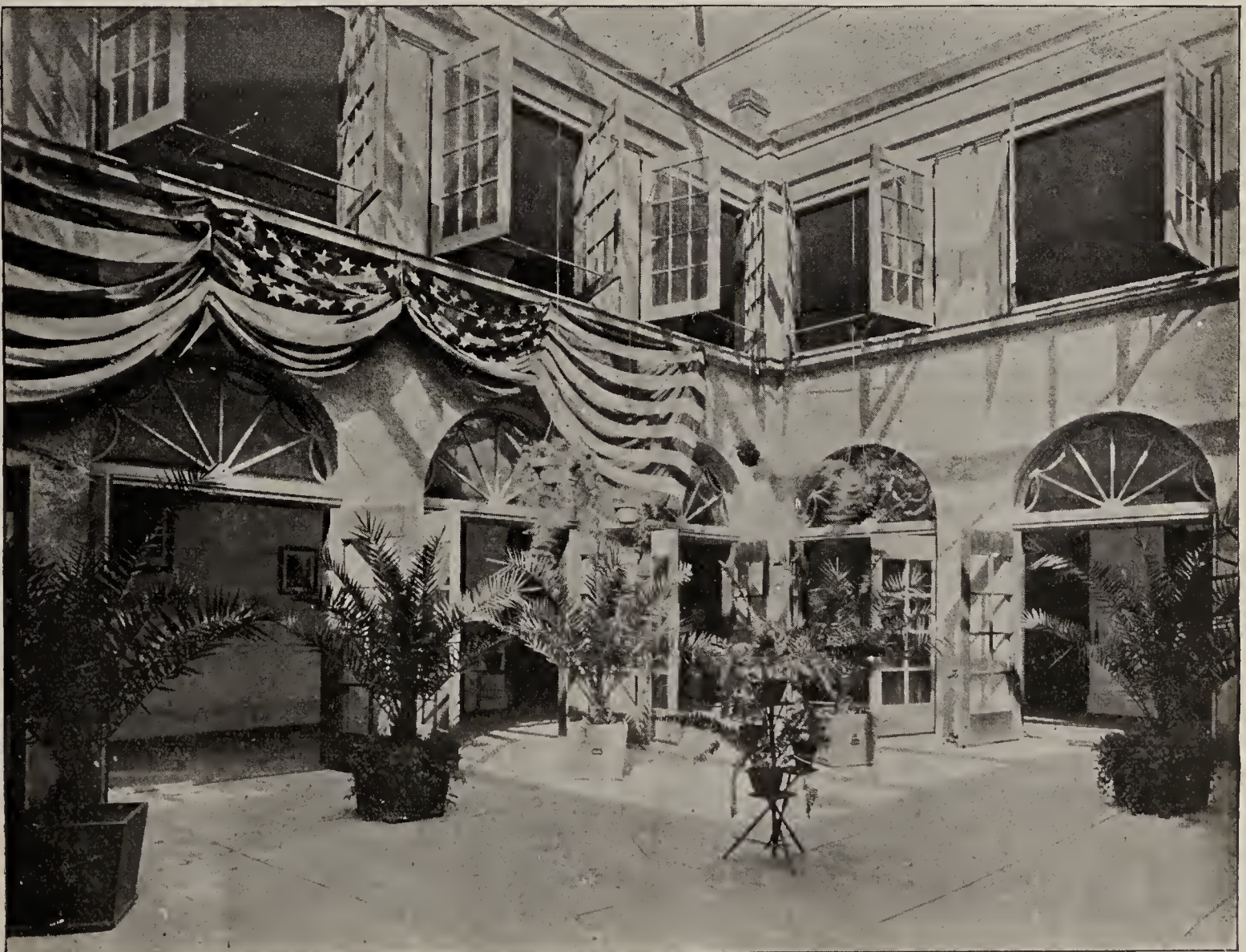
But to return to Colorado. It was too late to go on the ranges, or into the upland parks in the interior of the state. We found plenty to interest us however, in skirting the foot-hills and catching such glimpses as we could of the tremendous heights beyond. It was, of course, too late to climb Pike's Peak. I did not get up there until

nine years later, and then my mother was no longer with me. We got up as high as 10,000 feet, at Black Hawk, and I had a touch of mountain fever in consequence. But for the most part we contented ourselves in skirting along the foot-hills, visiting Greeley, Boulder, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Idaho Springs, Golden, and Pueblo, as well as Denver. Whenever possible we stopped at private boarding-houses instead of the wretched commercial hotels which were then the usual alternative. In this way we were not only much more comfortable, but we also had a far better glimpse of the social life and conditions. I have almost come to regard this plan as an essential of intelligent travel. The big hotels show you an army of head-waiters and servants, and among the guests a company of persons more or less unhappy, who have not sufficiently found themselves to be as a rule either instructive or amusing. In the little pensions and boarding-houses, however, you get a touch of genuine life; and among the permanent pensionnaires and the slow travelers of slender purse, you are more likely to find persons who are worth while. I recall a tiny pension at Siena, where I paid four and a half lire a day, and where among the other four pensionnaires, there was not a single blank; and I recall larger pensions of the semi-fashionable sort, where I paid three times as much, and from which I had to flee for my life to escape the prevailing inanities.

My mother had a rare talent for making friends, and in less than a day practically had the whole

household at her feet. We had a particularly good time at Boulder, but really it was typical of many similar experiences. We stopped with a family from Michigan from the place where they grow the famous celery,—Kalamazoo, is it not? They were always spoken of as eastern people, which amused my mother and me, to whom Pittsburg seemed a western city. At that time Colorado was so refreshingly new that practically no one had been born there, and after every introduction came the inevitable question,—“And where are you from?” It begot a stereotyped reply,—“we are from the East, from Philadelphia.” After hearing it one day, a lady at Idaho Springs said to me with a far-away look in her eyes,—“I am from the East myself.” “Yes,” said I, “from what part?” “From Nebraska,” said the lady.

We stopped at Boulder only a week, but we met many of the old settlers, and explored the neighborhood with great enjoyment. The distances were commonly too great for walking, tho sometimes I made as much as fourteen miles of an afternoon, but it was possible to hire excellent double phaetons and a pair of sturdy horses whose performances excited alternate admiration and apprehension. With a couple of the old settlers to keep us company, and serve as guides, we had some wonderful drives among the foot-hills and gorges. I particularly recall the drive to Jimtown. By this time I suppose it has become more sedate and has settled down as Jamestown. There was a very rich gold mine



Court of a Public Elementary School at Los Angeles, California.



Patio of a Public High School at Los Angeles, California.

there,—“The Golden Age”—and while I went seven hundred feet under ground to examine the vein and workings, my mother talked with the miners and searched the dump heap for specimens of minerals. My mother was genuinely interested in anything that interested me, and was already something of a mineralogist. When I emerged from the nether-world,—more light-hearted as always, to be coming up than to be going down,—the superintendent took us to his cabin, and from a large safe that stood in one corner, brought out a handful of very rich ore. He asked us to guess its value. Bound not to be outdone, I said, “seven or eight hundred dollars.” In reality I ought to have said “seven *and* eight,” for the one handful was worth fifteen hundred dollars. To be sure, the superintendent had a rather large hand. The ore was pure quartz, shot thru and thru with beautiful yellow gold. The value is calculated to a dollar by means of the specific gravity.

We came home towards twilight. Our road extended for some distance along the very ridge of the foothills. On one side we had the wide stretches of the inland parks and valleys rising into the magnificent broken outline of the great mountains. On the other side, apparently rolling on to infinity, lay the vast copper-colored plain. Nor were the heavens less varied. A keen wind blew in our faces separating a snow storm that raged in the mountains from a thunder storm that muttered over the plains. Before we reached Boulder, the moon came out, and the enchantment was complete.

This day was typical of many others. My mother and I were literally as happy as children. We wandered from one end of the state to the

other, enjoying the bright sunshine, the keen, clear air, the magnificent scenery, the outstretched valleys, the interesting social and industrial phenomena. Altho it was confessedly a pleasure trip, I could hardly have done anything better professionally. And indeed, when one loves one's profession, work and play are never far apart. On the plains, I saw them mining for coal; in the foothills, for gold and silver, lead and copper. In the river bottoms I had my first opportunity to study placer-mining. My mother and I learned to wash the rich gravel, and separate the heavy “Black-jack” from the shining scales of gold. The whole trip was an ideal experience for both of us. Never for one little moment was my mother in the way. On the contrary, her very human interest in the miners, and in all the persons we met, proved the *open sesame* to many a hidden mineral cabinet, to many a loosely-guarded secret, to many an interesting experience that would have been quite closed to a less sympathetic traveler. It would have been a dull trip without my mother and vastly less instructive. It seems almost incredible that without worry or haste or special plan we should have seen so much in one short month. We walked, we rode, we drove, we even traveled, when necessary, in the caboose of freight trains. We visited mines and mills, churches, cabins, lakes and hills, cities, villages, and mining camps. My mother was charmed with Colorado. Her love for Nature and a life in the open was as keen as my own. In Colorado, we had both. At Manitou, we even looked at rentable cottages, thinking that the glorious sunshine and the tonic air might be excellent for my mother's health. I have never ceased to regret that we did not carry out this or

some similar plan, for I feel so sure that her life might have been prolonged for many years. But I had not sufficient experience or judgment to realize this, and so about the first of November, this gentle prelude ended and we came back to Philadelphia. I brought with me, however, a far less rational plan, nothing less than a scheme for buying and operating two silver claims down in New Mexico that I seen during a hurried sortie made while my mother was resting at Colorado Springs. Had I given hospitality to the microbe of typhoid fever, it could hardly have proved more dangerous or brought me nearer death. But Destiny apparently is not to be gainsaid, and so I proceeded with serene confidence to do one of the most foolish things a youngster could well do, and to get a lesson, valuable, it is true, but exceedingly dear.

It came about in this way. I had intermittent attacks of wanting money. I suppose most lads have. My own money-hunger was not, I think, ignoble. Perhaps I wanted the money for myself, but I *thought* at least that I wanted it for others. I had visions of still further rescuing the family fortunes and restoring them to what they had been in the time of my grandfathers. It is a dangerous bee to get in one's bonnet. All up and down the state I kept watching for opportunities. I had many narrow escapes from a whole series of wildcat schemes, but at last the day of fate arrived when I was no longer immune. It was coming down on the train from Black Hawk to Denver. In glancing over the paper I chanced on an advertisement that seemed to fit my case exactly. It was a pleasantly worded advertisement, and stated that a gentleman with a little capital was wanted to join another gentleman with a little capital in buying and operating a promising silver mine in New Mexico. I must have been singularly guileless not to have read between the lines, but I didn't. I wrote at once to my well-bred brother of small capital, and invited him to call at our hotel. He did so with surprising promptness. He certainly looked like a gentleman; he said he was the superintendent of a Sunday school; and the tale he poured into my all-too-willing ears had in it all the seeming elements of truth and attractiveness. I do not know whether he is still alive or whether he even remembers me. At any rate I bear him no ill-will. He was one of my teachers, and tho his particular lesson was rather expensive, it was probably worth all I paid for it. Perhaps he also counts me among his own teachers, for when the denouement arrived some weeks later we had a scene of highly dramatic quality in which my own part in the dialog must have been distinctly disagreeable and to the point. But I am getting rather ahead of my story. I will call my brother capitalist Mr. Smith.

The upshot of our several interviews was that I went with Mr. Smith to New Mexico and examined the silver claims. They were next door to a very famous mine, whose name I need not mention. They showed precisely the same country-rock and the same character of ore. I gathered my own samples and made what I supposed to be a careful examination of the property. Looking back I am glad that this examination was made for myself

and not for someone else; for it was really a wretchedly poor piece of work. Believing that Mr Smith and I were buying the property from strangers,—in case we did buy—I accepted his statements quite on a par with my own ascertained facts. I was exceedingly credulous, but perhaps it would have been more of a tragedy, humanly speaking, had I, at that age, been less so. I took my ores back to Philadelphia with me, and assayed them myself. I have forgotten what the returns were but the silver ran several hundred dollars to the ton. It was a very stupid business; I confess, but I gathered together my own small wealth, borrowed a thousand or two from willing relatives and plunged into the enterprise with all the enthusiasm of the ignorant. I remember that I had to send part of the money by telegraph, as Mr. Smith represented that his option was about to expire. I followed the money in person. Thanksgiving Day found me again crossing the plains; but this time alone. I had never been away from home on a holiday before, and felt decidedly dismal. When I reached the mining camp, Mr. Smith was waiting for me, as gentlemanly and agreeable as before. The camp was located on a naked hillside just over the Continental Divide; and was as rough a little place as one could well find. A single straggling street made its way among the rocks and thorny amole plants. Most of the cabins had canvas roofs. The larger ones were all saloons or gambling halls. Here and there a small tent lifted itself up in the dismal chaparral. All the foreground was squalid and ill-favored. But beyond, to the West, stretched a scene of rare beauty. A great valley whose nakedness was hidden by the distance, lay at the feet of a range of mountains, picturesque and magnificent. Towards sunset the valley was bathed in a magic light that made it look like paradise and the mountain wall became alive with color. I hope that our own desolate hillside caught something of this divine radiance and seemed to some other homesick boy at a distance like veritable walls of jasper! Mr. Smith and I occupied a little board cabin on the hillside above the camp. From our one door we could see no other human habitation. Bare rock and prickly amole plants were our only neighbors. It was a horribly lonely spot, but vastly better than being in the camp itself. We had at least the cleanness of nature, a great expanse of perfect sky, and as the night came on that westward vision of the New Jerusalem. Had all gone well I could have been very happy there. Even as it was, I never turned my face towards the West without a great thrill passing over me. At night-fall, in spite of all the sin and hideousness in the camp below, I seemed to be standing there on the heights in the very presence of the Eternal. We went for our meals to a little two-room cabin midway between us and the camp. We ate in the kitchen, and paid ten dollars apiece for table board. But the food was wholesome, and the family itself very kind and decent.

Mr. Smith had already secured a foreman and several miners, and work on our silver mine began in seeming earnest. I even experienced a few hours of optimistic satisfaction that my brilliant plan for the family betterment was really on its

feet and promised to work. But things soon began to happen. The day after my arrival, Mr. Smith announced that unexpected and important business would call him back to Denver on the following day! My apprehension can easily be imagined. But Mr. Smith comforted me the best he could, assured me that he would soon return, and provided that in the meantime I should be opening up the mine. And in spite of my protests, to Denver he went, or at least he went away and I suppose he went to Denver. So I was left quite alone in that tiny cabin out of reach and out of sight of any other human being. I am not, I think, a coward, but it was not a pleasant situation. I did not mind the wilderness for I was used to that and loved it, but just over the brow of the hill was a little community made up of the very scum of the earth. There were honest men among them as I found out to my gain, but there were a dozen or more who would have cut a man's throat as willingly as not had it seemed more worth while than the thing they happened to be doing. I had no weapons, and such slight fastening to door and window that they amounted to nothing. One Sunday evening I was sitting alone in my little cabin writing home. A violent wind swept up from the valley and smote our hillside almost as if in wrath. Everything about the cabin rattled and shook and moaned. Desolation sat beside me like a visible presence. Then above the violence of the storm a pistol shot rang out sharp and clear. A moment later there came a knock at the door. It was my good neighbor, with whom I took my meals. He had come up to tell me that there had been a quarrel in one of the saloons below, a quarrel over a game of cards, and a man had shot his friend. It was hard to write a brave letter home that night.

Meanwhile things were going very badly at the mine. Indeed, I was rapidly discovering that we had no mine, that it was a mere showing of ore, and that some of the better samples I had gathered on my first visit had probably come from our famous neighbor. To complete my disillusionment, I started to run a tunnel, only to discover that the lines had been misrepresented to me, and that any possible body of ore would not be on our property. There was but one thing to do, and that was to shut down. This, together with the story of disappointment written pretty large on my own face, unsealed the lips of my neighbors, and I began to hear things. There was a rumor that Mr. Smith had been arrested in Denver, put in jail for some fraudulent mining operation, and might never return. Furthermore, I discovered that Mr. Smith had put no money into our poor little claims, but had paid for them with one-fifth of the money I had forwarded by telegraph and had himself pocketed the other four-fifths. I must not go into tiresome details, but indeed the thing was about as bad as it could be. On top of everything else I was held responsible for all supplies and work, and was practically a prisoner. It was generally conceded that I had been very badly used, one group of miners going so far as to offer to horse whip Smith when he did return, and to do it within an inch of his life. I fear that one or two of them meant to make the margin even less. But this friendly offer I declined with

thanks. I had a particularly helpful friend in the person of a kind old Quaker gentleman interested in a neighboring mine, whose presence in that rough community seemed about as incongruous as my own. But the community as a whole shrugged its shoulders, held that Smith had merely played the sharker game of the two and that there was nothing to be done. I could have drawn still more heavily upon my borrowed funds, paid all bills and gone home. That would probably have been the better thing to do, but by that time I think my own fighting blood must have been aroused. With the help of my Quaker friend, I secured a lawyer in the neighboring town and waited for Mr. Smith's return. It was weary waiting. I remember that I read "Progress and Poverty" and was much stirred by it. I also made a number of friends. One of them was an Episcopal clergyman of literary tastes, who loaned me books. Another was a wild young cow-boy who occasionally dined with me at my hotel. He had apparently brushed shoulders with every possible form of wickedness and come out of it all unstained. I can see him as I write,—baby-blue eyes of the frankest innocence, a beautiful tanned skin, sun-bleached hair,—altogether a personality so winning that I remember him as one of the most attractive persons I have ever met. I cannot help wondering what has become of him. I always felt that he ought to go into a book. But I fear that he would make every susceptible youth of sixteen want to turn cow-boy, and that really would be a great mistake.

Finally, to my surprise, Mr. Smith did return. I never found out what adventures he had been meeting in the interval. Our interview was stormy, more stormy than I like to remember. As far as my own interests were concerned my words were wholly wasted, but they may have done Mr. Smith some good, for I have reason to believe that they were more accurate than those he commonly heard or used. But nothing came of all this tempest. In a day or so, the situation became even more hopeless. The nine creditors sided with Mr. Smith, for they reasoned that he would remain in the country and be spending more money, while I would leave as soon as my affairs permitted. It was brutal reasoning, but quite logical, and they were wholly frank about it. I should have given up the fight, but my Quaker friend came to the rescue with a plan at once simple and effective,—he proposed that I should run away, and that is precisely what I did. We divided my funds into two parts. One part I took with me to pay my way back to Philadelphia when I made the frontier. The other part I left with him to pay the lawyer, the balance to be sent to me by telegraph to El Paso in case I were robbed *en route*. These arrangements were sufficiently dramatic to make our secret meeting seem like a conspiracy, and indeed that is what it was, the more remarkable because planned by a Quaker, and carried out by an idealist! I should not justify it now, or indeed any of the heat of that stormy period, but at the time, it seemed to both of us the only possible way to gain the least bit of justice in the midst of the prevailing injustice. I have said that I was a prisoner, by which I mean, of course, that my movements were watched, and that any attempt

to leave the place would probably have been prevented. My trusty Quaker friend was as expeditious as he was practical, and wanted me to start that evening. I went to my room as usual about half past nine, but I did not go to bed. At ten I slipped quietly down stairs and into the deserted streets. It was bright moonlight, and as I glided along in the shadows of the old adobe houses, I had some of the emotions of a conspirator in a more justifiable drama. My heart was in my mouth most of the time, but I managed to get out of the town without any adventures. There was a little snow on the ground, and this combined with the moonlight made everything distressingly plain. Once out of the town and I sped eastward as fast as my legs could carry me. All night long I tramped thru that terrible wilderness. It was the haunt of lawlessness, border ruffians, greasers, even occasional Indians,—but I met no one.

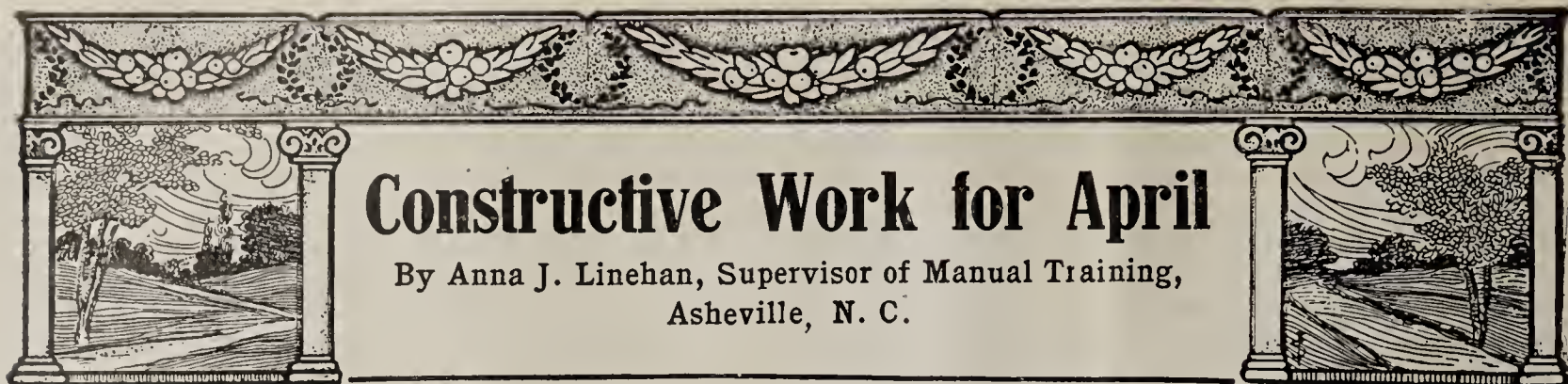
Once I heard a coyote howl. They are too cowardly to attack a man, unless in a pack and driven by hunger, but to a palpitating boy fleeing alone thru that moon-smitten wilderness, the sound was something hideous. About daybreak I came to a slaughter-house. It was a repulsive looking place, but I bought my breakfast there, and it was very well that I did for I got nothing else to eat all day. Up to that time I had followed the line of the railroad, but now I had to strike across the plains with nothing to guide me but my own sense of direction. It was a wild thing to do, and I marvel that I got thru alive. All day long I tramped to the eastward growing every hour more weary and more spent. At nightfall I expected to reach a railway station and start on the long home journey. By some miracle I struck the railroad at the exact spot I had planned but when I got there, I found no station, no buildings,

no human beings, nothing but a siding and the name of the station on a weather-beaten sign. It was a cruel disappointment. I sat down. I think I was too desperate to weep. I had already walked over fifty miles, and the next station was miles further on. For aught I could tell, it might prove to be another paper station. At length I roused myself and stumbled on. This second night was more hideous than the first, for by this time I was delirious. From time to time I sank down on the bare earth and lost consciousness.

A giant spirit came and stood beside me. It seemed pitiful and benignant. I myself became dual,—my aching body one personality, and my onlooking spirit another. How much of this was delirium and how much actual experience, I do not know. It may be that the Death Angel stood beside me that night, and that my body and spirit came near to parting company. But I must have walked considerably, for somehow I covered the distance. At daybreak I met two very rough men who gave me a gruff "Good morning," and then, apparently on second thought, called after me to know the time. I dared not show them my watch. I allowed my hand to grasp an imaginary revolver, and called back that I thought it must be six o'clock. A few moments later, and the tank station came in sight. I remained all day at the tank-master's tiny cottage flat on my back, throbbing with pain. How good they were to me! No train came along until evening. They helped me into it. It was well that I had considerable money, for the fare was ten cents a mile. When I had paid it, I knew nothing more until a rough hand touched my shoulder. It was the brakeman. We had reached El Paso, and I was free,—that is to say as free as a lad can be who is very tired, and who owes two thousand dollars.



Young Missourians under the Leadership of Prin. W. H. Lynch Reading Events of the Times.



Constructive Work for April

By Anna J. Linehan, Supervisor of Manual Training,
Asheville, N. C.

Grade 1.

1st week.—Modeling nest of eggs.

2nd week.—Cutting chickens from paper. Repeat lesson and color yellow.

3d week.—Making little posters of the chickens. Or a family group of hen, rooster, and little chickens pleases the children very much.

4th week.—Cutting and pasting squares for design. Also another lesson with circles.

Grade 2.

1st week.—Modeling rabbits in clay. Also eggs; if time permits.

2d week.—Cutting rabbits in paper.

3d week.—Making silhouette of rabbits.

4th week.—Design of ovals, drawn and painted.

Grade 3.

1st week.—Study of butterflies. Painting the three stages in ink.

2d week.—Cutting butterflies from manila

paper. Each child should cut several, of different sizes.

3d week.—Repeat previous lesson and color butterflies.

4th week.—Have sheet of manila paper 6 x 9 in. with a few butterflies colored, and a few grasses in the foreground.

Grade 4.

Study of cross, significance, and uses to which it has been put. Making designs of crosses in color.

Study of tulips or crocuses in charcoal or water color.

Grade 5.

Study of trefoil, quatrefoil, cinquefoil. Drawing and coloring same. Choosing for design and coloring same.

Drawing and coloring daffodils, or other early spring flowers.

Grade 6.

Study of butterflies. Composition on same;





Grade 1.

with cover decorated with butterflies. Drawing and coloring Chinese lily, narcissus or other spring flowers.

The lessons for April have been planned with the idea of keeping before the minds of the children the resurrection of life as represented in nature.

appearance, to the eggs. Two or three sheets of chickens in different parts of the room will be an aid. If some of the little imitation chickens can be procured and placed in some prominent place in the school-room, a few days before the lesson, the children will be better prepared for the lesson. The finger play of Good Mother Hen fits in here nicely, and is easily learned.



Grade 4.

The soft downy chicken, breathing thru the shell, appeals to the little children. In cutting, the attention should first be called to the general



Grade 4.

In cutting for the design, fold a four-inch square of colored paper in sixteen squares. Cut thru creases; then half the squares can be used for the first design, the other half for the circle. The teacher should show on the board how by cutting



Grade 6.

the corners, and shaping a little, a circle can be obtained. The mounting sheet should be $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6$ in. of manila paper.

The work of the children should by this time be very neat and clean and no other work should be accepted.

In the second grade the little plaster casts, reproductions of Barye's work should be used as models, or, if these can not be bought, little rabbits in various poses can be purchased in the toy stores or confectioner's. In the silhouettes try to have action represented if possible.

The designs may be cut from colored paper or may be colored.

For the study of butterflies, if the book on butterflies by Holland is not within reach, the Perry Picture Co., Boston, and the M. W. Mumford Co., Chicago, publish sheets of butterflies that will be very helpful. The children should know, at least, the three stages of caterpillar, cocoon, and butterfly. Also that the moths fly at night, the butterflies by day, and that the moth has the feathery antennæ. Their attention will have to be called to the fact that the wings grow from the thorax.

As the lesson is more for nature study than to acquire skill in cutting, have each child take a piece of paper about the size desired for the butterfly, fold thru the center, and cut double. It is generally easier to cut the antennæ first. Even the city teacher, by a little effort, can secure some cocoons so that the class may see more plainly the beautiful life which emerges from the unattractive cocoon.

A very pretty effect is produced if the blue sky is delicately shaded into pale green for the grass, and a few butterflies drawn in and above the grass.

In the fourth grade the pupils will be interested to know that the cross has been used in the early

works of the Egyptian; Assyrian; and Persian nations, and it can be found among the earliest efforts of the American aborigines. It was used as a symbol many centuries before the Christian era, and can be found as a form of decoration on ancient pottery and on the walls of the old ruins.

In the sixth grade the teacher will be able to procure many interesting facts from the class; either that they have observed or read at different times, and the daintiness of the coloring appeals to boys and girls alike.

A Chinese lily which the class has seen grow from the bulb, on the teacher's desk or some other prominent place in the room, makes an interesting flower to draw in black or white, or color.

Nature appearing in such delicate coloring demands dainty, careful handling in representation by the children.



A Language Game.

I have found that a very interesting game for the higher primary grades in language can be derived from the old game of travel, but played somewhat differently.

The teacher stands before her class and says, "I am going on a long journey. What shall I do while I am gone?"

Each pupil must respond in two words. The first word begins with the first letter of his first name and the last word begins with the first letter of his last name.

For instance; if Edwin Brown is answering he would say, in response to "What shall I do there?" "Eat bananas," or if Henry Smith is questioned he would respond, "Hold sandwiches."

Virginia.

RUTH O. DYER.



Games for School and Playground.

As used in the schools of Buffalo, N. Y., in the Department of Physical Training.

Jack-in-the-Box.

Let us play we're little boxes. (Deep knee bending.)

Standing in a row;

With covers down and locked

Up tight—just so! (Hands clasped.)

We'll turn the key—each one unlocks—

And up pops a Jack-in-the-box! (Rising with a hop.)

Playing Horse.

Every alternate child taking hold of the hands of the one in front of him—runs about the room in order—the teacher furnishing the necessary realism. Reverse the order—children running in the opposite direction—giving each child a chance to be both driver and horse.

Running a Race.

Children in the front row rise and face the back of the room. At the signal—Ready! Go! they run to the back part of the room, place hands against the wall, turn and run back to seats. The child who first reaches his seat and sits, wins the race. Each row across the room, runs until all the children have played. Those sitting in back seats may run to the front wall.

Stop.

The player who is "it," stands in front of room with his face close to the blackboard. The other players, the last row of children; across the room; stand at back of room. The player who is "it" counts ten rapidly, during which time other players approach his line. As he says "ten!" they stand still in whatever attitude they may be at the moment, he turns his head quickly and calls the name of any player whom he sees moving, or of any one who has not succeeded in getting inside of the line. The one caught becomes "it," a new set of players take places at back of room and the game proceeds until all have played. The object of the game is to cross the counter's line without being seen in motion by him.

"I put my right hand in." May be played in a circle or between desks—preferably the former.

Lassie and Laddie.

1. Did you ever see a lassie;
A lassie, a lassie,
Did you ever see a lassie
A lassie so gay!

2. "Do *this* way, and *that* way;
And *this* way and *that* way;
Did you ever see a lassie
Do *this* way and *that*?"

When the space can be had, children join hands and run or skip in a circle about the Lassie or Laddie who stands in the center. They halt after the first part of the song, arms at sides and facing the center, ready to follow the Lassie in any exercise she may choose to do—all singing the second part of the song. The Lassie chooses a Laddie from the circle, and the game continues. This game may also be played with pupils standing between desks.

Jack Frost.

Teacher in the character of Jack Frost; makes a motion with her wand; pretending to touch the right hands of the children in the first row to the left. They turn to the second row and say, "Jack Frost came this way." The second row asks, "What did he do?" The first row of children replies, "He nipped my right hand, oh!" and immediately each child in the row begins to shake his right hand rapidly. The second row, being touched, turns to the third, and the conversation is repeated. The play is continued until every one is shaking his right hand. Then Jack Frost nips the left hands, and the play goes on until all the children are shaking both hands. Finally the teacher asks, "Has Jack Frost bitten you enough?" The children nod assent and immediately drop hands.

Stoop Tag.

Children march in line around the room; halt and face the center. Four lines are made, one on each side of the room. Four children are chosen; one for each line, who try to catch any one who is not stooping. When "it" comes near, those near him stoop. If a child is touched when standing, he becomes "it," while the one who caught him returns to his place. If necessary a short pointer or ruler may be used for touching.

Helps in Preparing for Memorial and Flag Day

The material given below was gathered by Mr. L. D. Harvey, while he was state superintendent of the schools of Wisconsin, for use in the Wisconsin schools. Teachers will appreciate the treasures Mr. Harvey gathered together. Selections can be made from them sufficient for every grade of the elementary school.

QUOTATIONS.

Then while we cheer for the living—
Let us drop a tear for the dead.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land?"

I with uncovered head
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went and who return not.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

We pledge allegiance to our flag and to the republic for
which it stands—one nation indivisible, with liberty and
justice for all.

Hallow ye each lonely grave,
Make their memory sure and blest;
For their lives they nobly gave,
And their spirits are at rest.

Ah, never shall the land forget
How gushed the life blood of her brave—
Gushed warm with hope and courage yet
Upon the soil they fought to save.

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky beldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy pleasures unfold.

Soldier, rest! Thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking;
Dream of battlefields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

"Our country," they said,
"Then happiness and home."
But faith grew dim when Hope lay dead,
Now but in dreams they come.

"Not simply a show-time, boys and girls,
Is this day of falling flowers;
Not a pageant, a play,
Not a holiday
Of flags and floral bowers."

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

God bless the dear old flag!
The nation's hope and pride,
For which our fathers fought,
For which our children died;
And, long as there shall beat

A heart to freedom true,
Preserve the rights we won,
When this old flag was new.

Brothers who fought for more than empty honor
That all one land united might be free,
May shine forever more upon our banner
Each star for liberty!
Heroes who toiled thru all the dusty marches
And life surrendered on those shot-plowed fields,
To ye who fled where the blue sky o'er arches
Tribute to a nation yields.

Strew the fair garlands where slumber the dead,
Ring out the strains like the swell of the sea.
Heartfelt the tribute we lay on each bed.
Sound o'er the brave the refrain of the free,
Sound the refrain of the loyal and free,
Visit each sleeper and hallow each bed.
Wave the starred banner from seacoast to sea.
Grateful the living and honored the dead.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers:
Alike for the friend and the foe;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Under the roses the Blue;
Under the lilies the Gray.

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true
The blackening frost or crimson dew,
And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice holy flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

God Bless Our Native Land.

(Tune America.)

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Thru storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By Thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the state!

Origin of Memorial Day.

On the 5th day of May, 1868, Gen John A. Logan, who was then commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, established Decoration Day; and by a general order, May 30th, 1868; was designated as a day set apart for the purpose of paying tribute to the memory of those brave men who died in defense of their country. The national encampment held in Washington had it incorporated in its rules and regulations May 11th, 1870.

Since then, by act of Congress, May 30 has been established as a national holiday; and it is the universal custom to decorate the graves of all ex-soldiers, thus making it one of the most patriotic days of the year; wherein all classes unite in paying honor to our heroic dead, and feel a conscious pride in being able to thus show respect for their memory and the cause for which they fought.

A Tribute to Our Honored Dead.

The honored dead! They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death. Their names are gathered and garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there. There is to be, ere long, in every village, and in every neighborhood, a glowing pride in its martyred heroes. Tablets shall preserve their name. Pious love shall renew their inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements efface them; and the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips.

Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations, whose elder brothers, dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes. They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead, that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead, that yet act? Are they dead, that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?



Designed by May S. Stillman.

There are lilies for the valorous, and roses
for the brave;
And laurel for the victor's crown, and rue for
lowly grave;
There's crimson for the blood that flowed,
that Freedom might be free,
And golden for the hearts of gold that died
for you and me.
Till love no more is loving, we lift our souls
and say,
For liberty and loyalty we keep Memorial
Day.

O God! look down upon the land which
thou hast loved so well,
And grant that in unbroken truth her
children still may dwell;
Nor while the grass grows on the hill, and
streams flows thru the vale,
May they forget their father's faith, or in
their covenant fail,
God keep the fairest, noblest land that
lies beneath the sun!—
Our country, our whole country, and our
country ever one.

Ye that mourn; let gladness mingle with your tears. It *was* your son, but now he *is* the nation's. He made your household bright; now his example inspires a thousand households—he who died from the family that he might live to the nation.

Not one man shall be forgotten or neglected; and it shall, by and by, be confessed by our modern heroes, as it is of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.

Neither are they less honored who shall bear thru life the marks of wounds and sufferings. Neither epaulette nor badge is so honorable as wounds received in a good cause. Many a man shall envy him who henceforth limps. So strange is the transforming power of patriotic ardor, that men shall almost covet disfigurement.

Oh, mourners of the early dead, they shall live again; and live forever. Your sorrows are our gladness. The nation lives, because you gave it men that loved it better than their own lives, and as the nation shall sit in the unsullied garments of liberty, with justice upon her forehead, love in her eyes, and truth upon her lips, she shall not forget those whose blood gave vital currents to her heart; and whose life, given to her, shall live with her life till time shall be no more.

Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name; every river shall keep some solemn title; every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow; till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverend honors which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrances—*H. W. Beecher*.

O'er the Gray, as o'er the Blue,
Natrue's bursting tears will flow,
Blind, misguided, not untrue,
Led as sheep to slaughter go,
Pity! nor forbid the tear
Shed above so sad a bier.

But the men who wore the blue
Fought to make the nation great;
Its danger, and the cause, they knew,
And crushed the swelling buds of fate;
Peace has come and come to stay!
Freedom! Progress! Clear the way!

Armies? they are of the past!
Soldiers? now they guide the plow!
Europe's war-worn millions fast,
Flock to share our blessings now,
Peace assured, our flag unfurled
Beckons to a weary world.

Cherish then the patriot fires;
Honor loyalty, and trust
On God that freedom ne'er expires
Where virtue guards the martyr's dust.
Who counted life as little worth,
And saved the imperiled Hope of Earth.

—JOHN W. DUNBAR.



History of Our Flag.

By H. W. LULL.

1. On Saturday, June 14, 1777, the American Congress, "Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be the thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

2. This action of Congress was eighteen months after the union flag was raised at Cambridge and the sailing of the first American fleet from Philadelphia, and nearly a year after the Declaration of Independence.

3. There are many theories as to the origin of this flag; but, tho it is only 121 years old, none are satisfactory. The discussions that probably preceded the voting are unrecorded, and we do not know even the proposer or designer.

4. A very pleasant supposition is that the stars and stripes were borrowed from the family coat of arms of Washington. We wish it were a fact.

5. Another belief is that the red, white, and blue have a special significance. The red means hardness, courage, daring; the white, purity, and innocence; the blue, fidelity and justice.

6. Every nation has its symbolic ensign,—some have beasts, some birds, some fishes, some reptiles on their banners. Our fathers chose the stars and stripes,—the red telling of the blood shed by them for their country; the blue of the heavens and their protection; and the stars of the separate states embodied in one nationality, "E pluribus unum."

7. You will notice that the stars on our banners are five-pointed, while those on many of our coins are six-pointed. Our coins follow the heraldic language of England, while the designer of the flag followed the heraldry of Holland, France, and Germany.

8. The pleasing story of Mrs. John Ross should not be forgotten. Her grandson publicly declares that the story is not tradition; it is the report from the lips of Mrs. Ross. She says that Washington and a committee of Congress in June, 1776, called upon her; that Washington drew a rough design; and engaged her to make the first star-spangled banner.

9. Paul Jones declared that it was his good fortune to be the first to hoist the stars and stripes on a naval vessel; and that he was also the first to receive in Europe a salute for the flag.

10. Beyond a doubt, the thirteen stars and thirteen stripes were unfurled for the first time in any important event at the battle of Brandywine. The next month they witnessed the surrender of Burgoyne, and later cheered the patriots during that awful winter at Valley Forge.

11. In 1818, so much liberty had been taken with the number of the stripes and of the stars that even the flag over the building in which Congress was then sitting; and the one flying at the navy yard near by; differed by nine stripes; and neither conformed to the law. Therefore, the present form was established by act of Congress.

12. It was then enacted that in the future the stripes should be seven red and six white; and the stars should be the same as the number of states. The star for a new state is added on the Fourth of July succeeding the admission of the state.

Flag of the Brave.

Then all hail to the stars and stripes!
To the flag of the brave and the free;
And as long as the stars shall endure
Shall it wave o'er the land and the sea.

—THOMAS HILL.

The Flag for the Home and Nation.—God pity the American citizen who does not love the flag; who does not see in it the story of our great free institutions and the hope of the home as well as the nation.—BENJAMIN HARRISON.

OUR COUNTRY AND HER BANNER:—

Hurrah! Hurrah! Our own red, white and blue!
Hurrah! hurrah! We're loyal, brave and true!
For her country and her banner bright our best we'll ever do
While we are growing and striving.

—ELIZABETH LLOYD.

Raise the Flag.—We wish that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shores, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

SALUTE TO THE FLAG.—

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One nation evermore.

—O. W. HOLMES.

OUR BANNER BRIGHT:—

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne thru their battle-fields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While thru the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry—
Union and Liberty! One evermore!

—O. W. HOLMES.

OUR LAND AND FLAG:—

We shall always love the stars and stripes,
And we mean to be ever true
To this land of ours and the dear old flag,
The red, the white and blue.

THE STARS OF THE FLAG:—

Out of the battle glare,
See, all the stars are there
Gleaming like gold.
Doubly its hues are blest,
Thousands have gone to rest,
Noblest, bravest, and best,
Under its folds.

—H. C. BALLARD.

DEVOTION TO THE BANNER:—

Invincible banner! the flag of the free,
Oh, where treads the foot that would falter for thee?
Or the hands to be folded, till triumph is won,
And the eagle looks proud, as of old, to the sun?

—E. D. PROCTER.

Our Flag a Pledge.—Our flag has been the pledge of freedom, justice, order, civilization; and of Christianity.—J. C. J. LANGBIEN.

The National Flag.—There is the National flag! He must be cold indeed who can look upon its folds rippling in the breeze without pride of country. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice, and altogether—bunting; stripes, stars, and colors blazing in the sky—make the flag of our country to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.—CHARLES SUMNER.

REVERE THE FLAG:—

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
Uncover the youngster's head!
Teach him to hold it holy and high,
For the sake of its sacred dead.

—H. C. BUNNER.

THE FLAG:—

Let it idly droop, or sway
To the wind's light will;
Furl its stars, or float in day,
Flutter, or be still!
It has held its colors bright
Thru the war smoke dun,
Spotless emblem of the right,
Whence success was won.

—LUCY LARCOM.

A VICTORIOUS MARCH:—

Flag of Freedom, grand and glorious,
'Neath that flag we march victorious.

—JOHN M. MORSE.

SALUTE "OLD GLORY":—

O come, ye patriots, to the rally!
Come from every hill and valley!
Awake! awake!
Salute the flag!
The stars and stripes for freedom stand;
Awake! awake!
O come and for your country band,
And pledge your head and heart and hand.
Awake! awake!
Awake! Salute Old Glory!

—KATE B. SHERWOOD.

HURRAH FOR THE BANNER:—

All forward to conquer! where free hearts are beating,
Death to the coward who dreams of retreating!
Liberty calls us from mountain and alley,
Waving her banner, she leads to the fight.

Protect the Flag.—If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.—GENERAL DIX.

Our National Banner.—First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm.—EDWARD EVERETT.

BANNER OF THE FREE:—

Raise the flag on every school-house,
Let it float upon the breeze;
Tell the children all its story, on the land and on the sea,—
That its pet names are "Old Glory"
And the "Banner of the Free."

—T. J. CROWE.

Spirit of the Flag.—Let us; then; twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heart-strings; and looking upon our homes, and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battlefields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life, and in death; now and forever, stand by the stars and stripes.—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

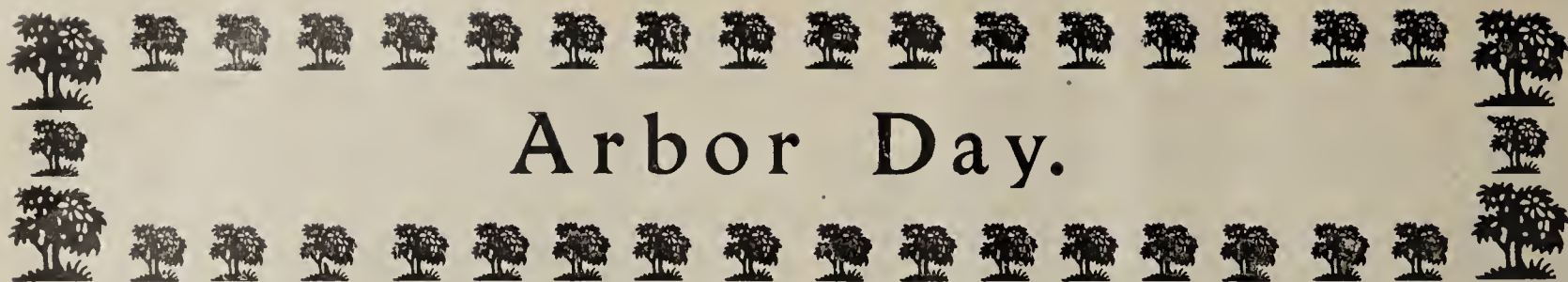
THE MEANING OF THE FLAG:—

Its hues are all of heaven,—
The red of sunset's dye,
The whiteness of the moonlit cloud,
The blue of morning's sky.

—J. G. WHITTIER.

WHAT THE FLAG IS:—

Its stripes of red, eternal dyed with heart streams of all lands;
Its white, the snow-capped hills, that hide in storm their upraised hands;
Its blue, the ocean waves that beat round Freedom's circled shore;
Its stars, the print of angel's feet that burn forevermore,
—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



Arbor Day.

Trees and Shrubs for Planting.

WHILE ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THE SOUTH THESE SUGGESTIONS WILL BE FOUND HELPFUL IN EVERY PART OF AMERICA.

By WILMON NEWELLY, State Entomologist of Georgia.

BEFORE planting out a tree or shrub of any kind, the teacher should first observe the manner of growth and appearance of that same tree in the locality, whenever this is possible. For the most part, suitable trees can be secured from adjacent forests. In forests which have not been pastured, small seedling trees of various kinds will be found in abundance. Before placing the tree in the school yards the planter should bear in mind not only the present appearance of the tree, but also its probable size and appearance fifty and one hundred years hence. The most common mistake in tree planting is that of placing trees too close together. Sufficient room should be allowed even tho the grounds may

for the first few years have the appearance of being but sparsely planted.

It is not best to arrange trees in straight rows; except in exceptional cases. A grouping which will give the trees the appearance of having grown naturally in the position occupied is the most desirable.

In the northern part of the state the chestnut; the water-oak and the white-oak are desirable trees for planting in groups of from three to nine or for planting where only a single tree is needed in an open space of considerable extent. The sweet-gum may be utilized in the same way if the location is not too high or dry.

In southern Georgia, the live-oak is perhaps the best tree for planting in this way. Walnuts; pecans, and other nut-bearing trees can be planted; but as the children will give them close attention when the first crops of nuts are produced, they are likely to have many limbs broken and be otherwise mutilated early in their careers.

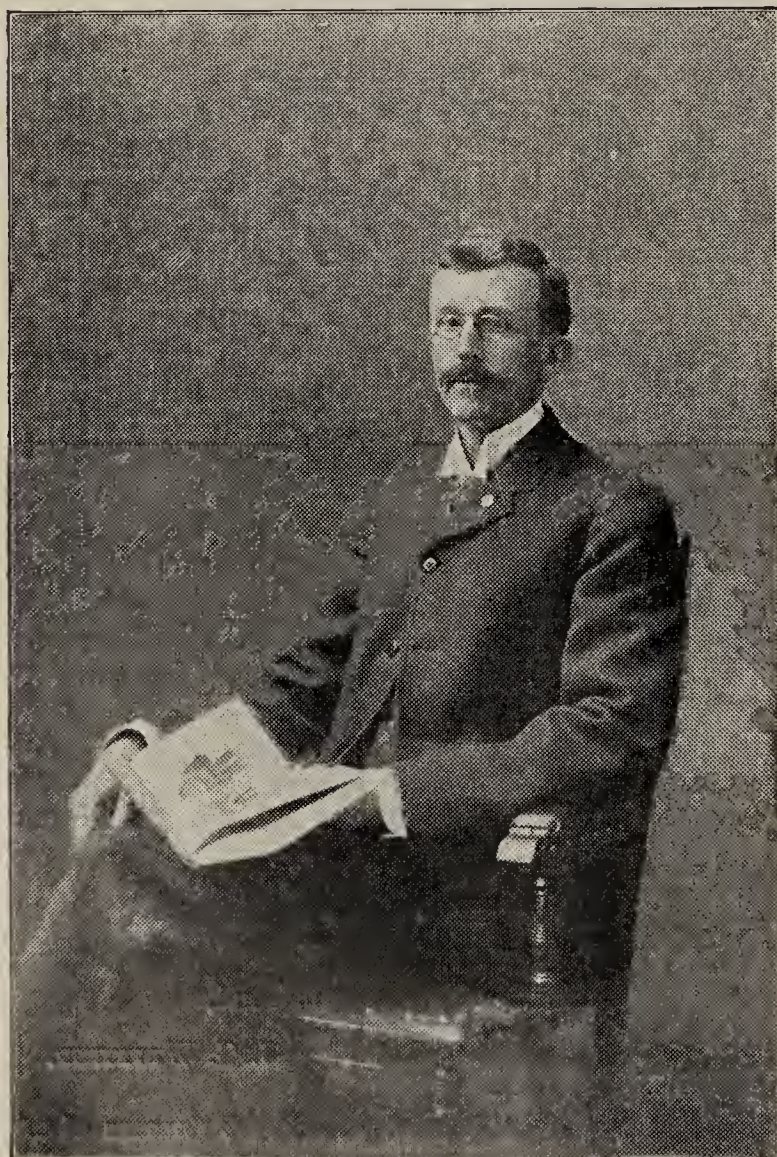
For affording a bright color bit in contrast to the foliage of the ordinary trees, a few crape myrtles can be planted. They bloom profusely for several weeks during early and mid-summer and are very hardy. These can be secured from almost any nurseryman. Where a hedge row is desirable nothing is better than California privet. This small tree grows rapidly, attaining a height of from four to six feet during the first two years. Its profuse white, fragrant blossoms appear very early in the spring. If kept well trimmed privet forms also an excellent border for driveways or broad walks. This tree can likewise be secured from most nurseries at a very reasonable price.

For covering fences or homely walls, Boston ivy or "balsam vines" can be used. If there is an abrupt bank or slope about the grounds a well-kept bed of cannas will add much to its appearance. Where a small stream crosses the schoolyard; mossy banks, lily patches, and beds of moisture-loving plants and flowers can be arranged for with but little work and expense.

Where quick-growing trees are desired for improving grounds entirely bare of trees, the Carolina poplar answers well. Planted either in avenues or in groups its growth is rapid and a good showing is made in from three to five years. In the most southern part of the state the umbrella china-tree does well and forms an attractive tree at the end of a few years. Neither the china nor the poplars will form desirable trees after eight or ten years and the plantings should be so made that prettier and more slow-growing trees will supersede them at the end of ten or fifteen years.

The Planting.

The trees when collected in the forest should be dug with care, as many of the roots being retained



County Supt. O. J. Kern, of Winnebago County, Illinois, who has done a great work for the beautifying of school grounds and the improvement of country schools generally.

as possible. While being transported to the school grounds the roots should be thoroly protected from sun and wind by a wrapping of wet moss or heavy cloth, such as burlap. The hole in which the tree is to be planted should be somewhat larger and deeper than is necessary to accommodate the roots in a natural position. In the bottom of this hole should be placed a few inches of soil thoroly mixed with well-rotted manure. As a substitute for the manure two to four pounds of bone-meal may be used, mixing this with the soil in like manner. If neither manure nor commercial fertilizer is obtainable, well-rotted leaf-mould from the forest is much better than nothing at all. More of this mixture of soil and fertilizer can be placed in the hole when filling, *beyond the ends of the lateral roots. The fertilizer must never be placed in contact with the roots themselves.* After placing the fertilizer mixture in the bottom of the hole, put in the tree (the roots of which should previously have been dipped in a thin paste of soil and water) and arrange the roots in a natural spreading position. Add the soil slowly and as the hole is filled, pack the dirt firmly about all roots. The last three inches of top soil should not be packed but should be left as loose as possible in order to prevent evaporation.

When the tree is dug up in the forest or nursery, a large part of the root system is lost. In planting out therefore, the limbs should be proportionately shortened. To cut back the branches until they are about as long as the lateral roots or the tap-root is a safe general rule.

If all trees can be given a thoro (but shallow) cultivation at frequent intervals between early spring and mid-summer, their chances of surviving will be much greater and growth more rapid.

Ordinary forest trees require but little pruning. Injured limbs should be removed and limbs may be trimmed or trained by cords and stakes to grow in any direction desired in order to secure a symmetrical form. In cutting off a limb, the cut should be made even with the trunk and perfectly smooth so that it will heal over readily. Projecting stubs should never be allowed upon trees.

Protecting the Trees.

After the trees are properly planted, adequate precautions must be taken to protect them from careless or thoughtless injury by the school children themselves, as well as by fire or by stock. No opportunities should be left for fire to obtain access to the trees from neighboring fields or forests, and "fire-breaks" made by plowing or burning a strip about the grounds will obviate this danger.

Perhaps the greatest danger or injury will be from stock. Wherever possible the grounds should be surrounded by a fence of smooth woven-wire, or of boards neatly painted or whitewashed. A rail fence is not a thing of beauty—except in an oil painting—and picket or barbed wire fences as well as osage orange or hardy orange are too dangerous to be permitted about the school premises.

Even tho a suitable fence cannot be afforded, protection can be given each individual tree by surrounding it with a pen or protection a few feet each way, made of boards, rails or saplings.



Tree Quotations.

It is better to know the habits of one plant than the names of a thousand.—RUSKIN.

The best and highest thing a man can do in a day is to sow a seed; whether it be in the shape of a word, an act, or an acorn.

—JAMES BOYLE O'REILLY.

When we plant a tree we are doing what we can to make our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling-place for those who come after us, if not for ourselves.—O. W. HOLMES.

Plant patience in the garden of thy soul,
The roots are bitter but the fruits are sweet,
And when at last it stands—a tree complete—
Beneath its tender shade the burning heat
And burden of the day shall lose control:—
Plant patience in the garden of thy soul.

—H. AUSTIN.

Do not rob or mar a tree unless you really need what it has to give you. Let it stand and grow in virgin majesty, ungirdled and unscarred, while the trunk becomes a firm pillar of the forest temple and the branches spread abroad a refuge of bright green leaves for the birds of the air.

—DR. HENRY VANDYKE.

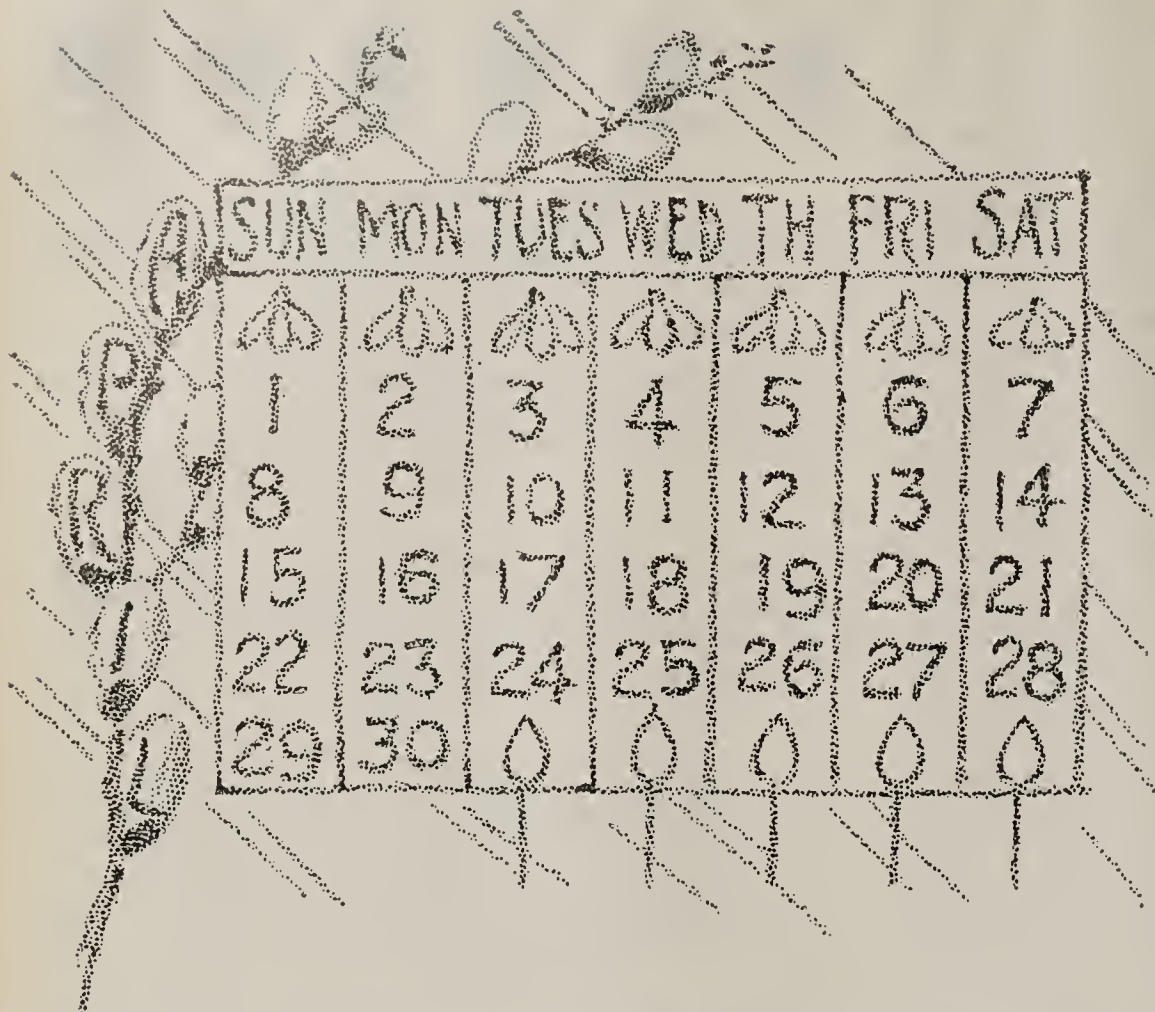
The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault to gather and roll back
The round of anthems—in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks and supplications.

—BRYANT.

The true basis of national wealth is not gold, but wood. Forest destruction is the sin that has caused us to lose our earthly paradise. War, pestilence, storms, fanaticism, and intemperance, together with all other mistakes and misfortunes, has not caused half as much permanent damage as that fatal crime against fertility of our Mother Earth.—FELIX L. OSWALD.

For the rosebud's break of beauty
Along the toiler's way;
For the violet's eye that opens
To bless the new-born day;
For the bare twigs that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod;
For the blossoming of flowers,
I thank thee, O my God!
For the wealth of pathless forests,
Whereon no ax may fall;
For the winds that haunt the branches;
For the young bird's timid call;
For the red leaves dropped like rubies
Upon the dark green sod;
For the waving of the forest,
I thank Thee, O my God!

—LUCY LARCOM.



Designed by William Mason, Supervisor of Drawing, Philadelphia.

The Live-Oak.

With his gnarled old arms and his iron form,
Majestic in the wood,
From age to age, in the sun and storm,
The live-oak long hath stood;
With his stately air, that grave old tree,
He stands like a hooded monk,
With gray moss waving solemnly
From his shaggy limbs and trunk.

And the generations come and go,
And still he stands upright,
And he sternly looks on the wood below,
As conscious of his might.
But a mourner sad is the hoary tree,
A mourner sad and lone,
And is clothed in funeral drapery
For the long since dead and gone.

For the Indian hunter neath his shade
Has rested from the chase;
And here he has wooed his dusky maid,—
The dark-eyed of her race;
And the tree is red with the gushing gore
As the wild deer panting dies;
But the maid is gone, and the chase is o'er,
And the old oak hoarsely sighs.

In former days, when the battle's din
Was loud amid the land,
In his friendly shadow, few and thin,
Have gathered Freedom's band;
And the stern old oak—how proud was he
To shelter hearts so brave!
But they all are gone,—the bold and free,
And he moans above their grave.

—HENRY R. JACKSON.

Let Us Plant Trees.

Pennsylvania has two Arbor Days, one in spring and the other in fall, but so far as our experience in Allentown goes, says *The Register*, of that city, the law that created these days is practically a dead-letter. It is true that the day is observed in spirit, but literary programs do not plant trees; neither do they preserve the forests:

What is needed here as in many other places, is the creation of that sentiment which brings about practical results, and some of the people of St. Louis have adopted an idea that would work well in Allentown.

In that city they have a Civic Improvement League and to stimulate public interest in the work the tree planting committee of the organization has issued an announcement to the school children relative to the \$500 in prizes which are to be distributed June 1, 1906, for the largest number of contracts made by pupils with responsible property owners for the planting of trees on the streets of St. Louis.

With the announcement of the contest the league is sending out a pamphlet containing the joint recommendations of the Tree Planting Committee of the league and the Engelmann Botanical Club. The report of the committee gives the following six reasons for the planting of trees:

1. They increase the value of surrounding property.
2. They protect the pavement from the heat of the sun.
3. They add beauty and comfort to the city streets.

4. They cool the air in summer and radiate the warmth in winter.

5. They purify the air; the leaves inhale carbonic acid gas and exhale oxygen.

6. They aid in counteracting the unnatural conditions of city life.

The committee suggests these ten different species for the streets: Soft maple, hard maple; sycamore, American elm; white birch, Carolina poplar, Lombardy poplar, European cottonwood; and the pin oak.

The committee urges the residents along any given street to meet and agree upon one kind of tree for that street, claiming that the beauty of the tree avenue depends much upon the planting of uniform species.

The report suggests that trees may be planted in the spring or fall, but preferably in the spring; that they should be planted about twenty-five feet apart, and that no tree should be planted which is not inclosed in a suitable guard.

The report will contain in full the city forestry bill; which was passed by the council lately and is now before the house of delegates.

Reports are coming in already from school children, who read the first announcement of the tree contest. One pupil has already sold 100 trees; and another 500 trees, and they are urging the league to send them the necessary blanks, so that the property owners can sign the contracts before they change their minds.

Humors of all kinds are prolific of worse troubles. They may be entirely expelled by a thorough course of Hood's Sarsaparilla.



Among Ourselves

The Editor's Round Table



Next month Dorothy Wells will describe in her series of "Children of Other Lands" how the little people of the Prince Edward islands amuse themselves. In June there will be an article about the children of France.

TEACHERS MAGAZINE is constantly planning new features which will increase its usefulness and attractiveness. Among the special treats provided for the near future are two series of delightful school games, a strong department of songs and school music, cover designs representing suggestive class-room work with primary colors, child studies which have real value to teachers, and new ideas for school entertainments. This is not all, but the list will give you an idea of the good things which are in store for you.

To those who have written telling me what they would like this magazine to publish I am indebted for suggestions resulting in the features here announced. Now I would like to hear of those who have not yet written. I would like to know of them especially what articles and departments of the present volume have been especially helpful to them. Have you written? Please do write if you have not done so.

The supreme object of the school is the development of the social efficiency of its pupils. The paramount interests of humanity must be kept well in the center. But in order that these greater considerations may rest on a solid foundation, there must first be adequate provision for the lesser necessary things. After the three Rs have been allotted their proper share of time we can then deal with the greater good of the future men and women represented by the boys and girls before us. We know the future men will want to be healthy and strong. They may reasonably desire their interests to open out in many directions. They have a right to pleasure in all that is beautiful; to joy in intellectual pursuit; to a heart that is contented with the world.

Corporal punishment still survives in the Boston schools. With an average attendance of 563 the Quincy school has a record of 524 cases of corporal punishment in five or six months. "Lick-in' and larnin'" go hand in hand there, evidently; with almost one licking per pupil. Can this record be equalled anywhere in civilization? Yet this is Boston. Well nigh incredible, but such are the facts.

Supt. James M. Greenwood; of Kansas City, Mo., easily holds first place in the affections of American educators. He is a big-hearted; whole-

souled leader, and there is no guile in him. With all the honors that have come to him he has remained the modest student that he ever was. He reads carefully all the best educational literature to be found in English and French. He is beloved by his teachers and honored by his townsmen.

It is given to but few men to teach forty years in one school system. That is the record of Prin. J. R. Keene, of the Brightwood school, Washington, D. C. The anniversary was appropriately made a festal occasion. President Macfarland spoke for the commissioners of the District of Columbia, and Supt. A. T. Stewart and Supervisor B. T. James for the teachers of the city. President Gordon of the board of education presided. Mr. W. E. Nalley, the senior teacher, presented a loving cup on behalf of the teachers of the district in which Mr. Keene's school is located. It is well with a city that remembers its teachers.

There ought to be at least one mother on every school board, preferably one who has or has had children in the common schools, but anyway a mother.

If anyone still doubts the spirit ruling the educational leaders of the country he may draw new courage from some of the letters received at this office during the time the United Educational Company's fortunes were in the scales. The sympathy expressed was heartfelt, and several educators to whom money was owed for contributions asked to have their claims cancelled on the books. Truly there are places where the dollar is not king. Ideals and human feelings enter considerably into business, at any rate in the educational field.

Isn't it strange that the chief opposition to free text-books usually comes from teachers who have never had any experience with the plan.

Some of the best things there are in the schools have had to fight their way in. Fortunately for the children the thoughtful parents are, as a rule, instinctively in favor of what is right and good. That is why the common school idea has developed as rapidly as it has.

The excellent "Exercises for Vocal Drill" in TEACHERS MAGAZINE for February have afforded pleasure and profit to thousands of teachers. By some mistake the name of the author was omitted. The exercises were written by Miss Ada Van Stone Harris, Supervisor of Primary Schools and Kindergartens in Rochester, N. Y.; known over the whole country as a great teacher and an influential leader. We shall have more of her work in forthcoming numbers.

Replies to Questions

By Amos M. Kellogg

THE questions that are asked by teachers are too often concerning matters of comparatively lesser moment. How to stop whispering would seem to be the great problem which the majority of the teachers are attempting to solve. While conducting institute in Michigan I had a "Question Box" into which teachers were to put inquiries concerning ways and means of overcoming difficulties and perplexities; this was opened daily, and discussions followed. I proposed to each to write questions on the understanding they were allowed to ask but three; upon examination none had asked how to abate whispering. An interesting discussion arose as to what were the three great problems. I cannot undertake here for want of space to narrate the remarkable interest that was aroused. It was concluded that (1) to awaken an interest in the welfare of others, (2) a desire to know the truth, and (3) patient industry were the three really great problems before all teachers.

The General Good.—A teacher in Iowa, whose suggestions have appeared in the "Hints and Helps" department of *TEACHERS MAGAZINE*, pointed out the true object of solicitude—arousing and maintaining an interest in the general good of the school. When we read about the Revolutionary war we are struck with the devotion of all classes of the people to the general welfare; it was this that enabled the laying of the foundations of the republic.

This has been exemplified in a certain parish in New York city where only about a hundred persons would gather in a beautiful edifice on Sunday. The new clergyman (not a better man than his predecessor but wiser as a man) devoted his efforts to arousing an interest in others; they had before come solely to benefit themselves. The result was that the church has become so thronged that it is quite difficult for a late comer to obtain a seat.

This carries us back to the founding of the Christian religion. The disciples of Jesus learned of him to devote themselves to the good of others; thus it came about that the Greek and Roman temples became churches. This is the problem of the present time. The citizens of New York find that the main purpose is the accumulation of money and make extraordinary efforts to arouse what is termed "civic pride"; so that the poor may be clothed, fed, and sheltered; the ignorant rightly taught. All officials contemptuously despise "graft"; all citizens think courageously and steadily of the common good.

In every school this question must therefore stand out foremost; it is the one the teacher must continually ask himself: How shall I arouse in my

pupils a strong desire to be of benefit to others? This means altruism as opposed to selfishness; the lower nature says, "Attend only to yourself"; the spiritual nature says with Shakespeare, "Think of thyself last." So teaching is a cultivation of the spiritual nature.

I should like here to discuss the methods to be employed to solve the three pedagogical problems enumerated; it is plain enough that if one considers them daily he will not fall into the dreary routineism that so many pass off for teaching. These are great and high problems and worthy of the attention of the ablest minds in the world.

Want of Time.—A Wisconsin teacher declares that but a few of the matters proposed in the *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* can be undertaken "by the ordinary country school teacher, tho they may be by those in large villages and cities. The reading, spelling, writing, and arithmetic classes in my school of 42 pupils take up every minute of my time."

The teachers in a majority of the schools waste half of the time, because the school is not a self-operating condition; the small and not large things are considered; it is off the real track. In visiting a school in a beautiful village in New

A Torpid Thinker.

THE FREQUENT RESULT OF COFFEE POISONING.

A Toledo O., business man says that for three years he had no appetite for breakfast; that about once a month he ate solid food at that meal, generally contenting himself with his cup of coffee and having no desire for anything else.

Coffee frequently plays this dog-in-the-manger trick; while it furnishes no nutriment itself, it destroys the appetite for food which is nutritious. The result was, in time, a torpid mentality, which was a distinct handicap in his business operations.

"Last Christmas," he says, "I consulted my brother, a practicing physician in Chicago, and he advised a diet of Postum Food Coffee, instead of the old kind, and also Grape-Nuts food. Since that time I have followed his advice with most excellent results. My brain is active and clear in the morning when it naturally should be at its best; I no longer have the dizzy spells that used to make me apprehensive; I have gained materially in flesh and feel better in every way.

"The Postum seems to be no less a food than the Grape-Nuts, and the two together fill all requirements. My wife has tried several of the recipes in your little booklet and we have enjoyed the result, but to my mind Grape-Nuts food is best when served with sliced fruit and covered with cream." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book; "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Don't think less of your system than you do of your house. Give it a thorough cleansing, too. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Jersey I counted more than fifty things that ought not to have occurred during the forenoon session; a number of pupils interrupted the teacher for permission to speak, or to go out, or to make complaint, or did not know where the lesson was, etc. Provision should be made for all such matters; no interruption should occur, even the coming in of visitors is provided for in good schools.

Drawing.—Can one who does not know how to draw teach drawing? Yes. A short time since a request came from a country school teacher in California for some samples of drawings of certain objects; they were obtained from a school and sent to her. She had never learned to draw, but courageously set to work to *learn* and to teach drawing. One would like to follow the future of such a teacher. She will certainly be sought for.

The Teacher's Reading.—An Ohio teacher refers to the advantage she has derived from general reading and says she owes much to Walter Scott. None of her pupils had read his books; she "named the pupils of her first reading class after characters in 'Ivanhoe' and a great interest was aroused." That was a wise teacher; a chip of the same block as the California teacher referred to.

Surprises and Novelties.—The above incident leads to the general statement that *to-day in the school-room must not be yesterday over again.* The true teacher must plan to spring surprises on the pupils; thus the tedium and tension is relieved. The reason the school-room is hateful to many children is because of its monotony.

A teacher found himself in a village where irregularity and tardiness prevailed to an unusual extent. At the close of the school he remarked; "Let all be here to-morrow in good season; you will miss it if you don't." He had found out that one of the most persistent of the "tardies" had a pet rabbit that could do some cunning tricks, and bunny was smuggled into the school-room and set to do his capers after school opened. When the absent and late ones heard of this they were indignant because they had missed the show. The teacher remarked that it would be well to be present as he had other things in store. The story of that Long Island school-room if written out in book form would prove immensely interesting.

The Reading of Books, &c.—If a pupil has nothing to do let him read a book in school time. Some teachers provide magazines. Here let me give information on a point not generally known. The back numbers of the best magazines (Harpers, Scribners, The Century, &c.) can be purchased for two cents each in New York city. The big boys can make binders and put six numbers in each. The value of these for the promotion of knowledge and the arousing of thought cannot be overestimated. A teacher is known who gave an entertainment for the purchase of enough back numbers (some in the district had a few) to complete six volumes (three years) and thus a foundation was laid for what became quite a library; and it belonged to the school.

Singing in School.—A teacher in Pennsylvania says that some of her patrons have objected to the singing of certain songs, among them she mentions "Wait for the Wagon," "Annie Laurie";

the people prefer sacred hymns. There will be objections to selections that are perfectly harmless in sentiment. I should advise acquiescing in the demand for sacred hymns, for many reasons; at the same time there are many secular songs to which none will object, "America," "On the Mountain," "Murmuring Sea," are some of these; the number is very great.



Flag Rules.

1. Do not leave the flag up all night. If you do; it will soon lose its brightness and freshness; and look bedraggled and old. Besides, it is not the proper thing to have it flying after sundown.

2. Do not let it get torn. If it should be snagged or torn accidentally, have it mended at once. Nothing looks worse than a flag all in ribbons and strings. Better far not to fly it at all than to have it in such a state.

3. Do not use or permit the flag to be used in any way not honorable. I once saw a flag used to cover the stage on which an entertainment was to be given. An officer of the navy was present; and as soon as he noticed the way in which it was purposed to treat the flag of his country, he rose from his seat, and took the flag up from the floor; saying as he did so: "I will never allow any one to stand on the American flag while I am present." He was loudly applauded by the audience as he respectfully placed the flag on the reading-desk and returned to his seat. —R. E. STEELE.



Food Helps

IN MANAGEMENT OF A R. R.

Speaking of food a railroad man says:

"My work puts me out in all kinds of weather; subject to irregular hours for meals and compelled to eat all kinds of food.

"For seven years I was constantly troubled with indigestion, caused by eating heavy, fatty, starchy, greasy, poorly cooked food, such as is most accessible to men in my business. Generally each meal or lunch was followed by distressing pains and burning sensations in my stomach, which destroyed my sleep and almost unfitted me for work. My brain was so muddy and foggy that it was hard for me to discharge my duties properly.

"This lasted till about a year ago, when my attention was called to Grape-Nuts food by a newspaper ad. and I concluded to try it. Since then I have used Grape-Nuts at nearly every meal and sometimes between meals. We railroad men have little chance to prepare our food in our cabooses and I find Grape-Nuts mighty handy, for it is ready cooked.

"To make a long story short, Grape-Nuts has made a new man of me. I have no more burning distress in my stomach, nor any other symptom of indigestion. I can digest anything so long as I eat Grape-Nuts, and my brain works as clearly and accurately as an engineer's watch, and my old nervous troubles have disappeared entirely." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Questions on Current Events

The answers to these questions are found in late numbers of *Our Times*. For the convenience of those who desire more complete answers, the pages and dates of issue are given.

What was the result of the last election in Great Britain? 355 Feb. 3.

Ans.—The Liberals in the house of commons find themselves with a majority of eighty over all other parties combined. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman entered the new parliament Feb. 13 with the greatest majority ever given an English premier.

Describe the journey of Nicolas Thernischefz from Russia to Rome and show its bearing on Russian affairs. 357. Feb. 3.

Ans.—The rural community of the District of Vorough, Russia, held a meeting and passed a resolution to purchase the holdings of the landed proprietors of the district. M. Narichkine, who owned the largest estate, was in Rome. Thernischefz made the long journey to Rome and offered, in behalf of the peasants of his district to buy the proprietors' land. "We want to buy your estate," he said, "and we ask you to give it to us at a price which we can pay. We desire to be honest, and we will not have recourse to violent ways."

What ruler died Jan. 29, and what was his relation to other European courts? 371. Feb. 10.

Ans.—King Christian of Denmark died Jan. 29, at the age of eighty-eight years. The present queen of England is his daughter and the czar of Russia is his grandson. The new ruler of Norway is another grandson. His second son became King George of Greece the same year that Christian ascended the Danish throne. Five royal courts went into mourning when King Christian died.

What was the result of the attempt to inventory the church property of France? 373. Feb. 10.

Ans.—Strong resistance was met in Paris and some of the provincial towns. At the Church of St. Clothilde in Paris a general encounter took place between the people and the government officers. Pope Pius X. telegraphed to the French bishops advising them to submit to the taking of the inventories.

What was the significance of the visit of the Chinese commissioners to Washington and other cities of our country? 376, 377. Feb. 10.

Ans.—It served to show the Chinese that we had none but friendly feelings toward their country, while at the same time the commissioners had a chance to learn something of our civilization and customs.

What preparations were made by the United Mine Workers and the Operators, in view of a possible coal strike? 392. Feb. 17.

Ans.—The miners gathered together a \$3,000,000 strike fund, while the operators stored millions of tons of coal in eastern Pennsylvania.

What is the attitude of the common people among the Chinese towards Americans? 395. Feb. 17.

Ans.—From Americans in China, from diplomats at home, and others who are well-informed, comes the warning that an anti-foreign feeling is growing among the ignorant classes which may lead to another demonstration like the Boxer insurrection.

Interest has been centered in Morocco in recent weeks; what are some of the characteristics of the country? 403. Feb. 24.

Ans.—There is not in Morocco any railway, any road, any telegraph line. The country has no administration. When the sultan needs money he demands it of the governors of the provinces. The sultan does not dare to go many miles from Fez, lest he be kidnapped.

Why was the wedding of Alice Roosevelt of interest to all the world? 405. Feb. 24.

Ans.—Miss Roosevelt, as the daughter of our president, has been in the public eye for several years. As one of the best representatives of the typical American girl, at the same time, her marriage to the man of her choice was of widespread interest.

Who is the new president of France, and when was he installed? 419. March 3.

M. Clément Fallières was installed president of France on Feb. 18. Accompanied by Premier Rouvier and escorted by soldiers, he was driven to the senate chamber in an open carriage. In the Salon des Ambassadeurs the office was transferred from ex-president Loubet to the new president. Both men wore the broad scarlet sashes of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.

What interesting event took place in the heavens on the evening of March 2? 429. March 3.

Ans.—The star Aldebaran was occulted by the moon, that is, the moon shut the star from view. At about 10:35 the star was apparently extinguished, at 11:37 it reappeared on the other side of the moon.

What are Burton Harrison's views of conditions in Panama? 440. March 10.

Ans.—Mr. Harrison maintains that the government should be maintained in its great task. He believes the canal is being dug honestly, efficiently, and with intelligence. His report is made after a week spent in investigating the actual digging of the canal.

Spring Humors

Impure matters accumulated in the blood during the winter cause in the spring boils, pimples, and other eruptions, also weakness, loss of appetite, and that tired feeling.

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—NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

Thrice fortunate are you to whom it is given to lead lives of resolute endeavor for the achievement of lofty ideals, and, furthermore, to instill both by your lives and by your teachings, these ideals into the minds of those who in the next generation will as the men and women of that generation, determine the position which this nation is to hold in the history of mankind.

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Those of us who have learned the art of making the best of things, should extend it to the point of making the best of people. Look at their good points. Put the most charitable construction on their acts. Give them the credit for honest purposes even when they blunder. If your first impulse is to ascribe unworthy motives to those about you, it shows a serious weakness in yourself. You cannot make the most of life till you have learned to make the best of others.—ANON.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life goes along like a song;
But the man worth while, is the one who
can smile,
When everything goes dead wrong!

For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is living grain;
Seed which mildew in the garner
Scatter all with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden,
God will bear both it and thee.
—Selected.

Real Real Estate.

My real estate is birds and flowers,
And sweeps of summer sky,
And shining holy morning hours,
And breezes passing by.

My most unreal estate is dirt,
With houses piled on top,
Reckoned in figures bare and curt,
And smelling of the shop.

My real estate is never spent;
Its titles all are clear.
It pays a wonderful per cent.,
By day and month and year.

It needs no fence of iron or wood,
No agent must be hired.
Its price—that it be understood,
Its tax—to be admired.

While I am rich in real estate,
Away with that inert
Ignoble and degenerate
Unreal estate of dirt.
—AMOS R. WELLS in Puck.

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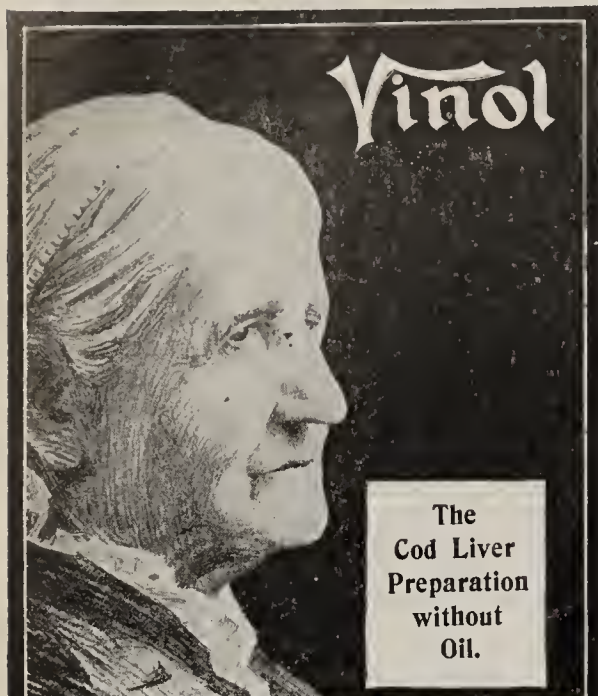
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Three Trees.

The pine tree grew in the wood,
 Tapering, straight, and high;
 Stately and proud it stood,
 Black-green against the sky,
 Crowded so close it sought the blue,
 And ever upward it reached and grew.

The oak tree stood in the field,
 Beneath it dozed the herds;
 It gave to the mower a shield,
 It gave a home to the birds.
 Sturdy and broad, it guarded the farms,
 With its brawny trunk and knotted arms.

The apple tree grew by the wall,
 Ugly and crooked and black;
 But it knew the gardener's call,
 And the children rode on its back.
 It scattered its blossoms upon the air,
 It covered the ground with fruitage fair.

"Now, hey," said the pine, "for the wood,
 Come live with the forest band,
 Our comrades will do you good,
 And tall and straight you will stand."
 And he swung his boughs to a witching sound,
 And flung his cones like coins around.

"O ho!" laughed the sturdy oak;
 "The life of the field for me,
 I weather the lightning stroke;
 My branches are broad and free.
 Grow straight and slim in the wood if you will,
 Give me the sun and the wind-swept hill!"

And the apple tree murmured low,
 I am neither straight nor strong;
 Crooked my back doth grow
 With bearing my burdens long."
 And it dropped its fruit as it dropped a tear,
 And it reddened the ground with fragrant cheer.

And the Lord of the harvest heard,
 And He said: "I have use for all;
 For the bough that shelters a bird,
 For the beam that pillars a hall;
 And grow they tall, or grow they ill,
 They grow but to wait their Master's will."

So a ship of the oak was sent
 Far over the ocean blue,
 And the pine was the mast that bent,
 As over the waves it flew;
 And the ruddy fruit of the apple tree
 Was borne to a starving isle of the sea.

Now the farmer grows like the oak,
 And the townsman is proud and tall,
 The city and field are full of folk—
 But the Lord has need of all.
 —ANON, from *New York Arbor Day Annual*.

In the Apple Cellar.

Every barrel, I'm told,
 From grafts half a dozen years old!
 That is a barrel of russets;
 But we can hardly discuss its
 Spheres of frost and flint,
 Till, smitten by thoughts of spring,
 And the old tree blossoming,
 Their bronze takes a yellower tint
 And the pulp grows mellow in't.
 But oh! when we're sick with the savors
 Of sweets that we dream of,
 Sure, all the toothsome flavors
 They hold the cream of!
 You will be begging in May,
 In your irresistible way,
 For a peck of the apples in gray.

Those are the pearmaines, I think,—
 Bland and insipid as eggs;
 They were too lazy to drink
 The light to its dregs,
 And left them upon the rind—
 A delicate film of blue—
 Leave them alone;—I can find
 Better apples for you.
 Those are Rhode Island greenings;
 Excellent apples for pies;
 There are no mystical meanings
 In fruit of that color and size.

They are too coarse and too juiceful;
 They are too large and too useful.

There are the Baldwins and Flyers,
 Wrapped in their beautiful fires!
 Color forks up from their stems
 As if painted by Flora,
 Or as out from the pole streams the flames
 Of the Northern Aurora.

Here shall our quest have a close!
 Fill up your basket with those;
 Bite thru their vesture of flame
 And then you shall gather
 All that is meant by the name,
 "Seek—no—farther!"
 —J. G. HOLLAND, in "Bitter Sweet."

The Sunshine of Diogenes.

Once, by the roadside, at his ease,
 Sun-basking, lay Diogenes;
 The conqueror by the cynic stood,
 And bade him ask what boon he would.
 While Alexander waits his choice,
 The sage, in philosophic voice,
 "Nothing I ask," replies, "but yet
 "Out of my sunshine wilt thou get?"
 The conqueror stood in mute surprise,
 Then on him bent admiring eyes;
 "Were I not Alexander," he
 Exclaims, "Diogenes I'd be!"

—Selected.

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Arbor Day Song.

Tune—When Johnny Comes Marching Home.

1. And now dear friends we welcome you
Hurra! Hurra!
We know you're glad to see us too
Hurra! Hurra!
We'll clap our hands, keep time and sing,
'Till everything around shall ring,
And we'll all be jolly on this
Anniversary Day.

2. The flowers they have come to stay
Hurra! Hurra!
The birds and bees they all are gay,
Hurra! Hurra!
And every tree is coming out,
With buds and blossoms all about,
How can we help but clap and shout,
On this glad Arbor Day.

3. The murmuring stream that winds
along,
Hurra! Hurra!
Is singing now its sweetest song,
Hurra! Hurra!
The pebbles they will all join in,
And help to swell the joyous din
For Arbor Day has come again,
The jolliest of the year.

—L. E. ANDERSON.

Heard in the Woods.

By MRS. GEORGE E. SIMPSON, Rhode Island.

While strolling thru the woods one spring
Quite early in the day,
Some voices fell upon my ear
Not very far away.

One voice was high, another low,
And one was very hoarse;
I looked thru ev'ry opening
Quite exercised, of course.

At last appeared before my eyes
A very funny show;
For sev'ral animals were there
All seated in a row.

The hedgehog spoke, "I'll write, my friends,
The papers I will fill,
And when I want a pen you see
I'll just pull out a quill."

The squirrel stood upon his head
And said with lots of gush,
"Art, I adore! And so I'll paint,
My tail will be my brush."

"I'd like to paint," said Mr. Wolf,
"But, oh, my heart is sore!
For almost ev'ry artist tries
To keep me from his door."

The rabbit said, "'Tis useless friends
For me to dare and do,
If I should leave these shelt'ring woods
I'd get into a stew."

Sir Reynard spoke, "My dears, ha, ha!
I think you'll all agree
A lawyer best would suit my ways,
For I'm a fox you see."

The owl perched high upon a limb
Remarked, "Before I die
I'll be a great astrologer,
So very wise am I."

At that I sneezed, they heard the sound
And vanished, so it seemed,
And left me wond'ring were they there
Or had I only dreamed?

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The Way to Be Blest.

A hermit there was, and he lived in a Grot,
The way to be happy they said he had got.
As I wanted to learn it I went to his cell,
And when I came there the old Hermit
said "Well,
Young man, by your looks, you want
something, I see.
So tell me the business that brings you to
me."

"The way to be happy, they say, you have
got,
As I wanted to learn it I've come to your
Grot,
Now I beg and beseech, if you have such
a plan,
That you'll write it all down, as plain as
you can."

At this the old Hermit went to his pen,
And brought me this note when he came
back again:
" 'Tis Being, and Doing, and Having that
make
All the pleasures and pains of which mor-
tals partake.
To Be what God pleases, to Do a man's
best,
And to Have a good heart, is the way to
be blest."

—Selected.

A Revelation.

If there are any doubting Thomases or Maidens fair, or those unfair, who fain would be fair, let them use Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream and prove the efficacy of what the proprietor has so long tried to impress on the minds of all, in nearly every part of the world. As a Skin Purifier and Beautifier, it has no equal or rival. If the reader would prove the virtues of Oriental Cream, use it where a Scratch or slight Cut, or where a black head or pimple is troubling you, then you see its healing and purifying qualities—if it does its work well, then read the advertisement again for further testimony of its virtues, and by using Oriental Cream renew both Youth and Beauty.

Trees of Corn.

The child looked out upon the field
And said with a little cry:
"Mamma, what is it makes the grass
Grow up so big and high?"
The mother from the window looked
Out in the rosy morn,
"What makes the grass grow up so high?
Why, those are trees of corn."
"What, trees of corn?" said the happy
child,
Within the nursery walls,
"Are those the kind of trees that bear
The great big popcorn balls?"—Good
Cheer.

WORMS

"I write to let you know how I appreciate your Cascarets. I commenced taking them last November and took two ten cent boxes and passed a tape-worm 14 ft. long. Then I commenced taking them again and Wednesday, April 4th, I passed another tape worm 28 ft. long and over a thousand small worms. Previous to my taking Cascarets I didn't know I had a tape-worm. I always had a small appetite."

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Lord, let me make this rule,
To think of life as school,
And try my best
To stand each test,
And do my best,
And nothing shirk.

Should some one else outshine
This dullard head of mine,
Should I be sad?
I will be glad.
To do my best
Is Thy behest.

If weary with my book
I cast a wistful look
Where posies grow,
O let me know
That flowers within
Are best to win.

Dost take my book away
Anon to let me play,
And let me out
To run about?
I grateful bless
Thee for recess.

Then recess past, alack,
I turn me slowly back,
On my hard bench,
My hands to clench.
And set my heart
To learn my part.

These lessons thou dost give
To teach me how to live,
To do, to bear,
To get and share.
To work and play,
And trust always.

What tho I may not ask
To choose my daily task?
Thou hast decreed
To meet my need.
What pleases Thee,
That shall please me.

Some day the bell will sound,
Some day my heart will bound,
As with a shout
That school is out
And lessons done,
I homeward run.
—MALTBIE D. BABCOCK.

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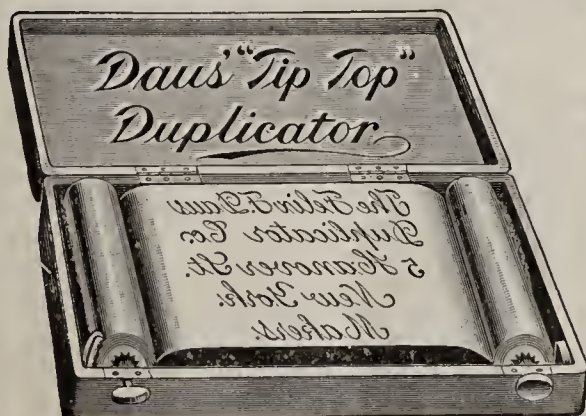
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The Brave Old Oak.

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled the greenwood long;
Here's health and renown to his broad
green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown, when the sun
goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out:
And he showeth his might on a wild mid-
night,
When the storms thru his branches
shout.

In the days of old, when the spring with
cold
Had heightened his branches gray,
Thru the grass at his feet, crept maidens
sweet,
To gather the dew of May.
And on that day, to the music gay
They frolicked with lovesome swains;
They are gone, they are dead, in the church
yard laid,
But the tree—it still remains.

He saw rare times when the Christmas
chimes
Were a merry sound to hear,
When the Squire's wide hall and the cot-
tage small
Were filled with good English cheer.
Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
And a ruthless king is he;
But he never shall send our ancient friend
To be tossed on the stormy sea.

Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone.
—HENRY F. CHORLEY, in "Selections for
Arbor Day for the Schools of Georgia."

Half the happiness in living
Comes from willing-hearted giving,
Comes from sharing all our treasures.
And the other half is loving
All things tame and all things roving;
Loving skies, too, and the mountains,
Woods and waters, fields and fountains.
So each good child should be sowing
Love seeds while his life is growing;
For all happiness in living
Comes from loving and from giving.
—Youth's Companion.

Children's Compositions.

Here are some bright little compositions written by school children of the Bruce street school, Newark, N. J. The "stories" were read as a part of the Washington birthday exercises. One, written by Florence Walters, read as follows:
George Washington was born Feb. 22, 1732, on a large plantation in Virginia. His parents were well educated, and his father owned acres of land. The mother was kind and smart, and both parents did all in their power to make their children happy, for there were two more brothers in the Washington household.
Washington grew from babyhood to boyhood, love, honesty, and truthfulness fighting their way in his breast. George was a robust boy, fond of all out-door sports. Quite a distance from the Wash-

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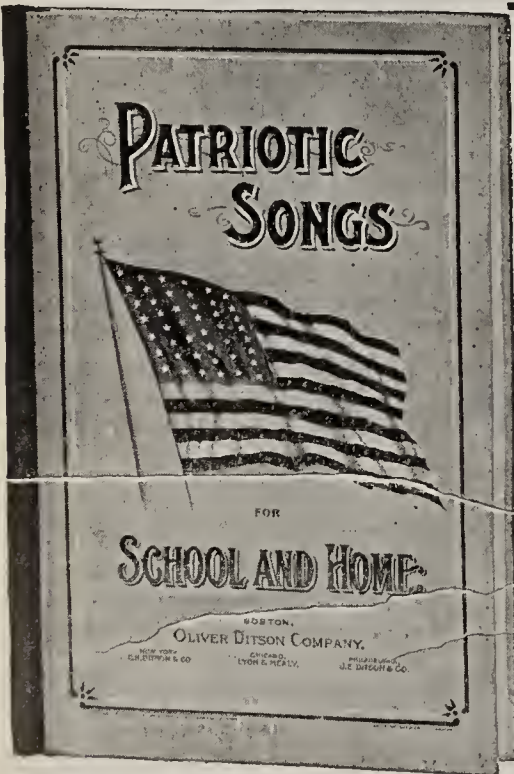
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ATLANTA

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ington plantation there was a little school-house, and Washington went there for a short time. The school-master had not much education, but he taught his pupils to do right.

When Washington was a young man we were having war with England, and as Washington was a brave young man he was made colonel, then major, commander-in-chief, and last of all President of the United States. He was

"First in war,
First in peace,
First in the hearts of his countrymen."

David McClymont, of the fifth year grade, wrote the following:

On the 22d of February in the year of 1732 on a large plantation in Virginia a boy was born; his name was George Washington.

George's father died when he was 11 years of age. He had to stay with his mother. It was her influence that made him the man he became.

He could do anything in the line of athletic sports. He was a daring boy as well as an honest and truthful boy. He could leap fences, and throw a stone higher than any one in the school.

When George was eleven he learned to read, write, spell, and cipher. When he was sixteen he learned to survey.

He was the first president of the United States. He also was the commander-in-chief of the continental army. He was a brave, honest, and kind-hearted man.

Fanny Tice, of the same grade, wrote the following:

On February 22, 1732, on a large plantation, George Washington was born in the state of Virginia.

George's father died when he was 11 years old, leaving him with his brother and sisters, and with a most excellent and sensible mother.

George Washington liked to play games, jump fences, and he could throw higher than any one in the school.

When George was twelve years old he could read, write, and cipher. And when he grew older he learned surveying from Mr. Fairfax.

When Washington grew older he was made president of the United States, and he was chosen captain of a great many armies. Washington was kind-hearted and truthful, and he never told a lie.

Elsie Gamble wrote as follows:

On February 22, 1732, in Virginia, there was a little boy born, who was called George Washington.

George's father was very kind to him. When he was 11 years old his father died. His mother was a very smart woman. It was her influence that made him a good man.

George was an honest boy. His parents were not poor, like Lincoln's parents, but were quite wealthy.

When young Washington was the age of 12 he could write a plain hand. When he was sixteen he surveyed Lord Fairfax's land.

George Washington was chosen com-

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mander in the Revolutionary war. After he had freed our country, he became our first president. The people call him the father of our country.

Washington was a kind, honest, and brave man.

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What Liquozone Is.

The virtues of Liquozone are derived solely from gases. The formula is sent to each user. The process of making requires large apparatus, and from 8 to 14 days' time. It is directed by chemists of the highest class. The object is to so fix and combine the gases as to carry into the system a powerful tonic-germicide.

Contact with Liquozone kills any form of disease germ, because germs are of vegetable origin. Yet to the body Liquozone is not only harmless, but helpful in the extreme. That is its main distinction. Common germicides are poison when taken internally. That is why medicine has been so helpless in a germ disease. Liquozone is exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying; yet no disease germ can exist in it.

We purchased the American rights to Liquozone after thousands of tests had

been made with it. Its power had been proved, again and again, in the most difficult germ diseases. Then we offered to supply the first bottle free in every disease that required it. And over one million dollars have been spent to announce and fulfill this offer.

The result is that 11,000,000 bottles have been used, mostly in the past two years. Today there are countless cured ones, scattered everywhere, to tell what Liquozone has done.

But so many others need it that this offer is published still. In late years, science has traced scores of diseases to germ attacks. Old remedies do not apply to them. We wish to show those sick ones—at our cost—what Liquozone can do.

Where It Applies.

These are the diseases in which Liquozone has been most employed. In these it has earned its widest reputation. In all of these troubles we supply the first bottle free. And in all—no matter how difficult—we offer each user a two months' further test without the risk of a penny.

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Eczema—Erysipelas
Fevers—Gall Stones

Goitre—Gout
Gonorrhea—Gleet
Hay Fever—Influenza
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The Home-Building of a Bird.

On a May-day morning, we, sitting under the branches of a maple-tree, suddenly noticed a cardinal bird diligently bustling about under the hedgerow. She looked at us, then flitted the leaves about in a tremendous "pother"; pulled bark fibers, filling her mouth with material, then tossing it recklessly away; slipping up and down thru the hedge, incessantly calling out, "Chip," "Chip," and flying ostentatiously into the maple above our heads, deporting herself in a manner that plainly betokened a wish for somebody to interest himself in her affairs. Naturally, we were the ones she had in mind, as no one else was in sight; so, as I idly watched, it gradually dawned upon me she must be the last year's tenant of our garden, and, remembering old favors was bidding for new, and I hastily ran into our house for some thread with which to test her memory.

I lightly laid the first strand of spool cotton on the grape-vine trellis, when, like a flash, the bird darted to it and swept away with it down into the garden. This proved her identity. A new cardinal would have been quite ignorant of the uses to which thread could be put, but this little home-maker had sampled the material last year and the year previous and found it good. Thus, you see, she remembered, and, as her nest was not even started, showed her preference at the outset, and also knew where to come. While she was gone on her journey I pulled yards more thread from the spool breaking it into lengths of a yard and a half or two yards, festooning it along the trellis and on the grape-vine. Back she came, and almost beneath my hand gathered up thread after thread, until she had a mouthful, then off again around the corner of the house. Again and again she returned, in a positive ecstasy of delight over the thread.—JENNIE BROOKS, in *Harper's Magazine* for March.

Tools for the School Garden.

One of the important things in establishing and maintaining the school garden is to secure at the outset good tools. The best possible mechanic cannot do good work with poor dull tools, and it is unreasonable to expect our children in the public schools to do good gardening with the cheap, poor tools that are sometimes seen in school gardens. One of the important lessons taught by the school garden is the use and the systematic care of tools. Much of the value of this instruction is lost if the tools are not uniform. Where the children bring the tools from home or buy them from the stores without any systematic order, one boy may have a street hoe, while the next gardener has a set of toy tools from the ten-cent store. While all of these are good in their places, it is evident that their place is not in the school garden.

Observing this lack of uniformity and often the lack of care of many school gardens, Mr. H. D. Hemenway, director of the school of horticulture, at Hartford, Conn., has prepared a set of tools especially suited to the needs of the school garden. By special arrangements Mr. Hemenway has had shorter handles put into the Sunnyside hoe, (a small trian-

AN AGENCY is valuable in proportion to its influence. If it merely hears of vacancies and tells is something, but if it is you about them THAT asked to recommend a teacher and recommends you, RECOMMENDS. that is more. Ours C. W. BARDEEN Syracuse, N. Y.

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gular hoe of recent origin) and has prepared a set of tools including a hoe, rake, line, and weeder. These tools are gotten out at a specially low price for the use of schools.

Mr. Hemenway is sending them out in the hope that all school and home gardeners may be supplied with a set of the very best tools obtainable. The hoes and rakes are made of the finest quality of steel, and are light and durable. They have been given a test of five years at the school of horticulture, where several hundred boys have used them and there has never been a break in either the hoes or the rakes of this class.

With the several organizations formed for furnishing seeds at reduced rates and now the opportunity of buying the best possible tools at a very reasonable price, the work in school gardening should be made easier to both the teachers and the gardeners. This very valuable adjunct to the school system should have the encouragement of all interested in education and especially of those interested in making the noblest men and women of our boys and girls.

When we look over the statistics from the last government census we find that one-fifth of the deaths in the United States are caused by pulmonary troubles due to indoor life in the cities; we cannot too strongly advocate the school garden as a means of teaching boys and girls industry, keeping them off the street corners, and bringing them out into the open air and sunshine, and thus preventing this awful waste of human life.

—H. D. HEMENWAY, Director School of Horticulture, Hartford, Conn.

A Case of Pronouns.

Tommy Mulligan, of the Seventh grade, was absent from the class-room for one entire day. It would appear that he had played truant, for unknown to Tommy his teacher had spied him trudging homeward with his pockets bulging suspiciously when she too was homeward bound that afternoon.

But Tommy brought a note of excuse the next morning, which of course would prove that he had been detained at home legitimately. The writing was hardly that of a feminine hand, and the note appeared to have been written laboriously and with much blotting; furthermore, the penmanship seemed seemed strangely familiar to his teacher. The note read as follows:

"Dear teacher—Pleas excus Tomy for not coming to shool yestiddy, he cudnot come. I tore my pants.—MRS. MULLIGAN.—New York *Tribune*.

Rain.

By KATHERINE M. OSWALL, New Jersey.

In a lovely country farm-yard
On a beautiful bright spring day,
The cows were lowing over the bars
And looking over the bay.

The daisies, many in number,
With eyes of a golden hue,
Were whispering words of gentle love
To the gentian flowers of blue.

The birds in the trees were singing
Their songs of softest strains,
When suddenly the sky was overcast,
And the sunshine turned to rain.

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WE have received hundreds of letters asking that the two-page illustration in the center of the Magazine be folded in loose so that it might be used for decoration. Also that the children's story in large type be printed on alternate pages so that it might be cut up in paragraphs and distributed among the children to read. There are forty-three reasons why this would not be advisable.

We will, however, print this story for the children, and the two-page picture, in a separate pamphlet each month and send it to any teacher desiring it, in sufficient quantities so that the picture and the story may be distributed to the children each month. We will send this in quantities of twenty-five or more at two cents each.

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Roll it to me.
Roll it to Rose.
Rose can run to the ball.
I can run to it.
I like to run.
I like to roll the ball.
Do you like to roll it?

me me like like

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Jim Crow.

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We fed him upon raw eggs and scraps of raw meat until he grew strong and the black feathers had become smooth and glossy, and the bright eyes were brighter and Jim Crow had changed into a beautiful bird.

A smart bird was Jim, devoted to his master and mistress, hailing them with a loud caw whenever their steps were heard and hopping about to greet them.

Jim could talk a little and would have acquired much more knowledge of the language had he lived longer.

He would spread his sable wings, purple in their deep black, and call in a hoarse voice, "Come on, Come on," very distinctly.

He would greet his master with "Hello, Papa," and delighted in feeding from his hand. He knew when the butcher boy came with the meat and was at the cook's side when she received the basket, croaking for his share.

Jim delighted in a plunge bath and would splash away in an earthen crock a dozen times a day, if it was filled for him.

He loved red and blue, and if ladies called at the house dressed in those hues the lordly young crow would become frantic, spreading his wings and tail, bobbing his head from side to side, and circling around with loud cries of "Come on, Come on," to the great amusement of all. He would even go to the gate with the visitors and have to be brought back.

He would often eat corn with the chickens and would act very greedy, rapidly filling up his bill with the precious grain, rushing away and hiding it, then coming back for more; so unless the chickens made haste, Jim got the lion's share.

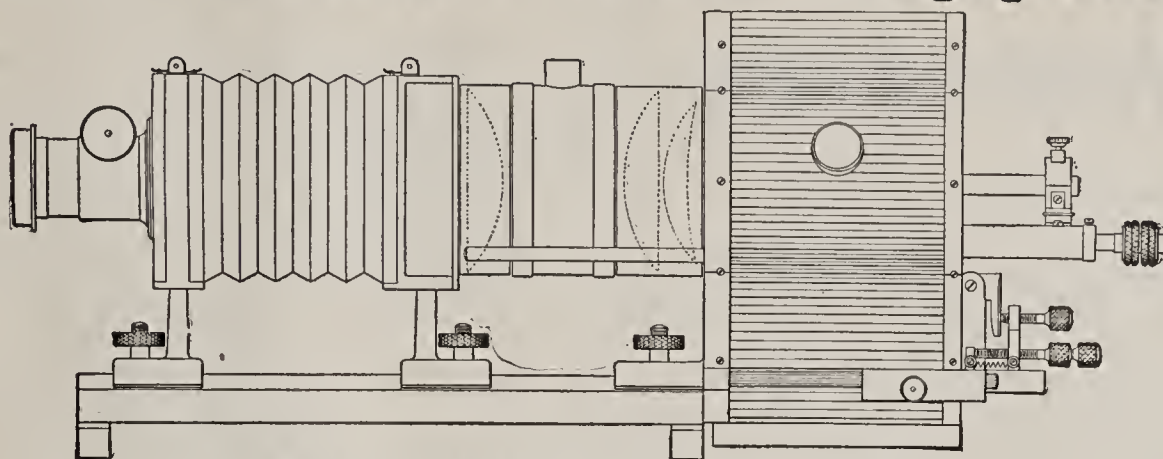
Jim enjoyed his life in the long rich Kentucky blue grass and would sun his glossy feathers upon the emerald sward. Many a truss of scarlet geranium was caressed too rudely by his powerful bill. He was a remarkably intelligent bird, perfectly contented with his home and petted and loved by his mistress.

But poor Jim was hurt one day by a stray dog and closed his bright eyes in farewell to the beautiful world in which he had had so much enjoyment.

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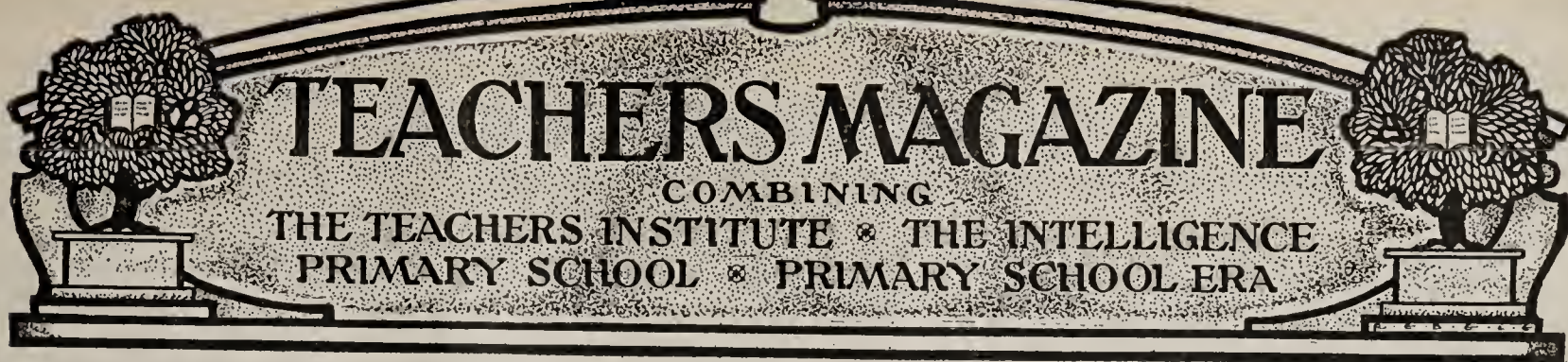
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Vol. XXVIII

MAY, 1906

No. 9

Beautiful Schools.

THE appearance of a school and the surrounding grounds furnishes the surest evidence of the interest of the local authorities in the education of the young. Cleanliness and attractiveness are eloquent arguments. So are dirt and shabbiness. The poorest district can have a clean school with a respectable looking yard. There is no excuse for the neglected appearance of a school. It simply shows that "there is something rotten in the State of Denmark." The teacher is most to blame. The right sort of work on his part will change the worst conditions. The trustees are equally guilty. President Lambach of the school board of Le Claire, Iowa, said some time since that whenever he went into a school-house and saw a dirty floor and a dirty wall, he always thought that must be the way the school directors' own homes must look. Cleanliness and neatness are essential to the success of a school as a temple of morality. Slovenliness reveals a low conception of educational responsibility in a school community.



Needs of the Body.

Indiana leads the sisterhood of states in her attitude toward needy school children. Several places are providing not only school books but suitable clothing and school supplies. The reasonable way is to give the children every facility for acquiring an education. In no other way can society afford them the means of raising themselves above the misery into which they were born. Education is their only salvation. But if the body's needs are not first attended to, education cannot do them much good. Sufficient sleep, proper food, adequate clothing, and working tools should be the first consideration. The responsibility for these things rests upon society, where the homes are unable to supply the necessities. After all, society—the state—is the beneficiary. Its welfare rests upon the education of the individuals.

Every educated individual is a distinct addition to the wealth of the state. The proper care of the children, physical, moral, and intellectual, is a wise investment. There is no smack of charity about this matter. Indiana's attitude is to be commended. The law on the subject says "that if any parent, guardian, or custodian is too poor to furnish the child with the necessary books or clothing with which to attend school, then the

school trustee of the township, or the board of school trustees or commissioners of the city or incorporated town where such parent, guardian, or custodian lives, shall furnish temporary aid for such purpose, which aid shall be allowed and paid upon the certificates of such officers by the board of county commissioners. Such township trustee or board of school trustees or commissioners shall at once make out and file with the county auditor, a full list of the children so aided, and the board of county commissioners at their next meeting shall investigate such cases and make such provision for such children as will enable them to attend school."



Mrs. Lydia Maria Child.

By MATTIE GRIFFITH SATTERIE.

The children of my school had just been reciting with much spirit that always popular little poem, "Over the River and Thru the Wood, to Grandfather's House We Go"—. The snow was falling rapidly, and the little folk seemed to feel the fitness of things, because as I passed into the room where the tiniest of the children spend their happy hours, a certain little Rosina bent forward and caught my apron between her chubby brown fingers. The class had reached the line, "Thru the white and drifted snow."

Rosina pulled my apron, and her upraised eyes sparkled, as she said, "O look, maestra, just now, for it does snow so much."

I never knew a class of children who did not enjoy the "Thanksgiving Day" poem of Mrs. Lydia Maria Child. They would recite the verses with just as much "gusto" on a mid-winter day or a day in June, as when they were preparing for a Thanksgiving celebration.

As I hear the childish voices, calling out in joyous unison, "Trot fast, my dapple gray," the dear little authoress always arises in my memory.

Mrs. Lydia Maria Child possessed a most exquisite personality. In appearance she always reminded me of a perfect white rose, altho she always had a lovely pink flush on her soft cheeks. She was small of stature, and altho giving the appearance of slenderness, she was really plump and well rounded in figure. Her snowy hair, abundant and silky, lay in fleecy little curls around her sweet face. Upon these soft curls always rested a little white cap.

She was the fairy godmother of my childhood; In a letter she wrote me when I was a little girl.

she said, "There is so much real happiness in life, my child; but remember one thing, we must often look for that happiness. Sometimes it is hidden away, but it is always there and we must look carefully."

That was the keynote of her character. She always *looked* for happiness. When it did not come at her bidding she went out to find it. With all her earnest interest in the great and vital questions of the day, and they were numerous and stirring, as she lived in the ante-bellum days, she kept her sweet disposition and her unfailing faith that all would be right in the end, *must* come right.

She said once in my hearing, "I am so glad to have been born, and to have lived in the stirring times before the war, during the great slavery struggle." Her sweet face would glow with animation and her eyes would sparkle, as she added, "Those were the 'times that tried men's souls'—aye and women's, too."

Mrs. Child was a hard worker; she was a successful writer, and the financial result of her work was ample to secure her every comfort if not luxury, but she was so generous, so unselfish, that she spent her hard-earned money on any one, every one but herself. It was a sacrifice, because she loved beauty in every form.

In her sweet little cottage home, in Wayland, Massachusetts, she had a statuette of the goddess Flora. This, her only work of art, was her delight. The goddess of flowers was standing with her graceful head turned, looking over her left shoulder. Mrs. Child told us, her face glowing with pleasure over this, her only artistic possession—how she always kept a little vase of flowers "just where Flora's glance could fall upon her children." With the exception of this single piece of artistic beauty and Mrs. Child's dear books, the sweet little cottage home had no adornment save its exquisite neatness.

Mrs. Child's married life was singularly happy. David Lee Child was a man of rare cultivation and scholarship. His wife found in his companionship loving congeniality. After his death she wrote me these words: "Such love as my David's and mine was more like heaven than earth. The love that lasted without diminishing for over fifty years, is stronger than death. He has only left me for a while. I shall *re-gain* him when I *gain* heaven. Do not grieve for me, my little girl, because I am so blessed."

A short time before Mrs. Child's death I met her one summer day in Cambridge, Massachusetts. She was lunching at my aunt's home. At first I thought she had not changed at all. There were the same neat black dress, dainty white kerchief folded over her bosom, snowy cuffs, and the little cap surmounting the soft white curls. Her cheeks wore the same pink bloom. However, looking at her more closely I saw, with the tears rushing to

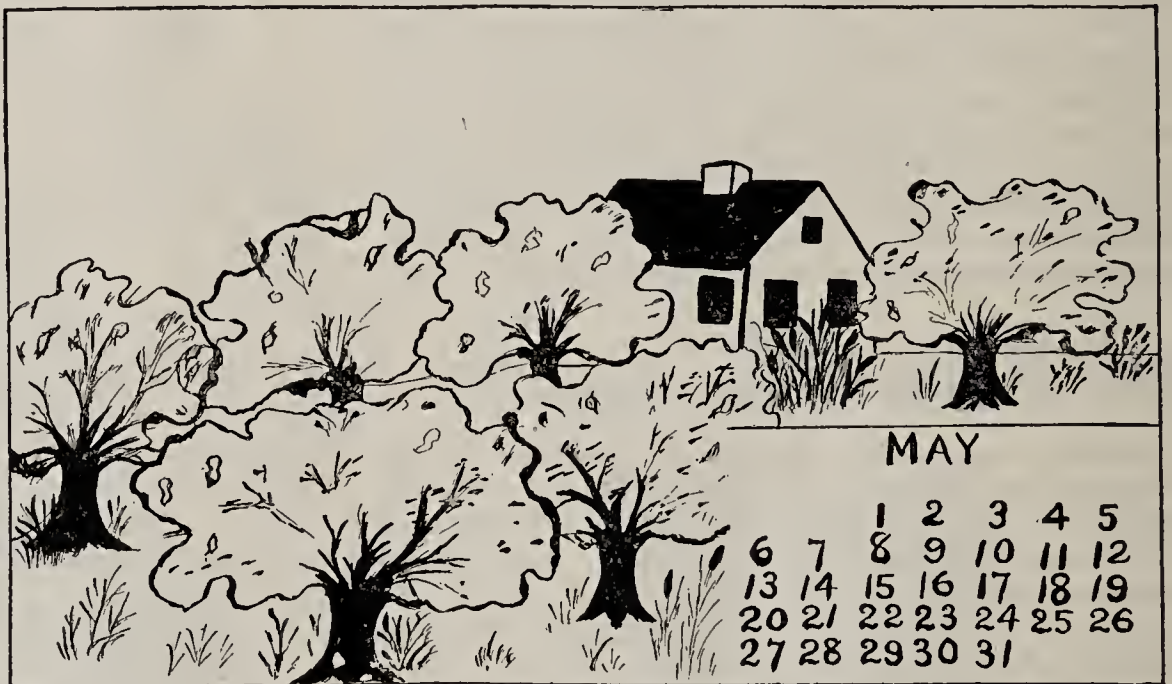
my eyes, that she had a more ethereal, a more unearthly look. I think she saw the tears, because she smiled, and said, "Do you know I am nearly seventy-eight, a good green age, dearie?" Then she added quickly, turning the subject, "See what I have brought you, my little girl, (because you will always be *my little girl*), a book of George Eliot's, her sweet little poem, "How Lisa Loved the King." I never saw her after that day.

Mrs. Child loved children with all her heart. Altho she never had any of her own, she thoroly understood childhood. Children were ever her loving study. She always called them her "little people."

When the children of my school are reciting with so much pleasure Mrs. Child's "Thanksgiving Day" poem, I feel that the little authoress in the home "beyond the stars" is listening, lovingly, to her "little people."



It is said of Horace Mann, that in a speech made by him at the founding of a reformatory school, he said: "If all that is expended here saves one boy, it will pay." Some critic said: "Did you not put that too strong, Mr. Mann?" The reply was, "Not if it is my boy."



A Spring Calendar.

The accompanying calendar may be worked out on the blackboard, with very little effort on the part of the teacher, to represent apple trees in blossom. Draw the outline of the house, of the trunks of trees, and grass with white crayon. Fill in the space for the upper part of the trees with white crayon, touched here and there with pink and green to represent the color of the blossoms and the tiny green leaves just beginning to appear.

After the bare trees of winter, young and old welcome the blossoms of the fruit trees with the coming of spring, and even tho the drawing is crudely done, little children will enjoy the suggestion.

The teacher could use this for a nature lesson also.

Little views on the board, simple tho they may be, suggest stories to the children, which lead them refreshingly away from the school-rooms.

A. J. LINEHAN.

Mary Kingwood's School

By Corrine Johnson, Pennsylvania

Ninth Month.

THE closing day of April made Miss Kingwood think of work for the new month upon which they are about to enter, and these questions arose, "How shall I give a fresh side to my work to-day? In what new way can I present truth?" These questions and myriads of others came thick and fast to her daily. She aimed to be a true teacher, and her ideal of a true teacher was that she should day by day so adjust the environment of her pupils that each one might for himself or for herself set free that of the Divine life which was struggling for utterance in the human life.

Each morning as she opened school, in their simple devotional exercises, each little one seemed to realize the perfect freedom accorded to all to ask what they wanted to do or to have done. And the school life with these children had so grown into unselfishness that rarely did one pupil make a request that was not heartily joined in by the others. It seemed to me to be merely a question of which one "got the floor," and it encouraged the on-looker mightily to see the delicate tact with which Miss Kingwood regarded the rights and privileges of every member of this "congress of growing life." As I have said before, there were no favored ones except those favored by the consent of the whole.

This particular April morning of which I am thinking was one over the skies of which Mother Nature had hung a heavy curtain of clouds, and it seemed most appropriate that six-year-old, quiet, lovable Martha Simpson should ask that they be allowed to sing, "Let a Little Sunshine In." Miss Kingwood's eyes beamed the ready answer and how they sang that song under the canopy of the shadow of April clouds! The chorus drove away the clouds from within, and the sunshine truly shone out of fifty pairs of joyous eyes in a way Miss Kingwood said she had never seen before, and then she mused, "perhaps it is because I have let more sunshine in." Anyway, that song was a noble anthem of both prayer and praise. Under its benificent influence personalities and self were forgotten. There was no fear of teacher, no concern about making mistakes, no nervousness because of expecting criticism. They were free, and I thought, "in this hour these children have had their affections quickened, and within them love of pure thought has been wonderfully strengthened and intensified."

Ever when she came to the close of a busy day, Miss Kingwood more fully realized that it was not methods nor devices, but the spirit of the school and the personality of the teacher that make for the more abundant life—the end for which she was constantly striving. And it was because of this daily self-examination in connection with her estimate of each individual child that had caused her to be spoken of as *not* like other teachers.

Sometime in March a new girl had come into the school. She was the daughter of a poor

mechanic, plain of feature, with lovely black hair and entrancing eyes, but above all and over all she had a very sweet soprano voice. She had lived in Baltimore, but had not been in school many months. She was a modest little tot, never doing anything for praise, but always wanting to do something for others. Her voice was gentle and to hear it in song would make one as glad of the shadow as for the sunshine. It was wonderful the effect her voice had upon the other children; and her sweet manner of speaking had much to do with making the voices of the other children pleasant and gentle. She learned the school songs quickly, and sang them with such grace that the school involuntarily and unconsciously, I think; recognized her as leader. The children would wait for Marjory Harper to start the songs, and she came into leadership, not only in song, but in their games, not because of fine clothes, for she wore no rich garments, not because of social standing of her parents, for they were not society folk, but because of her own worth. Miss Kingwood had read to them that beautiful poem "For I'm to be Queen of the May, Mother, I'm to be Queen of the May," and as May was approaching the children united in the request that they have a May-day party and have a queen, too.

Every one was exultant in the thought of the happy May day, and when the time came to find a queen, Marjory Harper was elected by the unanimous demand of the children that she take the place of honor. Just when this momentous matter had been decided the teacher of music came in and asked Miss Kingwood if she might take Marjory with her to another room while she taught a special class in music, saying that she had some exercises that she was very anxious to have Marjory hear. While Marjory was gone, Miss Kingwood asked why they all wanted Marjory to be their May queen. One said, "Because she is always so happy, it just suits her to be queen." Another said, "Because we all love her, Miss Kingwood." Another, "Because she loves to do all she can for us, so she ought to be our queen." And Tom Baker, growing Tom, said, "Because she helps you, Miss Kingwood, in starting songs; and when we learn new songs, she helps us learn them." Wonderful, wonderful what influence one exerts on another, even in a First Primary school.

Miss Kingwood had noticed that Marjory was always dressed plainly, tho she was always neat and clean, but her dress hardly seemed appropriate for Queen of the May. Miss Kingwood had often wished that she might help her to better clothes for certain occasions, however, observant of the child's high spirit, she had not ventured upon this delicate service, but now it only needed a suggestion relative to costumes secured for such times as May Day, and the present condition was provided for. One little girl said, "Marjory may have my pearl beads," and each brought some article of wearing apparel or suitable jewelry which was prized highly, and from these offerings for the

costume of their queen, Miss Kingwood and the children soon had Marjory fitted out in queenly robes; and when they looked on her, clothed also in her glad smile of joy that she had been thought worthy of their love, every heart was full of joy event to overflowing.

The formal work of the school had not been neglected. The children read the stories they loved and with such expression as would surprise many pupils in higher grades. One phase of their work that they all enjoyed especially was the lesson in phonics, and in this, as in all their work, Miss Kingwood let the children's imagination lead them to the vocal organs which were used in giving the sounds, and by this means their progress in vocal exercises was much more rapid. For instance, she led them to associate the puff of the steamboat with the letter *p*, and, wise little tots, they called it the "steamboat letter." Many similar examples were used. The program was so arranged that at the close of this period every day the teacher of music and drawing came in for a few minutes for her work, and she said she learned much from these pupils and that she enjoyed the exercises as much as the children did.

Altho some work had been done in studying birds, May seemed to be the month above all others for this delightful exercise, for all the birds had returned by this time. The lessons on building the nests, who builds them, and who feeds the baby birds were all of the greatest interest. Every day during the nest-building period the children made observations and could tell the exact materials used for each different bird's nest, and they knew where the nests were built. Tom Baker said, "The birds should be loved and protected for their beauty, for their songs, and for their usefulness." Someone else suggested that birds are like people,—the father and mother making the home, and getting food for the children.

Later in the month they had a special "Bird Day," and each one represented his or her favorite bird. One said, "Oh, Miss Kingwood, may I be a robin?" Another wanted to be a bluebird, and so each made his choice, and Miss Kingwood prepared for the day, "The Burdens of Birdland." The day's exercises were a great lesson for all, and as the fond mothers and fathers gathered into the school-room that day and heard the earnest plea of the children for the birds, the lesson they received was one they could not have obtained from books. In harmony with the spirit of the time, Miss Kingwood taught them Lucy Larcom's poem, "The Merry Brown Thrush."

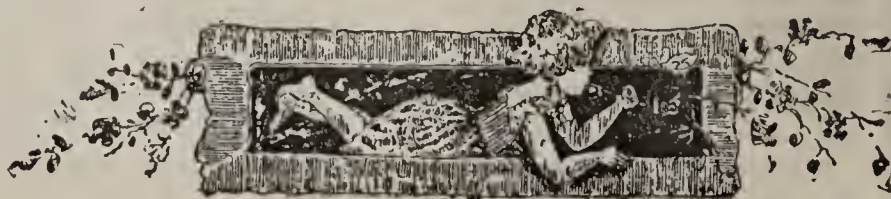
Miss Kingwood, I observed, was devoted in her preparation for each day's work. She thought about each coming hour. She felt the responsibility resting upon her who attempts to guide fifty pure young lives aright. She realized that children crave for activity and more life, and in order to help them get into this larger field of experience she herself must go forth into the light of things, and have nature for her teacher. She felt that she must go into nature's realms, open her eyes, and see the great, wide, beautiful world; that she might know and love it.

The study of natural science in common everyday phrase, which the "educators" call "nature

work," was the feature of this school, and the conversations were very much like those which had taken place in April, but the teacher wisely led them into new fields, and the blossoming vegetation opened for the children a wonder book indeed. They called May the "blossom month." Surely you will agree that that was a good name for this incense-laden time.

The study of the blossoms gave splendid opportunity for the teacher to use the knowledge she had gained by her course in botany, but no "bookish" terms ever marred the delightful exercise of comparing the blossoms of the apple, pear, peach, and cherry trees. Many were the delicate distinctions of form, color, and fragrance that were noted and expressed in right terms under the teacher's guidance, and petal, sepal, filament, and anther, were as readily and as properly used by the children as were beak, wing, tail, or plumage when speaking of birds. But I observed that it was not these technical terms that Miss Kingwood was striving to teach—she had from the beginning set a high value on comparison and classification as a part of the educative process, and these powers were ever under the most careful direction. From observing her skilful management of these nature lessons I said, "The teacher who can waken the soul sense of little children to the beauty, charm, and purity of apple blossoms and can lead the little ones to talk in right language of their experiences with these blossoms is a teacher indeed," and I further said, "she is a greater teacher who can so direct these experiences that the child can never again look upon the flowers unmoved or pass them by unloved. This is great work for May, and because Miss Kingwood has been able to do this thing, she has given these little ones the [more abundant life."

Each day someone would ask Miss Kingwood for a story, and if a primary teacher has no time on her program for a story every day, she should not let another day pass without making correction of that program. The story used may be new, or it may be one used often before. Good stories may be told many times. Children maintain their interest in the story of real life and they live thru its experiences time and time again. I agree with that wise woman who said a primary teacher should be a fairy among children—a real story-teller, but with good story-telling goes good reading of stories, for by the reading the teacher brings the children to understand that the stories come from books. Knowing the stories are printed in the books creates a felt need for reading. Out of the felt need arises the desire, and out of the desire comes the determination to read, and then,—learning to read is a short and most pleasing experience. Miss Kingwood was full of this doctrine and so she read to the little ones. At this particular time she read Andersen's story of the "Five Little Peas." In this story there is



much enveloped for the children to think about. It was a piece of literature in sympathy with what they had been talking about, and with what they had been doing with their little gardens wherein they had watched the seeds develop into plants.

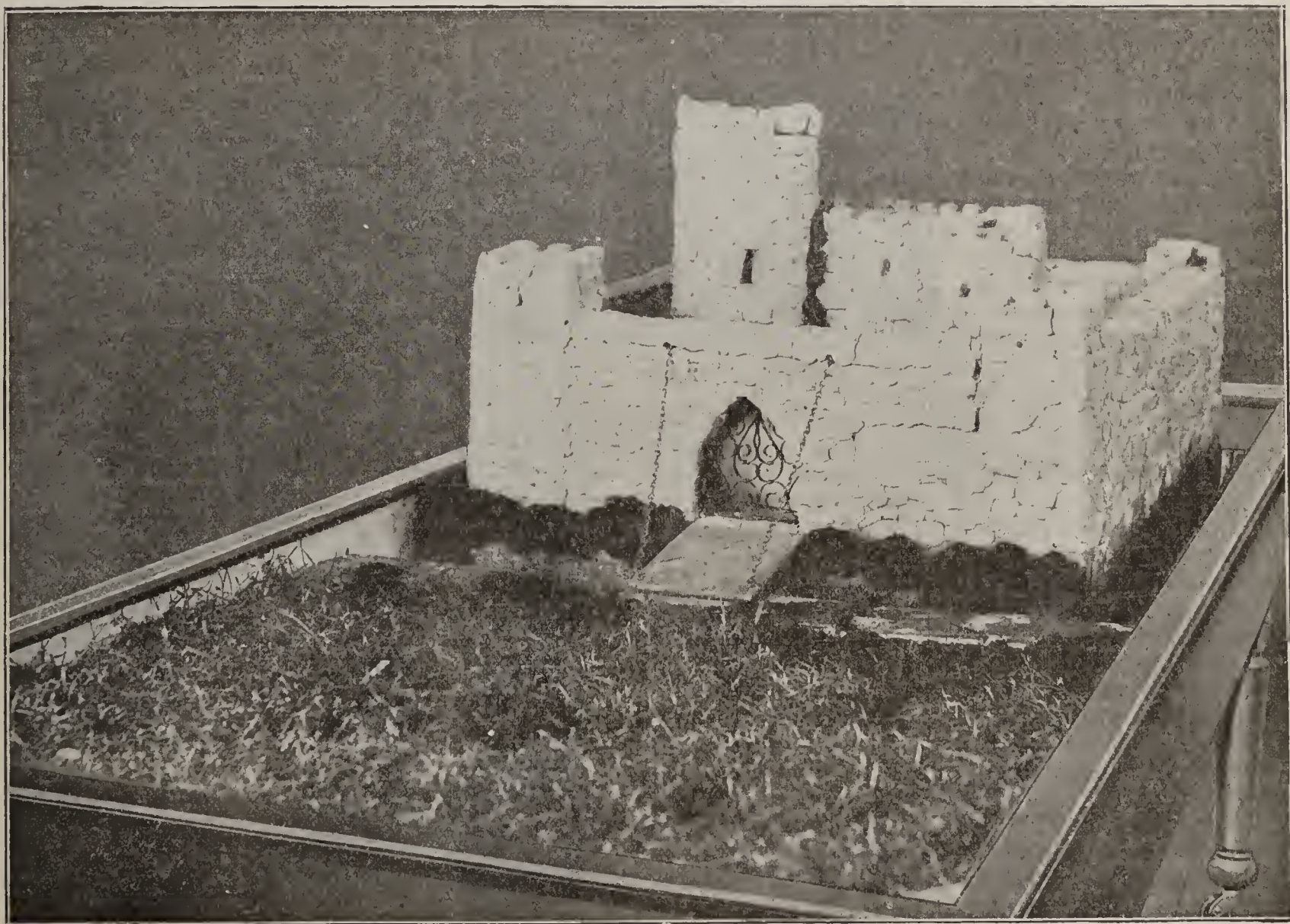
In this school the work of each month was a natural prelude to that of the next, and Miss Kingwood believed that if they were to have a beautiful June they must have a sweet May. She fully realized that to this end much depended on her. She had another self-examination: "Had she enough of the spirit of the springtime yet to know the fullness of May? Had she 'Brushed the cobwebs from her head and swept the snow banks from her heart?' and opened that heart to every influence that would make teacher and pupil happier and better?"

The quickening everywhere, the upspringing of fresh life on every hand, and the joy of bird-note should crowd out the petty worries of school life. Miss Kingwood believed that acquaintance with nature is a sovereign remedy for the worst boy. She would take this wayward child who tried her patience beyond endurance almost, out into the fields, to the clear meadow brook. She would help him catch its words as it went gurgling onward to the sea. She got to the soul of the boy by revealing to him her soul, and the fact that his last paper was "all blot" didn't weigh a feather on the wrong side. Out there in the fields or woods,

blots, confused writing, every wrong thing was seemingly forgotten, and she sought after the child heart and usually found it, for she often said, "Don't censure the child. It may be my error that has caused him to go the wrong way; I will try to make this last week of May my best week."

Toward the close of the month Miss Kingwood thought she should at least make mention of Memorial Day, but her lesson concerning it and what it stands for was tactful indeed. She told the children just a little of the great theme. She knew that all children take great delight in listening to stories of bravery in battle. They are great hero worshippers. But she avoided telling them of the horrors of war except in the most meager outline, just enough to understand that the North and the South once were at variance, the cause of which they would more fully learn as they grew older. Then in her quiet way she read them "Under the Sod and the Dew," and told them that Memorial Day had been set apart to remember in quietness and with grateful spirits those who had suffered for our country. She told them that our great nation paused on this day to think of the brave men who thus suffered, and that we should remember them for the sacrifice then given.

The love for the flag was strengthened by the Memorial Day lesson, and patriotism and loyalty were magnified in their lives.



Castle Modeled in Clay by a Seventh Grade History Class in Grand Rapids, Mich.—W. H. Elson, Supt.

Children of Other Lands

By Dorothy Wells

Children of Prince Edward Island

THE child that is born on Prince Edward isle, away up in northeast Canada, looks out upon a beautiful world. If he is a summer child, his first glimpse of the out-of-doors is upon grass and trees of the most vivid green, upon soil as red as a field lily, with the sky above

daring each other to go in all over. Not until a policeman comes hurrying back does the warning cry go up and the fountain is left to its peaceful splashing again.

Of course there is fishing in the deep waters, and in the small rivers and creeks with which the island is interlaced. And one can go digging for clams. It may be with a two-bushel basket full of expectations and two clams as the result of a half-day's hard work, but the boys and girls of the island think that clamming is the best kind of fun. All they need for tools are a shovel and plenty of persistence.

In a corner near the railroad at Charlottetown there is a little three-cornered pond of salt water. It is not deep enough to drown anybody, but the children of the fishermen who live nearby have most delightful times in and on this pond. They have an old boat; it leaks, but constant bailing with a battered tin can prevents its sinking, and with a whole oar and a half, three children at a time can row very comfortably.



Post Office, Government Building, and Old Cannon Taken at the Seige of Lewisburg in 1745; on the Public Square, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

a deeper blue than even that of his own blue eyes.

The winter world on Prince Edward isle is a white, still, icy world. All the water around the island is frozen so thick that horses and sleighs travel to and from the mainland as if there were no water beneath them at all. Only the steamship Manitou is able to break the ice Jack Frost works so hard to make thick and strong. The Manitou is the mail ship, built with slanting prow so that she can slide up onto the ice and then by her weight break her path from Charlottetown on the island, across to the mainland at Pictou.

Mother Nature is very good to Prince Edward boys and girls. She sends Jack Frost to give them plenty of ice and snow, and long months of winter to enjoy these in. She gives them much to help in making their own good times in the summer as well.

There is always water wherever they go. The children can take off shoes and stockings a dozen times a day in warm weather, and go a-wading in the shallow water along the sandy beach. And as for bathing and swimming, one almost wonders whether the heads and feet constantly bobbing out of the water at every cove can belong to human beings, or whether there are little mermen and mermaids swimming about at all hours from daylight to dark.

Even the fountain in the public square at Charlottetown is a temptation to the barefooted newsboys and fisher-boys on hot summer afternoons, as the policemen could tell you. No sooner is the last blue-coat off the square than half-a-dozen youngsters are paddling about in the cool water,



St. Dunstan's, the new Cathedral at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

But the raft is more fun still. It is built of pieces of boards nailed to a couple of water-soaked logs, and unless the passengers balance themselves very carefully they are liable to fall off and get wet. The call from the captain who steers the raft with a pole, "All aboard for Pictou," hurries the waiting passengers to the shore. Three at a time they are steered waveringly across the pond and landed on the logs beside the old boat house. Tho they may travel in years to come to the far corners of the earth, never so long as they live will the fisher children passengers forget those enchanting journeys on that raft on the railroad pond.

Toys are simple and playthings are few on Prince Edward island. But a huge paper doll cut from the side of a paste-board box can enjoy its morning airing dragged about on a board, quite as much as does her cousin in real hair and wax who is wheeled along Fifth avenue in a costly doll carriage.

Twice every week there comes to Charlottetown from Boston the large steamship that connects Prince Edward island with the rest of the world. It is loaded with freight and supplies, and it carries back on its return journey to the wonderful

gardens, especially their window gardens, are beautiful. Nearly every house in Charlottetown, large or small, has at least one window full of growing plants. And plants bloom on the island with wonderful luxuriance. One can often see a geranium with a dozen or more sprays of scarlet blossoms, or a single verbena almost covering the lower panes of glass.

On Sunday everybody in Charlottetown goes to church. The magnificent cathedral, St. Dunstan's by name, is comparatively new, and is the pride of the whole island. It is built of gray stone, and as the walls are unfinished, the rough stone can be seen from within as well as without. The floors are bare and the seats unpainted. The interior is simple and so restful as to put whoever enters into a reverential mood.

One of the most interesting churches of Charlottetown—at least to a visitor—is the old Scotch "kirk." Most of the people of the island are of Scotch descent, and the large "kirk" is nearly filled every Sabbath day. The audience room is very plain, with pews of unpainted pine and floors uncarpeted. Psalms are sung instead of the modern hymns so popular in the United States, and the minister preaches the soundest of Presby-

terian doctrine to hearers who nod assent to all he says; and all return home feeling that it was good to have been there. After church service is over, the streets of the city are almost deserted for the rest of the day.

Every child living in Charlottetown, who is old enough; goes to market on market day. The farmers come in from miles around, with fresh ducks; chickens, or geese; fresh vegetables, and cherries, and wild raspberries, or whatever else they have to sell. Indians come over from their encampment, with baskets, bows

and arrows, and other trinkets, and all the housekeepers are there to buy their household supplies. Market day with all its excitement is great fun for the boys and girls.

Charlottetown is reached from little villages or settlements near, by ferries. These are very small as compared with the ferries the children ride upon who go from Boston to Beachmont, or those plying between New York and Brooklyn. The Charlottetown ferries have room for two or three teams, and a few foot passengers. But the view as one rides across the bay from the city, or down the bay to the "point," is a delight. The wharves, where fishing boats, sailing vessels, and a steam boat or two are anchored, stand out against the several layers of buildings on the rising ground behind. At one side is the old fort, with its cannon apparently resting on the grassy mound. There once a year a volley is fired; the rest of the time the guns stand motionless, but looking, nevertheless, as if they stood there doing their best to protect the beautiful Prince Edward isle.



The Old Fort at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

unknown world loads of smoked fish, canned lobsters, wool, lamb, and other good things raised on the island. To the boy and girl of Prince Edward island, Boston is the center of civilization. It is to Boston that their father and mother went on their wedding journey. From Boston come the visitors who swarm the island during the summer months, and it is to Boston that every youngster plans he will go just as soon as he is a man and can earn the money to get there.

A year or two ago the owner of one of the shops in Charlottetown placed in his window a large jar full of pennies—Canadian pennies of course. He offered to the person guessing nearest to the correct number of pennies, a prize. The reward was a trip to Boston and return, with all expenses paid, and it was a fortunate island boy who won. He guessed within four pennies of the correct number.

The boys of the island play ball, but it is not quite like the baseball so popular here. It resembles rather more the English game of cricket.

The girls are nice little housewives and their

The Language of Music

By Alys E. Bentley, Washington, D. C.

No man in America has done more for the recognition of music as a means of uplifting mankind than Mr. William L. Tomlins of Chicago. He has been for many years a great inspirational force in the educational field, and his influence lives on in many lives. Miss Bentley takes pride in acknowledging him as her teacher. She asked me to tell how much she owes him. She wants to have it known that the ideas presented in the following article are in reality an interpretation of Mr. Tomlin's ideas for teachers who want to give to their children the very best.—*Editor.*

FOR the sake of children and music let us stop this everlasting drill upon the scale. "Then we would have no music in our schools!" comes the quick reply from many teachers. Now that is very interesting. Let us think about it seriously. Do your children love music? Let us think about this *very* seriously. *Do your children love music?* Are you giving your children a chance to express themselves thru music? Do they love the music lesson better than any other lesson? Is the music lesson a joy and inspiration to you as well as to the children? Can your children sing at least twenty charming songs? Do you write some of these songs on the board and have your children observe them as they do their language work?

"No, our singing lesson consists of singing the scale, singing intervals, talking about lines, spaces, quarter notes, half notes, etc. Of course this gives us sight-reading." If this is the case with you, will you get the following books:

Small Songs for Small Singers—By Neidlinger.

Songs from the Child World: Book 1—By Gaynor.

The Primer of Vocal Music—By Eleanor Smith.

Make the following selections for the first, second, and third grades:

FIRST GRADE.

From the Neidlinger Book:

Rock the Baby,	The Bunny,
First Flying Lesson,	Mr. Frog,
When Little Birdie Goes to Sleep.	

From the Gaynor Book:

Rub-a-dub,	Land of Nod,
Marching Song,	Christmas Carol.

From the Primer:

Big Bass Drum,	Drop of Dew,
Asleep and Awake,	Topsy Turvy,
Morning Song,	Gypsy Dandelion,
The Windmill.	

SECOND GRADE.

From the Neidlinger Book:

The Wind,	Hurrah! Hurrah!
Seven Ships,	The Daisy and the Wind,
Rainy Day.	

From the Gaynor Book:

Farewell to the Birds,	The Leaves' Party,
The Land of Nod,	Moon Boat,
Christmas Carol.	

From the Primer:

Marching Song,	The Dairy Maids,
Winds of Evening,	The Apple Tree,
The Journey's End,	Month of May,
Five Little Girls,	The Dancing Song.

THIRD GRADE.

From the Neidlinger Book:

Hurrah! Hurrah!	The Clock,
Daisy and the Wind.	

From the Gaynor Book:

Thanksgiving Song,	Jack Frost,
Moon Boat,	Shoemaker,
Pitty Pat,	Frog's Swimming School,
Spring Song,	Bird's Nest.

From the Primer:

The Owl,	Bogy Man
Morning Song,	Jacky Frost,
The Woodpecker,	When the Little Children
The Firemen,	Sleep.

Just a word about learning these songs. When you sing them, put every bit of the child you have in you into the singing of these songs. If it is hard for you to sing, start a little class among teachers of your grade. Come together after school some afternoon or some evening. Get some one to play for you and learn these songs, until you have in your possession at least twenty songs that you can sing at any time for the children. You must have your children feel that you are a real music box. Sing two or three songs for them and let them talk to you about them. Let them ask questions; let them talk freely. *Don't* give them too many of the lullaby songs, and never forget the boys. Boys do not like to sing lullabies. There is no reason why boys should sing lullabies. Give them the Marching Song; Rub-a-dub-dub; the Firemen's Song. If you will do this, at the end of a week you will find your children giving most of these songs back to you. You won't have to teach them. Simply sing the songs for them and they will know them. Try the following experiment which I have tried many, many times.

Suppose you have a class of first grade children. At the beginning of the year sing songs for them; three one day and three the next, repeating some; adding new ones. Review the whole another day. Add another one. Keep this thing going for a week. At the end of this time, you will find that your children know all of these songs, and you have been saved the deadly performance of teaching one or two songs, by singing them over and over again for the children to repeat to you. Children will take what they want, and if you will use the songs I have given you in this list, you will find that they want all of them. In the singing of these songs you must be very careful to observe three things:

First: Children must not sing in a loud, heavy voice; this is not apt to happen if you will observe the other two things.

Second: Pitch the song correctly; neither too high nor too low: in the child's natural voice, just as you would have him read in his natural voice.

Third: Be very careful as to the movement, just as you would in reading. Put phrases together as you do sentences.

If you will observe the pitch and the movement in songs, there is not much danger of the tone being bad. Sing the song too low and too slow; and the tone comes heavy and bad. Sing the song too high and too fast, and the tone comes pinched and thin.

Some of these songs are so very simple that we can learn all the technical difficulties about them. Take, for instance, the song in the primer, called *The Windmill*. Let the children sing this song. After they know it, let them sing the syllables by rote. Put it on the board just as you would a sentence and say, "This is the picture of the song you have been singing." Point as the children sing, being careful that they sing it very brightly and with the right spirit. The children are trained to follow with their eyes, as you sing. You may sing different measures, first with eighth notes and then with quarter notes and then with half notes. Select a child to come up and point to the measures as you sing them. A child may come and point to all the measures that are alike. You may clap a measure for a child to find. A child may come up and point to all the measures with eighth notes, all the measures with half notes. Another child may find the highest note in the song. Another may find the lowest note. You may sing all the eighth and quarter notes and let a child sing the half notes.

All this work can be made the jolliest kind of a game, and the child will never realize that he is learning all these strange and wonderful things that must be known before he can learn to read music at sight.

After all this observation work has been done from the song, lead them to observe the signature and the position of the sharp and flat, the time, kinds of notes, names of the highest and the lowest note. Then rub the song off the board. Now ask the children what they can tell you about that song, and please leave the children free to tell you just what they can see. Anything that the child can see—even if he tells you it is a "wiggly thing" that looks like an "S" (meaning the clef)—is better than anything you can direct the child in seeing.

Now, if you are a charming, wide-awake, and lively teacher (and I know that you are) this is what you will get:

Hands will come up from all directions. "I saw notes." "I saw lines." "Good, how many lines?" comes from the teacher. "Five." "Good, go and make those on the board." What did you see?" "Notes." "Can you tell me what kind of notes?" "Half notes, those big open half notes." "Good, make a lot of them on the board, a whole string of them." "What did you see?" "I saw notes." "What kind of notes?" "Notes with a little stem on them." "Those were eighth notes. Go and make a whole string of them on the board." "What did you see?" "I saw notes." "What kind of notes did you see?" etc.

If they do not know, direct them a little so that they can name the quarter, the eighth, and the half notes, and let them go to the board and make them.

"Another child, go to the board and make quarter notes, a whole lot of them." "Who can tell me where the first note was? How many can see it?"

It may be that in your first lesson of this observation work, you will have to encourage the children quite a little, but at the end of a week or ten days, if you will handle your music lesson in this way, your children will be able to see and know more technical work than you can possibly cram into them in the old way in three years, and I know it. What you want from first, second, and third grade children first of all is a rich song experience. I do not mean by this just three or four or half a dozen songs sung in a mechanical, strained, and embarrassed way; but I want 20, 25, or 30 songs sung spontaneously. I want the children to always want to sing *more*. After they finish one there should be lots of hands up saying, "I want to sing," and "Please may we sing——." The children should be in the same attitude of mind as the little girl was when she raised her hand with such excitement that she fell out of her seat, and said, "Please, may we sing 'Falling, Falling, Fast the Snowflakes Fall!'"

After you have done this observation work with many simple songs, the children may begin to observe and talk and rewrite many of the songs they have learned to love. In your selection of these songs to be used as observation work, you must keep to very simple ones. In the primer you will find many songs suitable for this work: *The Windmill*, *Ting-a-ling*, *Dancing Song*, *Drop of Dew*, *Five Little Girls*, *Journey's End*. These are quite enough.

After the observation work has been carried on for some time and your children can recognize the notes, they may point to the different measures as you sing; may make notes; divide them off into measures; count the different measures; they will begin to tell you the different keys and to pick out the highest note and the lowest note. Individual children may sing measures for other children to find. Then you may begin to let your children reproduce parts of the songs on the board or on paper just as they do in the language work. Your children are now getting an experience with this technical work, and you must remember that when children come to school, they have a rich experience in other things. They can talk and name things. Some of them can count. Many of them know their A-B-C's, some of them can read a little; some of them can add, some can write a little. But in the music children have not this same working basis and we must get ready for it. We must familiarize them with lines and spaces, notes, bars, sharps and flats, and different time forms.

Now, you can do all this if you will but stop the everlasting singing of and drilling up on the scale. After all, what are you getting out of the scale? Would it not be amusing, if in the middle of an interesting language lesson, you would stop your children and say, "Now, children all sit up straight and let us say the alphabet." We have dropped the alphabet, thank heaven; let us drop the scale and get to the real language of music, which is song.

NOTE.—Mr. Neidlinger's "Rainy Day" song will be found on the eighth page of *THE CHILD WORLD*, and Miss Eleanor Smith's "Rain Song" on page 736.

Games and Educational Occupations

Edited by Ada Van Stone Harris, Supervisor of Primary Schools and Kindergartens, Rochester, N. Y.

Graded Games and Rhythmic Exercises.

By MARION BROMLEY NEWTON, Supervisor of Physical Training, Rochester, N. Y.

Grade I.

School-Room and Playground Games.

I. *Games of Limitation*.—(Including representations of happenings in real life, and various forms of marching.)

1. I SAW.

A child in each row tells of some action he has seen, at the same time illustrating it. Each row in turn, then, follows its leader around the room imitating the activity mentioned. Instructor and children suggest activities, such as: a butterfly flying; a drummer-boy marching; horses stepping high; a lame chicken hopping on one foot; a rabbit leaping; tall men (walking on tiptoe); short men (with knees bent); girl rolling a hoop; a blind man; man raking his lawn, etc.

2. CHRISTMAS TREE.

The teacher may represent Santa Claus, and stands beside a play tree in the front of the room. The children march by the tree, one row at a time, and receive from Santa Claus some toy,—a different one for each row. As the line continues around the room to seats, the children illustrate the uses of the different toys given them, e. g., drum, doll, horn, watch, penny-whistle, gun, jump-rope, kite, rocking-horse, and so forth.

3. FOLLOW THE LEADER.

The children represent the activities of which they sing while marching or standing in the aisles. They sing to the tune of "Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush."

"This is the way we wash
our clothes,
Wash our clothes, wash
our clothes;
This is the way we wash
our clothes.
Wash, wash, wash.
Iron our clothes.
Sweep the floor.
Stir the bread.
Brush our clothes.
Clap our hands.
Beat our drums.
Bow to you.
Shoot our guns,
"Bang, bang, bang."

4. (a) PLAYING HORSE.

Children play they are walking, trotting, high-stepping, and galloping horses. One may drive another, using

the arms for reins, or more may be driven together. Reins that the children make themselves add greatly to the play.

(b) PLAYING EXPRESSMAN.

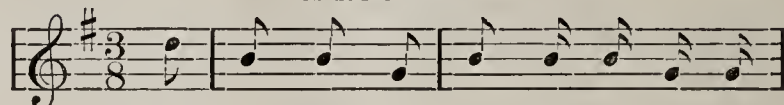
Two or three children at a time, with several articles to deliver, run at a given signal from a given place, and return to the "express office" as quickly as possible.

(c) RIDING A BICYCLE.

Children run noiselessly in place, holding the bars, and lifting the knees high.

5. "When I was a shoe-maker."

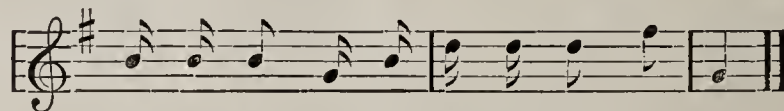
A ROUNDEL.



When I was a shoe-mak-er, And a

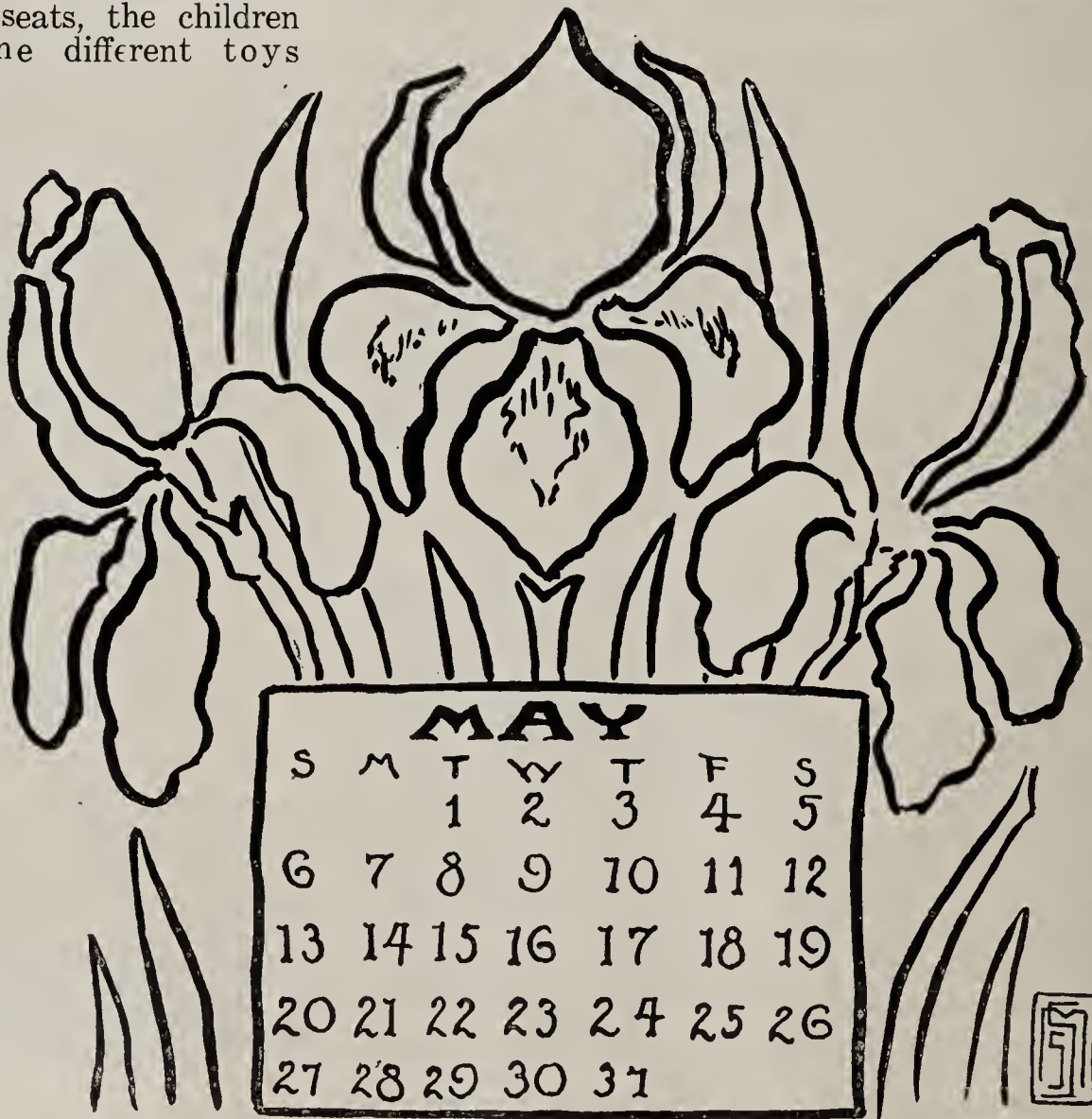


shoe-mak-er was I, A this-a-way, and a



that-a-way, And a this-a-way went I.

Children sing and at the same time imitate the actions of the song. Actions—lady, holding



Designed by May S. Stillman.

See also the calendar by Miss Stillman on page 653 of the April number.

skirts; gentleman raising his hat; carpenter, hammering; fireman, blowing fire-horn; etc.

When I was a shoe-maker, and a shoe-maker was I,
A this-a-way, and a that-a-way, and a this-a-way went I.

6. "DID YOU EVER SEE A LASSIE?"

The children stand in the aisles. One takes his place before the class, and at the proper time, goes thru some motion, which the children imitate in the rhythm of the song. (Tune—"Buy a broom.")

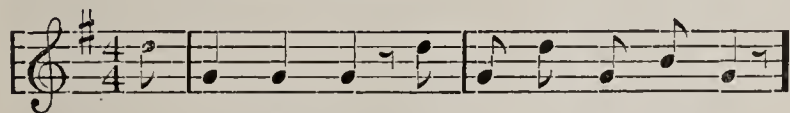
Did you ever see a lassie, a lassie, a lassie,
Did you ever see a lassie do this way and that?
Do this way and that way, do this way and that way,
Did you ever see a lassie do this way and that?

Activities suggested: Bowing, alternating to right and left; swinging folded arms in front of the body as if rocking a doll; motion as if waving a flag; rocking-horse; one foot a step forward, hands holding reins, sway forward and back changing the weight from one foot to the other, etc.; the original suggestions are often very good.

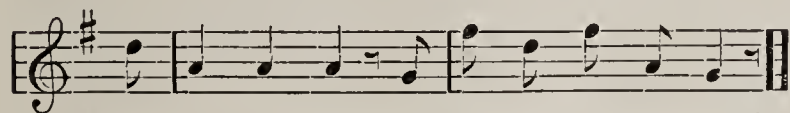
Note: "Laddie" is sung if a little boy is leader.

7. THE KING OF FRANCE.

The children stand in the aisles of the room with a chosen leader for each file. In turn, the leaders march forward three steps, singing, and at the proper time giving the gestures of the verse. When the leaders have returned to places, the whole class repeats the verse that has been sung, and with the leaders marches forward three steps and back. The advance should be begun with the words "forty thousand."



The King of France, With for - ty thousand men,



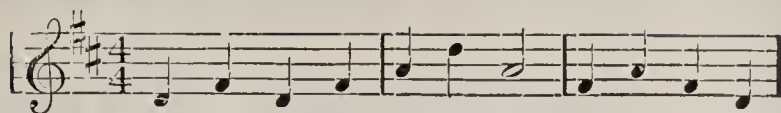
Marched up the hill, And then marched down again.

The king of France with forty thousand men,
Marched up the hill, and then marched down again.
The King of France, etc., gave a salute, and then marched down again.
The King of France, etc., beat his drum, and then marched down again.
The King of France, etc., blew his horn, and then marched down again.
The King of France, etc., waved his flag, and then marched down again.
The King of France, etc., drew his sword, and then marched down again.
The King of France, etc., shot his gun, and then marched down again.
The King of France, etc., shouldered arms, and then marched down again.

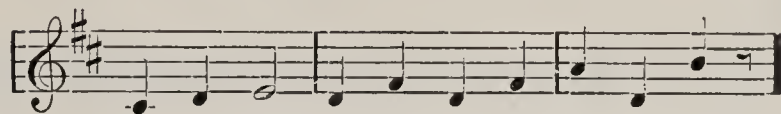
Other than the military imitations may be used when these are exhausted.

8. MARCHING SONG.

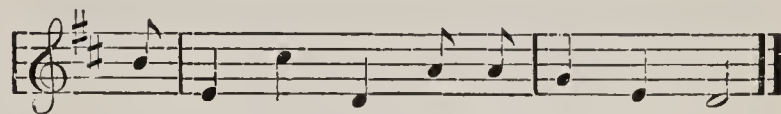
Left, right, left, right, here we go, ten small soldiers in a row;
Left, right, left, right, marching free, a soldier's life is the life for me!



Left, right, left, right, here we go, Ten small soldiers



in a row; Left, right, left, right, marching free,



A sol-dier's life is the life for me.

9. SOLDIER BOY, SOLDIER BOY.

From "Children's Singing Games" by Mari Hofer.

One-half the class marches by the other half, which is standing in line. The first half sings "Soldier boy," etc.; the second half sings, "I'm going," etc. At the words, "If you'll be a soldier boy" the advancing line stops and each child gives a salute to his partner. All then join in the march around the room.

Paper soldier caps and epaulets made by the children add much interest if worn during the march. The following characteristic activities may be imitated for short periods of time as the children march one by one, in twos, or in fours:

1. Soldier caps—hands placed on heads with finger-tips meeting in a point overhead.
2. Knapsacks—arms folded behind.
3. Horns—hands held to the mouths as if grasping trumpets.
4. Charging with guns—aiming with left arm extended, and right arm back for pulling the trigger.
5. Waving flags.
6. Drumming—snare and bass drums.
7. Fifes—hands held at side of mouth as in reality.
8. Running—double-quick march.
9. Saluting leader or American flag—each one as he passes by.
10. High-stepping horses—knees raised well with each step.

Games of Sense Perception.

1. HIDE THE THIMBLE. (Hearing.)

One player is chosen to hide the thimble, and, while he is doing so the other children blind their eyes or leave the room. The thimble may be placed "in sight" or hidden entirely. At a signal from the first child the search for the thimble is begun, and the players are told of their nearness to its hiding place, or their distance from it by the voice of the child who hid it saying, "Warm," "Hot," or "Cold." Music may be used if desired; becoming louder as the players approach the thimble, and fainter as they move away. The successful hunter hides the thimble in the next game.

2. SQUIRREL GAME. (Touch and hearing.)

Children blind their eyes with heads upon their desks, and one hand open to receive a nut which one child, the "squirrel," drops into it.

The child receives the nut, then runs after the squirrel and tries to catch him before he reaches his seat.

Language Work for All Grades

Seven Secrets of Success with English Classes.

By FLORENCE ELLIS SHELBY.

- I. Let the pupil correct his own productions.
- II. Suggestions on assigning topics and stimulating individual effort.
- III. Correlation.
- IV. Teach him it is "English."
- V. Some more reasons for untiring criticism of all written work.
- VI. Use of reference books. "Copying" and how to prevent.
- VII. Coming in touch with your class.

When the last column marches out the door and you step back into your dusty, deserted room, have you not, once in a great while, dropped down into your chair and all but cried out for some great loving omniscient teacher to whom *you* might "go to school" and learn how to solve all those perplexing problems that come up daily in the school-room?

But longing for success and worrying over failures never helped a body yet. Gorki, that great teacher of the Russian common folk, tells them truly—"Life bestows no charities." If you would teach better and reign supreme in your little monarchy, *get up and do it*. Others have. How? Ah, therein lies your fate. Power and success are no enchantment worked upon men by the mystic wand of chance.

Power comes by growth just as manhood does. Study its principles, think it, practise it—and for your own comfort do not try to measure its increase every twenty-four hours. Remember that it rests absolutely with you, whether or not you take the degree of master in your profession.

And now for a concrete effort: one stride toward the goal. Let us get at some of the difficulties one "runs up against" in teaching language, grammar, and composition.

1. Have the highest possible per cent. of the work done by the pupil.

First: It educates him. A student gets vastly more out of one correction he makes for himself than out of many made by you.

Second: You can then make the final correction of his production much more quickly, leaving yourself more leisure to prepare advance work; and nothing repays the teacher like self-preparation. There follow some practical means of securing from every pupil this personal regard for correctness.

(a) Especially in primary language classes lies the golden opportunity to instill this habit of watchful accuracy so far as his knowledge goes, for the earliest language lessons are usually very fascinating to the child, and more, he is still in

that admiring stage when to do just as the teacher does is his greatest ambition. Patiently day by day insist that he sees for himself that his capitals, his periods, his spelling, etc., are beyond criticism.

(b) Be gracious enough to admit the existence of the difficulties seen from the pupil's point of view. He likes you to concede he is doing "hard work."

1. He has no "Answer Book" to fall back upon.

2. It is an exceedingly tedious task where the habit was not formed in the first grades.

3. He has difficulty in detecting the mistakes, much more in correcting them.

4. The field of English is still so new to him (even tho he be perhaps an 8th grader) that he can scarcely bear in mind the subjects he has "been over," in order to base his corrections on the rules.

(c) Frequently illustrate before the class how you "go at it" to correct a sentence or a composition.

1. Mainly by *noticing hard* as you read each sentence.

2. By elimination: that is you say to yourself when going over it, the capitals, the punctuation, the possessives, etc., are all right. Thus one at a time you narrow it down to the thing that is wrong, or perhaps find it perfect in all points you have as yet learned about.

3. Sometimes by reading aloud for the sound and general effect. For instance, the average pupil would catch by ear at once the trouble with this sentence—"These red fragrant big roses are for the crippled poor little boy," or "Them is all mine."

4. This fourth point applies to lessons in any subject, indeed, to life itself. It means character to the boy or girl who cultivates it. *You never dilly-dally* over the work you are trying to correct. Repeatedly call attention to this. Take up a composition some day and say, "I will correct this now as I go along so you can see how I do it." Read 'John Greenleaf Whittier was a New England man'; then dreamily say to yourself, "There ought to be a period. I wonder if I'll ever get to see New England. Wish I could go next vacation on a fine trip—maybe I can go to grandpa's anyhow—but this paper, let me see. 'He was a p-o-i-t.' Poet ought to be p-o-e-t. Spelling is the hardest thing, anyhow. Gracious! I wish I knew those words for to-day. Guess I'll study them a while before I finish correcting this old composition."

Occasional realistic exhibitions of a poor method will help wonderfully to open their eyes to its folly; and if you can lead even a small minority of your pupils to strive after concentration of attention, the good results of your success in this one matter will go down thru the years.

Little Talks on School Management. VIII

By Randall N. Saunders, Hudson, N. Y.

Assistance from Pupils.

WHEN I was a lad, I attended a school in which I was one of the teachers and in which nearly all of the "big boys" and "big girls" took turns in running things. The neighborhood did not appreciate our efforts, however kindly put forth, and when the term closed, our master was gathered unto his predecessors and another ruled in his stead. Remembering this when I came to teach, only when closely pressed for time and for some easily-managed recitation, did I ever call on my older pupils for assistance, and I have had many that have made good teachers and who are to-day in the profession, which they are ornamenting.

In each school where I have been, I have been so fortunate as to have among the pupils one or more of those large-hearted, womanly girls,—the material from which good mothers are made,—who shared with me the respect of all, and who quietly gathered the little ones under her wings, and with the softening, soothing influence that only a good woman can exert, has smoothed the rough places, made the crooked paths straight, and has driven away the showers by the sunlight of her presence. Having the affection of the wayward, to whom her example is a corrective, she is a valuable aid and worthy of confidence and every privilege that can be granted. She is the girl to whom you can safely send the little and even the larger folk for a recitation when time presses. Do not let the interest and pleasure manifested by your pupils under her ministration make you jealous, for she merits a nobler sentiment. We all know this girl, but do we all make the developing use of her that we could and should? Do we strengthen her, or do we estrange?

How many of us have a secret service bureau? How many of us have the discretion and the self-control necessary for making a service "secret" and effective; and how many of us have the tact necessary for properly using boys and girls as detectives without letting them know they are youthful Pinkertons? Do you make a handle of tattling? If you do, you encourage a spirit that makes liars of your pupils and will make you distrusted and disrespected by everybody. Haven't you had boys and girls in whom you confided, with whom you held confidential conversations about the school and the pupils, who gave you, if you have the art of hearing words between words, "pointers" about things of which you never dreamed and which forewarned you of threatened disorders or enabled you to correct abuses that had existed without your knowledge? In a word, are you "one of the boys"—one of the girls,—yourself, while being the cautious and watchful teacher almost unconsciously underneath? If you are, then you are the chief of a secret service bureau, who will often surprise the school and the community by courses of action that will show that you "know what is in the wind" and will win the "well done" of the gods of the rural community expressed in the words,—"He was up to snuff."

I have always made it a point to study the special talents or bents of my pupils and to elevate (?) them to "positions of trust and responsibility" for which they seemed best fitted for the good of our little school commune. Some of my girls have been musical. Such played the organ or the piano for marching and for opening and other exercises, and diversified our daily program with solos and duos on invitation or vote of the school. Some of my boys have been mechanical in turn; and such have been allowed to do odd jobs of tinkering, or make some simple device or apparatus needed for some lesson.

One of my boys in a certain school was a natural-born artist. By universal consent, he had control of one blackboard, and never less than three times a week he spent a part of the noon hour in materializing his ideas in various colors. As an instance: One day I came in, and there was the then celebrated locomotive "999," with coaches attached ready to steam out of the Grand Central station on her flight to Buffalo. Here was a chance for an interesting lesson not to be lost, as the children seldom saw a locomotive, being miles from any railroad. On the birthdays we celebrated, he would reproduce portraits and views in connection with them with marvelous skill, and in these ways made himself a valuable and a valued ally. Three times a week I counted on his aid for some subject for a brief opening lesson; and he, being of an earnest and thoughtful nature, and a thoroly good boy, I seldom made a suggestion for his work; or put any condition of restraint upon his efforts. I kept a list of subjects from which to conduct an occasional review. Perhaps it would have been better to have guided this boy's efforts into a connected series; but I felt that his genius was spontaneous, and that the element of novelty in each surprise in this lack of system was better; because it gave the task of developing the lesson he set for us an interest of the extemporaneous; inspiring both teacher and pupil to their best effort.

Do your pupils do jury duty? You may not be aware of it, but they do settle every case that comes before the pedagogical tribunal, and try not only the culprit, but the judge and executor of the court's decrees, and woe to the one or to the other if anger instead of due mercy tempers justice, if the tyrant instead of the teacher pronounces the sentence and inflicts the penalty! Knowing this, I have used my pupils as a bench of judges for trying cases, allowing a discussion of the crime (?) and for fixing the proper degree and the nature of the expiation to be demanded; and I found strength in adapting our civics lessons to the government of our little republic.

I have always had a ministry or cabinet composed of my better, more intelligent pupils with whom I have discussed school polity and considered plans; and thus have won a co-operation and assistance that could have been gained in no other way, and without for one moment degrading my dignity or losing the essential leadership and control.

My father early began to consult me regarding things which men seldom discuss with their sons. This confidence and seeming deference dignified, enlarged and broadened me,—made me enter heartily into enterprises in which I had seemed to have had a part in planning and adjudging, and elevated me from the usual position of a mere lad into that of an adviser and co-laborer. I have long understood his purpose and have applied with success the principle.



Religious Teaching in the Schools.

By SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD, Dean of Simmons college,
Boston, Massachusetts.

[Part of address.]

Let me invite your attention to a few incidents of child life, which will serve as my text.

I have in mind a four-year-old girl, favored in many things, but especially happy in that she spends her summers on an island in a beautiful lake, mountain-rimmed. She has always been privileged to walk with her father and mother in the fields and woods; to "go a-trudging," as she called it, has been her chief delight. "Where did the trees get their red and yellow leaves?" she asked. "Who made them red and yellow?" Her questions answered, she ran to her mother with her chubby hands filled with her new treasures, saying, "See, mamma! I have brought you some of God's beautiful leaves!"

"How came this island here?" she asked. "Who brought the rocks and trees?" She was told how the island was lifted into its place; how the soil was formed, the trees planted, and the island made ready for the birds, for the trees, for the rabbits, for the squirrels, and for her,—just as her father had built the house for her in which she lived. As the time for her return to her home approached, she sat one evening watching the sunset and the early evening stars, and said, "Don't you hope that God will be at home when we get there, just as He has been here this summer?" So linked with her love of the beautiful in the world was her reverent thought of Him who had made it beautiful.

Another child whom I knew—a country girl—received as a gift a copy of Emerson's Parnassus. When the dishes had been washed after supper, she went with her precious book out into the hay-field and read and reread the poems she liked best. Among them was Bryant's "Lines to a Water-fowl." She is a woman grown, but she says that the childhood experience is still fresh in her memory, and with the lines there ever recurs to her thought the clear summer evening, the fragrance of the new-mown hay, the crimson sunset, and the dark figure of the distant bird which her eye beheld as she read:

"Whither midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far thru their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?"

* * * * *

"He who from zone to zone,
Guides thru the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will guide my steps aright."

And here the teaching must begin. The twenty-third Psalm brings to you and me its assurance of comfort and peace. How? "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside still waters." We knew in childhood the green pastures and still waters; the tenderness of father and mother and friend interpreted for us the loving Shepherd.

* * * * *

The elements of religious education are two, the teaching of nature in childhood, and the living example of God's children—so that we know Him thru the life of our friends. Both these elements should be contributed by the home. But the best of homes can be reinforced, and the poorer ones must be aided by the teachings of the school. The best result of wisely directed nature study is that it leads to a fuller interpretation of the teachings of the Master, and develops a reverent spirit. The next step is the study of literature, the literature of the spirit, in which nature is interpreted to us as speaking for the Father. But neither teaching avails unless the teacher herself dwell "in the secret place of the Most High." A friend tells me that one of her earliest childhood memories is of being awakened by her mother before daybreak on a June morning. "Come, child," she said,— "come with me over to the pines, to hear the thrushes sing." Across the dew-wet meadows they went, in the early flush of morning, and the child, her hand clasped in her mother's, listened with her to the exquisite music of the thrush in the holy hour and place.

* * * * *

What need of words? It is the Spirit that giveth life. The flame was kindled in the heart of the child because it burned undimmed in the mother's heart. Not by preaching, nor even by much speaking; will our teachers teach religion. But they will surely teach, whose lives abide in the shadow of the Almighty. We cannot but speak the things we have seen and heard. Striving to do His will in the school-room, we slowly learn of the doctrine, and the truth we have made our own we are enabled to share.



Constructive Work for May

By Anna J. Linehan, Supervisor of Manual Training, Asheville, N. C.

Grade I.

1st Week.—Paint view of sky and grass.

2nd Week.—Folding and completing cart, reviewing cube, square faces, etc.

3d Week.—Pose drawing, little girl in blue or boy in sailor suit.

4th Week.—Lesson on birds. Cutting and coloring; choosing robin redbreast or bluebird.

Grade II.

1st Week.—Study of Holland. Modeling wooden shoe. Making silhouette of same in ink.

2nd Week.—Folding, cutting, and pasting windmill. After talk on Holland, have children draw views of river-bank with wind-mills,—pen and ink work.

3d Week.—Painting tulips from nature, some red, some yellow, some of both colors.

Have the children understand that it is the favorite flower of Holland.

4th Week.—Study of birds, cutting and coloring same, such as scarlet tanager; or braiding raffia for mat and sewing same.

Grade III.

1st Week.—Study of Hiawatha. Modeling In-

tions from Hiawatha. Have a few lines accompanying illustration.

3d Week.—Weaving hammocks of raffia, or cutting and folding wigwams.

4th Week.—Cutting canoe and paddle.

Grade IV.

The work of designing plaids will follow naturally after the study of crosses of last month. If

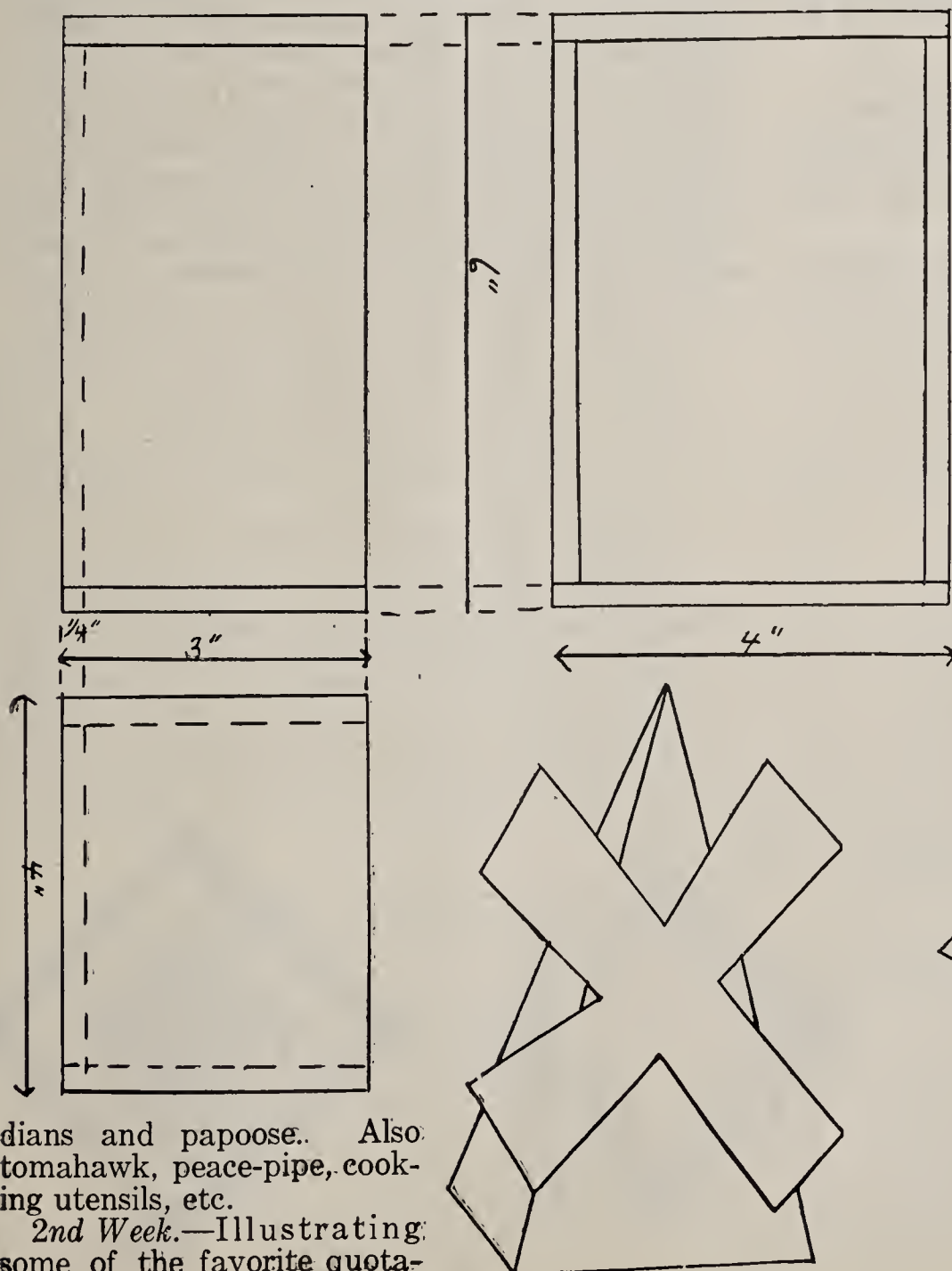


the subject is new to the class it will have to be explained to them that the irregular divisions are the most pleasing and that checks are monotonous, that is, even black and white squares.

Much interest is added to the lesson if the children bring in samples of plaids from home. These can be mounted and hung in the front part of the room, not to be copied, but as suggestions.

There are some valuable books published on the subject, and tho not always to be found in the public library, some child may have one that could be loaned to the class for the day. The teacher will explain the significance to the Scotch people of these plaids.

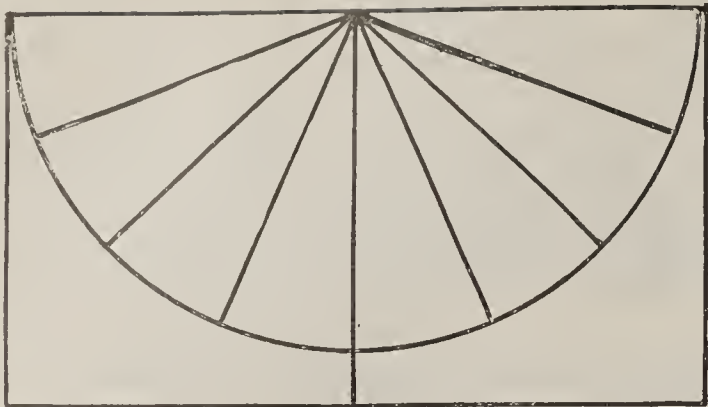
One lesson is not sufficient for this, as it needs time to develop. Very satisfactory results can be obtained by using black and white, but the beauty is much increased by the crayons or water colors. Have pupils paint in ink or water colors one of the spring flowers. One flower with foliage will be sufficient. A flower fastened to a



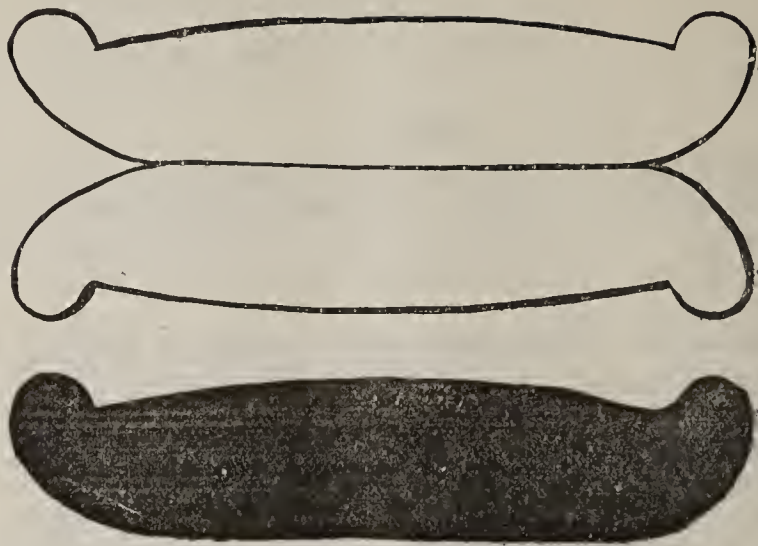
How we made a Dutch windmill.

dians and papoose. Also tomahawk, peace-pipe, cooking utensils, etc.

2nd Week.—Illustrating some of the favorite quata-



The Indian Tepee.



The Canoe and the Paddle.

sheet of paper gives them a better idea of placing and proportion than if in a vase. Enough models should be around the room for each child to see distinctly, without putting in details.

Grade V.

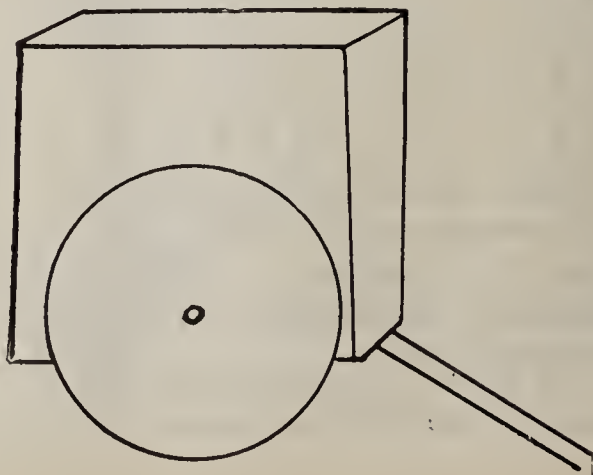
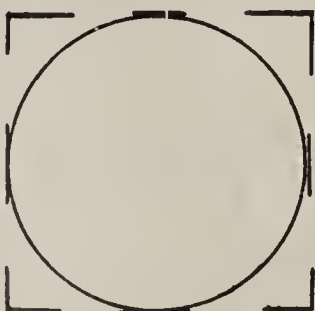
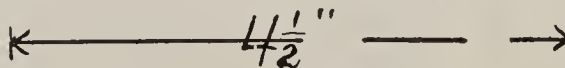
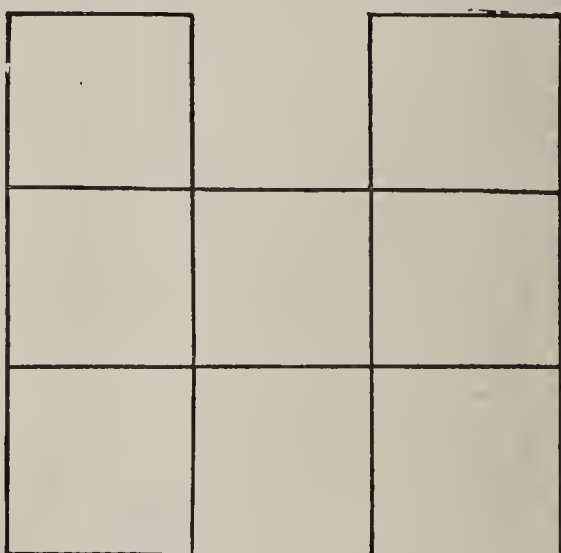
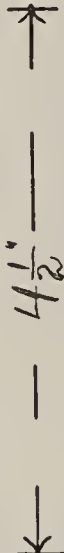
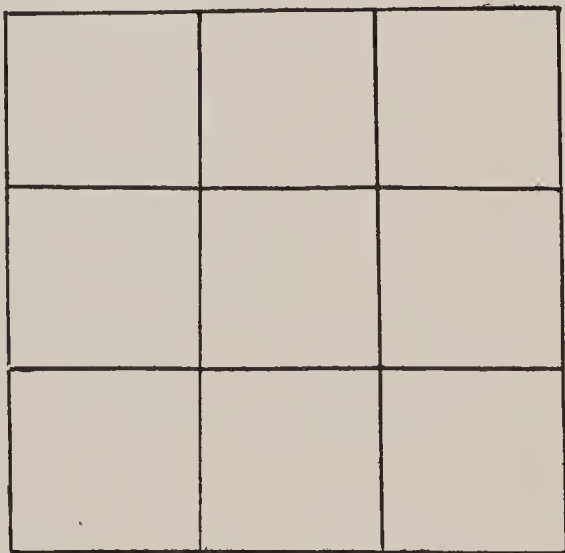
If the pupils of this grade have not worked on plaids, it will be of assistance to them in their future work to spend some time on this, but the surfaces should be more filled than in the lower grade.

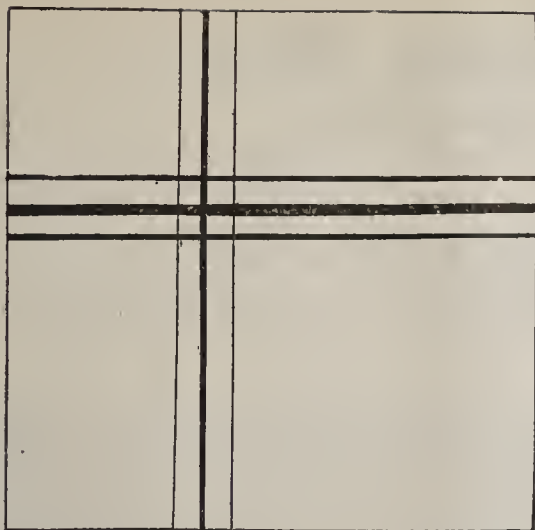
A sequence to this is the surface work in black and white, which gives scope to such artistic work.

Have the pupils work from daisies or clover, with foliage; free, easy touch with ink and brush. They could select part of the drawing as design for a book-cover for some of their spring work.

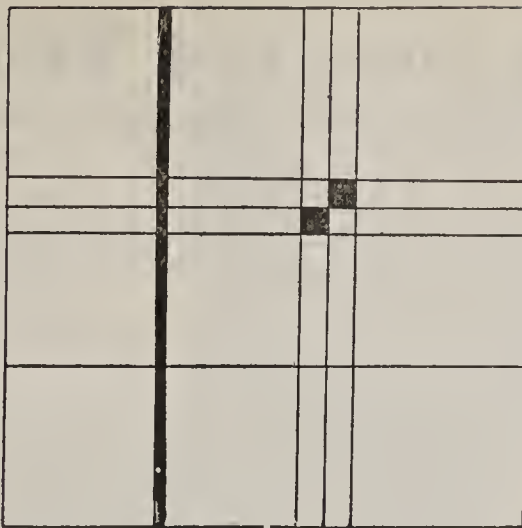
Grade VI.

A bunch of dogwood flowers makes a satisfactory spray to work from, and the pupils, having drawn from nature, may conventionalize flowers for design. If limited for time, a border may be designed. Or, if there is time to permit it, an oblong picture frame 6x8 inches, made on the plan of those suggested in the December number of this magazine, could be decorated with a design of the dogwood





A School-made Plaid.



necessary spread to the boat.

If the arrangement of the Indian village is given to the girls or boys who have shown the most diligence, much pleasure will be derived from the work.

At our last exhibit there was the work of four classes of the third grade, and there were no two villages alike. One made of grass and twigs, representing a bank sloping down to the river, on which were the canoes, attracted perhaps the most favorable comment.

The best of these should be mounted on white background, or gray if preferred.

For the cart have squares of white paper $4\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Fold each side in thirds, cut out middle square on upper and lower edge, and fold paper to make hollow cube. Cut squares into circles for the two wheels, and fasten these to the sides of the cart by a tooth-pick passing thru their centers and thru the cart, on the principle of an axle. It takes a little patience on the part of teacher and pupils to fasten the sides, but it is satisfactory when completed.

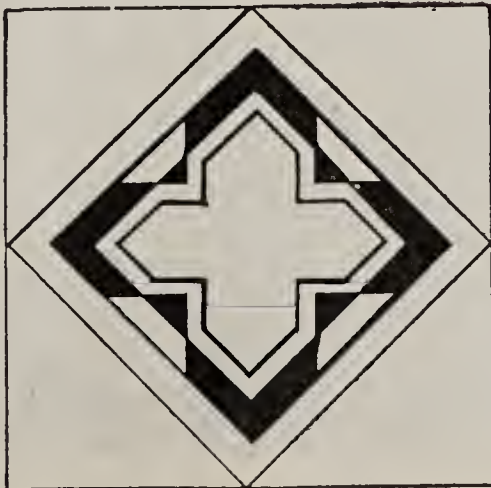
After the drill on cutting chickens, the pupils ought to be able to cut very good birds without any assistance from teacher. A few verses on birds should be taught in connection with lesson.

In the second grade if the children have the square pyramids, the papers can be folded around them, the edges firmly creased, and the pattern cut in this way; or, a triangle could be cut and used for the pattern for the four sides. Let the pupils plan how to make the fan for the wind-mill.

A few pictures of Holland, also placing some of the finished wind-mills in a room, adds interest to the work with pen and ink. The teacher will feel repaid by giving more than one lesson on the tulips, by the results accomplished after two or three efforts.

In the third grade, if hammocks are made, the teacher can use this opportunity to speak of the warp and woof of woven materials in daily use.

Having folded and cut wigwams according to diagram, they can be fastened with bits of colored raffia or cord. The Indian canoe can be cut from a double piece of paper, about 4 inches long; and when the ends are pasted, a seat can be fastened across the center, which will give the



What Have We Done To-Day?

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done to-day?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give to-day?

We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in the after-while,
But what have we been to-day?
We shall give the truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth;
But whom have we fed to-day?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown to-day?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built to-day?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask:
"What have we done to-day?"
—NIXON WATERMAN in *Christian Intelligencer*.

Do Your Best.

"Do your best, and leave the rest,"
'Tis a cheerful maxim;
He who works with happy zest
Has no doubts to tax him;
Only honest strokes are made,
Not an hour is wasted;
Glad of heart and unafraid,
Labor's joy he's tasted.

"Do your best, and leave the rest,"
Cease your fret and worry,
No one asks a surer test,
There's no need of hurry;
Do your best and never shirk
Patient be, and willing;
That's the only way to work,
Then your niche you're filling!

"Do your best, and leave the rest,"
Humble tho the duty;
True endeavor makes it blest,
Gilds it o'er with beauty;
Greater work shall come to you,
Rich rewards elate you,
Seize the present, nobly do
Tasks that now await you.

—ANTHONY E. ANDERSON.

Language Correlated With Garden Work

By Sarah Somers Ford, State Normal School, Hyannis, Mass.

SOME of the objects of language teaching are those that help the child to talk and write more freely about the things he sees and knows.

We can readily see how easily the garden furnishes numerous subjects for this. Let us consider a few of these:

The Planning of the Garden.

Here simple statements like the following may be obtained from the children:

"This morning we went into the garden."

"We measured the garden."

"We found some worms."

"The ground was soft."

"The grass was green."

The Plowing of the Garden.

This is a subject for many conversational lessons. A new object is before the child. He wants to know about the plow. What is this or that for? Of what use is it? Now we have something to write about, for good talkers easily make good writers. Therefore talking lessons should precede written ones. The interest is at the highest pitch.

He has some real things about which he wishes to talk and write. The following is an example:

"This morning we went into the garden with Miss Crowell."

"We found many worms in the earth."

"Mr. Murry plowed the garden."

"He showed us the parts of the plow."

"He told us the names of the parts and of what use they are."

"They are the beam, the colter, the landslide, the mould-board, the point, the wheel, the handles, and the clevis."

"Miss Crowell asked us some questions and we answered them."



Hyannis School Garden in the Fall. Gathering Seeds.

"The land-slide is made of steel."

"We thanked Mr. Murry for telling us about the plow."

Language work is now a pleasure to the child, and how easily he can do it!

Laying Out the Garden.

Hosts of questions arise about the things which the child must know. Here is a chance to correct his speech as he stands on his feet and tells some fact.

Such opportunities as these help to make correct expression habitual.

As we work in the garden the next step in its growth is—

The Planting of the Seeds.

This is such a delight and pleasure to the child! At this time letter-writing may be introduced, for surely someone wishes to hear about the garden and what kind of seeds the child is planting.

The animals that visit the garden are a good subject for an oral or written lesson.

"I saw a robin, blackbird, and bluebird."

"The robin's breast is rusty."

"The blackbird was all black."

"The bluebird's breast was light brown."

"I saw some toads."

"The toads are our friends."



Gathering Seeds for the Spring. Envelopes to collect Seeds made by Children at the State Normal School in Hyannis, Mass.

An excellent plan is for each child to keep a record of his own work, and the things he sees in his garden. This may be done by keeping a diary similar to the following:

"May 22, 1905.

"Friday afternoon all the children worked in the garden.

"Maurice, Sadie, and I finished our planting.

"Some of the children raked the paths, others filled the wheelbarrow with stones which they raked from their garden-beds.

"Some of the children made a trench around the pansy-bed and watered the pansies.

"Pansies require much water.

The children may have home gardens. These are visited by the class and then we have a conversational and written lesson.

"Yesterday we went for a walk to see the gardens."

"We went to see Curtis's garden."

"His rows were very straight."

"We went to see Mildred's garden; her seeds were not up."

"We went to see Corinne's garden."

"She has pansies and strawberries in her garden."

This will lead to the subject of other gardens, and after telling them about Celia Thaxter's garden they retell it or write about that.

CELIA THAXTER'S GARDEN.

Celia Thaxter lived on White island.

She had a garden of nasturtium, sweet peas, and mignonette.

One morning she saw that her sweet peas were eaten by the slugs.

She sent to her friend to get some toads.

In the morning a box came to the house.

She saw three dusty, blinking toads.



Farmyard Friends. Joys of a City Boy in the Country.
From a photograph by Herbert Park.

You want a shower bath?

She took the hose and sprinkled them.

She took the wire netting off and out jumped sixty toads.

RAY JONES.

GATHERING SEEDS.

One day we went into the garden to collect seeds.

I had sweet alyssum and verbena in my garden.

I like to hoe my bed best.

We made envelopes to put our seeds in.

We will plant the seeds next spring.

Training School, Hyannis, Mass., STUART BRADFORD,
Grade III.

One day we went into the garden. It was fall and summer was going.

In the fall we gather the seeds.

I like best to plant seeds.

My flower-bed is eight feet long and four feet wide.

We had to pick the seeds before Jack Frost got around, because he would nip them.

We had a clover-bed and a poppy-bed.

We planted peanuts and they came up and we saved the peanuts and dried them.

Training School, Hyannis, Mass. MARION CHASE.
Grade III.

I had Calliopsis in my garden.

I picked the seeds.

The seeds-boxes looked liked cups.

The seeds were small, round, and brown.

I like to gather seeds.

We rake our flower-beds in the spring.

We gather seeds for next spring.

We put the seeds in envelopes.

Training School, Hyannis, Mass. ERNEST CASH.
Grade III.

SEED TIME.

Last week we went into the garden to gather some seeds.

We saw that Jack Frost had the flowers all nipped.

The best thing I like to do in my garden is to hoe and pick the flowers.

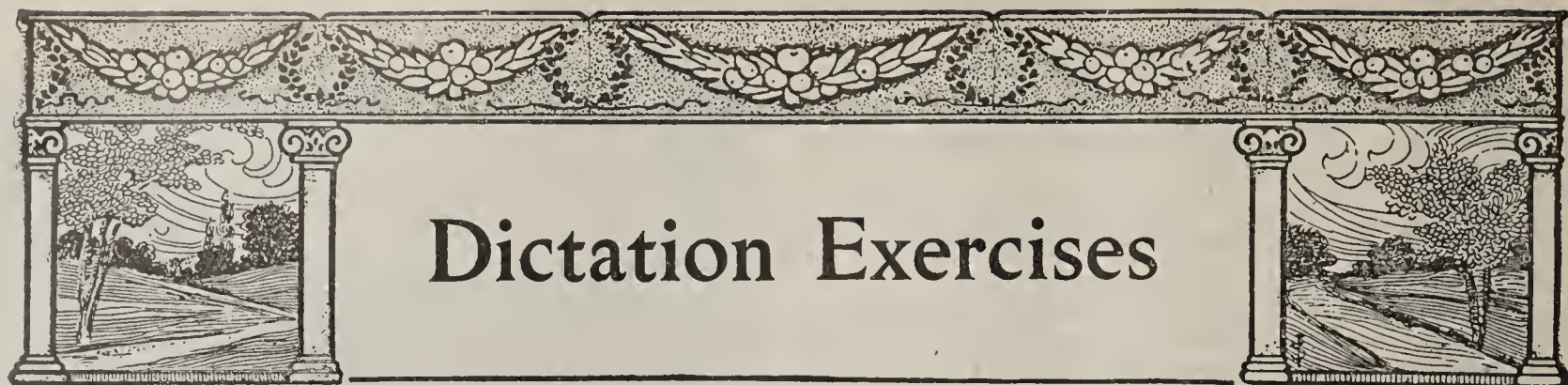
DOROTHY.

We can see by the above some of the results of good, live language work.

A school that has a garden has unlimited opportunities for the right kind of school work, not alone in language but in all the other subjects.



School Carpentering: Making a Dove Cote. This interesting photograph shows a phase of school activity at Dr. Cecil Reddie's famous school at Abbotsholme, England.



Dictation Exercises

Dictation Exercises.*

I.

When you hear, Helen, please let me know; too,
I have Henry's pencil, William's pen; and
Grace's book.

Lieut. Geo. A. Fletcher is commander of Hun-
tington Frothingham Wolcott Post 102, G. A. R.
Hurrah! our side has won.

This school year extends from September 12 to
June 23.

Henry Clay said; "I had rather be right than
be president."

The following stanza is part of the poem called
"———."

The heading of the letter was, ——.

Wm. Henry Longfellow, the "Children's Poet,"
was born in ——, ——, on ——.

(The blanks are to be filled by the children.)

II.

It is never too late to mend.

Haste makes waste.

How many days has the baby to play?

Saturday, Sunday, Monday,

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,

Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

Where there's a will, there's a way.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me

'Tis only noble to be good.

Rev. J. R. Smith,

Canton;

Mass.

At 25 cents a peck what will a bushel of potatoes
cost?

The N. Y. N. H. and H. R. R. passes thru
Readville.

Come to me; O ye children!

And whisper in my ear

What the birds and the winds are singing

In your sunny atmosphere.

I shot an arrow into the air

It fell to earth, I knew not where;

For, so swiftly it flew, the sight

Could not follow it in its flight.

III.

My sister's name is Jane Smith.

Mr. M. L. Smith.

Shall you go to Boston Saturday?

I can skate in the months of December; Janu-
ary; and February.

*From the *Milton School Journal*, the hektographed
paper published by the teachers of Milton, Mass., for their
own use. It is edited by Supt. Asher J. Jacoby.

Independence Day comes on July 4.

Have you two pencils?

Can John go, too?

They went there yesterday.

Their books are lost.

He said I could go.

IV.

Are Mr. and Mrs. Long coming to-morrow?

Captain Standish was a Pilgrim.

My father's name is George B. Low, Jr.

Mary's aunt lives in Boston.

We read, write, sing, and spell in school.

Sunday is the first day of the week, and Satur-
day is the last.

Mr. Longfellow was born on February 27, 1807.

Alice, did you finish what you were doing?

"Isn't it time for the bell to ring?" asked Alice.

We sew with needle and thread.



V.

Does your mother iron on Tuesday?

February is a short month.

President Roosevelt lives in Washington.

Write this address:

Miss Ethel E. Smith,

143 Green St.;

Quincy;

Mass.

"Have you seen a bluebird?" asked Fred.

"There isn't any more water," said the lady.

Write this letter:

EAST MILTON, June 1, 1905.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

To-day is a lovely spring day. The air
is nice and sweet and the sun shines brightly.

This morning I found a robin's nest. There
were four pretty eggs in it. The robin was near
the nest and she scolded as I came to look in it. I
think she said; "What are you here for?"

Your loving child;

ELSIE.



Recreative Physical Activities

By Belle R. Parsons, California

Water and Its Manifestations.

THIS series could be utilized, with the older children, as a science lesson, by tracing water back to its source; by studying its forms and changes, and the causes of these changes. This would suggest a review of clouds, thus connecting the "Water" series directly with the last exercise in the "Wind" series.

This chapter is full of large, all-over movements and, consequently, may be used early in the year. But, if the children are to get the full sense of beauty and rhythm of which this theme is especially full, it will be better to save it until spring.

The different forms which bodies of water assume and the characteristic movements of such bodies of water is the theme of the lesson given. It is especially rich in rhythmic possibilities, suggested by the regular rise and fall of the water and the beating of the waves upon the shore.

Movements.

1. Storm Clouds. (See Wind Lesson.)

2. Rain Falling.

Free arm and finger work or tapping on desks to make sound.

3. The Brook.

Children join hands in single lines, running; winding in and out; little hurrying movements; slight jumping or hopping, as of water rippling over stones.

Join hands by rows—Ready.

Order: Attention! — Ready! — Run! — (free work) — Po-sition!

4. The River.

Slower, smooth-flowing movement; walking, rising, and sinking by bending knees.

Several rows abreast to better represent the broad stream.

Two or three rows join hands—Ready.

Order: Attention! — Ready! — Start! — (around room) — Po-sition!

5. Ponds and Lakes.

(1) Free arm movements, representing the motion of the waves, rippling, and rocking.

Arms forward, raise—Ready.

Order: Attention! — Ready! — Begin! — (free work) — Po-sition!

(2) Children holding hands in circle, movetoward center and out again, in imitation of the waves rippling and dashing on the shore.

Holding hands in circle—Ready.

Order: $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{In} \\ \text{Out} \end{array} \right\}$ — (8) — Po-sition!

When this exercise is given with music, confusion will be avoided by going "In" and "Out" in perfect time. If a piano is not at hand, the teacher may count,—"In-2-3-4"—"Out-2-3-4"—thus placing a limit, to avoid pulling and disorder.

6. The ocean.

(1) Individual work.

Large arm movements, representing the rising falling, rocking, rolling, and dashing of waves.

Combine these arm movements with deep-knee-bending to get deeper rolling of the waves.

Arms forward, raise—Ready.

Order: Attention! — Ready! — $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Down} \\ \text{Up} \end{array} \right\}$ — (8) — Po-sition!

(2) Class work.

Holding hands by horizontal rows; each row imitate the rising and falling and dashing of a wave upon the shore, walking forward the while

Holding hands by horizontal rows—Ready.

Order: Attention! — Ready! — $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Up} \\ \text{Down} \end{array} \right\}$ — repeat

several times, ending with a sudden rush to—Po-sition!

Get recurring beat and rhythm of waves.

Games.

Bridge game: Two, four, six, or more children represent the bridge by holding hands or locking arms, two by two, in opposite rows. Other children holding hands to represent stream, wind about the room and pass under bridge. With older children, many intricate and attractive figures might be developed from this theme.

Fountain game: Child representing the fountain; arms representing the sprays of water coming out—free arm movements, rising and falling.

References.

For teacher: "In the Child World." Poulsson.

For children: "This is the Way the Rain Comes Down." Kindergarten Song. "To the Great Brown House."—Jenks, Vol. I. "Patter, Patter; Goes the Rain."—Neidlinger. "Clouds of Gray are in the Sky."—Hill. "The Brook."—Tennyson. "To the Little Boy and the Fountain."



Students of the Boston Normal School at work in the Garden (a class in Plant Ecology.) Dr. Wallace C. Boyden, is the Head Master of the school

Love of Nature and the Love of Mother

By Edward F. Bigelow, Stamford, Conn.

NATURE study is not science. It is not one of the utilitarian studies. It should not be taught, expecting it to do something it should not do. It may coalesce with other departments of an education, and should do so, but is not a stepping-stone to them but stands independently on its own foundation as an end and not a means.

Language study, drawing, and even mathematics may be benefited by companionship with it, but should never use nature study as a tool for its own ends.

In its effect in character building nature study is closely akin to patriotism and to the individual life, is parallel to what patriotism is in that and also the national life.

The sentiments are so closely allied that they may be said to be companions, and what ex-President Harrison says in the introduction to "This Country of Ours" may well be noted for the excellence of his proposed methods in the companion phase of character building.

After citing examples of love, indifference or disregard as characteristics of various nations, he says:

"If we would strengthen our country; we must cultivate a love of it in our own hearts and in the hearts of our children and neighbors; and this love for civil institutions, for a land, for a flag,—if they are worthy and great and have a glorious history—is widened and deepened by a fuller knowledge of them.

A certain love of one's native land is instinctive; and the value of this instinct should be allowed, but it is short of patriotism. When the call is to battle with an invader this instinct has a high value. It is true that the majority of those who have died to found and to maintain our civil institutions were not highly instructed in constitutional law; but they were not ignorant of the doctrines of human rights, and had a deep, tho perhaps very general sense of the value of our civil institutions. If a boy were asked to give his reasons for loving his mother, he would be likely to say with the sweetest disregard of logic and catalogs:

"Well, I just love her." And we must not be hard on the young citizen who just loves his country; however uninstructed he may be. Nevertheless, patriotism should be cultivated—should in every home be communicated to the children; not casually, but by plan and forethought. For too long our children got it as they did the measles—caught it.

Now, in the schools, American history and American institutions are beginning to have more, but not yet adequate, attention, as serious and important studies.

The impulse of patriotism needs to be instructed; guided, if it is to do the every-day work of American politics.

"Sentiment, yes, never too much; but with it, and out of it, a faithful discharge of the prosy

routine of a citizen's duty. A readiness to go to the fields? Yes, and equally to the primaries and to the polls."

That is patriotism in the elementary schools from the natural standpoint; that is building the citizen from the heart; that is beginning at the right end. You can add to that solid foundation any number of diversified requirements of the citizen. What a foundation on which to build the various superstructures required in the up-building of a community!

Loves his mother, "Well, I just love her." I like that standpoint of loving his country, and the same spirit in loving this wonderful and beautiful world.

Oh, no, says, perchance, some scientific maternal appreciation, that's crude—it flavors of the Middle Ages; of the amateur, of those who love their mother from the heart. This is an age of scientific spirit, an age of the head rather than the heart, the intellect rather than the affections. Don't do any so simple loving as that, this is an age of intelligence, really know your mother, and then you can love her with solid appreciation.

First collect some pictures and drawings of all the mothers you can find, arrange them side by side and compare your mother with them. That will add to your knowledge of comparative merits of mothers.

Devote a half hour every day at a certain time to the study of mothers. Draw a picture of her, make a detailed list of color of hair, number of eyes, nostrils, ears, length of chin, height, weight, number of fingers on each hand, state the age, past history, and a hundred or more other facts. Arrange these details under a few heads, draw a bracket around each, and collocate these in line under one big bracket with the word MOTHER written in big capital letters.

Make a drawing of your mother standing erect; and also bending down to kiss you as you leave home in the morning to go to school. Sketch in detail her eyes, fingers, and nose.

Write a list of nouns, adjectives; verbs, and adverbs that will apply to your mother and from these compose ten sentences each day from 10:15 to 10:45 a. m.; in connection with some of the drawing work, heretofore described, and if work is completed shortly before the time allowed, we will fold our arms and sing about mother. Bear in mind that you must never really go to see your mother for the enjoyment; simply the enjoyment of her loving presence, but you must learn to love her and let her influence permeate every fiber of your future life by noting down all details possible with pad and pencil!

But we all know that this is not the method of securing the highest degree of love for mother; in fact, such a method would tend to obtund a real heartfelt love for mother. So I think we may regard a parallel in love of nature. Too much detail; too much method, too much correlating kills it.

New Ideas for Friday Afternoon

By Hattie E. Thompson

MOST teachers, as well as pupils, like to have "something different" on Friday afternoons, but it is a rather difficult matter to secure that "something different" every Friday of the school year.

I always try to have an exercise that will be of as much benefit as the regular afternoon program. Quite often I have merely a review of the week's or month's work in some subject, but put it in such form that the children do not consider it a review. Here are some of the exercises I have used this year:

I.

The fourth grade children were very much interested in their history stories, and the most enjoyable part was the acting out of everything that could be acted out.

I told them one Monday morning that on Friday afternoon they might have an entertainment, and invite the children in the fifth grade to attend. The entertainment was to consist of historical charades. A committee was chosen to arrange the program, and later in the week each child wrote a neat note of invitation to a child in the fifth grade.

We chose charades which would be easily acted out. Each child was to represent some character, and any extra ones were worked in as Puritans or Indians. They dressed to look as much as possible like the character to be represented, but no elaborate costumes were made.

The charades were numbered from one to ten and each was announced by number. The little guests were given numbered slips of paper and if they guessed the charade, wrote it opposite its number. I give a list of the charades:

1. The first Thanksgiving.
2. Pocahontas saving the life of John Smith.
3. William Tell and the apple.
4. The landing of the Pilgrims.
5. Walter Raleigh spreading his coat for the Queen to walk on.
6. George Washington and the hatchet.
7. John Smith's cold water cure.
8. William Penn's treaty with the Indians.
9. Barbara Frietchie.
10. Miss Read laughing at Benjamin Franklin eating his roll of bread.

II.

My pupils are always delighted if I tell them they may have a show. I take a large outline picture of some animal and pin it up where every child in the room can see it plainly. Each one copies the outline as well as he can and writes his name on the reverse side of the paper. I then collect and number the papers, and spread

them out on tables and desks. Two children at a time go to the show. They look over the drawings and write on the blackboard the numbers of the ones they consider the best. When all have been to the show the numbers on the blackboard are counted to see which number is best. Then that drawing is put away with our exhibition papers and the child whose name was on the reverse side has the honor of having the best animal at the show.

III.

I cut small pictures of objects, such as organs; houses, etc., from the magazines, and give one to each pupil. He is to draw the object at the top of a sheet of paper and beneath the drawing write as many simple sentences about the object as he can. These sentences must begin with capital letters and end with the proper marks.

IV.

During the first part of the week I announce to the children that each one must be prepared to tell a story Friday afternoon. At first they could remember only very short ones, but now they can tell quite lengthy stories very nicely. They often ask for library books in which to hunt up a story no one else has told. It is splendid practice, and I can note a great improvement in their oral recitations since they have been doing this.

V.

In our ciphering matches we begin with addition. Each pupil has a chance at ciphering in it, and the winner's name is placed on the board opposite the word "addition." Then all have a chance at subtraction, multiplication, and short and long division respectively. Sometimes there are four or five different names on the blackboard, and all work hard to see how many times they can get their names on as winners.



Nature Study Out-of-Doors. One of Dr. Bigelow's Delightful School Excursions.

The Flowers' Ball: A Simple Floral Exercise

By Frances de Wolfe Fenwick, Canada

FIRST ROW.

Carnations waltz in; take extreme right and form flower beds.

Lilies—next on right.

Roses—center of stage.

Snowdrops—left.

Bluebells—extreme left.

SECOND ROW.

Violets—between carnations and lilies.

Tulips—between lilies and roses.

Trilliums—between roses and snowdrops.

Fuchsias—between snowdrops and bluebells.

DIAGRAM OF POSITIONS.

Fuchsias, Trilliums, Tulips, Violets,
Bluebells, Snowdrops, Roses, Lilies, Carnations.

Lily.—

I am the lily, white as snow,
No gaudy hue my petals show;
Twixt fingers dead my buds they place;
My blossoms sacred altars grace.

Violet.—

Look at me, friends—the violet, I;
Purple and fragrant, sweet and shy;
I make no claim to reign, yet know
Some love me best of all flowers that blow.

Carnation.—

The dark carnation, in me behold,
In colors of crimson; rose, and gold,
No flower more fragrant doth grow on earth;
I stand for gaiety, joy, and mirth.

Trillium.—

I am the trillium; the passion flower,
Emblem of Purity, Love, and Power;
No earthly crown can e'er be mine,
Yet with a heavenly grace I shine.

Bluebell.—

You flowers are purple, and pink, and white;
And you, tulip, are yellow—a perfect fright,
But I wear the hue of the cloudless sky,
The prettiest flower of all am I.

Fuchsia.—

There's not a flower that here I see;
That holds a candle to crimson me.
Proud do you call me? I've cause to be proud;
I'm brilliant and dazzling, yet never too loud.

Snowdrop.—

The poor little snowdrop can scarcely claim
Her feebler beauties with yours to name,
Yet, Queens of Lovliness, I am the first!
While you lie asleep, with bud I burst.

Tulip.—

Come friends; look at me, the tulip gay;
Is there in the garden a flower, pray,
Of finer presence, color more fair?
To crown *me* Queen of Flowers, prepare.

Rose.—

You silly creatures! *I* am the *rose*,
Queen beyond question as everyone knows;
For fragrance and beauty alone I reign,
To notice *your* vauntings I scarcely deign.

Music. Fairy Queen dances in. Flowers all rise and courtsey.

Fairy Queen.—

You foolish flowers—I've heard you all!
Do you know that pride goes before a fall?
Cease vain disputes and listen to me,
And soon your folly you'll plainly see.

Each one is Queen in her own sweet right,
You're Queen of Purity—you of delight,
You're Queen of Modesty—you of mirth—
All serve to make pleasant the joyous earth.
Ay! well may you hang your heads in shame,
Yet I'll say no more, for all were to blame.
We'll hold right here a flower ball,
Come! Claim your partners, flowers all!

[Flowers smile at one another, choose partners and waltz. Fairy Queen waves wand in time to music. Colored lights and Curtain.]

The easiest plan for throwing lights of various colors upon a stage, is to set up a magic lantern at the rear of the room, or at least several feet in front of the stage. Pieces of glass of the colors desired may be placed in the lantern in front of the light, just as if they were lantern slides. Thus, to throw blue light on the stage, use blue glass; for green light, green glass; for red, red glass; etc. For Carnations, use pink light; for Lilies, white light; for Roses, rose light; for Snowdrops, white light; for Bluebells, blue light.

A Decoration Day Song.

By MABEL T. ROUSE, Michigan.

To the air of "Nancy Lee."

Of all the noble flags that wave;
We hail our own. Hurrah! Hurrah!
The emblem of the staunch and brave,
We hail. Hurrah! Hurrah!
Red, white, and blue, its colors true,
We love, we love!
And every star, and crimson bar,
That floats above.
We'll live for it, and die for it,
Our hearts to prove.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
For all beneath its radiant folds are free
Where'er it be, on land or sea.
For all beneath its radiant folds are free,
Beneath its radiant folds are free!
Oh, may it never cease to wave
O'er those who kept its fair folds bright
Above each valiant soldier's grave,
O'er him who died for right.
A glorious flower that tells the hour
Of liberty,
Watch shall it keep while he doth sleep,
Where'er it be;
And token give that he doth live
In memory.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Honor to him who kept our fair flag free,
Where'er he fought, on land or sea.
Honor to him who kept our fair flag free,
Who bravely kept our fair flag free.



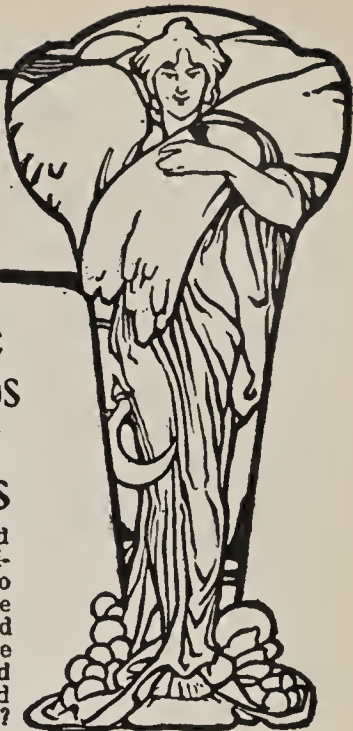


Hints and Helps

Plans,
Methods,
Devices, and
Suggestions

from the
Workshops
of many
Teachers

This feature, originally planned for *Institute and Primary School*, has proved so popular with teachers that it has been copied by nearly every educational periodical in the country. *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* will continue to publish the best to be had for this department. The Editor would like nothing better than that he might be able to visit the school-rooms of every one of the the hundred thousand teachers who will read this magazine. What an abundance of good things he would find! But that cannot be. The next best plan is to have the teachers aid each other by writing out the devices and plans and thoughts that have proved most helpful to them. Will you not contribute from the store of your experience? A good book will be sent for every contribution accepted for this department.



We are accustomed to hear it said that it is difficult for a young woman who desires to teach to find a place in which to exercise her chosen calling. This, however, is true only of those who have been insufficiently trained or not trained at all. The fact is that not only in the kindergarten department; but in all departments of our work; from the kindergarten to the high school, *the demand for well-equipped and thoroly trained teachers is always greater than the supply.*—Supt. William H. Maxwell, New York city.

A Radish Party.

In May my third year class had a "Radish Party," which delighted them very much.

Six weeks previous to this the little ones had planted the radish seeds in their own gardens or boxes at home. From time to time in the nature period they showed me that they were very much interested in watching the growth of the little plants which I had encouraged them to care for.

In May the children wrote invitations to their principal and friends to what they termed a "Radish Party." Each child brought his contribution of radishes which he had so eagerly watched attain this growth. Several pupils had from eight to ten large radishes, others more or less. With our specimens at hand we talked about the growth of the plant from the seed. The children showed by their talk that they had taken wonderful interest and used much observation in the life of the plant.

The size and shape of the leaves, the height of the plant, its hardness, and the soil in which it thrives best were all touched upon. Of course the radish itself, this stored-up nourishment forming such good food for man, came in for a large share of attention.

Our principal then gave the children a pleasing talk, after which with their dainty paper napkins on their desks, a little salt sprinkled on one corner; we ate our radishes.

I felt greatly rewarded for any little pains that

had been taken, by the very evident pleasure which it gave the children; it was one of the most interesting lessons of the term.

Long Island.

MARTHA E. HAHN.

Over and Over Again.

Children delight in stories that have a repetition of words at the end of every paragraph or stanza. "The Obstinate Pig" is one that my children never tire of reading. It is such good nonsense that the hard words do not discourage them. "Mother Nature's Helpers," in the October, 1904, number of *Primary School*, is a great favorite. It is pleasant to note the satisfaction with which the children read "Ah," said Mother Nature, "that is good. Now I shall have plenty of young maple trees (or whatever had been planted) next year."

The "Three Misses Cottontail" in *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* for last June was great fun. The illustrations were easily copied upon the blackboard, and are "so cute" that it is worth while. "Mr. and Mrs. Stout of Beaver-dam" in *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* for September proved good supplementary reading. We learned how the beavers build their houses. "And the water came trickling thru the cellar wall" was a line that the children liked better every time they said it.

Children always enjoy simple poems, but they are especially fond of those that repeat certain lines or words. I remember a little poem that says at the end of each stanza, "For mothers are funny you know," "Just about their boys' beauty you know."

It is amusing to hear the wise tone in which many of the children read this; and the note of warning that will come into some of the voices, as they say,

"Be as good as you're pretty; you know; quite so, Be as good as you're pretty, you know."

California.

ANNA McLANAHAN.



An Idea Box.

The TEACHERS MAGAZINE just received. It is delightful and helpful in the highest degree. It is by far the best teachers' journal of its kind I know of in Great Britain, America, or France. The "Hints and Helps" section I have relished especially.

Here is one device I have found very helpful in enlisting the useful interest of my pupils in our school work. I saw a similar idea in a business house here and adapted it to my need.

I asked two of my best woodwork pupils to make me a strong box with a slot hole in the lid, and a raised back with hole for fixing it on the wall, something like a salt-box arrangement. I then placed the following notice on the front of the box and hung it near the school-room entrance:

OUR IDEA BOX.

"If you have an idea or suggestion for the improvement of anything pertaining to this school, its work, appearance, etc., especially bearing on your own class work and room, write it down with your name and drop it in here. A record will be kept of those suggesting good ideas and all will be duly acknowledged. ALL IDEAS ARE WELCOME."

Well, I am happy to say that many suggestions concerning playground and games, subjects for composition, good recitation pieces, memory gems, reproduction stories from their own home reading, songs and hymns for school use, brushwork and other designs, geography pictures from current illustrated papers, etc., etc., have been dropped in the box from time to time. Nearly everything has been practical and useful and it has at the same time developed a strong personal interest in the common welfare, success and appearance of all that pertains to our school.

99 St.; Domingo Vale, J. RANDALL PEACH.
Everton's, England.

What's in a Name?

As an incentive to my highest grade I prepared slips of paper 4x5 inches, having my autograph on each, and for any meritorious work, written or verbal, I present one to the efficient worker.

The pupils keep these for a month, when the one holding the largest number hands them to me and receives some token in return, while the others (not losers by any means) retain theirs until another month rolls by and some one else receives the same merit. Collecting them each month gives the weaker ones a chance to pass the brighter ones in the end, and it is a real pleasure for me to endorse their efforts with my signature.

For another grade I keep a paper on the wall, on which any one doing good work is allowed to write his name. We count the greatest number of similar signatures when the paper is full and give him a reward.

If there is a tie in names it is real sport to see them out-rival each other for opportunities to sign their names.

Try these methods and you will discover how early in life children realize the importance attached to their own signature.

Pennsylvania.

E. MAIE SEYFERT.

Composition Books.

For a pleasant surprise some Friday afternoon, present each pupil with a composition book.

Write a greeting or "encouragement" verse on the first leaf.

Have the pupils number the leaves and divide their book into several parts, as Henry W. Longfellow, "The Children's Poet," Born at
Died

In this division the pupils may copy their favorite poem, and beautiful stanzas or thoughts from other poems.

This may be followed, leaving many blank pages for future work, by other poets, authors, or noted men.

Pictures of those written about, and places connected with them, may be cut from magazines and pasted in the books.

A few pages may be devoted to words and meanings which have been looked up for recitation.

The last pages should contain an alphabetical index.

Iowa.

CARRIE B. PIERCE.

A Sunny Club.

At one time I was greatly troubled by my pupils being cross to each other during intermissions, and, as these cross words often led up to "tongue battles," I tried to invent a plan whereby all cross words would be done away with.

I finally thought of a school club, having a rule that none of its members could use cross words. I talked this over with my pupils, telling them the object, and we decided to name it "The Sunny Club."

I made white ribbon badges which were to be worn by each member unless one forgot and used cross words, then he was to remove his badge until he became good-natured again.

For a club motto we had: "Cross words are like ugly weeds; pleasant words are like fair flowers."

For a club song we had the following, singing it to a familiar tune.

Sunny boys and girls are we,
Not a cross word can we say;
This will so much nicer be
Than to have cross words each day.

CHORUS:

Hurrah, for the Sunny Club!
The jolly Sunny Club!
We will try to do what is right,
While we wear our badge of white.

If you get angry during the day,
Shut your lips up very tight;
For not a cross word can we say,
While we wear our badge of white.

Lessons in Careful Observation.

A citizen of Norfolk, Conn., offered eighteen volumes of Appleton's Science Primers to any pupil who should gather and arrange the largest and best collection of the different kinds of wood, shrub; or vine growing in that town. Great interest was awakened, and 135 varieties were gathered by all the competitors, of which the collection of Washington Beach (who won the prize)

numbered 125. What a discipline in quickness and accuracy of perception those school-boys gained while exploring the fields, hills, and mountains of this large town, and discriminating all these varieties by the grain or bark. With no interruption of studies, there was a quickened zest and vigor for school work, and, best of all, that rare and priceless attainment, a trained eye.

Connecticut.

B. C. NORTHRUP.

Spelling Device.

In my first grade work I find the following device very helpful in teaching spelling. As soon as the pupils begin writing their spelling from dictation, I have them make little booklets for spelling blanks and each day their lesson is written in these. At the close of the period the books are collected and laid aside for me to correct during my first spare moment.

My corrections are made in red ink and the following day the "red words" are used in sentences, the sentences being written at the bottom of the page. Every perfect lesson is marked with a blue star, and on Friday those who have had perfect lessons every day in the week have a gilt star pasted on their cards, which are kept hanging in one corner of the room so that every child may know the number of stars his card contains.

I use the gilt stars also as a device to secure attendance, for, of course, each child wants more stars on his card. Sometimes I use crowns instead of cards, and allow them to wear their crowns during their special exercises on Friday.

Georgia.

A. M. DUNSON.

Teaching Blend Words.

I find many helpful articles in your paper; especially in the "Hints and Helps."

I have a plan for teaching blend words. Perhaps it would be helpful to some of your readers.

I begin with the *an* family. First I tell the children this is grandma *an*; she is going to have a Christmas party and wants to invite all her grandchildren home.

Have them give a sound of a letter, such as *f* (what the cross cat said). Then pronounce *f-an*, *fan*. I write this word on the board. Call upon another child to invite another grandchild.

They may give the sound *t-an*, *tan*.

Children are called upon until all the family have been invited. Then we count the grandchildren. Have the names given next day.

There are a great many families such as *in*, *on*, *at*, *it*, *en*, *ad*, *and*, *end*, etc.

By this method the pupils soon become familiar with the pronunciation and spelling of the words.

Keeping Track of Assignments.

The article "How I keep track of assignments" by a rural school teacher, of Clintonville, Wis., which was published in the September number of your magazine has come to my attention.

I wish to endorse heartily this teacher's method of noting the assignments for each day's lesson in a blank book. I have used the plan with great success.

In one point, however, my system differs from

hers: Instead of writing the list of classes for the day on one side of the page, (which entailed more work than I was willing to do) I wrote the list of my classes—twenty-three in number—on a long slip of paper. One end of this slip I pasted to the back cover of the blank book; the other end of the slip, on which the names of the classes are written is thus left free to fold over the end of the book and down the length of the page. The lines on which the list of classes are written correspond with the lines on each page, and one list of names suffices for the entire term, thus obviating the necessity of writing the entire list of names on each page.

Vermont.

R. C. GOVE.

Two Great Men.

I had a little boy of eight years ask me one day if Abraham Lincoln ever saw George Washington. When I replied negatively and saw the disappointment in his face I asked him why he felt disappointed, but I received only a child's unsatisfactory answer, "O, because!" But I knew that the motive that prompted the question was one that realized there would have been a compatibility of temperament between the two natures—democratic and autocratic,—or in his own little simple way of thinking, they were great because they were good and of course would have been friends.

Pennsylvania.

E. MAIE SEYFERT.

A Ferris Wheel.

I have an arithmetic class composed of children about eight years old. A very successful device in teaching them the multiplication tables is "A Ferris Wheel."

Draw on the board a wheel with numbers at every spoke. Tell them about the Ferris Wheel. Point to the numbers and have some child "take a ride" on the wheel. (Give products.) If he miscalls a number, he has fallen and some other child takes a ride in his place. Sometimes the whole class takes a ride. Any one who makes a mistake "falls" and must look on while the rest take a ride.

The children are very eager for a ride; and they learn their tables in a remarkably short time.

Pennsylvania.

STELLA SHOOK.

Five Objective Points in Teaching.

As there are five objective points which we study of in history, so I think every teacher ought to have five objective points in teaching.

1. Win the love and respect of all your pupils by kindly ways and love, and by being one with them in all their games and little troubles. Then you will have no more trouble with order.

2. Consider yourselves responsible, to a certain degree, for the moral character of each one of your pupils while in your care.

3. Have a definite aim in each class during each day. Bring out at least one important phase in each recitation and brand it into their little minds in such an interesting way that it becomes a part of themselves.

4. Cultivate a taste for the good and the beautiful in all your pupils. This can be easily done by bringing out the good and beautiful very strongly in recitation and talking about it.

5. Last, but most important, to be successful, each teacher must herself be thoroly interested in each lesson each day, or surely her pupils will not be interested.

Wisconsin.

M. S.

A Butterfly.

Can you put life in a butterfly that starved to death alone? If not, never do cruel deeds and take that from the living which you cannot give back again.

Children cannot be taught too early not to be selfish and unkind. By making other persons happy; each of us will be more happy ourselves, and all will be benefited by living together lovingly in this world.

Maryland.

A. L. ROOT.

A Capital Exercise.

When I assign a lesson to my little people of the first grade reading class I always have them tell me what capital letters are found in it. I write these on the board so that when the lesson is written from the book they are not at a loss how to make them. Later on I vary the exercise by having them make every capital letter in the lesson, counting them and telling me how many I shall find when I count them over.

Pennsylvania.

E. MAIE SEYFERT.

Ball Game Number Drill.

Children like activity, and best results are obtained if bright devices are used.

The moving word game sent to the September TEACHERS MAGAZINE by Ruth O. Dyer is one of the brightest devices for word drill ever used. Here is one that matches it for number work drill.

The device explains itself. Combinations of various kinds are placed by the teacher in the left-hand "ball" and the child who "catches" it writes the answer quickly in the ball at the other end of the blackboard or on the blackboard at the opposite side of the room.

"How quickly Hattie caught that ball!" will make bright eyes brighter.

Sometimes have a pupil standing ready to "catch the ball"; sometimes have hands raised and name a pupil quickly, who is to run and catch your ball. Erase combinations and place new ones in your ball in a bright, interested fashion yourself, to give zest to the game.

Massachusetts.

A. S. P.

Seat Work Related to Reading.

The following plan as a word study has been found helpful in grammar grades:

Select five words from the reading lesson; or let each child select five which he cannot clearly define. Find and write the definition of each word. If there are any words used in the definition which the child does not understand, let him

find the meaning of these also. Then have each word used in an original sentence.

At the recitation, if it is found that some of the words are not correctly used, the class may try to use them correctly. If none of the pupils can illustrate the correct use, the teacher should explain the definition more fully, and, if necessary, give an example of its proper use in a sentence. The pupils should then construct similar sentences.

For review and drill, use the words which were most difficult for the children to understand and explain.

MARGARET M. MARSHALL.

Maine.

How God Created the Red Man—An Indian Legend.

The following legend was related by the colored commander of Hampton institute in a recent address to the children of the elementary school at Horace Mann:

God took some clay and modeled it in the form of a man. He made an oven and heated it, and put the form into it. After a while God opened the oven and found a man all black, with little tight, crisp curls all over his head, and He was so disgusted that He threw the man away as far as He could, and the man fell in Africa. And that was the negro.

Then God made another form out of clay and put it into the oven, but He was so afraid of burning this man that He took him out of the oven too soon, and when God saw that his skin was pale and his hair light, He was again disgusted, and He threw this man also far away, and he fell in Asia. And this was the white man.

Then God determined to make another man and to watch the oven more carefully this time. So He took some more clay and made it in the form of a man and put it into the oven, and watched it very carefully. When He opened the door He saw a man with a fine dark red color and long, silky, black hair; and He said it was good and that this man must have a home. So God looked around the world for the most beautiful country, and found America, and he put the red man there and called him Indian.

The Common School.

The following extract from a letter of Mary Richards Gray, of Chicago, supplies an abundance of material for reflection:

The public or the private school for our children? This question at some time or another faces every family with sufficient means to pay the tuition to the private school. Recently it came up in a prominent family here in town in connection with a bright, attractive little girl seven years old. The child is of an extremely nervous and restless disposition and lacking in powers of concentration. Her first grade reports were always fair "in deportment and scholarship," and when she started second grade in the C class with no improvement in either deportment or scholarship her parents bethought themselves of the private school and began discussions with their neighbors on the advisability of a change. This is one discussion. A neighbor, a prominent business man is the speaker.

"My child will go to the public schools fit or not fit. I was sent to private schools always. I never saw the inside of a public school. I was too good to mingle with the common herd, and now here I am doing business with that herd, and I know nothing about them. I've never had any experience with them. I started in business with my father,

THE CHILD WORLD

A Magazine of Supplementary Reading.

Supplement to TEACHERS MAGAZINE, May, 1906.



III. The Crowning of the Kingbird.

(Continued from last month.)

The Cardinal now went to the Canopy and bowed to the Queen. Bluebird with the Queen's lace handkerchief, and Redstart with the Queen's rug of cloth of gold, placed themselves behind the Cardinal.

The Queen attended by the two Phoebes came forward. Right behind her were her two youngest daughters.

Next came Vireo carrying the Queen's flag. On his right side walked Blackbird with the Ruby Ring; on his left, the Scarlet Tanager who carried the royal staff.

In this order the Queen's procession moved to the west side of the theater.

Bluebird (D) presented to the Queen (Q) the handkerchief of real lace. Redstart (A) put the rug of cloth of gold at the feet of the Queen who stepped on it.

The Cardinal (C) then took the Ruby Ring from the Blackbird (Y) and stood before the Queen. This is how the birds were arranged:

R	U	B	Y		
I					
	Q	U	E	E	N
N					
	C	A	D		
G					

The Cardinal handed the Ruby Ring to the Queen. Then the Tanager (I) placed the royal staff at her feet. When this was done, Dotty and Jenny Wren sang, "Sweet, sweet queen of hearts."

This song pleased the Queen so much that she asked Dotty and Jenny Wren to stand right behind her.

The Cardinal with the Tanager on his left and Redstart on his right now went to the east. There never was a more gorgeous sight than these three birds walking abreast.

Behind them was a Purple Martin. Blackbird followed slowly.

A Goldfinch escorted the oldest princess to the west. The two princes followed.

When the birds had taken their places they were arranged like this:

G O D
 B L E S S
 O U R Q U E E N

When the birds in the field saw this pretty sight they all rose high in the air and sang, each after his own kind.

LIST OF BIRDS ON THE THEATER.

Here is the list of the birds on the theater. It is repeated here that you may know from the letters how the birds were placed:

- A—Redstart with the Queen's Rug.
- B—Vireo with the Queen's green flag which had a ruby ring in the center.
- C—Cardinal.
- D—Bluebird with the Queen's handkerchief of real lace.
- E E E—Daughters of the Kingbird.
- F F F—Kinglets attending the Princesses.
- G G—Humming Birds attending the Princes.
- H—Song Sparrow with the King's white flag which had a red strawberry in the center.
- I I—Scarlet Tanagers: one with the pine cone scepter, the other with the royal staff.
- J—Jay with the King's embroidered purse which had in it golden chains and medals.
- K—Kingbird.
- L L—Goldfinches carrying the golden spurs of the King.
- M—Robin Redbreast, Master of Ceremonies.
- N N—Purple Martins with the golden flask which had in it pure oil of roses.
- O O—Sons of the Kingbird.
- P—Meadowlark.
- Q—The Queen.
- R—Cedar Waxwing with the golden Crown.
- S S—Sisters Dotty and Jenny Wren.
- T—Wood Thrush.
- U U—Phoebes, cousins of the Queen.
- V—Veery.
- W—Indigo Bunting with the golden spoon.
- X X X X—Orioles four carrying the royal Canopy.
- Y—Blackbird with the Ruby Ring.
- Z—Catbird, conductor of music.

The Queen bowed to the south, to the west, to the north, and to the east. Then she returned to the Canopy in the east with her youngest daughter on one side and her younger son on the other.

Behind the Queen walked the two Phoebes with Vireo between them carrying the Queen's green flag, which had a ruby ring in the center.

Sisters Dotty and Jenny Wren followed. Cedar Waxwing came next with Bluebird by his side.

The birds in the field called for another song from Wood Thrush and Veery. When the two great singers made their bow in the west there was joyous cheering which lasted fully three minutes. Then all was quiet.

"Eight, eight, eight," the Jay called out. Sure enough the town clock rang out eight o'clock. That was the time set for the grand luncheon.

All the birds, except the Robins, said "Who would have thought it could be so late?" The Robins claimed they could tell time by their stomachs. They knew it must be eight o'clock. They were hungry again.

The Kingfishers had arranged the luncheon near the brook at the south end of Farmer Wilson's field. There were trees and bushes of many kinds. Here every bird could find something that would suit his taste.

The chief of the Kingfishers led the way.

The Kingbird and his family had their food served on a small green hillock. The other birds helped themselves to whatever they liked best.

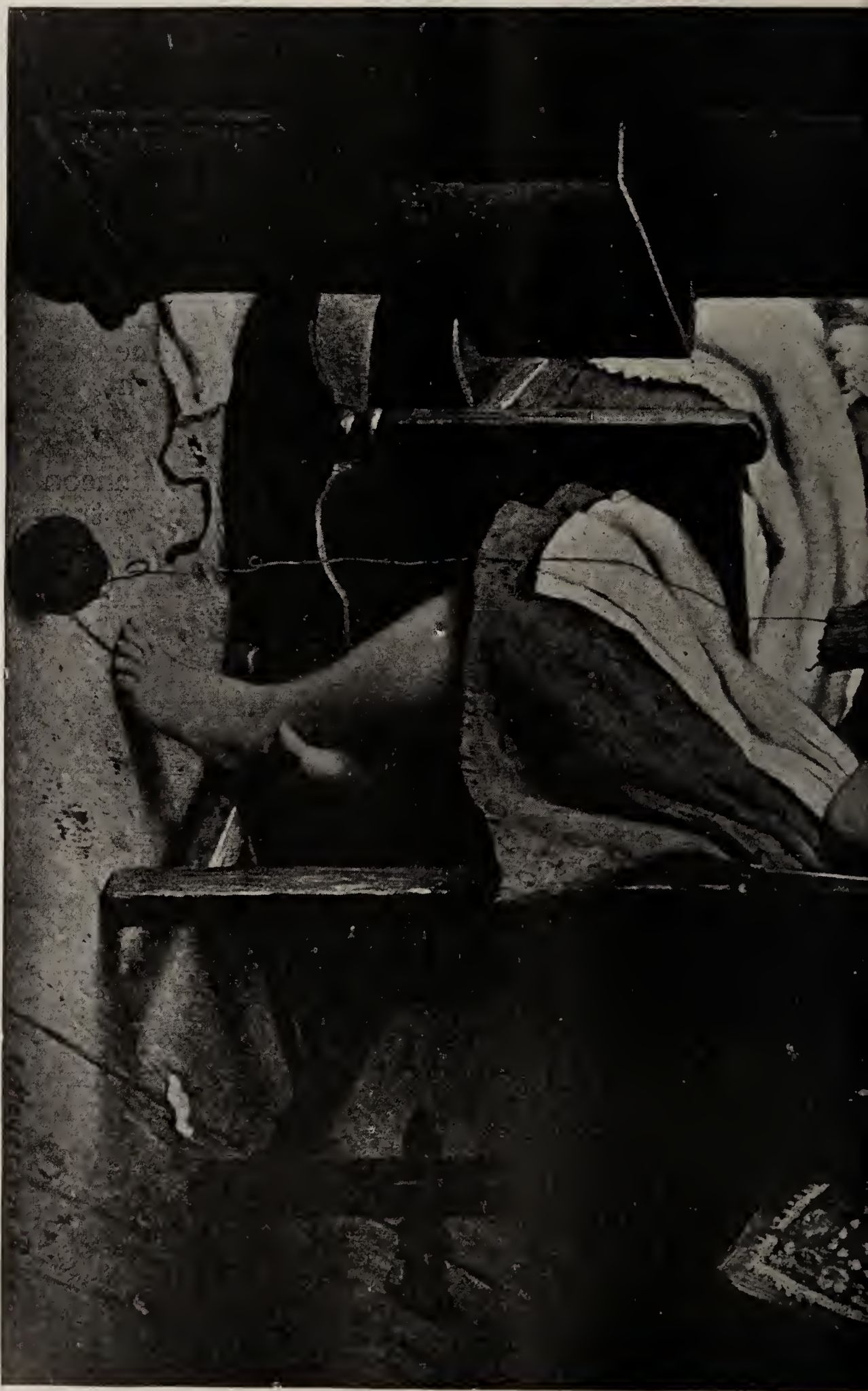
The only ones who seemed to be without anything to eat were the Cedar Waxwings. They were sitting—twelve of them—on a branch of the cherry tree and looked very bashful.

The Kingbird espied the Waxwing who had carried the golden crown. So he ordered Songsparrow to take up to him from the royal table a sweet raspberry on a green maple leaf. The Waxwing bowed low to the King when the gift was brought. Then he took the berry and politely passed it to the Waxwing at his left. This one gave it to his neighbor, and he to the next. So the berry was passed from one to the other up and down the row of Waxwings. At last the berry fell to the ground and a Bobolink caught it and ate it.

The grass salad was the best that was ever served at any luncheon.

The Yellowbird was going to sing a song. But his voice was so hoarse that he had to stop. The Owl said he should not have eaten any cheese. That is what spoiled his voice. A singer ought never to eat cheese.

A young Chickadee wanted to drink his cherry juice through a straw. But there was no straw, and so he had no cherry juice.



THE LITTLE MOTHER

From the Painting of
Meyer von Bremen



The last thing on the bill of fare was "pinto." It looked very much like ice cream and was served in tiny glasses. Everybody liked it. When the glasses were empty some of the birds took them up and clinked them together. Then all sang:

Cling, clang, cling!
Come let us sing
The glory of the King
Of the birds on the wing.

Again the Grackles almost spoiled the last line by their squeaking. Nevertheless, the Kingbird enjoyed the song very much.

The luncheon was a great success. The Robins said it would be no more than right to thank the Kingfishers for having prepared so fine a feast. All the birds agreed.

Nuthatch was chosen to express the thanks of the birds because his voice was best suited for it. So he went down to the brook where the Kingfishers were sitting in a row and said: "Thanks, thanks, thanks, beloved friends! The birds are delighted with the luncheon you have arranged. They have sent me here to thank you."

The Kingfishers were so pleased that they did not know what to say. They only smiled.

Nine o'clock! The Grouse drummed. That was the signal for returning to the theater where the Kingbird was crowned.

* * * * *

This time only twelve birds were permitted to be on the theater. There were the Kingbird and his Queen, of course. Four Orioles held the purple canopy over them. With the King were his two sons and with the Queen her three daughters. In the west stood Robin Redbreast, Master of Ceremonies. The other birds were in the field below.

When all was quiet Robin Redbreast said, "Hear ye, friends! There will now be several games for your entertainment. The first number on the program will be a blind birds' pot hunt. The Flicker, two redheaded Woodpeckers, and one Nuthatch will try blindfolded to find this pot which I now place in the center of the theater. Whoever strikes the pot first and breaks it with his bill will receive three sweet kernels as a prize."

The Flicker, the Woodpeckers, and the Nuthatch took their places on the north side of the theater. After they were blindfolded they started off to find the pot. Each one was sure he knew just where it was. One of the Woodpeckers almost fell over the south side in his haste. The Flicker won. As soon as he felt the pot, he struck it so hard with his bill that he broke it at the first blow. The Nuthatch felt disappointed at having lost the prize. So he said, "If you will offer another three sweet kernels as a prize I will show you a trick that will startle the birds."

The Kingbird said he would himself give such a prize for an extraordinary feat.

The Nuthatch flew up to the apple tree. Then, head downward he walk around and round the trunk to the ground. The birds flapped their wings with joy. They had never seen the trick before. Several Woodpeckers tried to do it, but not one of them succeeded. The Nuthatch was pleased and thanked the Kingbird for the prize.

Next, the Catbird told funny stories which made the birds laugh.

Then a tub filled with water was placed on the theater. Robin Redbreast threw three apples into the tub. He invited all birds who wanted to duck for the apples to come forward. It was great fun to watch the ducking. Three Kingfishers walked away with the prizes.

A Songsparrow danced on a tight-straw held by two Jays. The Owl astonished all by turning his head clear around three times. The birds could not believe their eyes. The Chat thought it was only a sleight-of-hand trick. The Shrike said that it could not be, because the Owl used no hands.

"How did you do it?" asked Robin Redbreast. The Owl blinked. Then suddenly he turned his head clear around again.

"He will wring his head off if he does it again," said a Crow. The Owl blinked again. Suddenly the head turned around once more. To this day the birds cannot tell how the trick was done. Can you?

The Flicker turned five somersaults on a telegraph wire. "They call him High-Over in New England," the Bluebirds said, "that is why he does that so well."

The last number on the program was a sausage-eating match by twelve Robins. They got away with several hundred worm sausages and when they had eaten all there was nobody knew who had won. They had forgotten to count.

It was now eleven o'clock, and the sun was very hot. The Kingbird came forward with his Queen and bowed. The birds whistled and cheered.

"Beloved friends," the Kingbird said, "if you have enjoyed everything as much as our Queen and I have, then I know you will long remember this day. All good things must come to an end some time. Even the crowning of a Kingbird cannot last forever. I thank you again for the honor you have done me by choosing me your King. May you never regret it!"

The Kingbird bowed and the Queen bowed. Suddenly they both flew away and their children after them.

Then some crows started the bird yell and all the birds joined in:

Caw, caw, caw, caw, who are we?
Chur, chur, chur, chur, chee, chee, chee.
Look up, way up, heave-ho, chack,
Chee-ay, witchee-wee, tsip, tsip, whack.
R-r-r-r-r-r.



THE RAINY DAY.



(♩=92.)

p

Pat - ter, pat - ter goes the rain,

pp *p* *ten*

rit. *in time.* *cres.*

Oh, so ma - ny hours; But though it keeps me in the house, It's

rit. *cres.*

rit. *dim.*

ver - y good for flow'rs.

rit. *dim.* *pp* *ppp*



From "Small Songs for Small Singers," by W. H. Neidlinger.

With Pictures by Walter Bobbett.

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[See page 688.]

otherwise I don't know how I'd have made a beginning. I have nothing in common with the men with whom I do business. I'm too good for them. I know it and they know. My troubles in getting down to them, the history of my attempts at fellowship with them would make angels weep. My children are not too good for the public schools. They will be obliged to fit themselves to the system."

The father spoke up. "I didn't get on at the public schools. Somehow or other I did not fit the system. There was not a teacher that I had from whom I got anything much, or who pounded anything from the inside of books into my head, but I had an experience with the common herd. I understand people, and my knowledge was gained at school. I never go down town but that I see some one or other from the neighborhood or the school in which I spent my youth. I can chat agreeably with Nick, the street car conductor, and talk old times at school with Bill in his cigar shop, or Tom at his lunch-counter joint. I can get on with the common people. My experience stands me in good stead in my business, in that I am obliged to deal with hundreds of men, but as for education, I got none at the public schools. I was a misfit and I fear my daughter is a chip of the old block."

The little girl is still in the public schools and the likelihood is that there she will remain.

Shall and Will in the First Person.

There is little excuse for a person who confounds the words *SHALL* and *WILL* in the first person. Grammars and dictionaries are all agreed that *SHALL* is to be used for simple predictions concerning the speaker, while *WILL*, in this connection, expresses volition; or purpose. Yet how many of us, in spite of all our teaching, are guilty of such solecisms as these:

"I will be glad to see you."

"I will take pleasure in sending it."

"I am afraid I will catch the fever."

"I will certainly take cold."

"Perhaps I will not be able to go."

"I will enjoy your company, etc."

The pleasure we are to feel in seeing our friends or in favoring them is involuntary. It is almost an insult to say "I will be glad" in the connection, for it implies on the part of the speaker a determination to be glad. And who desires such friendship as that would indicate? As for the person who says "I will meet with this or that calamity," he really expresses a *purpose* to meet with it.

Should and *would* are but oblique forms of *shall* and *will*, and follow the same law. It is incorrect to say "I would like to know," "I would be glad to have you come," "I am afraid I would be sick," "I would prefer this."

The distinction in meaning and use between *SHALL* and *WILL* is a peculiarity of our language which is well worth preserving. Ought we to disregard it until the distinction is lost? Ought we not rather to take pride in it; to treasure it, and to observe it in all our speech? Have we the right to nullify by our speech the instruction we give pupils in the principles of English grammar?

There are many who look with contempt upon matters of correctness in speech, and who speak of refinements of language as an affectation. But no one will have the hardihood to accuse Abraham Lincoln of a mincing or affected speech. In looking over the speeches of this plain, unaffected man of the people, we find that even in the excitement of a fierce debate he was almost invariably correct in his use of words.

The careless speaker is apt to suppose that all others are as careless as himself.

"I should not be willing to go so far as that," said a certain Congressman.

"Like the gentleman who has just spoken," said a coarse speaker who followed him, "I *wouldn't* be willing to go *that far*."

Doubtless the latter speaker thought he was but echoing the words of the former; and he was wholly oblivious to the fact that his words jarred upon the ears of many of his auditors.

Often we are not aware of the injury we do to our own interests by a habitual disregard of propriety in speech.

"I would like to teach Latin," says an applicant for a teacher's position, "but I haven't studied it that long." Perhaps he wonders why he does not receive the coveted appointment. "I should like to teach Latin," says another applicant, "altho I have not studied it so long as you seem to require." Possibly he does not know why his application is received with favor, for correct speech is natural to him.

A noted statesman prepared with great care an address for a memorable occasion, and hoped to see his production incorporated in collections of standard literature. But alas! he began it thus:

"I would like to, at the outset, say that," etc.

Many readers, doubtless, stopped with the first sentence, not having the patience to read further, tho the address was, in the main, exceedingly well prepared.

Since I have mentioned the example of Abraham Lincoln, perhaps it will interest the reader to note the following sentences selected from his speeches in the state campaign of 1858, as recorded by the reporters at the time. They are copied from a campaign book of 1860, and have not been thru a process of posthumous revision.

"We shall lie down presently dreaming that the people of Missouri are on the very verge of making their state free, and we shall awake to the reality," etc.

"We shall not fail—if we stand firm; we shall not fail."

"Well; I should like to have you name him. I should like to know who he was."

"I will attend to that for a little while." "I will state what I suppose to be some of them."

"I should not still be in favor of exercising that power except upon some conservative principle," etc.

"I should not, with my present views; be in favor of endeavoring to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, unless," etc.

"That is what I would do."

Is it any wonder that the exacting critics in the east marveled at the words of this untutored man of the west who spoke naturally and correctly?

Illinois.

HUBERT M. SKINNER.



Multiplication is Vexation.

By ROSE O. LOUGHLIN, Massachusetts.

TO many teachers in our schools, the teaching and drill of the multiplication tables is a positive bore, yet why need it be so? The tables are not learned intuitively, so a little preparation is necessary in order to make the lessons interesting. With a little care in presenting the work, with a few devices to make the drills pleasant and helpful, the time for teaching the multiplication tables may be made the most enjoyable period of the day.

Spend at least one lesson in developing the table. Suppose we are teaching the table of fours. We will have a sufficient quantity of sticks (tooth-picks will do) so that each child may handle his own. Ask them to arrange the sticks in groups of four sticks each. Now pick up one four, three fours, etc., until they can recognize groups quickly. Then learn the combinations in order. Also teach different ways of expressing what they have learned as

1 times 4 is 4 ($1 \times 4 = 4$). One four is 4.
2 times 4 are 8 ($2 \times 4 = 8$). Two fours are 8.
3 times 4 are 12 ($3 \times 4 = 12$). Three fours are 12.

Now have the class count by fours, and in this connection we may use the term product. Even in the primary classes the words product, multiplier, multiplicand, may be taught. Children like to learn "big words," and if they are used commonly in the class, there will be no hesitation later in the work with problems in deciding which is which.

As the products in the multiplication tables are what the children are to memorize, why not make use of them for drill, instead of repeating the whole table. If we are drilling on fours, instead of the singsong "One four is four," let us have rapid naming of the products, 4, 8, 12, 16 to 48, then backward rapidly. This may be a concert exercise if you like, then there may be a drill by rows of children, by lines, then individually.

Test the children. Who feels sure he knows the table? The child names the products backward and forward. Now test him on the most difficult combinations. If he does not fail, his name is written in a book kept for that purpose. Every day, just before the test, read the names already entered, and ask those children to be ready to help the others.

As the different tables are learned, it is well to establish certain facts in connection with the teaching of the measures, etc. This gives variety to the lesson. The following may be suggestive;

TABLE OF TWOS.	
1 quart is two pints.	2 pts.=1 qt.
2 quarts are 4 pints.	4 pts.=2 qts.
3 quarts are 6 pints.	6 pts.=2 qts.

TABLE OF THREES.	
1 yard is 3 feet.	3 ft.=1 yd.
2 yards are 6 feet.	6 ft.=2 yds.

TABLE OF FOURS.	
1 pint is 4 gills.	4 gi.=1 pt.
2 pints are 8 gills.	8 gi.=2 pts.
1 gallon is 4 quarts.	4 qts.=1 gal.
2 gallons are 8 quarts.	8 qts.=2 gals.
1 bushel is 4 pecks.	4 pks.=1 bush.
2 bushels are 8 pecks.	8 pks.=2 bush.

TABLE OF FIVES.	
1 nickel is 5 cents.	5 cts.=1 nickel.
2 nickels are 10 cents.	10 cts.=2 nickels.

TABLE OF SIXES.*
Miscellaneous facts.

TABLE OF SEVENS.	
1 week is 7 days.	7 days=1 wk.
2 weeks are 14 days.	14 days=2 wks.

TABLE OF EIGHTS.*
Miscellaneous facts.

TABLE OF NINES.*
Miscellaneous facts.

TABLE OF TENS.	
1 dime is 10 cents.	10 cts.=1 dime.
2 dimes are 20 cents.	20 cts.=2 dimes.

TABLE OF ELEVENS.*
Miscellaneous facts.

TABLE OF TWELVES.	
1 year is 12 months.	12 mo.=1 yr.
2 years are 24 months.	24 mo.=2 yrs.

1 dozen is 12 things.	12 things=1 doz.
2 dozens are 24 things.	24 things=2 doz.

Now for a game of "Hide the Thimble."
Write on small square pieces of cardboard the table we have just been studying, and suppose we vary our work by writing the combinations in this way:

$$\begin{array}{cccccccccccccccc} 4 & 4 & 4 & 4 & 4 & 4 & 4 & 4 & 4 & 4 & 4 & 4 & 4 & 4 & 4 \\ \times 1 & \times 2 & \times 3 & \times 4 & \times 5 & \times 6 & \times 7 & \times 8 & \times 9 & \times 10 & \times 11 & \times 12 & & & \end{array}$$

After allowing one of the class to draw a card, ask him to place it face downward on the teacher's desk. Distribute remaining cards to the class.

We must now say the table in order to find the thimble, viz., the missing combination. When discovered, if it is a "too easy one," we must draw again, repeating the table as before. (This part of the game is real fun.) When a combination

sufficiently difficult to deserve being the "thimble" is found, the game proceeds in the usual way. You may be sure when forty or fifty little people are intent on locating $\frac{4}{x9}$ or $\frac{4}{x7}$ there will be little danger of many failures.

*These facts may be the cost of things with which the child is familiar.



The beautiful Central High School of Pueblo, Colorado.

Practical Questions on Seeds and Plants.

By A. T. SEYMOUR.

The Parts of a Seed.

THE SEED COATS.

Testa or outer coat.

Endopleura or "papery lining." (Often lacking).

MARKINGS OF SEEDS.

1. Hilum or scar, where the seed was attached.

2. The chalaza, shown by a lump near the hilum.

3. The micropyle,—"little gate"—where pollen tube entered.

The embryo or young plants, consists of:

1. Cotyledons,—seed leaves.

2. Caulicle or root-stem.

3. Plumule or new leaves.

SHAPE OF EMBRYO,—COILING.

The endosperm or plant food.

Located outside the embryo.

HOW THE SEEDS BEHAVE WHEN GERMINATING.

Swelling, bursting, adaptations for getting out of coats.

The root comes out first.

Looping of stem.

How seeds get out of the ground.

Plowing, rolling, planting.

Questions.

What determines the shape of a seed?

Why is the outer seed coat hard?

What kind of food is stored in a date seed?

How do dicotyledonous seeds come out of the ground? Why?

Why will corn come up even if planted very deep? Why will beans not grow in deep soil?

Why do farmers plow the ground? Why drag it?

Why do planters top the hill with a hoe when planting? Is this right?

Why do farmers roll the ground after sowing?

Why should the soil not be packed too hard over the seed?

In what kinds of soil would plants get the most air,—clay or sand, or humus?

Which soil would not supply enough moisture?

Why will seeds often fail to grow in a wet season?

Why in a dry season?

How do you know that germinating seeds do not need light?

How do seeds straighten out when they get out of the ground?

How does stem growth differ from root growth?

How do roots take water from the ground?

How do you know that seeds contain starch?

How do you know that sprouting seeds use up oxygen?

Stems.

THE STEM: What it is and how it behaves.

(References: Atkinson; First Studies in Plant Life,—Ginn & Co., 1902.)

USES OF THE STEM: The stem as a leaf-bearing organ.

a. A frame-work for leaves; b. Carries water from root to leaf; c. Carries nitrogen, sulphur, iron;

iron, etc, compounds in solution; from root to leaf; d. Carries sugar from leaf to root; e. Stores plant food for future use of plant, (e. g., potato and sago palm); f. Performs the work of leaves (e. g., cacti).

STRUCTURE OF THE STEM:

1. The cell unit,—protoplasm.

2. The parts of a stem,—bark, sap-wood, heart-wood. Commercial uses.

3. The vascular system: how formed.

4. Annual rings, medullary rays. (Thin sections, Hough's).

KINDS OF STEMS: Climbing, twining, underground, condensed, leaf-like.

a. Exogenous (dicotyledonous); b. Endogenous (monocotyledonous).

EXAMPLE OF STEMS: The potato; the base of an onion and other bulbs; the root-stock; the corn; the flower; placenta (see Gray).

DEFINITION OF A STEM: Bears buds.

BEHAVIOR OF STEMS:

Effect of light.

Effect of earth-pull.

Questions.

Are house plants ever grown from seed? Why?

Why is a glass vessel not used to grow plants?

Two reasons.

Why is there a hole in the bottom of flower pots?

Why is too much watering bad for plants?

What is the source of soil?

Can decaying organic matter increase the sum total of soil in the earth? Explain.

Why is a sandy soil not desired by farmers?

Why do better crops grow in clay soil than in sandy soil?

Why can not clay land be "worked" early in the spring? Is this true of a sandy soil?

Should the surface of soil in a flower pot be stirred from time to time? Explain.

When must a plant be removed from a flowerpot?

What kinds of food do plants need?

Why is the soil cultivated?

Why is a mulching of straw often placed around tomato plants?

Would a mulching of shavings, sawdust; or straw be as good for a plant as frequent cultivation? Why?

Why are weeds harmful to other plants?



Students at the Boston Normal School at work in the garden (a class in Plant Ecology.) Dr. Wallace C. Boyden is the Head Master of the school.

Something About Dogs.



Mastiff.

As I walk thru the woods I often think of the time when white men did not live here; when forests were dense and wild; and when wolves ran howling on their way thru the long, cold nights.

But that was long ago. Probably not many of our boys and girls have ever heard or seen a wolf, unless he was a captive. Where have they gone, these wild dog-like animals, and why have they gone?

Foxes, near relatives of wolves, are not so rare. Have you ever seen one traveling along his solitary way? I say solitary way because, as you know, foxes do not hunt in packs as do the wolves. If you live on a farm; perhaps you can tell of a visit a fox has made to your home and whether or not you enjoyed having him there.

We may not be able to see wolves and foxes, but almost everywhere and every day we can see their tame relations—dogs. I like the large dogs best:

--St. Bernards; mastiffs, great Danes, collies, and the like; yet some very small dogs have taken a large place in my life.

You will see here illustrations of several dogs.—These represent certain types and it will be interesting for you to compare the dogs you



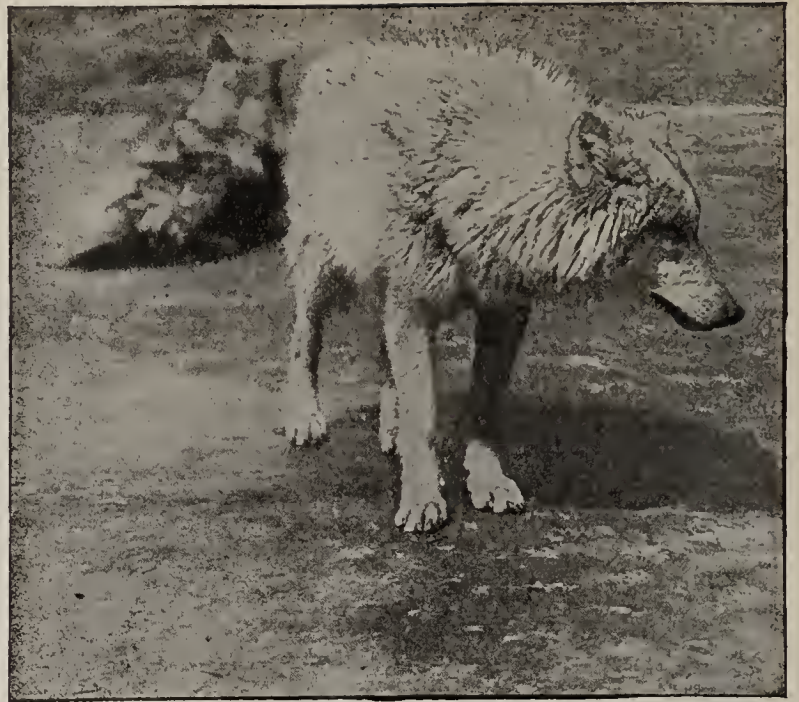
French Poodle.

know with those in the pictures.

How many kinds of dogs do you know? Can you tell a bulldog when you see it? A spaniel?



Red Fox.



Gray Wolf.

pointer? collie? bloodhound? St. Bernard?

Do you suppose all the dogs you see represent some named breed? Or are some of them just "common dogs," as most of the horses are "common horses" and not coachers, or roadsters, or draft horses? Write a letter describing some kind of dog. What kind of dog do you like best? Do you like the bloodhound with its wise, almost human face? the mastiff? the large and handsome St. Bernard? the greyhound that runs so fast and sees so far? the collie with its beautiful head and thick, rough coat? the queer little poodle, so quick

to learn all sorts of tricks? the setter? the fierce bulldog?

As you think about these dogs, compare them with those that you have known. Notice whether your dog is like any one of them. If he is different which one; if any, does he most resemble?



Collie.

Give your dog a bone and notice how he holds it. How does a dog drink?

Does he sleep much in the daytime? What position does he most often take when he lies down? Does he always choose the same place in which to rest? Can you give a reason for his choice?

Have you ever tried to make a nice bed for your dog and has he arranged it afterward to suit himself?

You should keep fresh straw for your dog's bed and have his kennel whitewashed inside once in a while; why?

Watch your dog hide a bone. How does he do it?

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Willows and Poplars

By Clarence M. Weed, State Normal School, Lowell, Mass.

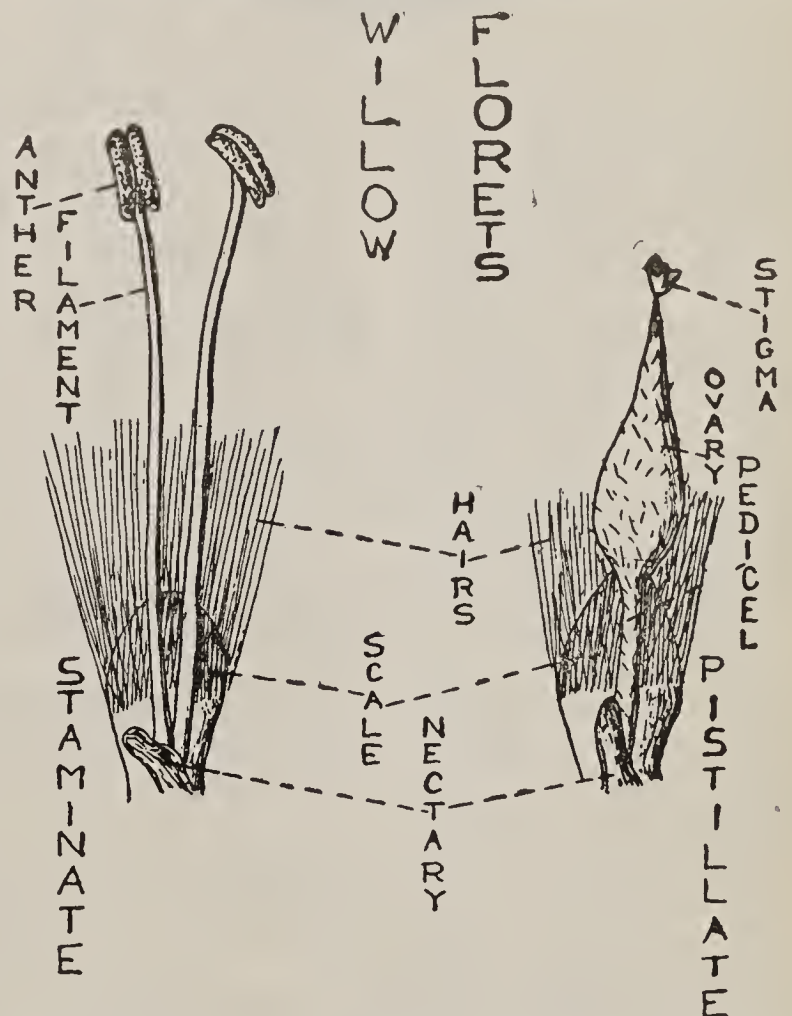
THE willows and poplars form two of the most interesting groups of trees that blossom in the spring. They are of especial interest in nature work in that they illustrate in a most striking manner some of the important differences between insect pollenized and wind pollenized flowers. Their seeds ripen early and are distributed by the wind in great abundance. If the school has a tree garden, cuttings of the various species may easily be started, and even if there be no special garden it will be well worth while to encourage the pupils to start trees on their own account by thrusting into the ground thrifty twigs which will soon take root.

The pussy willow or glaucous willow is usually the first to come into blossom. It is commonly distributed over a large part of the United States and Canada. It blossoms late in March or early in April, long before the winter is over. Altho commonly a shrub it often becomes a tree, especially in more northern regions. The pollen-bearing or staminate catkins are generally upon one plant and the seed-bearing or pistillate catkins upon another. On this account the species is said to be dioecious. The catkins are an inch to an inch and a half long, each consisting of many florets arranged around a central axis. The structure of the individual florets is shown in the accompanying drawing. Each stamen-bearing floret consists of a black scale covered with long white hairs, two stamens, and a well-developed nectary or nectar gland. The pistillate florets are similar except that the stamens are replaced by a single stalked pistil with a large pear-shaped hairy ovary and a large stigma. Both kinds of catkins have a delicate and characteristic odor.

This willow is of especial interest as an example of adaptation to pollination by insects. The presence of nectar and odor and the conspicuous color of the staminate blossoms as well as the heavy pollen which remains upon the non-explosive anthers, are adaptations to insect visitors. During the bright days of early spring small bees of many kinds as well as a few bumble-bees and butterflies may

be seen swarming around the blossoming willows.

Pupils should be led to notice that early in the season the part of the catkin which first develops is that part which receives the greatest amount of sunshine. The first florets to develop are upon the south side and generally a little west of south. Consequently if one were lost in the woods in early



spring one could tell the direction by finding some of these willows in blossom.

At about the same time that the glaucous willow blossoms the less conspicuous flowers of the American aspen are put forth. In the case of this species, as well as the other poplars, the staminate and the pistillate catkins are on separate trees, each kind being from one to two inches

long and projecting from the scales that have covered the flower buds thru winter. The staminate

inate catkins in a jar of water upon the table one can easily get an idea of the large amount of pollen that is developed and carried thru the air by the wind.

The poplars and the willows both belong to the same family; *Salicaceae*; so named from *Salix*; the type genus of the willows.

Stories That Have a Point.

Appropos of the unconscious influence of the teacher:

Mother: "What has your teacher done, Jamie, to make such a different child of you?"

Jamie—thoughtfully: "She hasn't done anything."

Mother: "You are a different boy. You are more considerate, better mannered, more agreeable."

Jamie, confidentially: "Well, you see, mother; she just walks around, and we all feel polite!"

What Does She Want?

An elderly lady, neat, spectacled, and clasping to her breast a publication of the Bands of Mercy, whose pictorial cover displayed some sheep feeding on a hillside, entered a second grade school, and asked the privilege of speaking to the pupils about this work.

"Children," she began, with a sentimental quaver in her voice, "What is the greatest thing in the world?" "Bands of Mercy," promptly responded a wide awake youngster, who had spied the name on the magazine. "No," in mild reproof. "Sheep," ventured another, good naturedly zealous to ferret out what "she" wanted them to say.

LOLITA BENTLEY.

catkins consist of a of florets upon a central axis; each floret being composed of a round scale having curiously projecting margins and furnished with many long white hairs, together with about six to ten short stamens with explosive anthers and dry whitish pollen. The pistillate catkins are longer and more slender than the staminate and each floret has a pistil replacing the group of stamens. There are no nectar glands. Each pistil develops late in spring into a conical capsule that contains the seed.

These poplars are excellent illustrations of plants that depend upon the wind for the carrying of the pollen. The absence of nectar, odor, and distinctive color is significant, as is also the presence of explosive anthers, dry light pollen and very large stigmas. By leaving some branches bearing stam-

God Bless Our Native Land

NEW AMERICA 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

REV. L. B. LONGACRE, 1895

God bless our na - tive land; Firm may she ev - er stand

Through storm and night: When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of

wind and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might. A-men.

2 For her own prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou Who art ever nigh,

Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the state.

REV. CHARLES T. BROOKS, C. 1823. REV. JOHN S. DWIGHT, 1844.

This hymn was copyrighted by the composer, Rev. L. B. Longacre in 1895. From "Church Hymns and Tunes"; Copyright, 1906, by A. S. Barnes & Co.



Design awarded Honorable Mention in *International Studio* competition.

Talks in Physiology.

By ADELAIDE R. PENDER, Connecticut.

Bone Protectors. III.

(Continued from page 572, March number.)

To the Pupils.—Mention half a dozen animals and tell what their covering is called. Let us make a list of names right here on the board. (Fur, wool, quills, feathers, scales, hair, shells). What do you call the skin of the elephant, dog, turtle, fish, oyster, clam, crab?

Consider for a moment the coverings of animals in different climates. How would those of animals in the warm climate differ from the skin of animals in the cold climate? How do the coverings differ in summer and winter? What does your horse do with his hair when spring comes? What do hens do at certain periods of the year with respect to their skin? Did you ever find a snake skin that had been shed in an old pasture? Did you ever run across a turtle shell that had been shed? How does pussy get a new coat, and your dog? When, where, and why is the skin of various animals shed?

Have you ever noticed that the plumage of birds differs at different seasons of the year? Watch your canary bird when it is moulting.

Does the deer shed anything besides hair? Talk about horns as being a form of skin. (Claws, hoofs, nails also being shed for renewal.)

Care of the Skin—Beauty Hints.

To the Pupils.—Give all your reasons for bathing often. We will make a list here on the board. (Health, comfort, enjoyment, touch kept delicate, beauty preserved, respect of self and others).

What kind of bath is best at night? (Warm 90° to 96°; tepid, 75° to 90°). What kind is best in the morning? (Cold, 50° to 75°).

To the Teacher.—Lead the pupils to talk freely about bathing, its urgent need, and, if possible, secure promises to bathe oftener than once a week. The teacher herself must set a good example. It has been the practice of the writer for years to take a cold water rub every morning both winter and summer, with a stiff brush. Every part of the body is brought to a delightful glow and the time spent is really very short. Indeed, one can learn to be speedy in these things, and a cold water rub is possible in any house whether there is a bathroom or not.

The warm water bath with the same brush is

taken nearly every night. The returns in health and vigor, with a clean skin are worth the effort. It requires courage the first few times, after that the bath is a habit and will be as essential a part of the toilet as combing the hair.

Talk about eating and the bath, soap, towels, temperature of room, and so forth.

Another matter, teachers, which deserves your attention, is the care of the complexion. Some few fortunates have good complexions. But how long do these last after the pupils leave school? People laugh at beauty rules which appear in our papers. Nevertheless, many a woman owes the preservation of her skin to these rules.

The face should be kept soft and free from blemishes. Talk with your girls about this. Have them bring articles from papers, that tell how to care for the face, talk over these articles and decide which are practical. A brush rubbed on the face after it is washed both morning and night, with the application of a good cold cream will do wonders toward preventing wrinkles and keeping the skin soft.

Develop the fact that we all appreciate beauty of face. Have the pupils impressed with the fact that every one may have a clear, clean complexion by the exercise of constant care.

When a garden is neglected it grows up to weeds; when the body is neglected sickness results; when the face is neglected the complexion becomes unsightly. We turn from such a face to admire a clean, healthy one. Of course, diet, exercise, and rest are also necessary.

Have the pupils recite the "Barefoot Boy," by Whittier, and talk of the reason why a boy can walk with bare feet over stubbles, pebbles, and so forth without pain. Poems by Tennyson and Browning on beautiful women may also be read as well as short descriptions of lovely women in any of our standard novels.

Topics.

Covering of— Where—? Properties (strong, elastic, smooth, delicate, pinkish, fits perfectly, elastic, thick and hard in places, sensitive)—each property developed and illustrated on the body—names of coverings of animals (adaptation to life, climate, and so forth)—color (albino, freckles, tan, blushing, jaundice, five races, wrinkles, pale why, blonde, brunette)—cells of skins renewed—care of skin (bath, kinds, often, uses of bath, care of face)—literature—pictures.

Under structure review.

1. Dermis (dense network of fibrous, elastic tissue in which are nerves, blood vessels, and so forth.)
2. Epidermis (cuticle or scarf skin.)
3. Connective tissue.

Home-Made Apparatus

By Professor John F. Woodhull, Teachers' College, New York.

Course in Glass-Working.—Part I.

1. BENDING GLASS TUBING.—Small glass tubing may be bent in an ordinary gas or kerosene lamp flame, but an alcohol lamp or Bunsen burner is preferred. The glass should be well softened by heating it in the flame, before attempting to bend it. If, for example, the end *a* (figure 1) is one and one-half inches from the flame, the tube ought to be softened enough so that it will bend down of its own weight. At first



FIG. 1.

keep the tube constantly rolling, so as to heat it on all sides, but when it begins to bend cease rolling, and move it a little to the right and left, to heat the adjacent parts. *Do not let it bend rapidly.* By moving it to the right and left occasionally you may keep it bending slowly in as gradual a curve as you may desire. Figure 2 represents a tube bent thus. It is well to remember that the hot part of the flame is at the outer edges, where the combustible vapors come in contact with the air. A tube, therefore, if kept perfectly still in a flame, would be liable to bend as represented in figure 3, because it would be softened chiefly at the points *c* and *d*. In this matter perfection can be reached only by much practice. Patience rather than skill is the requisite capital. Hence there is no reason why any one may not bend glass tubing sufficiently well for all practical purposes.



FIG. 2.

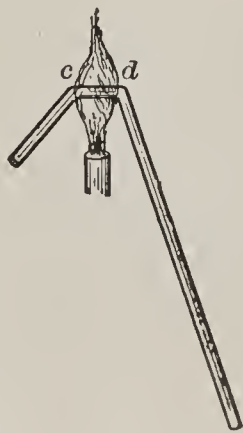


FIG. 3.

Only small tubing, whose inside diameter does not exceed three-sixteenths of an inch, can be readily bent in an alcohol flame; and for this purpose the wick must be drawn up half or three-quarters of an inch, and the tube must be held in the hottest part of the flame, which is the upper third. Glass tubing is quite inexpensive.

It should not cost over fifty cents a pound, and a pound of the size mentioned above contains about twenty-five feet.

2. DRAWING AND CLOSING GLASS TUBING.—Hold one end in each hand and keep the tube rolling continually while holding it in the flame, so as to soften it all around. When it has become quite soft remove it from the flame and pull.

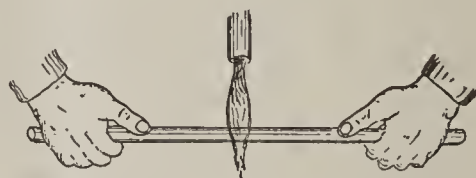


FIG. 4.

You will readily draw it out, as represented in figure 5. Make a very slight scratch at *a* with a three-cornered file and break the tube at that point.



FIG. 5.

Finish the broken ends by holding them for an instant in the flame. With care you will be able to melt the ends so as to make them smooth, without bending or closing them. The end *ac* will serve many useful

purposes as a "dropper-tube," if a small rubber bulb called a "dropper bulb" is put upon the end *c*. One is always obliged to proceed according to the above directions in order to close large tubing; and by this method I have even drawn apart an argand-lamp chimney. It was necessary to smoke the chimney all around first and then to heat gradually with constant rolling.



FIG. 6.



FIG. 7.

A very much better way, however, to deal with small tubing is as follows: Hold the tube so that the end projects not more than an eighth of an inch into the flame, and keep it rolling slowly, so as to heat it uniformly on all sides. It will soon close up entirely; or if you want a tube for throwing jets of water, arrest the process just before the tube is quite closed, leaving a hole in the end.

3. BLOWING BULBS.—In order to blow a bulb at the end of a glass tube, hold the end of the tube, so as to project a slight distance into the flame. Roll it slowly until it is entirely closed and raised to a red-heat. Close the lips air-tight over the other end, remove it from the flame, and quickly force air into it, taking great care to stop blowing before the bulb bursts.

4. CUTTING GLASS TUBING, BOTTLES, ETC.—For tubing under half an inch in diameter use a three-cornered file and give it a sharp, quick push across the tube so as to leave a scratch, or, if the tube is over a quarter of an inch in diameter, file a rather deep gash, then place your thumbs on the opposite side of the tube and pull suddenly as if to bend the tube. It will break

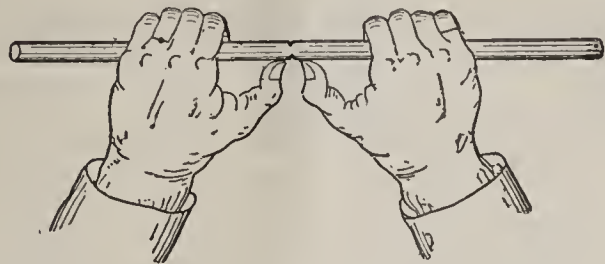


FIG. 10.

exactly where you intended and leave an even, smooth surface at the end, having, however, sharp cutting edges. These should be trimmed a little with a file or held in a flame until they are nicely rounded.

For tubing over half an inch in diameter pursue the same plan as for cutting glass bottles. To cut glass bottles: Thrust the stove poker into the fire and, while it is heating, cut quite a deep gash in one side of the bottle with a wet file. This will give the right direction to the crack which you are about to make. Touch the hot poker to the glass at one end of this gash, and a short crack will start in the direction required. Now place the poker so that it will touch the glass about one-eighth of an inch from the end of the crack and it will slowly creep up to the poker. Thus one may lead it at will. The bottom of this bottle will make a glass jar and the top will have a great many uses. See Fig. 12.

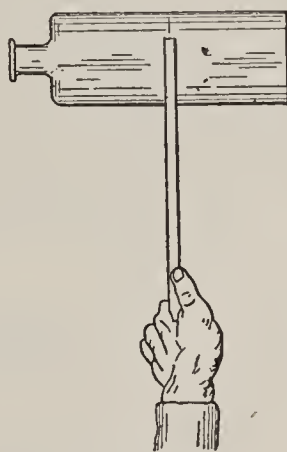


FIG. 11.

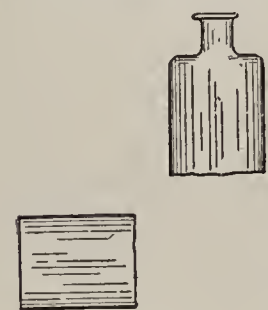


FIG. 12.

For very thick bottles one needs a red-hot iron, but for thin glass it should not be red-hot, because the crack will sometimes run faster than one can control it. With proper care we may cut glass by this method into any shape which we may desire. It is often desirable to mark out the course on the glass with the sharp point of a wet blackboard crayon to help the eye in leading the crack. By this method I have cut from a pane of glass scale-pans for home-made balances. In this case it is necessary to file a gash at the edge and start the crack there. See Fig. 13.

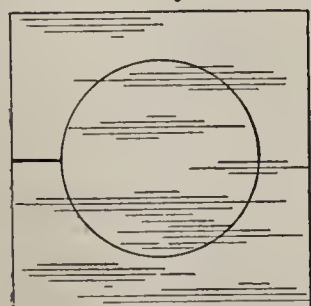


FIG. 13.

One may lead a crack around a moderately thin bottle or lamp chimney by a glass rod or tube heated in an alcohol or Bunsen burner flame. This is the most convenient way to do it in the laboratory. The glass rod, being a poor conductor of heat, does not cool off so rapidly as an iron rod, and does not conduct heat to the hand.

5. TO BORE HOLES IN GLASS.—Break off the tip end of a round file, sometimes called a "rat-tail" file. With this we may readily bore holes in glass. Hold the file as represented in Fig. 14, bearing on heavily with the thumb. Swing the file back and forth horizontally, as indicated by the arrow, at the same time giving it a twisting motion. The files should be frequently dipped into water.

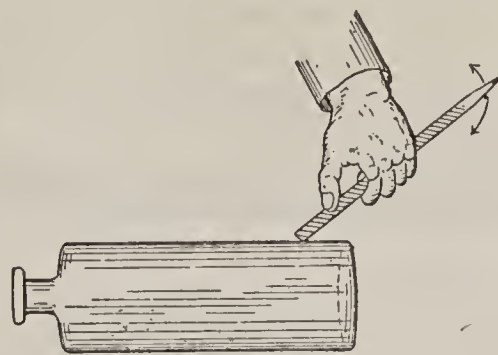


FIG. 14.

A paste made of camphor gum and turpentine has been widely recommended to assist the file in cutting glass, and many persons have paid heavily for the secret, but it would seem that water answers the purpose quite as well. Indeed, it is probable that anything is equally good which will retain the little particles of glass that have been chipped off and make them cling to the file so that they may be made to assist in the work. It requires between five and ten minutes of patient work to make a hole thru the side of an ordinary bottle. After the hole has been put thru the glass it may be trimmed out with a wet, round file to any size desired. Here, however, great care must be exercised to avoid cracking the bottle.

Glass tubing may be made to fit in such a hole water-tight by making the hole a little larger than the tube, then by drawing a small piece of soft rubber tubing over the end of the glass tube and crowding it firmly into the hole. (See Fig. 15.)

A cap which will answer the purpose of a stop-cock in many instances may be constructed as follows: Take a short piece of rubber tubing and plug one end with a very short piece of glass rod or tubing closed at one end in the flame.



FIG. 15.

It is evident that when one can bend, draw, and close glass tubing, cut glass as he chooses, bore holes in bottles and fit tubes in them water-tight, the way is open to construct an endless variety of apparatus.

Chemical Apparatus. Part II.

NO. 6.* THE OXYGEN APPARATUS.—In the test tube figure 16, which suffices for a retort, is put about a tabl

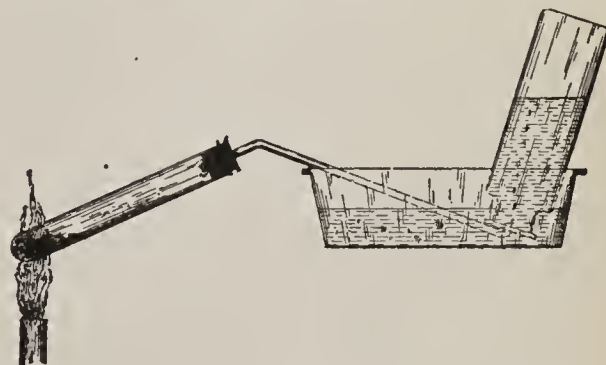


FIG. 16.

spoonful of the usual mixture of potassium chlorate and manganese dioxide. This will yield six or eight bottleful of oxygen, and is the only *gas holder* that is necessary. The bottle is the only *bell-jar* needed, and the tin bath answers every purpose of a *pneumatic trough*. To h

the apparatus in the hands, moving the test tube back and forth thru the flame, is preferable to the use of a retort-stand. The test tube is $6 \times \frac{3}{4}$ inches. The stopper is a No. 1 rubber stopper, with one hole in it. The delivery tube is $\frac{3}{16}$ inch glass tubing and is bent according to the directions given on page 716.

A comparison of the expense of this apparatus with that of apparatus much in vogue is given herewith:

COST.

The Conventional Apparatus.

Cheapest Kind.

A copper retort.....	\$ 2.30
A gas holder.....	15.00
A bell-jar.....	.50
A pneumatic trough .	1.50
A retort-stand.....	.65
Rubber tubing for connection and delivery tubes.....	.20
	<hr/>
	\$20.15

Home-made Apparatus.

A test-tube, $6 \times \frac{3}{4}$ in..	\$0.03
None needed.....	.00
Bottle, 8oz., wide mouth	.05
A basin, block tin, 6in.	.05
None needed.....	.00
Rubber stopper No. 1	.04
Delivery tube.....	.01
	<hr/>
	\$0.10

The same apparatus is used in generating hydrogen, nitrous oxide, nitric oxide, hydrogen, sulphide, carbon dioxide, etc.

*No. 7. GAS GENERATOR.—This apparatus is specially adapted as a hydrogen-sulphide generator. The bottle is an eight-ounce, wide-mouth bottle, with a common cork, thru which a hole is cut with a pen-knife, large enough to receive a test-tube. The test-tube fits the hole loosely enough to be easily raised and lowered, but not so as to fall of its own weight. The test tube has a rubber stopper, thru the hole of which a delivery tube passes. There is a small hole not more than an eighth of an inch in diameter in the bottom of the test-tube, made as follows:

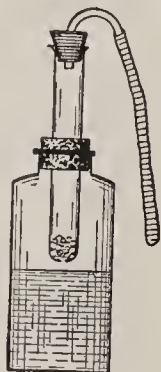


FIG. 17.

The test-tube is held so that the bottom touches the side of a flame, and when the glass at a single point becomes softened, the mouth of the operator is closed over the open end of the tube and the hole is blown while the tube is still held in the flame. The edges of the hole are soon melted back and made smooth by the flame. The bottle is about half filled with dilute sulphuric acid, and a few small lumps of iron sulphide are placed in the test-tube. When the test-tube is pushed down, the acid passes thru the small hole at the bottom and comes in contact with the iron sulphide. Hydrogen sulphide then flows thru the delivery-tube. When the test-tube is drawn up as represented in figure 17, the acid flows out thru the small hole and the generation of hydrogen sulphide ceases. Thus we have a gas generator always ready for use. It may be used for any of the gases which are generated by acids without the application of heat.

e Cost.—Bottle from apparatus No. 7.	
Test-tube, $6 \times \frac{3}{4}$ in.....	3 cents
Rubber stopper from apparatus No. 7.	
Cork and delivery tube.....	7 cents
	<hr/>
	10 cents

No. 8. GAS GENERATOR.—Bore a hole in each of two bottles according to directions given on page 717. Fit

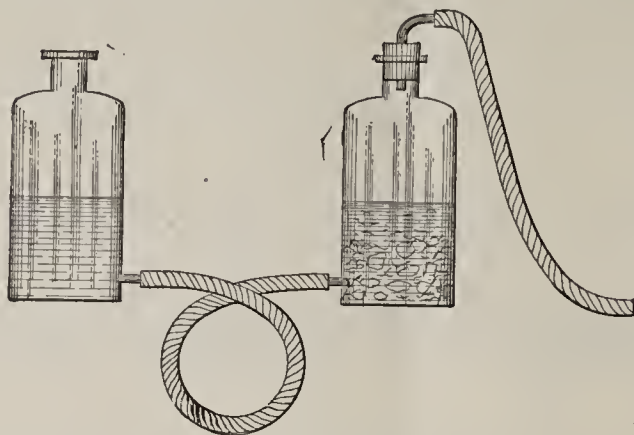


FIG. 19.

glass tubes into these holes and connect the bottles together by a rubber tube. Stop the mouth of one bottle with a rubber stopper having one hole, and fit into it a delivery tube. Hydrogen, hydrogen sulphide, or carbon dioxide are sent thru the delivery-tube at pleasure by putting zinc, iron sulphide or calcium carbonate into the stoppered bottle, the appropriate acid into the other bottle, and raising or lowering it as required.

*No. 9. GAS GENERATOR.—This apparatus is convenient when only a small quantity of gas is needed. It consists of a one-ounce wide-mouth bottle and a small glass dish. To generate a bottle full of carbon dioxide, a small lump of chalk or limestone is put into the bottle, and the bottle is filled with dilute acid. The bottle is then covered with the glass dish and inverted. No delivery tube and no pneumatic trough are needed.

Cost.—Glass dish.....	5 cents.
Bottle, 1 oz., wide mouth.....	2 cents.
	<hr/>
	7 cents.

*No. 10. GAS GENERATOR.—This apparatus is specially adapted to the generating of small quantities of gases with a high degree of heat; e.g., the making of oxygen from mercuric oxide. The bottle and glass dish are those used in apparatus 9. Five inches of small glass tubing closed at one end, and bent, as indicated in figure 21, serves as retort and delivery tube.



FIG. 21.

*No. 11. GAS GENERATOR WITH A CONDENSING CHAMBER.—This apparatus has an important use in experiments in destructive distillation; e. g., if we put paper, wood, or soft coal in the test-tube and heat it we shall get liquid products in the small bottle and gaseous products in the large bottle.

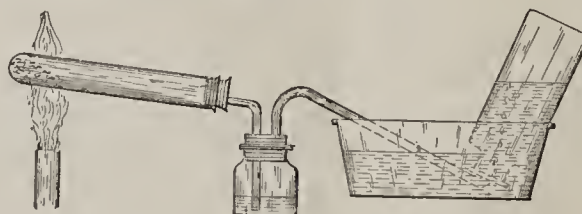


FIG. 22.

Cost.—Test-tube,		
Rubber stopper No. 1,		
Tin basin,		
8-oz. wide-mouthed bottle,		
1-oz. wide-mouthed bottle from apparatus No. 9.		
Rubber stopper No. 3 with two holes..	7 cents	
Delivery tubes.....	2 cents	
	<hr/>	
		9 cents

} From Appar. No. 7

History and Civics

Short History Talks.

By ADELAIDE R. PENDER, Connecticut.

To the Pupils.—Turn to the map of the world in your geographies. Find Asia. This continent was the birth-place of man. Find Asia Minor and trace the spread of civilization from that center to the east. Now up to the Behring sea. Find a chain of islands that seem to stretch from Asia to America. These are known as the Aleutian group and it was on this group that Asiatic people may have come across to America. This is one theory. Why did they come, do you think? Why did they not stay in Alaska? What is another theory?

To the Teacher.—Read about the Garden of Eden, and talk about the people who lived in Asia; the reasons for their spread to the East. Why do people spread from one place to another now? Think of several reasons. Compare the reasons that may have impelled those people then with the reasons for migration now. Are people so very different now in their motives from what they were in the early days?

Suggestions.—Have the pupils read supplementary histories on the early people of America. Use the books that are in the school library, cautioning the pupils to get all there is from their own histories first. Have a map made showing route the people may have taken when they came from Asia here. See that the pictures are studied carefully and memorized, that is, every detail so carefully learned that the pupils may be able to close their eyes and recall the features of the pictures as they would a poem. When this is done, the teacher may feel that the lesson is being mastered, for whosoever remembers a picture has something that will serve him in good stead when the text is forgotten.

The Mound-Builders.

Pupils' Preparation.—Look over the pages that relate to mound-builders in their histories; also read anything in supplementary histories, the book and page being indicated by the teacher beforehand on the board, to save time searching for facts.

To the Teacher.—Ask for a neat list of topics on what the children have studied. As the lesson progresses, select the best topics from all the papers.

Location.

Pupils.—Let us open our geographies to the map of the United States. Point with your pencils to sections where mounds have been found extensively.

Mississippi valley to Gulf of Mexico, Newark; (Ohio), St. Louis, (Mo.), Adams county, Ohio, Mexico, Peru, New Mexico, Yucatan, Central

America. Let us point to these places again and again until we are familiar with them.

Stand by your desks and point to these localities. Why are there no remains of the mound-builders farther east? Why are the remains confined to these places, do you think?

Age.

How do historians know that these mounds are very old? Look at one of the pictures. What is there in it that will give you a clue to the age of the mounds? Would you expect to find trees growing on anything that was built a short time ago? Do your books give any other reasons for age?

Where are these mounds usually found? Look at the pictures in your history and frame your answers from the pictures. How many mounds are there in the pictures? Why are they built on the mountains?

Use of Mounds.

What were the uses to which these mounds were put? Look at the pictures again and name all the uses that the pictures help you to think out. Let us make a list of the uses for reference by and by.

We are told that some of the mounds cover several acres. Think of something eight acres in area. How large is our school yard? Compare its size with eight acres. Then think of something ninety feet high and you have the size of one of these mounds. Close your eyes and think that mound. There are 10,000 of these in Ohio alone. Think of the stupendous task of building one of these mounds. No one would attempt such a feat nowadays. No wonder the mounds made splendid places for worshipping purposes or shelter from enemies.

Who were the enemies of the mound-builders? Were there many of this nation? We arrive at the conclusion that there must have been large numbers, from their many mounds.

What occupations did the mound-builders follow? How do we know this? (Occupations of mining, agriculture, manufacturing, carpentry.)

Compare these people with us as to clothing, homes, food, occupations, social life, religion, government, if you can. How many comparisons can you draw by looking at the pictures? Close your eyes and give each picture in detail. Does it remind you of anything in your every-day life?

What principles of science or geometry did they understand?

Draw pictures of the mound-builders with your histories closed, trying to see how many features you can recall.

The Boyhood of George Washington.

By J. T. Headley

IT is natural that we should take a deep interest in the childhood of great men. We wish to find, if possible, signs of their future greatness, and trace in their development the processes by which they rose to eminence. Our curiosity is excited rather than satisfied by the meager accounts that have come down to us of Washington's childhood. There are many traditions, all in harmony with his general character, but not substantiated as matters of history. His manly refusal to tell a lie to escape punishment, his winning a prize for another, and his love of the right exhibited in several instances, may or may not be true. These are so many floating traditions.

The retired place of his birth; and the stern character of the times and men that surrounded his earlier years, would naturally cause his boyish conduct to pass unnoticed, leaving to the mother alone the pleasing task of hoarding up all his noble traits and generous deeds.

Augustine Washington lived on a farm in Virginia near the Potomac river; and it was here that his son George was born, February 22, 1732.

While George was still a very little boy the family moved to a plantation in Stafford county. This plantation was left to him when his father died. He was now eleven years old. He was a manly lad, scorning an untruth, and hating wrong of any kind. But he had a passionate nature, and was almost uncontrollable when aroused. He also revealed a fearlessness and recklessness of danger that often made his mother's heart tremble. It was with prayer and earnest teaching that she sought to place that nature under the control of reason and the law of right. With his passions cultivated instead of restrained, and his reflective faculties and conscience kept in abeyance by strong impulses; he would have made a brilliant man but never have become the founder of more than an empire and the beacon light of the world. At this time Virginia was very thinly settled. There were neither colleges nor high schools. Parents who wished their sons to have a classical education were compelled to send them to England. Boys who could not afford to go abroad to study had tutors, or went simply to the district school. It was to the latter that George was sent. It was well that it happened so. The work which George Washington was to do

could only be done by one of the people. Here, amid our primeval forests, in constant intercourse with the hardy settlers, trained in the rough life of the pioneer, and representing in himself the love of the soil, the fearless independence, and the self-reliance of the people, he became the true representative and leader.

As a boy he was very fond of out-door play. He wrestled with the other boys, ran about and tossed the bar with them. He formed the boys into companies; drilled them and led them in mock battles. His boldness and intellectual keenness soon won him influence over his companions, and by his probity and love of justice he caused himself to be referred to as arbiter in all their quarrels. His hand dealt swift vengeance on acts of meanness and oppression, for he would no more suffer wrong than do it.

In school George studied hard. He was fond of good books. Some of his little manuscript books are preserved. These he filled with copies of bonds, bills, receipts, and other business forms. Mixed in with these matters are quaint little poems; proverbs, and religious maxims.

The boy also made a remarkable collection of rules of good conduct. Many of them he made his guides thru life. Some of his favorite rules were "Gaze not on marks and blemishes of others, and ask not how they came"; "What you may speak in secret to your friend, deliver not before others"; "When you speak of God or His attributes, let it be seriously and in reverence."



George Washington and His Mother.



The Youthful Surveyor.

"Labor to keep alive in your heart that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

Washington had a decided taste for mathematics; which soon led him from the simple rules of arithmetic into geometry, trigonometry, and surveying; and he spent much of his time in surveying the lots around the school-house. A fiery nature that loves excitement and danger joined to a mathematical taste and science very often results in a strong character; it usually shows a union of the imaginative and reflective faculties; of energy and discretion; impulse and great accuracy—a union which in itself is power. Bonaparte exhibited these traits of character in an extraordinary degree, making him both rapid and exact—quick as the lightning's flash and as certain as its mark.

How different are the ways in which heaven reaches results from those planned by man! The wisest statesmen of France and England were absorbed in the affairs of this continent, and its fate depended, in their estimation, wholly on the wisdom of their management and the strength of their armies, while around the form of a lad of thirteen in a Virginia school-house clustered its entire destinies.

Young Washington was not quite sixteen when he left school and launched forth into active life. The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, to the completion of which had been given the thought and effort of the wisest diplomatists in the world; had just closed, and thither had been directed the attention of all Europe. But men were mistaken; the destinies did not hover about that imposing convention; but attended the footsteps of this unknown lad as he passed thru the forests of his native land.

Lawrence; the elder brother; having served as an officer in the English navy under General Wentworth and Admiral Vernon in the expedition against the West Indies; thru them obtained a midshipman's berth for George. The latter was delighted at the prospect thus opened to him; and

immediately began to make preparations for joining his vessel. His mother; however; wavered; she could not trust her first-born, her prop and stay, to the dangers and temptations of a naval life, and took it to heart so grievously that the project was finally abandoned. Once locked in the British navy he never could have become the leader of the revolutionary army.

After George left school he went to his brother Lawrence, living at Mount Vernon; and passed the winter in studying mathematics and practical surveying. He was here made acquainted with

the family of Lord Fairfax, whose daughter Lawrence had married; and thru them was introduced into the highest circles of society. This eccentric, but highly cultivated nobleman took a great fancy to young George; and resolved to employ him in surveying large tracts of wild land which he owned in the interior. The young surveyor accepted his proposals, and; setting out in March, before the snows had left the summits of the Alleghanies, entered the forest and passed an entire month amid the mountains. The third day out, after working hard until night; he sought shelter in a miserable hovel standing alone in the midst of a clearing. On retiring to bed, he undressed himself as usual and jumped in. To his amazement, however; he discovered that his bed consisted of nothing but straw matted together; without sheets; and covered with a single delapidated blanket loaded down "with double its weight of vermin." His escape from the straw was made with more alacrity than his entrance; and, dressing himself, he lay down outside. This was his first lesson in frontier life, and he resolved after that to sleep out under the clear heavens.

Pushing his difficult way to the Potomac he found the river swollen of the Alleghanies; and rolling such a turbulent flood that it was impossible to cross it. Waiting two days for the waters to subside, he swam his horse across and kept up the Maryland side; and in a drenching rain-storm made forty miles "over the worst road ever trod by man or beast."

Day after day he kept on; and at length crossed the first ridge of the Alleghanies and entered on an almost untrodden wilderness and commenced his surveys.

One night a violent storm arose—the trees rocked and roared overhead, and the wind dashing down amid the embers whirled them over the straw on which he lay; setting it on fire. In a moment the camp was in a blaze and; but for the sudden waking of one of the men; Washington would have been wrapped in flames. Sometimes

the wind would suddenly shift, blowing the smoke full on the sleepers, when they would be compelled to bivouac out amid the trees.

Having ably accomplished the task assigned him, he obtained the appointment of public surveyor, and for three years, except the winter months, passed most of his time in the wilderness. It was the same succession of hardships and exposures. To-day swimming rapid streams, to-morrow drenched and chilled, picking his way thru the dripping forest—now reclining at the close of the day on some slope of the Alleghanies and gazing off on the autumnal glories of the boundless solitude as it lay bathed in the rich hues of the setting sun; and again pitching his tent beside his lonely campfire, whose light paled before the flashes that rent the gloom, while the peals of thunder that reverberated along the cliffs seemed doubly fearful in that far-off wilderness, he passed thru scenes calculated to make a heart naturally bold impervious to fear, and an iron constitution doubly insensible to fatigue. A better training to impart self-reliance and coolness in the hour of peril, and indomitable energy, could not have been furnished, while those moral qualities which, amid the false tastes of more cultivated life, might have sickened, could not but be strengthened by these long and glorious communions with nature. Moses spent forty years in the wilderness before he was allowed to lead the chosen people of his God into the land of Canaan. So did Washington pass a long novitiate amid the solitudes of his native country, the better to prepare him to lead the children of freedom to peace and security.

How little he imagined, as he stood on some ridge of the Alleghanies and looked off on the sinking and swelling forests beyond, that in a short time those solitudes would be filled with the hum of cities, and that on those very summits would meet from either side the shout of millions on millions of free people sending still higher, in reverence and transport, his own great name to the skies. Of all the gorgeous visions that flitted before his youthful imagination, of all the strange and marvelous destinies that the young heart will dream of, none could have been more strange and marvelous than that which actually befell him.

During all this time he was a slave to that tender passion to which the strongest of our race in the midst of their power, have fallen helpless victims. Its object, history, and issue remain in obscurity. He has left only here and there a memento of the inward struggle. An occasional sonnet to his lowland beauty, a melancholy tone pervading his letters at this time, show that he suffered deeply, but whether from rejected love; or from the effort to subdue an affection which circumstances forbade him to cherish, is not known.

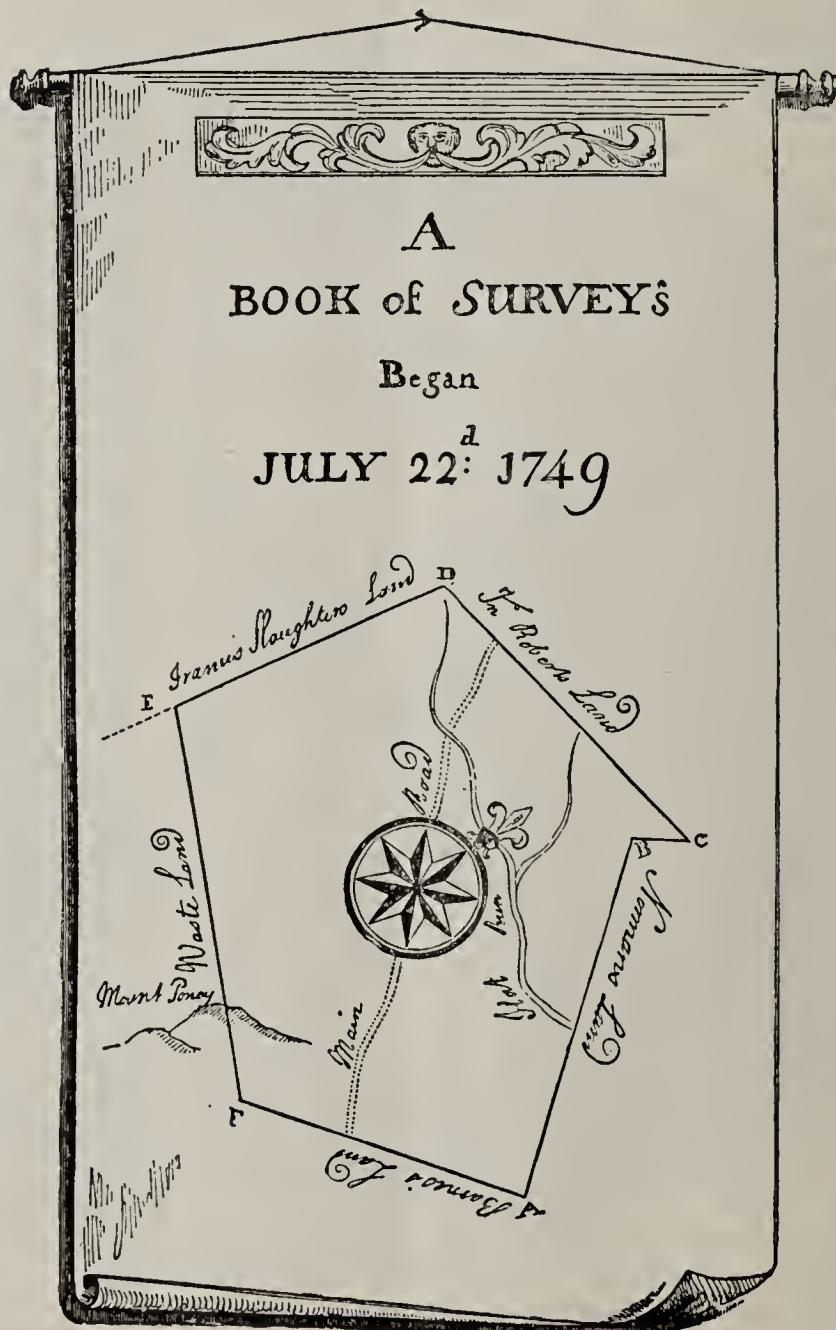
In a letter to a friend, after speaking of the pleasures he derived from correspondence with those he loved, he says, "My place of residence at present, is at his lordship's (Lord Fairfax), where I might, were my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly, as there is a very agreeable young lady in the same house, Colonel George Fairfax's wife's sister. But that only adds fuel to the fire, as being often and unavoidably in company with her revives my former passion for

your lowland beauty; whereas, were I to live more retired from young women, I might, in some measure, alleviate my sorrow by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in oblivion, and I am very well assured that this will be the only antidote or remedy."

This lowland beauty was all the world to the young surveyor for a while, and how he succeeded in driving her at last from his heart does not appear, but probably more exciting scenes effaced the impression which he would not allow to be kept fresh by personal intercourse.

That there was something about Washington at this time besides being an able and faithful surveyor, is evident from the great confidence reposed in him by the government. We have not the complete history of the boy-man. He must have exhibited more extraordinary qualities than appear on the surface to have been chosen, as he was at this time, when but nineteen years of age, commander of one of the districts of the province which had been set off, in order to organize more effectually the militia to resist the depredations of the Indians. His title was that of adjutant-general, with the rank of major.

Young Washington had now got into the profession best suited to his tastes, and he immediately set about studying military tactics, and practising the sword exercises, until he became familiar with the one and very skilful in the use



A Page of Young George Washington's Surveying Record.

of the other. He had, however, hardly begun his military service, into which he entered with all his heart, when he was compelled for a time to abandon it. His brother Lawrence, who had been for some time slowly sinking under a pulmonary disease, was advised by his physicians to seek a warmer climate. Not wishing, in his delicate state of health, to go alone, he took his favorite brother, George, with him, and sailed for Barbadoes in September, 1751.

They were five weeks in making the voyage. Change of climate, however, wrought no permanent change for the better in the invalid, and after staying for a few weeks on the island he resolved to return to Bermuda. In the meantime George was seized with the small-pox, and lay confined for three weeks. Immediately on his recovery, he was dispatched by his brother to Virginia to bring his wife to Bermuda to join him there. George's voyage home was a long and stormy one. He was absent, in all, four months. His brother, finding that he continued to grow worse, wrote home requesting his wife not to join him. He lingered on till summer, when

he came home and rapidly sank into his grave. George being left one of the executors of his brother's property, which was very large, his time for a while became almost exclusively occupied with taking care of it. Mount Vernon with other estates had been left to the only surviving daughter, but in case she died without children, was to go to George.

In the meantime Governor Dinwiddie had divided Virginia into four military divisions, and appointed Washington, whose commission had been renewed, over the northern. This division covered a large territory which he was required to visit at stated intervals. The militia in the various sections were mustered to receive him when he came, and he reviewed and instructed them, as well as the officers, in the duties of their calling. Very tall and finely formed, he was at this time the impersonation of a fine military character, and carried all the enthusiasm of his ardent nature into the profession so congenial to his tastes and so in accordance with his love of excitement and adventure.

To be continued next month.

Recreations With Actions

The Shoeblick.

Let me black your boots, sir,
Then I will make them shine,
And brush off all the dirt,
And make them bright like mine.

I'll clean them, oh! so well,
Yes! make them black as jet,
Just put your foot on here,
And keep it firmly set.

I use the blacking now,
Then brush with all my might,
I never leave my work
Till I have done it right.

Oh! there's the station bell;
What must I pay you lad?
Here's sixpence, don't want change;
Go, make your mother glad.

Two-pence is my charge, sir,
But thank you, there's your train,
Good morning, sir, I'm pleased
I have not worked in vain.

ACTIONS

A box with brushes and tin of blacking and water.

All the class might say the words down to the 2nd line in 2nd verse.

Boy calls out that he wishes to have his boots cleaned, and is told in the next six lines what to do by the bootblack, or by the class.

The boy having cleaned the boots, says the next four lines and the class the rest.

—J. C.

The Babies.

We are the babies, so mothers say;
But to be clever children we'll try.
We'll play and we'll work thru all the long day,
And never be naughty, Oh Fie!

1 Our school-room is pretty with pictures all round,

2 We have nice little desks for a seat,
No happier children, I'm sure can be found;
Our school-work, we think a great treat.

3 Just watch as we count, one, two, three, and four,
Do you think we have finished? well see,

4 Five, six, seven, eight, shall we say any more?
Well, doggie begins with a D.

5 A stands for able, to do as we're told,

B means we're busy as bees,

6 And C begins cosy and out of the cold,

7 D is the dunce no one sees.

ACTIONS:

1. Point to school wall.

2. Point to the desk.

3. and 4. Clap, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

5, 6, 7, and 8. Children make the letters with their fingers.

—A. E. F.

The Doggies' Party.

Two little doggies to a party would go

As wee b'ys and girls sometimes do,

Their mother wished them good manners to show,

As your mother I'm sure wishes you.

1 You'll be sure to sit still with your paws on the ground,

Said the old mother dog ere they went;
And don't when you're there clear the floor at a bound,

2 "Oh no," said the dogs; well they meant.

With very great pride mama dog watched them go,

Their little tails wagging with glee,

3 Their eyes were so bright, not with mischief, oh no!

How they managed you shortly will see.

Jip gave a short bark at Dame Collie's door,

4 Mrs. Collie politely bow-wow'd.

Nan barked "how d'ye do," just that and no more,

So politely—and not at all loud.

Then in went the dogs to partake of the feast

Which was already placed on the floor;

But alas, all good manners, yes even the least

Were forgotten ere entering the door.

With rush and with bound and all in hot haste,

Each dainty was sniffed, licked, and turned,

They snarled and they fought as each took a taste,

Who would think that good manners they'd learned?

Little doggies indeed may bark and may bite,

But you who to parties would go,

Must ever be steady and take a delight,

Nice manners at all times to show.

ACTIONS:

1. Finger upraised as emphasizing a command.

2. "Oh no" shake the head.

3. Open eyes wide and point to them.

4. Children imitate barking.

A. E. F.

Civics for All Grades

By Flora Helm, Head Assistant Robert Morris School, Chicago

In the Fifth Grade.

IN fourth grade civics the child learned that a progressive commonwealth estimated heroism so highly that the carrying out of its acts, especially as applied to service for others, was not left to chance. That certain institutions and organizations were established and founded for the express purpose of having necessary services for others carried out by system and plan.

Among these were:

Courts of Justice.
Fire departments.
Life-saving service.
Post office service.
Army.
Navy.

A principle that has been emphasized from the first grade civics on up to the present time and to

be especially brought out now, is that service to others must be mutual in this world.

In a review of first grade civics we recall to the mind of the pupil that his father, mother, brother, teacher, grocer, baker, milkman, janitor, exchanged services with each other and expected service from him in the future.

In the second grade civics, we remind him that the farmer, shepherd, weaver, potter, etc.; performed each his special labor and exchanged the products of it for those in other lines of labor.

In third grade civics, we point out to him that the heroism of the policeman, fireman, life-saver, lighthouse keeper, postman, soldier, and sailor, is no more an essential of the civics of country and of life than is the gratitude of the person served and saved. That this gratitude may take the shape of recognition by honor or material reward or return of service equal in value tho different in kind.

In fourth grade civics, he is now made to realize

that these institutions of service were established in a community on a sort of political economy basis; that the members of these institutions performed this service as their share of labor in a laboring community; that each man necessarily having some special pursuit of business and labor for the support of himself, the service of these members takes the place of other labor for self-support.

This principle of political economy—exchange of labor by means of a medium, usually a monetary one; may now be introduced into fifth grade civics. Its introduction at this stage is appropriate for two reasons:

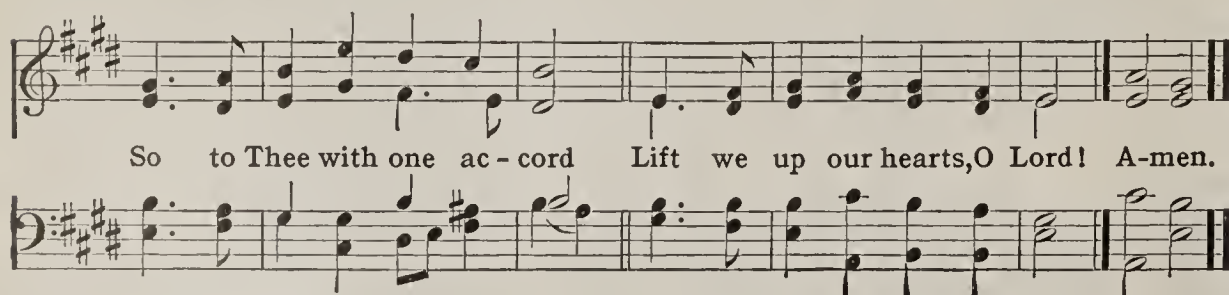
First: Because the pupil has now reached the mental development that will enable him to understand it.

Second: Because the understanding of this principle, exchange of labor or mutual service

COMMON SCHOOL HYMNS

We Lift Up Our Hearts.

Old French Melody



2 Day by day provide us food,
For from Thee come all things good:
Strength unto our souls afford
From Thy living Bread, O Lord!

3 Be our Guard in sin and strife;
Be the Leader of our life;
Lest like sheep we stray abroad,
Stay our wayward feet, O Lord!

4 Quickened by the Spirit's grace
All Thy holy will to trace,
While we daily search Thy word,
Wisdom true impart, O Lord!

5 When the sun withdraws his light,
When we seek our beds at night,
Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,
Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord!

Anon. (Latin.) Tr. "O. B. C." Recast by EARL NELSON, 1864

From "Church Hymns and Tunes," recently published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

in a community, is essential in order to grasp the full significance of the special purpose of fifth grade civics.

In order to lead up to the special purpose of fifth grade civics, review briefly all the previous outlines making this principle—*exchange of labor or mutual service, hence mutual benefit*—prominent.

Having done this, we are now ready to consider another point preparatory to fifth grade civics.

Principle of Equality.

In reviewing the several outlines, also call the child's attention to the fact that in this scheme of reciprocal labor there has always been present in the outlines the consideration of equality. In the family civics, father, mother, brother, servant, and tradesman were able to be of mutual service, because each had his strength of body, powers of mind, and knowledge of some particular activity of service. The same is true of the primitive stages of civic co-operation.

And also in the organizations of service that come under fourth grade outline, the labor performed is for others like the performer himself—the normal beings of creation who must reciprocate in equal, if not like, service.

Now let the child take a mental prospectus with regard to the equality of his fellow creatures and see whether this scheme of reciprocal labor has a universal application.

In the home he finds the grandfather too old to work—baby too young; there is a man in the neighborhood who is blind; he knows a boy who is deaf and dumb; he has heard of insane people; he knows there is such a thing as the poorhouse; and he has visited a hospital.

Then the question opens up to him for the first time—where do the unfortunate, the helpless, and the unprotected come in the civic scheme of the community? People can labor for them, but they cannot labor in return; the organizations of service are for their benefit, but they contribute no share of service to the general portion of labor.

The solution to this problem is the special purpose of fifth grade civics.

The answer to this civic problem brings to the pupil's attention a set of institutions and organizations new to his civic experience. It is well to make this stage of institutional life relate as much as possible to his personal experience.

For this reason, take his *personal* knowledge of individual helplessness and unfortunateness as the unit and expand them into the organizations that comprehend the individual cases:

- The sick Hospitals.
- The aged Homes—Refuges.
- The Helpless { Poorhouses, County Farms.
Bureaus of Charity.
Philanthropic societies.
- Orphans { Orphan asylums.
Home and Aid societies.
Home-Finding bureaus.
- Blind {
Deaf { Institutions for these.
Dumb {
- Children { Playgrounds.
Public schools.
Vacation schools.

- Animals Humane societies.
- For all { Parks
Baths.
Sewage.

The Object.

Having outlined what is done by the community for these classes of people, the question—*why is this done?*—arises for discussion by the pupil.

Are these institutions established by the community (or society as the pupil may now learn to call the immediate government under which he lives) so established for selfish purposes because society expects something in return, or for altruistic purposes based on love and sympathy?

This question being launched, the fifth grade pupil is ready for some philosophy in political economy on a miniature scale. The answer is—for both reasons.

The pupil in fifth grade is sufficiently developed to grasp the idea of remote or indirect benefits to society.

Looking out for the interests of those who are dependent works an indirect benefit on society in various ways.

1st. These institutions are intended by society to make these dependents, when possible, and as far as possible, self-sustaining and reliant. The establishment of them removes or counteracts defects, as in the institutions for blind and deaf and dumb.

2nd. It prevents the poor from becoming beggars at large.

3d. It prevents the sick from spreading their disease and contaminating the healthy.

4th. It prevents the insane from injuring people.

5th. It assists orphans in developing into as good citizens as more fortunate children.

6th. It makes children grow up to be responsible, moral, law-abiding citizens. And so, from this viewpoint, it would seem that society organizes institutions on a vast scale to protect itself now and in the future and to bring about advantages and benefits for itself based on the principles of self-preservation and self-protection.

The Golden Rule.

But tho this principle enters the scheme and can be defended on the ground of being natural and of being necessary, there is another principle that also enters into the scheme of civic organization. It is the principle that underlies all development and progress of man. It is the principle that differentiates civilized man from savage man. It is the principle upon which is based the heroism the third grade child learned to admire and love. It is the principle that lies at the base of idealizing.

The principle of *love for our fellow-creatures*.

The story of the good Samaritan covers a higher philosophy than the most scientific exposition of political economy based alone on the defence and self-preservation of society. The value of this stage of civics is utterly lost on the development of the pupil unless it is made to ingraft into his growing character that broad, sympathetic, humane spirit that makes for *feeling*.



Among Ourselves

The Editor's Round Table

TEACHERS MAGAZINE is a year old. What do you think of the youngster? Well, the second year it ought to be even better than it has been, and it will be. Look at this list of new features which have already been arranged for:

Miss Ada Van Stone Harris, of Rochester, will edit a double department of graded games for the school, and educational occupations (sometimes called busy work or seat work).

Miss Alys E. Bentley, the best teacher of music I know of in the public school field, will have charge of the department of music. Her article in the present number, with the charming songs accompanying it, will give you an idea what a treat will be yours.

The articles by Miss Flora Helm, of Chicago, have proved so helpful that we want her next year to elaborate her original ideas more fully.

Miss Belle R. Parsons, of San Francisco, will supply monthly articles giving detailed directions as to how to make physical culture not only useful but interesting to the children. Her work has attracted the attention of some of the foremost leaders in education.

Mr. Thomas E. Sanders, of Tennessee, has written so practical a book on school management and method that I have asked him to become a regular contributor. His articles will appeal to teachers in every grade of school. He gives good practical suggestions, as you will see from the article which he will have in this magazine next month.

Dr. James Parton Haney, director of manual training, has worked out plans that have given the New York city schools an enviable distinction. He will be our editor of "School Arts and Crafts."

Dr. Jacques W. Redway—millions of children have seen his name as author of school geographies—will look after the geography lessons.

Professor Woodhull, of Teachers college, has completely revised his book on "Home-made Apparatus," the most helpful publication that was ever brought out on this particular subject. He will also be a regular contributor.

Primary teachers will be especially interested in the promise of a monthly series of articles giving the actual work done in the first year in a splendid New England school.

There will be more announcements next month. Mind you, this is all in addition to the best things we have had. All the good features will be retained.

To all who have written in the past month; hearty thanks! Every word of criticism helps. Every word of appreciation encourages. The praises have been particularly plentiful. They have not turned our heads yet, but there is no telling what they may do.

The paper cuttings shown on page 674 were the work of Lillie Frantsi, a little Finnish girl in Minnesota. When she first entered the school of which Miss Mabel De Vane is the teacher, Lillie could speak no English. Given some bits of colored paper, a pair of scissors, and some pictures to look at, she made those remarkable cuttings. Your children will be interested in the work. "Each of us has a gift."

The great incentive to scholastic activity in days gone by was an ordeal called "examination." If it had been designed for the express purpose of corrupting youth it could not have been more cunningly devised. The constitutionally honest pupils were reduced to mere memorizers of facts, the less conscientious workers resorted to various forms of cheating. The memory was exalted. "He hath swallowed down riches, and he shall vomit them up again."

What the head would not hold, a "crib" could readily supply. The passing of these "exams" was not infrequently a matter of luck. To come out at the end of the ordeal with flying colors was the chief desideratum. To pass or not to pass, that was the question. Who cared *how* the battle was won, so long as it was won? With so much encouragement practically held out to dishonesty is it any wonder that some of the product of the schools of fifty or sixty years ago is now found wanting?

Many of us well remember what glee there was when the school master had been cheated. No shame attached to this kind of dishonesty. There were other modes of practising the devil's scale, which won the unstinted applause of class-mates. How different from this is the average school of to-day! In many schools the pupils have themselves condemned the forms of cheating which were known as horses, ponies, trots, and cribs. Honesty has the approval of public opinion in the classroom. This marks a great advance over the past.

With the truly modern teacher the effort put into the work counts for more than the bare results. This is another very strong incentive to probity.

The foreman of the printing office of TEACHERS MAGAZINE has made a suggestion that some teachers may find a convenience. By bending up the wires which hold the leaves of the magazine together the eight pages of THE CHILD WORLD may be slipped out. The wires can then be bent down again, so that the rest of the magazine may be kept intact.

In the Merry Month of May

By Mrs. E. C. Webber, California

IN May, 1804, the Lewis and Clark expedition set out from St. Louis. Under orders from President Jefferson it pushed far westward to the Pacific. As a result, the great Northwest was opened for settlement, and our claim to the Oregon country was strengthened. In May, 1905, the Lewis and Clark exposition was opened in Portland, Oregon.

In May, 1848, a man went thru the village of San Francisco, waving a bottle of yellow dust in his hand, and shouting, "Gold! gold! gold from the American river."

On May 10, 1869, the last spike was driven, completing the first railway to the Pacific, and New York was joined to San Francisco by bands of steel.

May was the birth month of Dante Alighieri, author of the "Divina Commedia," which is among the greatest poems of all time. Florence, Italy, was his native city.

It was on May 1, 1898, that Admiral Dewey sailed into Manila harbor and destroyed the entire Spanish squadron without the loss of a single man.

Robert Browning was born near London, May 17, 1812, and died in Venice, December 12, 1889, leaving a host of admirers of his poetry.

God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.

—From a song in "Pippa Passes," by ROBERT BROWNING.

William H. Seward, secretary of state, under Abraham Lincoln, was born May 16, 1801. His famous address, on the "Irrepressible Conflict" was delivered October 25, 1858.

Margaret Fuller Ossoli, who at one time lived in Concord, Massachusetts, and was the friend of Emerson, Hawthorne, and others of that brilliant group, was born May 23, 1810.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.

—THOMAS HOOD, born May 23, 1798.

Queen Victoria was born May 24, 1819.

Her court was pure, her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed,
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, scholar, poet, thinker, noble American citizen, was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. Upon the same day was born the English novelist and statesman, Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton.

Louis Agassiz was born in Switzerland, May 28, 1807. His Cambridge friends fitly celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the day, and Longfellow wrote a poem for the occasion:

It was fifty years ago
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud
A child in the cradle lay.

And nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee
Saying, "Here is a story-book
Thy father has written for thee."

And he wandered away and away
With nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

—THOMAS MOORE, born in Dublin, May 28, 1779.

When Joan of Arc was burned at the stake,
May 30, 1431, another name was added to the
long list of the world's martyrs.

May 30 has become the day set apart in memory
of the nation's dead.

No more shall the war cry sever
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!

May Songs.

Hebe's here, May is here!
The air is fresh and sunny
And the miser-bees are busy
Hoarding golden honey.

—T. B. ALDRICH.

May, queen of blossoms!

Hail, bounteous May;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing!

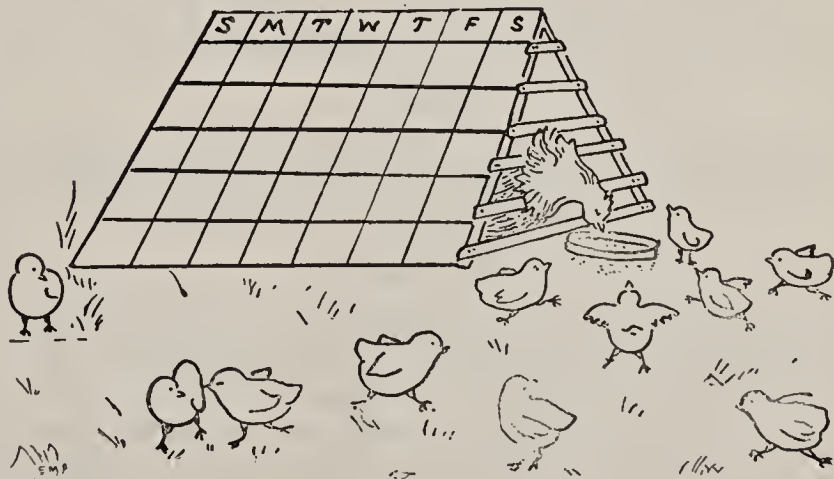
And after April, when May follows,
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows!
—ROBERT BROWNING.

The voice of one who goes before
The paths of June more beautiful, is thine,
Sweet May.

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May,
Doth every beast keep holiday.
—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The moon shines bright and the stars give light,
A little before it is day;
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May.



May Customs.

The month of May takes its name from the Greek goddess Maia, one of the seven Pleiades; the daughter of Atlas.

Merrymaking and welcoming of the spring; with its fragrance and balmy air, goes back even to old Roman days and the festivals in honor of Flora, goddess of flowers.

In "merrie England" the first of May was a gala occasion. The villagers rose betimes,

For May wol have no slogardie a night,

and went in gay procession to the woods, decked themselves with boughs and garlands, brought back the May pole wreathed with blossoms, and made it the center of games and dances. Sometimes a permanent May-pole was kept upon the village green. Masquings and revelings were in order on this holiday; the quaint, elaborate morris, or morrice, dance brought originally from the Moors, was especially popular.

Hark, hark! I hear the dancing,
And a nimble morris prancing;
The bag-pipe and the morris bells
That they are not far hence us tells.

Sometimes the merrymakers were led by a gaily-clad youth and maiden, chosen out of the village as lord and lady of the May. At the close of the festivities the lady, or queen of the May, rewarded her followers for their services, giving to one a garland "interwove with roses," to another "carved book or well-wrought script," and to a third "a handkerchief cast o'er and o'er again";

And none returneth empty that hath spent
His pains to fill their rural merriment.

At times the eve of May day was given not to slumber but to pleasant pastimes in the meadows and on the hillsides, and in the dewy morning the folks would return with their fragrant plunder. May dew, gathered betimes, was thought to beautify the face bathed in it. The priests sanctioned these rural sports, and even kings and queens have been known to share them. King Henry VIII. went a-Maying, and Queen Elizabeth celebrated the day by revels.

A pretty custom which continues in some localities is that of filling a basket with flowers and leaving it upon a friend's doorstep. To preserve the charm the donor must always get away undiscovered.

They had delightful times keeping the "May" in the olden days, and so may we, if we have grassy fields and flowering meadows near us.



Games for School and Playground.

(Continued from last month.)

Slap Catch.

The children are arranged in four lines about the room as for "Stoop Tag." The child who is "it," tries to tag the hands of children in the circle, who may move their hands sideways, or bend their wrists, but may not draw the hand away. When a child is tagged he changes places with the one who is "it."

Going to Jerusalem.

Pupils are seated in full rows with one or two pupils left over, more than can be seated. All pupils march up and down aisles, passing the seats which are to be used in the game. During the marching the teacher claps her hands three times and each pupil sits down in the nearest seat. The pupil (or pupils) failing to secure a seat comes to the front of the line and the game proceeds as before. All the marching exercises may be employed in this game.

Man Came from Sidney.

Beginning at one side of the room, the pupils of the first row turn to pupils of the second row and say—"A man came from Sidney." Pupils of the second row ask—"What did he bring you?" Those of the first row reply—"One fan!" and immediately begin fanning themselves with one hand. Those of the second row repeat the conversation with the third row, and so on until all are fanning with one hand. The second time across the answer is "Two fans!" and both hands are used. The third time the answer is—"Two fans and a nid-nod!" When all are fanning with both hands and rocking the head backward and forward, the teacher claps her hands, which means that the game is ended.



Hard to Drop.

BUT MANY DROP IT.

A young Calif. wife talks about coffee:

"It was hard to drop Mocha and Java and give Postum Food Coffee a trial, but my nerves were so shattered that I was a nervous wreck and of course that means all kinds of ails.

"At first I thought bicycle riding caused it and I gave it up, but my condition remained unchanged. I did not want to acknowledge coffee caused the trouble for I was very fond of it. At that time a friend came to live with us, and I noticed that after he had been with us a week he would not drink his coffee any more. I asked him the reason. He replied, 'I have not had a headache since I left off drinking coffee, some months ago, till last week, when I began again, here at your table. I don't see how any one can like coffee, anyway, after drinking Postum!'

"I said nothing, but at once ordered a package of Postum. That was five months ago, and we have drank no other coffee since, except on two occasions when we had company, and the result each time was that my husband could not sleep, but lay awake and tossed and talked half the night. We were convinced that coffee caused his suffering, so he returned to Postum Food Coffee; convinced that the old kind was an enemy, instead of a friend, and he is troubled no more by insomnia.

"I myself, have gained eight pounds in weight, and my nerves have ceased to quiver. It seems so easy now to quit the old coffee that caused our aches and ails and take up Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Thoughts for Teachers

The two things that men's lives want most as they grow older are, I think, simplicity and independence.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining,
I therefore turn my clouds about
And always wear them inside out
To show the lining.

Our business in life is not to get ahead of other people, but to get ahead of ourselves. To break our own record, to outstrip our yesterdays by to-days, to bear our trials more beautifully than we ever dreamed we could, to whip the tempter inside and out as we never whipped him before, to give as we never have given, to do our work with more force and a finer finish than ever—this is the true idea—to get ahead of ourselves.

—MALTBIE DAVENPORT BABCOCK.

It is never too late to be what you might have been.

—GEORGE ELIOT.

In opinions look not always back;
Your wake is nothing, mind the coming track,
Leave what you've done for what you have to do;
Don't be consistent, but be simply true.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Of course I know it is better to build a cathedral than to make a boot; but I think it is better to actually make a boot than only to dream about building a cathedral.

There are two ways of being happy: we may either diminish our wants or augment our means—either will do—the result is the same.

—FRANKLIN.

Most of the shadows of this life are caused by standing in our own sunshine.

—EMERSON.

On God and Godlike men we build our trust.

—TENNYSON.

Build as thou wilt, unspoiled by praise or blame,
Build as thou wilt, and as thy light is given;
Then, if at last the airy structure fall,
Dissolve and vanish, take thyself no shame—
They fail and they alone who have not striven.

—THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.

Do you know that the ready concession of minor points is a part of the grace of life?

—HENRY HARLAND.

Health is a thing to be attended to continually as the very highest of all temporal things. There is no kind of achievement equal to health. What to it are nuggets or millions?

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

The blessedness of life depends more upon its interests than upon its comforts.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

In this world it is not what we take up but what we give up, that makes us rich.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost—that is where they should be; but put foundations under them.

—THOREAU.

Men fail to realize that joy is distinctly moral. Joy does not happen. It is a flower that springs from roots. It is the inevitable result of certain lines followed and laws obeyed, and so a matter of character. Joy is a feature, and the face that does not have it is disfigured.

Seek your life's nourishment in your life's work. Insist that your buying, or selling, or studying, or teaching, shall itself make you brave, patient, pure, and holy.

Fame is a vapor, popularity an accident, riches take wings, those who cheer to-day will curse to-morrow, only one thing endures—character.

—HORACE GREELEY.

It is no man's business whether he has genius or not; work he must whatever he is, but quietly and steadily, and the natural and unforced results of such work will always be the things that God meant him to do, and it will be his best.

—RUSKIN.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control:

These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

—TENNYSON.

Rufus Choate believed in hard work and struggle. When someone said to him that a certain fine achievement was the result of accident, he exclaimed: "Nonsense! you might as well drop the Greek alphabet on the ground and expect to pick up the Iliad."

High art consists neither in altering nor improving nature; but in seeking thruout nature for "whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are pure!"

—RUSKIN.

"Chirps the swallow, flying over,
Humms the bee among the clover,
Laughs the chipmunk, frisky rover,
'Life is very good.'"

"True the song they sing, I ween,
But, my boy, so sweet and clean,
This is what they really mean.
'Life is being good.'"

Innocent Child and Snow-White Flower.

Innocent child and snow-white flower!
Well are ye paired in your opening hour.
Thus should the pure and lovely meet,
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet.

White as those leaves, just blown apart
Are the folds of thine own young heart;
Guilty passion and cankering care
Never have left their traces there.

Artless one! tho thou gazeth now
O'er the white blossom with earnest brow,
Soon it will tire thy childish eye;
Fair as it is, thou wilt throw it by.

Throw it aside in thy weary hour,
Throw to the ground the fair white flower;
Yet, as thy tender years depart,
Keep that white and innocent heart.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Sing, Little Bird.

Sing little bird, O sing!
How sweet thy voice and clear,
How fine the airy measures ring
The sad old world to cheer.

Bloom, little flower, O bloom!
Thou makest glad the day;
A scented torch, thou dost illumine
The darkness of the way.

Dance, little child, O dance!
While sweet the small birds sing,
And flowers bloom fair, and every glance
Of sunshine tells of spring.

O bloom, and sing, and smile,
Child, bird, and flower, and make
The sad old world forget awhile
Its sorrow for your sake.

—MRS. CELIA THAXTER.

Make Believe.

Let's dream, like the child in its playing;
Let's make us a sky and a sea;
Let's change the things 'round us by saying
They're the things that we wish them to be;

And if there is sadness or sorrow,
Let's dream till we charm it away;
Let's learn from the children and borrow
A saying from childhood—"Let's play."

Let's play that the world's full of beauty;
Let's play there are roses in bloom;
Let's play there is pleasure in duty
And light where we thought there was gloom;

Let's play that this heart with its sorrow
Is bidden be joyous and glad;
Let's play that we'll find on the morrow
The joys that we never have had.

Let's play that regret with its rueing
Is banished forever and aye;
Let's play there's delight but in doing;
Let's play there are flow'rs by the way,
However the pathway seem dreary,
Wherever the footsteps may lead;
Let's play there's a song for the weary
If only the heart will give heed.

Let's play we have done with repining;
Let's play that our longings are still;
Let's play that the sunlight is shining
To gild the green slope of the hill;
Let's play there are birds blithely flinging
Their songs of delight to the air;
Let's play that the world's full of singing,
Let's play there is love everywhere.
—J. W. FOLEY, in the New York Times.

Something the Child Needs.

It is impossible for us to point to this or that and say, "This list of things is what the children in our schools need and nothing more." All we can say is that the child needs everything that makes for its culture; not alone the three R's, but everything that will aid in mind development.

In order to teach my primary pupils how to begin an original story, I gave each of them a small picture and had each child give a name to his story from his picture. I found that this was not, after all, the beginning, for they gave such names as "Mary had a dog," and "See the monkey."

It was then that I realized my mistake. I was trying to get from the children something that was not in them. What did their little minds know about the artistic naming of stories? So this is how I set about putting in their minds what I wanted to get from them.

I purchased ten of the most suggestive Perry Pictures for children. These are the ones I used: "A Helping Hand," "Can't You Talk?" "Feeding Her Birds," "Mother and Child," "The Sick Monkey," "In Disgrace," "Friends or Foes," "Which Do You Like," "Kiss Me," and "Come Back Soon."

I put the names of all the pictures on the board and we learned to read them just as we should a blackboard lesson. Then the next day, before the language class, I said, "Now, children, I have ten pictures, and the names of these ten pictures are on the board. Who will tell me what you think you will see when I hold up 'Can't You Talk?'"

Of course most of them thought it would be a baby, and a girl standing before it asking the question. We went over the ten pictures in this way. I gave the names and they told me what they could see in their minds from the name.

Then I held up one picture, not the first named on the board, and asked, "Now, the name of this picture is on the board; which do you think it is? Let us look at the picture first and see what they are doing." Then one little boy stood and read the list of names and gave the one he thought suited the picture.

After several drills of this kind I gave out the same cards on which I had failed before and was indeed surprised at the change.

This is a very simple plan, but it taught one teacher, at least; that the pupils' mistakes were sometimes, after all, her own mistakes.

Virginia.

RUTH O. DYER.

If you want to take an ocean trip to the land of the lily and the rose, beautiful Bermuda, you will be interested in an article appearing in *The School Journal* of April 14. Readers of this magazine may have copies for five cents in stamps.

Thomas Cook and Son, New York, have a tour to the Bermudas, especially arranged for teachers. If you want to write them for information, address Mr. J. T. Young, 261 Broadway, New York.

He does not know that I am writing this note; but I am sure he will be pleased to tell you all you want to know.

What the Birds Say.

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,

The linnet, and thrush, say, "I love, and I love!" In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong; What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song. But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny, warm weather,

And singing and loving all come back together. But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love, The green fields below him, the blue sky above, That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he, "I love my Love, and my Love loves me."

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



A Busy Woman

CAN DO THE WORK OF THREE OR FOUR IF WELL FED.

An energetic young woman living just outside of N. Y. writes:

"I am at present doing all the housework of a dairy farm, caring for two children, a vegetable and flower garden, a large number of fowls, besides managing an extensive exchange business thru the mails and pursuing my regular avocation as a writer for several newspapers and magazines (designing fancy work for the latter) and all the energy and ability to do this I owe to Grape Nuts food.

"It was not always so, and a year ago when the shock of my nursing baby's death utterly prostrated me and deranged my stomach and nerves so that I could not assimilate as much as a mouthful of solid food, and was in even worse condition mentally, he would have been a rash prophet who would have predicted that it would ever be so.

"Prior to this great grief I had suffered for years with impaired digestion, insomnia, agonizing cramps in the stomach, pain in the side, constipation, and other bowel derangements, all these were familiar to my daily life. Medicines gave me no relief—nothing did, until a few months ago, at a friend's suggestion, I began to use Grape-Nuts food, and subsequently gave up coffee entirely and adopted Postum Food Coffee at all my meals.

"To-day I am free from all the troubles I have enumerated. My digestion is simply perfect, I assimilate my food without the least distress, enjoy sweet, restful sleep, and have a buoyant feeling of pleasure in my varied duties. In fact, I am a new woman, entirely made over; and I repeat, I owe it all to Grape-Nuts and Postum Coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.



Rise Liars, And Salute Your Queen Ho, All Ye Faithful Followers of Ananias GIVE EAR!

A Young Girl said to a Cooking School Teacher in New York: "If You make One Statement as False as That, All You have said about Foods is Absolutely Unreliable."

This burst of true American girl indignation was caused by the teacher saying that Grape-Nuts, the popular pre-digested food, was made of stale bread shipped in and sweetened.

The teacher colored up and changed the subject.

There is quite an assortment of traveling and stay-at-home members of the tribe of Ananias who tell their falsehoods for a variety of reasons.

In the spring it is the custom on a cattle ranch to have a "round-up," and brand the cattle, so we are going to have a "round-up" and brand these cattle and place them in their proper pastures.

FIRST PASTURE.

Cooking school teachers—this "includes teachers" who have applied to us for a weekly pay if they would say "something nice" about Grape-Nuts and Postum, and when we have declined to hire them to do this they get waspy and show their true colors.

This also includes "demonstrators" and "lecturers" sent out by a certain Sanitarium to sell foods made there, and these people instructed by the small-be-whiskered doctor—the head of the institution—to tell these prevarications (you can speak the stronger word if you like). This same little doctor conducts a small magazine in which there is a department of "answers to correspondents," many of the questions as well as the answers being written by the aforesaid doctor.

In this column some time ago appeared the statement: "No, we cannot recommend the use of Grape-Nuts, for it is nothing but bread with glucose poured over it." Right then he showed his badge as a member of the tribe of Ananias. He may have been a member for some time before and so he has caused these "lecturers" to descend into the ways of the tribe wherever they go.

When the young lady in New York put the "iron on" to this "teacher" and branded her right we sent \$10 to the girl for her pluck and bravery.

SECOND PASTURE.

Editors of "Trade" papers known as grocers' papers.

Remember we don't put the brand on all, by any means. Only those that require it. These members of the tribe have demanded that we carry advertising in their papers and when we do not consider it advisable they institute a campaign of vituperation and slander, printing from time to time manufactured slurs on Postum or Grape-Nuts. When they go far enough we set our legal force at work and hail them to the judge to answer. If the pace has not been hot enough to throw some of these "cattle" over on their backs, feet tied and "bellowing" do you think we should be blamed? They gambol around with tails held high and jump stiff legged with a very "cocky" air while they have full range, but when the rope is thrown over them "it's different."

Should we untie them because they bleat soft and low? Or should we put the iron on, so that people will know the brand?

Let's keep them in this pasture anyhow.

THIRD PASTURE.

Now we come to a frisky lot, the "Labor Union" editors. You know down in Texas a weed called "Loco" is sometimes eaten by a steer and produces a derangement of the brain that makes the steer "batty" or crazy. Many of these editors are "Locoed" from hate of any one who will not instantly obey

the "demands" of a labor union and it is the universal habit of such writers to go straight into a system of personal vilification, manufacturing any sort of falsehood thru which to vent their spleen. We assert that the common citizen has a right to live and breathe air without asking permission of the labor trust and this has brought down on us the hate of these editors. When they go far enough with their libels, is it harsh for us to get judgment against them and have our lawyers watch for a chance to attach money due them from others? (For they are usually irresponsible.)

Keep your eye out for the "Locoed" editor.

Now let all these choice specimens take notice:

We will deposit one thousand or fifty thousand dollars to be covered by a like amount from them, or any one of them, and if there was ever one ounce of old bread or any other ingredient different than our selected wheat and barley with a little salt and yeast used in the making of Grape-Nuts we will lose the money.

Our pure food factories are open at all times to visitors, and thousands pass thru each month, inspecting every department and every process. Our factories are so clean that one could, with good relish, eat a meal from the floors.

The work people, both men and women, are of the highest grade in the state of Michigan, and according to the state labor reports, are the highest paid in the state for similar work.

Let us tell you exactly what you will see when you inspect the manufacture of Grape-Nuts. You will find tremendous elevators containing the choicest wheat and barley possible to buy. These grains are carried thru long conveyers to grinding mills, and there converted into flour. Then the machines make selection of the proper quantities of this flour in the proper proportion and these parts are blended into a general flour which passes over to the big dough mixing machines, there water, salt, and a little yeast are

Righteous Indignation.

When I was just a tiny child,
They say I used to be quite wild!

Sometimes, it seems, I'd raise a row;
Of course, I've learned much better now.

But if you'll promise not to tell,
Here's what they say I did once: Well,

A lady came to visit us—
She was the kind that makes a fuss.

She patted my old foolish curls,
And said, "I just love little girls!"

I was as mad as I could be!
I went out doors and kicked a tree!
—JOHN ADAMSON in *St. Nicholas* for
March.

Mother Earth.

Old Mother Earth woke up from sleep,
And found she was cold and bare;
The winter was over, the spring was near,
And she had not a dress to wear!

"Alas!" she sighed with great dismay,
"Oh, where shall I get my clothes;
There's not a place to buy a suit,
And a dressmaker no one knows."

"I'll make you a dress," said the spring-
ing grass,
Just looking above the ground,
"A dress of green, of the loveliest sheen
To cover you all around."

"And we," said the dandelions gay,
"Will dot it with yellow bright."
"I'll make it a fringe," said for-get-me-
not,
Of blue, very soft and light."

"We'll embroider the front," said the
violets,
"With a lovely purple hue;
"And we," said the roses, "will make
you a crown
Of red, jeweled over with dew."

"And we'll be your gems," said a voice
from the shade,
Where the ladies' eardrops live—
"Orange is a color for any queen,
And the best that we have to give."

Old Mother Earth was thankful and glad,
As she put on her dress so gay;
And that is the reason, my little ones,
She is looking so lovely to-day.

—Selected.

added and the dough kneaded the proper
length of time.

Remember that previous to the barley
having been ground it was passed thru
about one hundred hours of soaking in
water, then placed on warm floors and
slightly sprouted, developing the diastase
in the barley, which changes the starch
in the grain into a form of sugar.

Now after we have passed it into dough
and it has been kneaded long enough, it
is moulded by machinery into loaves
about 18 inches long and 5 or 6 inches in
diameter. It is put into this shape for
convenience in second cooking.

These great loaves are sliced by mach-
inery and the slices placed on wire trays,
these trays, in turn, placed on great steel
trucks, and rolled into the secondary
ovens, each perhaps 75 or 80 feet long.
There the food is subjected to a long low
heat and the starch which has not been
heretofore transformed, is turned into a
form of sugar generally known as Post
Sugar. It can be seen glistening on the
granules of Grape-Nuts if held toward the
light, and this sugar is not poured over
or put on the food as these prevaricators
ignorantly assert. On the contrary the
sugar exudes from the interior of each
little granule during the process of manu-
facture, and reminds one of the little
white particles of sugar that come out
on the end of a hickory log after it has
been sawed off and allowed to stand for a
length of time.

This Post Sugar is the most digestible
food known for human use. It is so per-
fect in its adaptability that mothers with
very young infants will pour a little
warm milk over two or three spoonful of
Grape-Nuts, thus washing the sugar off
from the granules and carrying it with
the milk to the bottom of the dish. Then
this milk charged with Post Sugar is fed
to the infants producing the most satis-
factory results, for the baby has food that
it can digest quickly and will go off to
sleep well fed and contented.

When baby gets two or three months
old it is the custom of some mothers to
allow the Grape-Nuts to soak in the milk
a little longer and become mushy, where-

upon a little food can be fed in addition
to the milk containing the washed off
sugar.

It is by no means manufactured for a
baby food, but these facts are stated as
an illustration of a perfectly digestible
food.

It furnishes the energy and strength for
the great athletes. It is in common use
by physicians in their own families and
among their patients, and can be seen on
the table of every first-class college in the
land.

We quote from the London Lancet
analysis as follows:

"The basis of nomenclature of this
preparation is evidently an American
pleasantry, since 'Grape-Nuts' is derived
solely from cereals. The preparatory
process undoubtedly converts the food
constituents into a much more digestible
condition than the raw cereal. This is
evident from the remarkable solubility of
the preparation, no less than one half of
it being soluble in cold water. The sol-
uble part contains chiefly dextrin and no
starch. In appearance 'Grape-Nuts' re-
sembles fried bread crumbs. The grains
are brown and crisp, with a pleasant taste
not unlike slightly burnt malt. Accord-
ing to our analysis the following is the
composition of 'Grape-Nuts': Moisture,
6.02 per cent; mineral matter, 2.01 per
cent; fat, 1.60 per cent; proteids, 15.00
per cent; soluble carbohydrates, etc.,
49.40 per cent; and unaltered carbohy-
drates (insoluble), 25.97 per cent. The
features worthy of note in this analysis
are the excellent proportion of proteid
mineral matters, and soluble carbohy-
drates per cent. The mineral matter was
rich in phosphoric acid. 'Grape-Nuts'
is described as a brain and nerve food,
whatever that may be. Our analysis, at
any rate, shows that it is a nutritive of a
high order, since it contains the constitu-
ents of a complete food in very satisfac-
tory and rich proportion and in an easily
assimilable state."

An analysis made by the Canadian
Government some time ago shows that
Grape-Nuts contains nearly ten times the

digestible elements contained in ordinary
cereals and foods, and nearly twice the
amount contained in any other food
analyzed.

The analysis is familiar to practically
every successful physician in America
and London.

We print this statement in order that
the public may know the exact facts up-
on which we stake our honor and will
back it with any amount of money that
any person or corporation will put up.

We propose to follow some of these
choice specimens of the tribe of Ananias.

When you hear a cooking school teacher
or any other person assert that either
Postum or Grape-Nuts are made of any
other ingredients than those printed on
the packages and as we say they are made,
send us the name and address, also name
of two or three witnesses, and if the evi-
dence is clear enough to get a judgment
we will right that wrong quickly.

Our business has always been con-
ducted on as high a grade of human intel-
ligence as we are capable of, and we pro-
pose to clear the deck of these prevari-
cators and liars whenever and wherever
they can be found.

Attention is again called to the general
and broad invitation to visitors to go
thru our works, where they will be shown
the most minute process and device in
order that they may understand how pure
and clean and wholesome Grape-Nuts
and Postum are.

There is an old saying among business
men that there is some chance to train a
fool, but there is no room for a liar, for
you never can tell where you are, and
we hereby serve notice on all the members
of this ancient tribe of Ananias that they
may follow their calling in other lines,
but when they put forth their lies about
Grape-Nuts and Postum, we propose to
give them an opportunity to answer to
the proper authorities.

The New York girl wisely said that if a
person would lie about one item, it brands
the whole discourse as absolutely un-
reliable.

Keep your iron ready and brand these
"mavericks" whenever you find them
running loose.

**"There's a Reason" for
Grape-Nuts and Postum**

*Quotations on Books.

Some books are to be tasted, others swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—*Bacon*.

If time is precious, no book that will not improve by repeated reading deserves to be read at all.—*Carlyle*.

The love of books is a love which requires neither justification, apology, nor defense.—*Langford*.

Laws die, books never.—*Bulwer-Lytton*.

There is no past, so long as books shall live.—*Bulwer-Lytton*.

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's

be our favorites. He who writes from the heart will write to the heart.—*Isaac Disraeli*.

We shall one day learn to supersede politics by education. What we call our root-and-branch reforms of slavery, war, gambling, intemperance, are only medicating symptoms. We must begin higher up; namely, in education.—*Emerson*.

What a sense of security in an old book which time has criticised for us.—*Lowell*.

That is a good book which is opened with expectation and closed with profit.—*Alcott*.

Our high respect for a well-read man is praise enough for literature.—*Emerson*.

Books are the best things, well used: abused, among the worst.—*Emerson*.

All that mankind has done, thought, gained, or been is lying in magic preservation in the pages of books. They are the chosen possession of men.—*Carlyle*.

Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries in a thousand years have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were hid and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruption; fenced by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friends is here written out in transparent words to us, strangers of another age.—*Emerson*.

I love vast libraries; yet there is a doubt,
If one be better with them than without,—
Unless he use them wisely, and, indeed,
Knows the high art of what and how to read.

—*J. G. Saxe*.

When I would know thee * * * my thought looks
Upon thy well-made choice of friends and books;
Then do I love thee, and behold thy ends
In making thy friends books, and thy books friends.

—*Ben Johnson*.

All 'round the room my silent servants wait,
My friends in every season, bright and dim.

—*Barry Cornwall*.

That Tired Feeling

That makes a daily burden of itself, whether you work or not, is a tired feeling that healthy people don't have.

It comes from an impure or impoverished condition of the blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla always removes it—purifies and enriches the blood, gives new life, new courage, strength, and animation.



Mrs. S. J. Carleton, of Ayer, Mass., says: "I was very weak, my blood was poor, and I could not gain strength. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and restored me to health."

In usual form, liquid, or in new form, tablets.
100 Doses One Dollar.



Two Little Hollanders.

image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye.—*Milton*.

A small number of choice books are sufficient.—*Voltaire*.

A great library contains the diary of the human race.—*Dawson*.

Books are embalmed minds.—*Bovee*.

Books are life-long friends whom we come to love and know as we do our children.—*S. L. Broadman*.

Books—lighthouses erected in the great sea of time.—*Edwin P. Whipple*.

No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting.—*Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*.

Books are the visible souls of men, and a good book, like a good life, is filled as a lamp, with light.—*Dr. Geikie*.

It does not matter how many, but how good, books you have. It is much better to trust yourself to a few good authors than to wander thru several.—*Seneca*.

Those authors who appear sometimes to forget they are writers, and remember they are men, will

*From "Library Days," published for use in the public schools of West Virginia.

My Lady's Silk Gown Tells a Story

Anybody who did not know would have said the silk gown was only rustling a little as it hung in the closet.

A stiff March breeze was certainly blowing in thru an open window in the room beyond, and the closet door was open a crack.

But the slipper with its heel peeping out from the top of the shoe-bag knew better.

So did the whisk broom that hung by a pink string from the hook in the corner.

And so did my lady's best bonnet, for she kept her ear against the place where the bonnet box was broken, all the time the gown was talking.

And I know. Not that I could understand what the Silk Gown said. Not I.

It was the Canary Bird who told me, and I know the song of the canary because of the music my own heart sings.

This is the story the Silk Gown told, as nearly as the canary could remember, so as to sing it to me.

My lady thinks I am beautiful, so I suppose I am. It has been hard enough to make me so, and many were the days I spent before I was this gown.

You may not believe it, but once upon a time I was a whole tree full of mulberry leaves. I danced in the wind, drank in spring rain and the summer sun, and was as gay as a lark the whole day long.

One morning a dainty girl came to the tree and picked many of the mulberry leaves. I shall never forget her little dark eyes and straight black hair, because my lady's beautiful raven locks remind me of her.

We were carried into a room with rows of shelves all along one side. On the shelves were thousands and thousands of little worms.

Most of the worms were eating mulberry leaves. We were placed on different shelves and soon worms were eating us too, with all their might and main.

The worms ate all they could, and then each one began to spin. It made yards and yards of a yellowish thread.

The thread was so small you could hardly see it, but each worm made so much that as it wound the thread round its body it was soon covered up.

Each worm was buried in what I heard the pretty girl call a cocoon.

After all the worms had spun themselves into cocoons, the girls unwound the thread. The thread was silk.

But I was far from being a gown yet. I had to be dyed this beautiful blue.

And I had to be woven on a loom. A great many of the silk worms' threads dyed blue were wound on spools, and these were fastened to the great machine called a loom.

Every time the shuttle of the loom came forward a cross thread was woven. By and by a whole piece of silk had been woven.

The roll of silk was carried to a great store to be sold. There My Lady saw me, and she bought me at once.

I was carried to the dressmaker's. The woman who was to make me admired me very much, but all the same she began to cut me up at once.

I was stitched together on a sewing machine; I was tucked, and ruffled, and trimmed with lace, until I was the beautiful garment you see before you.

I expect I shall always be queen of this closet, and My Lady's best gown.

"Huh," said the slipper, dropping down to a more comfortable place in the shoe bag, "I guess you will find My Lady will not keep any gown for best very long. Before you know it you will be queen of the garbage can."

"My Lady used me to brush you off, yesterday. I always know that is about the end of a gown," said the Whisk Broom, as it swung back and forth in the breeze.

"You don't match me at all," said the best Bonnet "so you won't be worn much more, I know."

The silk gown rustled scornfully, but as she had heard My Lady make a few remarks, she was a little anxious herself about the future.

At that minute the March wind blew the door to, so the canary heard nothing more from the inmates of the closet.

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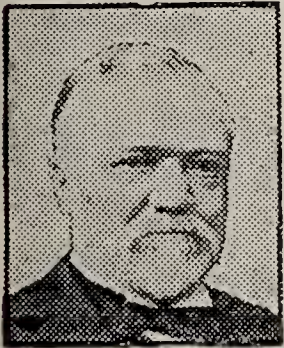
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 3. Rain, rain, do not go, Rain, rain, we love you so!

Make us mu-sic on the pane, Drum to wild wind's fid-dle-strain,
 Make the brooklet's wa-ter high, Then our tall boots we may try:
 If you're warm and soft and mild Then each strong and healthy child

Make us pools where-in to float Ev-'ry lit-tle paint-ed boat.
 Wash the grim-y cit-y clean, Make the lawns and meadows green.
 Wa-ter-proofed, be-rub-bered too, Forth shall go to play with you.

Teachers Magazine is indebted to Silver, Burdett & Company for permission to use this charming song from Eleanor Smith's "Primer of Vocal Music."

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[This song is referred to in Miss Bentley's article on page 688 of present number.]

Little Things.

We are leaflets, growing, growing;
 Here's a cloud and there's the sun.
 Now the rain is soaking, soaking;
 We are dripping, every one.

CHORUS.

But we grow, we grow, we grow,
 Yes, we all are growing.
 (Chorus repeated after each stanza.)

We are flowers, growing, growing,
 Dancing when the wind comes by,
 Turning as the sunlight circles,
 Drooping heads when night is nigh.

We are cotton, growing, growing,
 Golden flowers glittering;
 Some day great white bolls shall open
 For the angels' harvesting.

We are nestlings, growing, growing,
 Open beak and fluttering wing;
 Now we need a mother's tending,
 Some day in the sky we'll sing.

We are seedling acorns, pushing
 Warm leaves from the brown, soft sand;
 Wide and far and high and leafy,
 Great oak-trees some day we'll stand.
 We are little raindrops, dripping,
 Dropping, falling from the cloud;
 Some day in the thunderous ocean
 You shall hear our voices loud.
 We are infant scholars, saying
 A by B and B by C;
 Some day we'll be saints in heaven,
 Learning God's great mystery.

C. A. Bryce, M. D., editor of the Southern Clinic, in writing of la grippe complaints, says: I have found much benefit from the use of antikamnia tablets in the fever and muscular painfulness accompanying grip. A dozen tablets should always be kept about the house. Druggists speak well of them, and so far as our experience goes, we can endorse the above.
 —Southwestern Medical Journal.

The Last of "Cinders," a Prisoner's Friend.

[Times, New York.]

"Cinders" is dead, and all the Tombs is grieving over the fact.

Cinders was a dog. They say he was a bad dog. His taste in friends was certainly reprehensible. While he seemed to consider that every prisoner was entitled to some little share of his regard, the worse they were in the world's eyes, the more he gave them of it.

By some subtle intuitive power Cinders seemed able to gauge the degree of each prisoner's criminality. Plain disorderlies might be greeted with a light wagging of the tail. To those charged with larceny or forgery he granted the privilege of patting him as he passed by. A negro who tried to set on fire a tenement full of sleeping people he honored with his company for hours in a stretch. But murderers were his preference.

On them he doted with a fervor that kept him spellbound in front of their cells for days at a time. They were the first to receive his greeting in the morning and his farewell at night.

"That's because Cinders is a bad luck dog," explained a little French woman who has spent months in the prison because she killed the brute who had lived on her earnings.

And bad luck as well as bad taste Cinders certainly had. More than three years ago Tom Foley received him—a bright-eyed little fox terrier—as a present from a sea captain. But from the very start he refused to feel at home in the Tammany leader's saloon across the way from the prison. He spent most of the time on the street or about the Criminal Courts building, until one day he found his way into the Tombs.

A keeper fondled him for a while and then tried to shoo him out. It would have been easier to catch an eel with bare hands. Cinders stayed for the time being, keeping out of sight of the uniformed men as much as possible. Those were his purgatorial days, when he had no name and no standing. Even the prisoners had not yet discovered what a sympathetic, hope-inspiring little friend he could be to them.

The warden spied him not long after the day he first broke into the prison, which usually is found so easy to enter and so hard to escape from. And the warden decreed that the dog was to go. Another attempt to catch him resulted in failure. After that the men in charge gained his confidence by pretending to have made up their minds to let him stay.

They were base dissemblers and false friends. One day a keeper invited Cinders to take a walk. The dog wagged his tail and looked over toward Murderers' Row. A moment later he found himself attached to a string, at the other end of which the keeper was pulling. The eel game worked no longer. Once in a man's hands the strength of the little terrier cannot help him.

Cinders unwillingly made a trip with his captor to Jersey City. There the sly keeper carried out his instructions of "losing" the dog. He felt he had done a good job, and allowed himself a slight celebration in honor of his success. When he returned to the prison the dog met him at the door.

"And may I be electrocuted if the beast didn't smile at me," said the baf-



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fled keeper half sadly and half triumphantly that evening.

After that, while the highest authority continued to be "agin" Cinders, the subordinates were won over to him one by one. Once more a similar attempt to dispose of Cinders by strategy was made. That time Cinders managed in some unaccountable way to lose his guard before the Staten island ferry was reached, that being their common goal. And it need hardly be added that he was making his usual tour of inspection along the tiers that evening with a mien of even more than customary mock humility.

They let him stay after that, and by degrees he became an established institution, having rights somewhat equal to those accorded to the prison chaplains. It was at that period—some two years ago—that his own bad luck tried to accomplish what man's efforts had failed in. Nothing happened within the Tombs in the way of an accident without Cinders being involved in it. Once a gate dropped on him while it was being repaired and broke his shoulder bone. Once he all but burned alive in the furnace by the treacherous slipping of a heap of cinders. That time he lost an ear and got the name that clung to him to the last. Minor accidents were too frequent to be recorded.

A short time ago one of the keepers dropped his revolver on the floor. A shot was discharged, and the bullet struck Cinders. The veterinary, called in at once, could not find the lead. Cinders did not complain, but it was evident that he suffered. He could no longer go around to his friends the murderers, and that almost broke his heart. Those who came near him understood from his gentle whining and the way in which he licked their hands that he was not voicing physical suffering, but despair at not being able to fulfill a destined and sacred duty.

Finally he was sent to the New York Veterinary hospital, at 117 West Twenty-fifth street, where Dr. Armstrong nursed him for a week. But in spite of all care pneumonia set in.

A few weeks ago Cinders died. He spent his last vestige of strength in the effort of licking the hand of the veterinary who was dressing his wounds.

PAPER SLOYD FOR PRIMARY GRADES, by Ednah Anne Rich, will be found a treasure by primary teachers, and teachers in country schools. It describes and illustrates models for the work in the first three grades of school work. These models are interesting, useful, plain, and simple in construction. In every case the proportion and measurements are the product of careful study on the author's part. The whole plan was tested before it was published. The result of all this careful experiment is apparent in the completed course as arranged by Miss Rich. (Ginn & Company, Boston.)

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Questions on Current Events

The answers to these questions are found in late numbers of OUR TIMES. For the convenience of those who desire more complete answers, the pages and dates of issue are given.

What were the two great matters of controversy in connection with the conference at Algeiras? 451; March 17.

Ans.—The policing of Morocco and the Moroccan State Bank.

Of what is the new Russian parliament to consist? 451; March 17.

Ans.—It will consist of two bodies—the council of the empire and the douma, or national assembly, both of which are to be convoked annually by imperial edict.

To whom is the young king of Spain soon to be married? What change of religion has been necessary before the marriage could be consummated? 452; March 17.

Ans.—The English Princess Ena of Battenberg. She was received into the Catholic church in March, at San Sebastian, Spain.

What terrible accident occurred on March 11 in northern France? 454; March 17.

Ans.—An explosion of fire damp carried death and destruction thru the coal mine at Courrieres. It was estimated that 1,200 lives were lost.

What report was received at Washington concerning an uprising among the Moros? 454; March 17.

Ans.—A report to the effect that 600 Moros had been killed in a fight with the American troops near Jolo, the capital of the Sulu islands.

When is Independence Day celebrated in the Dominican republic? 483; March 31.

Ans.—February 27 is celebrated as Independence Day in the Dominican republic, in carnival fashion, with masquerading and confetti-throwing, which is continued for a week.

Who has been nominated as the new ambassador from the United States to Austria-Hungary? 485; March 31.

Ans.—President Roosevelt has sent to the senate the nomination of Charles S. Francis, of Troy, N. Y., to be ambassador to Austria-Hungary. Mr. Francis was minister to Greece, Rumania, and Servia from 1900 to 1902.

What well-known author of books for young people died on March 21? 485; March 31.

Ans.—Mrs. Adeline D. T. Whitney, the author of "Mother Goose for Grown Folks," "Boys at Chequasset," "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," "Homespun Yarns," and numerous other books.

What railroads are planned for Alaska? 489; March 31.

Ans.—In his annual message last December, President Roosevelt advocated that Congress should enact a law authorizing the federal government to aid Alaska in the construction of railroads. Two companies have announced that, without waiting for government aid, they have perfected arrangements for an Alaskan railroad.

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[Mention this paper.]

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Out and Beyond.

The weary clerk, worn out with work,
Yearns for the farm—its peaceful shade,
The rest and quiet, where flowers run riot,
And he is free from thoughts of trade.

The farmer tired, has long aspired
To see the town with its turmoil;
The streets ablaze, the dizzy maze,
For he's a-weary of the soil.

And it is best! Men should not rest
Content with one horizon's brim;
Beyond that goal, the aspiring soul
Will find there's much in store for him.
—ALFRED KNIGHT, in *Four-Track News*
for March.

A Revelation.

If there are any doubting Thomases or Maidens fair, or those unfair, who fain would be fair, let them use Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream and prove the efficacy of what the proprietor has so long tried to impress on the minds of all, in nearly every part of the world. As a Skin Purifier and Beautifier, it has no equal or rival. If the reader would prove the virtues of Oriental Cream, use it where a Scratch or slight Cut, or where a black head or pimple is troubling you, then you see its healing and purifying qualities—if it does its work well, then read the advertisement again for further testimony of its virtues, and by using Oriental Cream renew both Youth and Beauty.

The Sunset Gun.

Against the sky the flag is flung
By winds that catch the bugle song,
And bear it onward, giving tongue
To echoes faintly sweet and long.
The white clouds in the western sky
Drip now with red rays of the sun,
And thru the forest floats a sigh
That whispers that the day is done.

The sun dips lower, lower—then
The clouds blaze out in richer red
That seems reflected back again
From the brave banner overhead.
The shifting colors, pink, and gold,
And red, like fabrics in a loom,
Change subtly, stripe, and stream, and fold—
And now there comes a mellow boom.

It is the sunset gun. Now slow
The flag glides downward to be furled,
And mist and cloud and fair sky show
Their sunset glory to the world.
A roll of drums, a murmured tune—
The flagstaff, tapering and tall—
Then to the vanished afternoon
There lifts a melting bugle call.

The shadows of night's army come
In serried ranks adown the hill
With neither trumpet, fife, nor drum—
And all is strangely hushed and still.
Up from the east the first stars rise,
Out of the west in red and white
The sun sends bars that stripe the skies—
The old flag bends above the night.
—W. D. NESBIT, in *Chicago Tribune*.

PIMPLES

"I tried all kinds of blood remedies which failed to do me any good but I have found the right thing at last. My face was full of pimples and black-heads. After taking Cascarets they all left. I am continuing the use of them and recommending them to my friends. I feel fine when I rise in the morning. Hope to have a chance to recommend Cascarets."

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 56 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of

the haut-ton (a patient), "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months using it every day. **GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUB-TILE** removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

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N.E.A.



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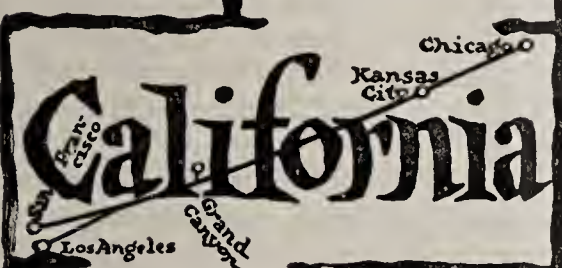
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May Birthday Calendar.

MAY 4.—John James Audubon, celebrated naturalist, born in Louisiana in 1780. Died in New York in 1851. His work on "The Birds of America," sold for \$1,000 a copy.

William H. Prescott, historian, born in Salem, Mass., in 1796. Died at Boston, Jan. 28, 1859. Best known works, "Conquest of Mexico," and "History of Ferdinand and Isabella."

Horace Mann, eminent educator, born in Franklin, Mass., 1796. Died at Yellow Springs, Ohio, in 1859. Called "the father of the public school."

MAY 12.—Robert C. Winthrop, statesman, author, and orator, born in Boston in 1809. Orator at the laying of the cornerstone of the Washington monument, July 4, 1848.

MAY 15.—James Gadsden, statesman and soldier, born at Charleston, S. C., 1788. Died in the same city, Dec. 26, 1858. While minister to Mexico in 1853, he arranged the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, and purchased of Mexico for \$10,000,000 the land known as the "Gadsden Purchase."

MAY 16.—William Henry Seward, statesman, born in Florida, N. Y., in 1801. Died at Auburn, N. Y., Oct. 10, 1872. Secretary of state during Lincoln's administration. Thru his diplomacy Alaska was purchased by the United States from Russia, in 1867.

MAY 25.—Ralph Waldo Emerson, the "Sage of Concord," born in Boston in 1803. Died April 27, 1882. He was a poet, an essayist, and a lecturer. His "Representative Men" is his most important written work.

MAY 27.—Julia Ward Howe, poetess, writer, and lecturer, born in New York in 1819. Author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

MAY 29.—Patrick Henry, orator and patriot, born at Studley, Va., in 1736. Died in Virginia June 6, 1799. Spoke in a speech before the Continental Congress, the celebrated words, "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

MAY 31.—Walt Whitman, born at West Hills, L. I., 1819. Died March 26, 1892. "My Captain" is his best known poem.

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"I will be glad to give anybody suffering from eczema any information regarding Cuticura Remedies. When my little girl was about a year and a half old there developed small pimples on her face, which went into a scale which threw off a little watery substance. Her head was also affected with it. She used to scratch until it bled, making very bad sores. We tried two or three salves, including borax. They did not do any good, so I got some Cuticura Soap first, and then used the Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills. They completely cured her, and we have had no more bother with it. Wm. F. Knox, 1216 So. 35th St., Philadelphia, Pa., June 10, 1905."

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A Pupil's Story.

From the Teacher:

Enclosed find a story written by a little ten year old pupil. She was given only a picture to look at. I am sending it exactly as she has written it. My pupils wait anxiously for each number of the magazine and read the numbers with much interest.

Indiana.

CARRIE BOLLEY

The Story.

THE DEPARTURE.

In the fall of 1618 my Uncle Bill Adams, his nephew George Washington, his wife Mrs. Adams and his niece Lonnie Washington, were planning to sail from Holland to Long Island on the Atlantic coast.

On the 3d of October Lonnie and George Washington came driving an old mule hitched to a road cart with a message to tell us that they were going to start the twentieth of October. I was very much surprised when I had read it, they had talked about it a long time but I did not think they would go. After the children had drank some tea they went home, it was a very cold day. They were very busy getting ready to go.

Soon the time arrived. We were all going down to the beach to see them off. They were going in a ship. They were going to ride with us down to the beach. We rode in an old wagon with no seat on it and some boards were broken out of the bottom. On our way down to the beach we met Toby Tyler in an old road cart loaded with pumpkins and was driving an old goat about six years old. Some of our friends were with us making about twenty in all in the wagon.

When we reached the beach we tied our mules by a tree. The people got on the ship and sailed away we were all waving our hands goodbye to them and wishing them a safe and happy trip. Our dog Jack seemed to understand that they were going away and had a sad look in his face and eyes. We had brought their bundles in some baskets and we bought some pumpkins of Toby Tyler and put them in the baskets. Our friends who were with us were German people and wore wooden shoes.

When we went to get our mules and wagon we found that one of our mules had broken his bridle and we had to fix it with pumpkin vines. Then we started for home. We were very tired and hungry. We ate some supper and then we went to bed. We soon had a letter from Mrs. Adams she said they were having a fine time and came to Long Island safe after a long voyage of about two months.

ETTA SENEVA SWANSON.



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AN AGENCY is valuable in proportion to its influence. If it merely hears of vacancies and tells THAT is something, but if it is you about them THAT is asked to recommend a teacher and recommends you, RECOMMENDS. that is more. Ours O. W. BARDEEN Syracuse, N. Y.

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The Critic.

A little seed lay in the ground,
And soon began to sprout;
"Now which of all the flowers around,"
It mused, "Shall I come out?"

"The lily's face is fair and proud,
But just a trifle cold;
The rose, I think, is rather loud,
And then its fashion's old.

"The violet is very well,
But not a flower I'd choose;
Nor yet the Canterbury bell—
I never care for blues.

"Petunias are by far too bright,
And vulgar flowers besides;
The primrose only blooms at night,
The peonies spread too wide."

And so it criticised each flower,
This supercilious seed,
Until it woke one summer hour,
And found itself a weed.

—Christian Advocate.

A Tale of a Tea-Table.

Betsy Bobbity baked a bun—
A beautiful, big, bewitching one,
So light that it fairly shone with pride,
With currants a-plenty safe inside.

Patsy Poppity peeled a peach,
A pear, and a plum, and put them each
In a tiny pie with a frosted top,
As fine as those in the baker's shop.

Three little maids to the pantry flew
To look for the dishes pink and blue,
And a terrible tragedy happened next—
And my! but the three little maids were
vexed!

Young Puppety Pup came racing by,
And the little red table caught his eye;
Then never a bit he cared—not he—
That he hadn't been asked to the dainty
tea;

But he ate up Betsy Bobbity's bun,
With all the currants—every one,
The three little pies at a single bite,
And every thing else there was in sight!

Dora Doppity cried, "Dear me!
What a capital time to give a tea!"
And she put the little red table out,
With three little chairs set round about.

And Betsy Bobbity's Baby Blue
And Patsy Poppity's Precious Prue,
And Dora Doppity's Daisy Dee,
Were asked to come to a charming tea.

But never a word the three guests said,
As they gazed with a smile right straight
ahead;

And never they showed the least surprise,
Altho, right under their very eyes,
The rude and ravenous Puppety P.
Ate all that they were to have had for tea!

Which shows us plainly that Baby Blue,
And Daisy Dee, and the Precious Prue,
Were well brought up, and clearly knew
That the proper, ladylike thing to do
Was never to make remarks at tea,
Whatever they chanced to hear or see!

—ELLEN MANLY, in March St. Nicholas.

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TEACHERS MAGAZINE

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Advertising Rates will be furnished upon application.

THE PROGRAM FOR NEXT YEAR—1906-1907

TEACHERS MAGAZINE will try in the new year to merit more fully all the kind words that have been spoken about it. The publishers are determined that it shall retain the reputation of being the most helpful, most interesting, and most beautiful magazine published in the interests of teachers. The following is a partial list of the many good things planned for next year:

Miss Ada Van Stone Harris, supervisor of primary schools and kindergartens at Rochester, N. Y., is one of the great primary teachers of the country. She has wonderful skill in the practical working out of new ideas. She will have in TEACHERS MAGAZINE a double department of graded games for the school and of educational occupations (sometimes called busy work or seat work). Here will be found the results of her best thoughts.

Equally well known is Miss Alice T. Reynolds, supervisor of the primary schools of New Haven, Conn. One of the best papers ever presented at the National Educational Association was written by her. She is particularly strong in the subjects which have been for years considered the essentials of school work, subjects which will continue to be the principal anxiety of teachers.

Music is a great uplifting force. No one realizes this more keenly than Miss Alys E. Bentley, director of music in the schools of Washington, D. C. Her inspired efforts in introducing the children to the best music of the world have given her a distinctive place in this field. One who has never heard the children of Washington sing the songs they have learned under her direction will find it difficult to believe that such results can be obtained in the common schools. Her monthly articles in TEACHERS MAGAZINE will prove helpful to teachers everywhere who are desirous of obtaining from music all the education it affords to children. Charming songs will be published in connection with the articles.

Miss Eugenie DeLand has done remarkable work in teaching drawing and painting in the schools. The striking cover on the present number gives a foretaste of a series of treats planned for next year that will please both teachers and pupils. With every one of her cover designs will be given a lesson plan suggesting how the picture may be reproduced in the class-room.

Dr. James Parton Haney, director of manual training, has worked out plans that have given the New York city schools an enviable distinction. He will be our editor of "School Arts and Crafts."

Harriet E. Peet



Lillian Flint



Frank R. Page



Edward F. Bigelow



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LAVRENCE
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Eugenie DeLand

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Dr. Jacques W. Redway—millions of children have seen his name as author of school geographies—will look after the geography lessons.

Professor Woodhull, of Teachers college, has completely revised his book on "Home-made Apparatus," the most helpful publication that was ever brought out on this subject. He will also be a regular contributor.

Miss Lillian C. Flint is the principal of a fine public school in St. Paul. Nature study is her particular delight. In her department she will have in mind especially the children of the earlier years.

Dr. Edward F. Bigelow, editor of the department of nature and science of *St. Nicholas*, and universally popular as a speaker and writer on nature study, will give us help and inspiration thruout the year.

Miss Bertha Bush, of Iowa, has favored us in the past with the best of her many charming exercises for the celebration of special days in the primary school. She will give us a whole department of these treats next year.

Miss Grace B. Faxon was at one time connected with the editorial department of *TEACHERS MAGAZINE*. She is now the literary editor of *Suburban Life*. She is unusually well qualified by training and experience to supply entertainments especially suited to the needs of rural schools. Her pages will be found helpful by teachers everywhere.

Mr. Thomas E. Sanders, of Tennessee, has written a practical book on school management and method, which hundreds of teachers have found very helpful. He will be a regular contributor next year. His articles will appeal to teachers in every grade of school.

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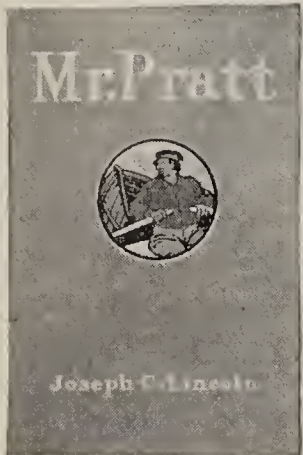
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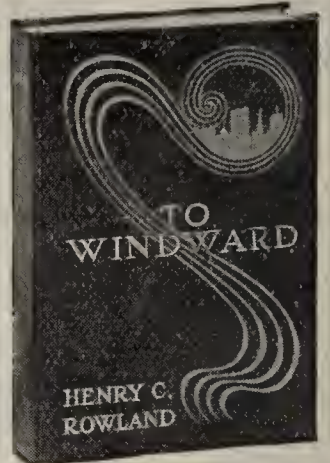
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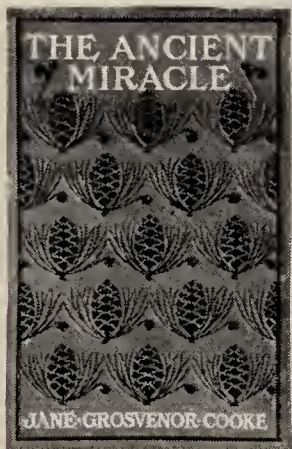
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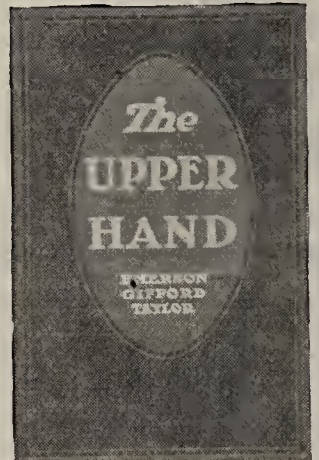
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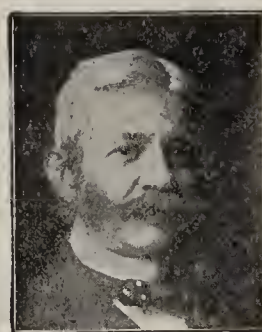
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TEACHERS MAGAZINE

COMBINING
THE TEACHERS INSTITUTE & THE INTELLIGENCE
PRIMARY SCHOOL & PRIMARY SCHOOL ERA



Vol. XXVIII

JUNE, 1906

No. 10

Fruits of a Kindly Spirit.

FAULT-FINDING draws more wrinkles in the face than good-finding. In the school-room the temptations to wrinkle the brows are particularly frequent, especially if the teacher habitually looks at his work from the wrong point of view. His real opportunity is not infrequently neglected. His true mission is to search for the best to be found in the pupil, to develop that and make it efficient to produce new good in order that a fine character may result and the social usefulness of the individual be increased.

The habit of persistently looking for gold in others adds to the happiness of him who has it as well as of those with whom he comes in contact. His character and disposition will become sweet and lovable as surely as habitual fault-finding will make him cross and undesirable as a companion.

Some people seem to have a special faculty for discovering good traits in others. This faculty is not necessarily inborn. It can be acquired and is acquired by unceasing practice.

The younger the children the more they are in need of the kindly warmth of cheerfulness and encouragement. Storms and hail and frost do not promote growth and life. They serve a desirable end when they clear the atmosphere that has become overcharged with sentimentality or perturbed by unruliness. The teacher need not be over-anxious that every little misstep or wrongdoing shall meet with appropriate and swift punishment. After-life will break off whatever rough corners there may be. What is not so likely to happen is that honest effort will be as promptly and generously rewarded. Better let one unpleasant act go unpunished than treat one child unjustly. A happy childhood is a better preparation for life than discouragement and disappointment. A child that has lived in the sunshine will meet the world with a brighter disposition than one who has the memories of early heartaches to overcome.

Sweetness and light are best for the pupils. They are best for the teacher too. The habitual thinking and saying things that spread joy abroad is a special acquisition that neither money nor

labor can supply. It was this habit that developed a Francis of Assisi, a Florence Nightingale, a Maud Ballington Booth. The world is a better place to be in because of the loving thoughts lived by these great souls. They did more for mankind than Cæsar, Napoleon, or Cræsus.



The Strength of Brotherhood.

When nature raises her hand against the children of men, then, if ever, we realize—for a day at least—the ties of brotherhood which unite us one with the other. The greater the misfortune wrought by the elements, the keener the sympathy of man to man where hearts beat aright.

San Francisco will rise again, and her history will be more glorious for the love that clothed and housed her children. We *are* a nation of brothers—if we could but remember this when the sky is bright and the birds sing in the tree tops.

How humble man appears when the elements unite against him for but one brief moment, for only the twinkling of an eye. Could science with all its vaunted progress not know one single hour before that a great catastrophe was at hand? Who can steady the earth? Who bid the fire leave our homes untouched? We can do but little one for the other on our planet when untamed forces give witness of their strength.

How great is man when he is one with other men in service and in building for the common good! The practical realization of human brotherhood makes man the master of Nature. What if mountains vomit fire? What if the sea breaks down the walls that seek to confine her waves? What if simoons wither the harvest and parch the soil? Human brotherhood will clear away the ruins and build a brighter world.

The staggering blow would have reduced San Francisco to despair, but the strong right hand of fellowship has quickened her spirits and made strong her ambitions. And those who contributed toward the relief and comfort of her homeless

people have gained even more, for they have been made more efficient thereby to do the world's work.

In every school in the land, wherever hands and minds have united in one helpful, practical thought of the sufferers, there the fruits of education are more abundant because of it.



It is never wise to ask children at school for contributions of money or other gifts for any purposes whatever. There is no danger in being too careful in avoiding anything that may expose children to humiliation among class-mates. Children are by nature cruel. The girl who is able to contribute twenty-five cents is as likely as not to impress that fact upon those who have given less or nothing. Let us try to keep alive by every means in our power the feeling of fellowship among the young. Differences of station and material advantages will be brought home to them altogether too soon after the doors of the school are closed behind them.



The question is asked, "In the promotion of pupils, which should count the more, faithful effort on the part of the pupil or his ability to do the work according to some fixed standard or grade?" There is abroad a peculiar misconception of the meaning of "promotion." The only defensible proposition would seem to be that each pupil should be placed where he can obtain a maximum of education according to his individual capacity. There is neither honor nor disgrace in being identified with any particular "grade." The justice of this being admitted, a question like the one here quoted appears to have no point whatever.



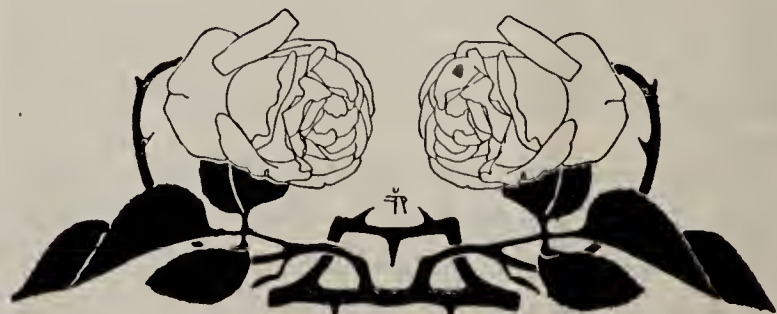
The confusion of duties and privileges is responsible for much wasteful debate and wanton dissipation of energy in heated combat and assault. Thus we hear civic suffrage hysterically sought for as a most precious prize. As a matter of fact, it is a heavy responsibility and a duty. Under a despotic regime it is but natural that the governed should struggle for participation in the direction of affairs which concern their private and public welfare. Once the "right" has been secured it ceases to be a desirable privilege and becomes a civic responsibility. Once this point is fully

understood, those who take no interest in public affairs will no longer be regarded as citizens who fail to take advantage of an opportunity, but as criminally negligent people who refuse to perform a duty incumbent upon them. The schools must correct the misconception here suggested as much as is in their power. There never will be a real democracy until all the people of mature age actually share in public affairs. The free expression of every individual's judgment is essential. This implies, too, that any one who votes at the behest of some one else—whether that one be man, woman, child, or organization—is dishonest as is a school boy who copies from another instead of presenting the result of his own work. There is little to be done with the adult population; habits are not easily changed. Let them go to their graves as they are if they will not do otherwise. But—let us start aright the young people now in the schools.

TEACHERS MAGAZINE costs \$1.00 a year. It is possible that the subscription price will be raised to \$1.25. As long as subscriptions are promptly paid in advance, as they should be, there will be no change. The publishers should not be expected to carry a long list of delinquents. Dunning is expensive, and not encouraging to the preservation of good feeling. To the individual, \$1.00 may appear to be a very small sum to owe. To the publisher this may mean \$40,000 outstanding, necessitating two or three times 40,000 letters of admonition. Promptness in remitting helps to promote the usefulness of the magazine.



May your vacation days be full to overflowing with joy, so that when school begins again in September you may be refreshed and strengthened in body and mind to take up the work of the new year for and with the little ones, in a new spirit, buoyed up by hope and promise and strengthened by a clearer and ever-deepening knowledge of what is best in teaching.



Mary Kingwood's School--Story of a Teacher's Success

By Corinne Johnson, Pennsylvania

Tenth Month.

THE closing days were near at hand and tho Miss Kingwood realized that the time was near when she must leave these little ones whom she had learned to love so dearly, the interest in the school was as intense as ever, for it was the growth of life into more abundant life for them that was the subject nearest to her heart, and she wished, if possible, to make the last days the best days. Are not the last days of the term as full of opportunity as the earlier part of the term? This was a question of moment to her, and as she had thruout the term learned the dispositions and experiences of these children, now at the close, this knowledge seemed to increase her opportunities and responsibilities. They had been her almost constant companions for nearly ten months and this experience was big with meaning to her.

To many teachers, June is looked upon as simply a new month with thirty days, no more—unless it be final examinations, and the close of school. Miss Kingwood thought this should not be the feeling of the teacher, for said she, "June belongs to the children." In a friendly talk with me she said, "Every hour should bring every child some gift or grace. Soul food must be stored away during June to last until the beginning of the next school term. June is crowded with opportunities for the highest type of teaching, and only those children who come under its blessed influence will be happy."

So I thought the regular routine of school work must go on daily, but these glorious June days should illuminate the work until every little heart throbs under the inspired touch and comes to feel the instinct of "upward striving," for

What is so rare as a day in June?
Then if ever come perfect days,
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten.

Miss Kingwood thought there is so much in June for which we should be grateful, that she wished to have the children absorb enough of the June feeling and June loveliness to carry in their hearts all year, and not have them lose one day of God's inspiring out-of-doors. There were so many lessons in their nature work. The first flower brought in was the violet. Some called it "Johnny-jump-up." They studied the plant life, the different varieties of violets, their color and their uses. Tom Baker asked, "Why are plants or blossoms of different colors?" The teacher told him the color was to attract the insects to the blossoms. In talking of the use of the violet, little Mary Jones said, "My sister has violet perfume."

From this and other conversation lessons, they came to the conclusion that some flowers give fragrance and beauty only, while others give us fruits, medicines, and even clothing.

Another flower that comes early and stays late

is the clover blossom. This was a flower so plentiful that every child could have one, and as a result many things were learned about the clover; but what seemed to impress them most was that it slept at night. The leaf as well as the blossom occasioned comment, and when little James brought a four-leaf clover, excitement ran high; Miss Kingwood read them that beautiful poem

"THE FOUR-LEAF CLOVER."

One leaf is for hope and one is for faith,
And one is for love you know,
And God put another one in for luck,
If you search you will find where they grow.

They asked to have it read and re-read, and finally all memorized it.

True to nature, April brought buds; May, leaves; June, flowers, and the flowers brought their companions, bees and butterflies. There seemed so much to talk about that the days were far too short. Daisies and roses were other flowers brought during the month, and Miss Kingwood did not think it was too late to learn to sing "Where do all the daisies go?" And she read them that interesting little story of Andersen's, "The Daisy." Some one asked if the flower's work was done when it fades, and this gave opportunity for a simple explanation of the purpose of vegetable life, and never was Miss Kingwood's power better shown than in this talk to show that the perfect plant must bring forth seed, which when planted and nourished, would bring forth seed again by passing thru the stages which they had noted in their study of the plant.

Each child was permitted to tell his or her favorite flowers, and when they entered upon the discussion of the mission of the flowers or blossom, one timid little tot suggested that flowers make the world bright and beautiful and people happy. In these hours of communion with and about the flowers, they really got into the spirit of June.

The fourteenth day of the month brought "Flag Day," and these little ones, some of them only six years old, joined in three hearty cheers for "Old Glory," and mightily enjoyed the story of Betsy Ross and the first flag, and the younger ones seemed to get into the spirit of the day as freely as the older ones.

One of the poems in their reader was the charming little poem, "Bed in Summer," by Robert Louis Stevenson. This they read and greatly enjoyed, and the manner in which they read it indicated that it expressed the experience of every one of them.

Again and again in her self-examination; Miss Kingwood would wonder if she were leading these children aright, and she would say to herself, "What have I to show for this year's work?" But she knew that after all, success in its true sense is not measurable at the end of ten months, especially in a primary school. The work of these first ten months is only the beginning, but



it is the foundation for a whole school life, and what is done at the beginning can only be measured at the end, but if the teacher feel it her duty to radiate a loving, sympathetic nature, for the benefiting of humanity, and do that duty, she will also feel that in a measure, at least, she has been successful.

Looking to the close of school, the principal announced that sometime during the month there would be an educational meeting at which the teachers would hold a conference to review the work of the term and to mark out lines of thought relative to the next year's work. At this conference he asked Miss Kingwood to give an outline of her philosophy of teaching. The principal, in a very kindly, encouraging manner, observed that they had all been helped by Miss Kingwood's work, and that it was the unanimous request of the teachers that she tell them the motives that carried her forward so well with her teaching. In a most gracious manner Miss Kingwood responded by saying:

"Until the principal asked me to tell you about my motives, I had not stopped to think what they might be. I am sure I never expected to be asked to tell my associates what should be done. I have always been anxious to think the school all the way thru from the first primary to the high school, and that is why I asked permission to visit the other rooms. I wanted to imagine every one of my pupils as he or she went thru the respective grades. I have tried to be free in the thought that in the elementary school the greater portion of the child's study is the process of thinking individuals, but I have long felt that it is more important for the child to think the image of the object when the object is absent, than it is to think the object when present to the senses. So my work is largely planned to have each child the possessor of a well-trained memory. But the memory of images is of little value unless it is also stored with true precepts, right sentiments, and high determination. I think that experiences which make for the

growing life into better and better life are the most important phases of the school-life. The child explores new fields by means of experiences of the past used in memory as interpreting means, and it seems to me that in every new experience the new must be explained by the old, and believing this, I try to have every act of the pupil make for larger life by way of taking out of the unknown some new thing and making it a part of himself. To do this I try to make every day's work a preparation for the next day's work, every week's work a preparation for the next week, and every month a preparation for the next month, and so it must follow that every year's work must simply be the work of the next, only in a lower degree. I mean that something of all that is taught in the second year must be taught in the first, and so on thruout the entire school course. Every lesson in number, every geography lesson, every poem memorized, and in fact everything I do is an effort to outline each succeeding year's work, then when I have done, I feel that I have given every child a start in the whole school course. I hope I have not failed."

This was a clear statement of her creed. It had an influence on those assembled, for those present knew that Miss Kingwood had not failed.

The closing exercises of the school were very simple. They consisted of recitations and songs, but during the exercises there was a something—a medium—that seemed to carry a message from Miss Kingwood to each little heart, and she in return received a reply, and when "good-byes" were said, both teacher and pupils felt in fullest measure the sadness of parting from those we love. The closing moment had come. Miss Kingwood could not speak. Her heart was full to overflowing. In her final self-examination in this closing hour, she looked into the eloquent eyes of the little ones and trusted that strength had been given her, that thru her striving, some unfortunate tendency had been checked, some evil habit corrected, some soul awakened, some eye opened to beauty, some lonely heart comforted, and in those eyes she believed that she could read that she had been enabled so to adjust the environment, both material and spiritual, of these children, that they in turn had been enabled to set up for themselves ideals which had grown and would continue to grow in beauty and strength, and which finally, in most beautiful lives, tho perhaps unknown to her, would set the seal of approval on her efforts.

Then when they had all gone and the presence of this teacher was no longer with me, I said, "After all, it is the personal influence of the teacher that counts most with the pupil. It is the teacher's character, her dominant personality, which determines the success or failure of every school year."

THE END.

One hundred thousand teachers have enjoyed "Mary Kingwood's School." The last chapter is published in this number. The only month omitted in the series is the ninth. The story will be complete in a book to be published some time during the summer. The publishers say it will be ready for mailing in July. Would you like to have a copy? If you send \$1.25 to pay for your subscription to Teachers Magazine in advance before July 15th, you will receive a copy of the book within a week after its return from the bindery. The price of the book when completed will be not less than fifty cents. This announcement is made to enable readers of this magazine to obtain the first copies that come from the press.

Roses for the Fairy Queen

(A Tableau and Dialog for Five Girls)

By Hattie H. Pierson, Long Island

The stage may be effectively arranged with shaded lights and trimming of green boughs, to represent a forest scene. The Fairy Queen, dressed in pale blue cheese-cloth spangled with gilt paper stars, white shoes and stockings, and crown of gilt paper, and holding a white wand, is posed for the tableau. A song is sung softly behind the scenes, the tableau being shown at the second verse.

SONG FOR TABLEAU.

We long to go to Fairyland,
If we but knew the way;
Come, let us ask the flowerets fair,
And see what they will say.
Come, let us ask the birdies all,
For surely they must know,
And then away with happy hearts,
To Fairyland we'll go.

Oh, we shall see the Fairy Queen;
All dressed in blue and gold,
A golden crown upon her head,
A fairy wand she'll hold;
If we are very quiet there
And good the whole day thru,
Then she may touch us with her wand
And make us fairies, too.
(Curtain falls.)

DIALOG.

Curtain rises showing fairy queen seated. Enter four girls dressed in white, each carrying a rose of a different color.

First Girl:—

Oh, Fairy Queen, dear Fairy Queen;
Our gifts we bring to you;
Accept them all, dear queen, we pray;
These flowers of every hue.
See! I have brought a rich, red rose
To grace your fairy bower,
And at your feet, dear Fairy Queen,
I lay this fragrant flower.

[Kneeling, lays rose at queen's feet.]

Second Girl:—

The rose I bring is palest pink
The sweetest ever seen;
I lay it down before your feet,
My own dear Fairy Queen.
(Kneels, as above.)

Third Girl:—

I bring, dear queen, this lovely flower
That in my hand I hold,
And lay it down before your feet,
A rose of purest gold.

Fourth Girl:—

And I, dear queen, have brought for you
The sweetest flower I know;
I lay it down before your feet,
A rose as white as snow.

Fairy Queen (gathering up roses):—

I take your gifts, oh, children dear,
And treasure them with care;

They shall adorn my fairy bower,
These blossoms rich and rare.
But tell me, wherefore have you come?
Your errand I would know;
Whatever you may wish, 'twill be
My pleasure to bestow.

First Girl:—

Oh, we have come, dear Fairy Queen,
To ask this gift of you,—
That you will touch us with your wand
And make us fairies, too.
We will be very quiet here,
And good the whole day thru,
If we may be like you, dear queen,—

Fourth Girl:—Like you!

Third Girl:—Like you!

Second Girl:—Like you!

Fairy Queen:—

Oh, children dear, the boon you crave
Shall never be denied;
But tell me truly,—do you wish
No other gift beside?
Is there not something beautiful
You long for all the day?
Something you dream about by night?
What is it? Tell me, pray!

First Girl:—

Oh yes; indeed, dear Fairy Queen!
I'm very sure you know
That, better than all other things,
I dearly love to sew;
And always have I wished to have—
Tho no one else has known—
A pretty basket for my work,
All for my very own.

Second Girl:—

And oh, I wish, dear Fairy Queen,
That you would give to me
A tea-set I could use when I
Invite my friends to tea!

Third Girl:—

And I want most, dear Fairy Queen;
A locket and a chain,
Just like the one that Santa Claus
Brought to my cousin Jane.

Fourth Girl:—

And I would like, dear Fairy Queen,
A doll about this size, (Measures with
With curly hair and lots of clothes [hands])
And lovely, big blue eyes.
I want it for a little girl,
Who has to lie in bed
All day, and she can never walk
Again, the doctors said.
She gets so very, very tired,
Just lying there, you see,
I think she really needs a doll
To keep her company.

Fairy Queen (rising):—

Dear children; all the gifts you ask
I gladly give to you. (Raises wand; all kneel.)

I'll touch you gently with my wand
(Touches each.)

And make you fairies, too. (All rise.)

(To Third Girl):—

And now, my dear, if you will look
Behind the curtain's fold,
You'll find a locket and a chain
Of shining yellow gold. (Girl finds gift.)

(To Second Girl):—

And you, my little girl, may go
And peep behind my throne;
You'll find a dear toy tea-set there;
Just meant for you alone. (Girl finds gift.)

(To First Girl):—

And you, sweet maid, shall have your wish,
For, hidden quite from view,
You'll find the gift for which you long,—
(Points.)

'Tis waiting there for you. (Girl obeys,
finds gift.)

And since a useful gift you chose,
Another I bestow,
For you shall have my fairy wand
To take where'er you go. (Bestows wand.)
Its magic touch will bring you fame
And win you fortune, too,
So wondrous and so beautiful
Will be the work you do.

(To Fourth Girl):—

To you, dear child, your wish is given;
For now I bring to you—(Suits action to word.)

A lovely doll, with curly hair
And wondrous eyes of blue.

And, since your wish was not for self,
But for a weaker one,

'T will win for you my choicest gift;
This deed that you have done.

Takes off crown and places it on fourth girl's head.

To you I give my golden crown;
Bright with the sunlight's sheen,—
Oh, may it bring you happiness,
My little Fairy Queen!

First Girl (all kneeling):—

Accept our thanks, dear Fairy Queen;
So much we owe to you,
That we can ne'er the debt repay;
So little we can do.

But I will keep your words in mind,
And, as the days go by,
Will try to use your gifts aright—

Fourth Girl:—And I!

Third Girl:—And I!

Second Girl:—And I!

Curtain falls, while girls remain kneeling.

A Simple Rose Drill.

This simple rose exercise is for girls. The motions are similar to those used with dumb-bells. The girls may use long-stemmed roses. The thorns should all be taken off previous to the exercise. Half of the class may use white roses and half red roses.

Position.—Stand erect, roses at side. Roses parallel and horizontal. Roses hanging.

1.—Right rose held up and brought back, four times.

2.—Left rose same.

3.—Alternate 1 and 2.

4.—Both roses up and back together.

5.—Right rose brought to chest and back, four times.

6.—Left rose brought to chest and back, four times.

7.—Alternate 5 and 6.

8.—Both roses to chest and back.

9.—Right rose brought to right shoulder and back, four times.

10.—Left rose to left shoulder and back, four times.

11.—Alternate 9 and 10.

12.—Both roses to shoulder and back, four times.

13.—Right rose to left shoulder and back; four times.

14.—Left rose to right shoulder and back, four times.

15.—Alternate 13 and 14.

16.—Both roses up and back.

17.—Right rose raised overhead and back; four times.

18.—Left rose raised overhead and back; four times.

19.—Alternate 17 and 18.

20.—Both roses raised and back; four times.

21.—Right rose on chest, shoulder, overhead, and back, four times.

22.—Left rose same as 21.

23.—Alternate 21 and 22.

24.—Both roses on chest, shoulder, and overhead.

25.—Right rose describe a circle.

26.—Left rose describe a circle.

27.—Alternate 25 and 26.

28.—Both roses describe a circle.

29.—Right rose on chest, throw to the front, back to chest, down, four counts.

30.—Same with left rose.

31.—Alternate 29 and 30.

32.—Both roses thru exercise 29.

33.—Right rose on chest, throw out back, down, four counts.

34.—Same with left rose.

35.—Alternate 33 and 34.

36.—Both roses thru exercise 36.

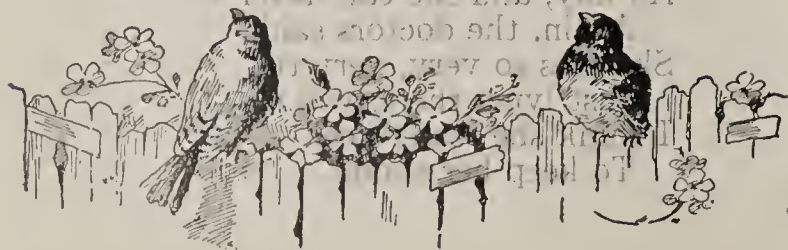
37.—Right rose on chest, throw up; back down; four counts.

38.—Same with left rose.

39.—Alternate 37 and 38.

40.—Both roses thru exercise 37.

Any other motions that are taken in regular physical drills may be added. The drill closes with a march.



The Spinning-Wheel Song

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning;
Close by the window young Eileen is spin-
ning;
Bent o'er the fire; her blind grandmother;
sitting,

Is croaning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting,—

(1) "Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."

(2) "'Tis the ivy, dear mother; against the glass
flapping."

(1) "Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."

(2) "'Tis the sound, dear mother, of the summer
wind dying."

(3) Merrily; cheerily; noisily whirring;

Swings the wheel, spins the reel; while the foot's
stirring;

Sprightly and lightly; and airily ringing;

Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden sing-
ing.

(4) "What's the noise that I hear at the window, I
wonder?"

(5) "'Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush
under."

(6) "What makes you be shoving and moving your
stool on;

And singing all wrong that old song of 'The
Coolun'?"

(7) There's a form at the casement,—the form of
her true love,—

And he whispers, with face bent; (8) "I'm waiting
for you; love;

Get up on the stool, thru the lattice step lightly;
We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining
brightly."

(9) Merrily; cheerily; noisily whirring;

Swings the wheel; spins the reel; while the foot's
stirring;

Sprightly; and lightly; and airily ringing;

Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

(10) The maid shakes her head; (10) on her lips
lays her fingers;

Steals up from her seat,—longs to go; and yet
lingers;

(10) A frightened glance turns to her drowsy
grandmother;

Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the
other.

(11) Lazily; easily; swings now the wheel round;
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her

The maid steps;—then leaps to the arms of her
lover.

(12) Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel
swings;

Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings;

(13) Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing
and moving;

Thru the grove the young lovers by moonlight are
roving.

—JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

Several years ago sixteen girls, pupils of a
school for girls, recited this poem in concert. The
speakers ranged in age from twelve to fourteen
years; but they were pretty nearly of the
same height. As it was a June entertainment;
each girl wore a pink rosebud tucked into her
white belt.

Sixteen chairs were arranged in a semi-circle
about the platform. These were in position when
the girls filed in while a "Spinning Song" was
being played on the piano. The girls seated
themselves and recited the first part of the poem;
sitting.

(1) The lines supposedly spoken by the grand-
mother were given in a high; cracked voice.

(2) The lines spoken by the maid were given
in clear; girlish tones.

(3) At the word "merrily" all the speakers
moved the right foot up and down slightly, at the
same time swinging the right hand as if spinning.
These movements of the hands and feet were con-
tinued, always in exact time to the rhythm of the
recitation, so long as the speakers remained seated.

(4) The high; cracked voice of the grand-
mother.

(5) The clear; girlish voice of the granddaugh-
ter.

(6) As the speakers started this line; in the
grandmother's cracked voice; they moved their
chairs a little.

(7) Return to ordinary reciting voice; as in
first stanza of the poem.

(8) Spoken very softly, but clearly enough to
be heard thruout the room.

(9) Movement of foot and hand, as in (3).

(10) Heads were shaken; fingers placed on
lips; heads to side of room where the grandmother
was supposed to be sitting.

(11) Right foot moved more and more slowly.

(12) Foot moved very, very slowly.

(13) When beginning this line the speakers all
rose; and as they recited the last two lines, they
filed slowly from the room; while the piano played;
very softly, a bit from the "Spinning-Wheel
Song."

The recitation was very effective. The audience
applauded until the sixteen smiling speakers were
compelled to file to the platform once more and
acknowledge the compliment with a low bow;
while the piano played the "Spinning Song" again.
It is worth trying elsewhere—it is so simple, and
so easily arranged that very little time is required
in preparation. Yet its very simplicity is part of
its attractiveness.

One must remember; of course; that being
simple; it must needs be letter perfect. The girls
must know the selection without the possibility
of a mistake; and they must speak well together.

Relation of the Music Lesson to the Reading Lesson

By Alys E. Bentley, Washington.

LET us accept as our premise the assertion that reading is taught in the same way thruout our public schools; that is, that it is taught from the thought end. Accepting this, let us take some of the things that we find easy to handle in a reading lesson, and see how we can use the same in a music lesson. Children come to school able to talk, name things, make comparisons, and to express themselves in ever so many ways. In the reading lesson we avail ourselves of all this ante-school experience, so we must never lose sight of the fact that in teaching many songs as well, we should be building this same working basis from which to draw all our technical work. In our first reading lesson we find more to draw upon in the experience of the child than in our first music lesson, but it is amazing to know how little children will learn the technical and formal in music when it is approached in the right way.

Let us talk about the first reading lesson and see how nearly we can follow its general plan, drawing upon the child's experience, in giving our first music lesson. The teacher writes upon the board, "I have a pretty maple leaf," and a group of little children stand around the blackboard, heads on one side, while the teacher reads, pointing at the same time. The children frankly and naturally repeat, as called on, "I have a pretty maple leaf," or "I see the pretty maple leaf." We can handle this lesson in many ways; sentimental and otherwise, and we can also handle it in the simple, direct way. Different children are given an opportunity to say the same thing, while the teacher is ever watchful that the children *say* but never *read* to her in a mechanical way. In spite of all her watchfulness; however, a little boy starts with a nervous halting, "I—have—a—etc." Quick as a flash will come from the teacher, "Tell it to me," for she knows that the only way to secure natural expression is to get the child immediately away from the symbol representation.

Volumes could be written upon the importance of getting this "Tell it to me" just right. It is so very easy, and yet so many teachers go way around Robin Hood's barn to get it. After all is said and done, there is only one way to really get it and that is to encourage the child to "tell it to me." Give children something worth saying; and then let them say it.

So far in giving our music lesson, we can go hand in hand with the reading lesson. Give children songs worth singing, and then let them sing them. The teacher who handles this work in the first reading lesson in a poor starved way, will get the same poor starved reading later on. Just so in the music lesson. Material is the all-important factor. Get your songs wherever you can, but see to it that they are childlike, merry, and full of interest to the children. Take the song called "The Rainy Day," from "Small Songs for Small Singers," by Neidlinger.

Patter, patter goes the rain, oh so many hours,
But tho it keeps me in the house, it's very good for flowers.

Surely this is a song well worth singing. Handle this as you would a reading lesson. *Do not sing it, tell it.* Take a song by Miles Foster, called "Nature's Good-Night":

Clouds of gray are in the sky,
Flocks of birds are passing by,
Trees now dressed in faded brown,
Send their leaves all rustling down.
Little flowerets downward creep,
Nod their drowsy heads and sleep,
All the world must say "good-night"
Till spring comes back with sunshine bright.

This song, one of the most charming songs ever written for children, I have heard sung so fast that no one could by any accident get the song, story, or music. Why, teachers would never let children read that way! There can be no room for natural expression in reading when the movement is not natural, and the same is true with the singing of a song. Think of allowing children to read "Clouds—of—gray—are—in—the sky—," or just the opposite, "Clouds of gray are in the sky," so fast that they can hardly say the words. You can see that all technical terms, such as rhythm, accent, tempo, crescendo, diminuendo; could be done away with if we could but depend upon our unerring sensitiveness to movement. In its final analysis this comes down to the very simple understanding of fast or slow. We are all more or less sensitive to this movement in music, because we can tell, directly we stop to listen, if a song is noticeably too fast or too slow. Suppose "America" were played or sung with the movement of a dance, or a familiar waltz played like a funeral dirge, immediately we should be bothered and annoyed, yet we go on unfeelingly, letting little children sing "Clouds—of—gray—are—in—the—sky," in an uninteresting drawl.

It is a very hopeful and remarkable fact that very little children have such fine feeling in regard to movement. An excellent test, one that will help both children and teacher, is to have the teacher sing familiar songs, either too fast, or too slow, or with the right movement, and let the children, in each case, criticise the movement. You will be surprised at their fine discrimination, a discrimination which quite puts to shame the drolling and dragging of a congregation singing such a beautiful hymn as "Lead Kindly Light." The whole question of breathing and phrasing would be generally understood if we could but train our children to become sensitive to movement in songs, as we train them to become sensitive to movement in reading.

I beg of you do not be thrown off by the technical terms and expressions used by people who do not know just what they are talking about. Trust your own good common sense and feeling for movement. Expression in song is not a strange and unknown thing, but a very simple and direct known thing. Rhythm is not something outside of us that we can only get by watching a wooden stick in the hand of a wooden man. No, it is a real beating, throbbing thing within the soul and heart of every boy and girl in your school.

The Dandelion.

G. W. CHADWICK.

Allegretto semplice.

There was a pret - ty dan - de -

li - on, With love - ly fluf - fy hair, That glist - en'd in the sun - shine, And

in the sum-mer air; But, oh! this pret - ty dan - de - li - on Soon grew quite old and

p piu lento gray; And, sad to tell, her charm-ing hair *a tempo* Blew ma - ny miles a - way.

Making the School Garden

[A class talk about the cover of this Magazine]

By Eugenie De Land, Washington, D. C.

IT is possible for every school to have a school garden. During the cold, icy winter we can begin our garden in the window box, and when the little plants spring up to greet us, we must nourish them carefully, so that they will be ready to be transplanted into the school garden we are going to make in the springtime.

The welcome days of spring found us working in the school-yard. What fun we had marking off our flower beds, setting out our plants, and sowing the seeds; and how interesting it was to watch what happened! Mother nature will always help us, for "the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it to bring forth and bud that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater."

So if we are careful with the little plants that come peeping from the ground, keeping them moist and free from intruding weeds, we shall have a beautiful flower bed to greet us when we come back to school after our summer vacation. Now the balmy sky-blue June days are here and we are happy to be outdoors with our teacher, working in the school garden. The commonplace white-washed school fence looks contented, as it supports the clinging vines of the gaily colored morning-glories. The hardy, bright red geraniums

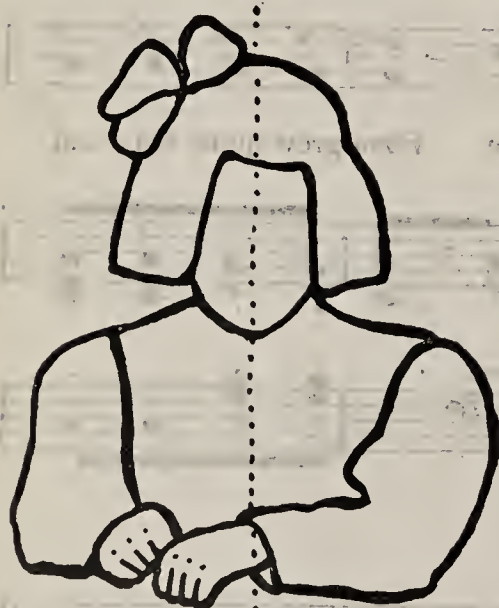
we "slipped" in the April shower are all bright and gay in their sturdy row. Down among the nasturtium leaves there are a few buds ready to surprise us next month; and so on, all around the garden, are bright and fragrant flowers that are dear to us all because we planted them ourselves.

Observe the teacher and her pupils as shown on the June cover. Suppose we select one of the children and make a sketch as near like the one on the cover as we can.

Try little Mistress Mary with her green watering pot. We will not stop her to ask how her garden grows. We will try to make a sketch of her before she runs away. It will be very hard to keep her still enough to sketch, for Mary is a busy little girl who is always ready and willing to help her teacher.

We will first draw on our paper a vertical line five inches long. The five inches will represent Mary's height; and we will then divide this line in half, placing a small dot $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches down the line.

Now we will sketch Mary's head. Observe that the shape of her face is almost an oval. When we have sketched her hair we will put on her bright hair ribbon before we forget it. Now we must draw her little stooping shoulders, drawing them both at the same time. We will now join her big, puffy sleeves to her shoulders. One of them has a little crease, indicated in the



Nº I



Nº II



Nº III

elbow; but the other crease we cannot see, because we are directly in front of her, therefore her right arm appears fore-shortened. We can see both her busy little hands. Put them on now. They are almost like little round balls. Sketch them so; then we will indicate her fingers by a few strokes of our pencil, as seen in Figure I.

Now suppose we forget how Mary looks and think of what she is going to do. She is carrying in her hands a green watering-pot. How carefully she holds it, and how heavy it looks! We know it is heavy, because she holds it steadily with both hands. There is another reason, and a very important reason, too, that tells us that she has a can full of water,—because the can hanging from her hands is in a vertical position; and is almost all on one side of the plumb line on which we are building our sketch. Now, if we are careful with the proportions of the can; we shall find it very simple to draw. First draw the little handle on the can; then the whole ellipse of the top and the slanting lines of the side, with the half ellipse at the bottom. Sketch the protecting cover on the top ellipse; and the spout with the regular little dots that serve for the sprinkler, and then the dip handle at the back. Now, study will show that our watering-

N^o IV.

pot is finished. We notice its top is on the dot we placed $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches down the plumb line, as in Figure II.

Let us now go back to Mary and put on her white apron, to keep her dress clean and dry. How easy we find this to do. Hanging down, all the way around the bottom of her apron, is her bright red dress. Now sketch it in as fast as we can, and then we are ready for her busy little feet. One of them, you notice, is down, flat on the ground, while the other is coming along as fast as it can; but some little distance behind. To show this we will put it in as it is in Figure III, where the plumb line comes on one of her little shoes. If it should come on both her shoes what would happen? Why Mary would stand still. Now we have patiently sketched Mary and her watering-pot and have made her run just as she does on the cover. We must not forget to draw her cunning little face. See how easily that can be done. Divide the oval of her face in half, by a faint, horizontal line; and put her downcast eyes on either side, then make the little curved spot for her nose, and then her dear little mouth will come on the plumb line. Now study Mary again; she looks as tho she could speak to us, as in Figure IV.

Now we can paint our sketch. First, we will dip our brush into the red paint and paint her hair ribbon and her red dress. Then we will dip into the blue and yellow, to mix our green, to color the watering-pot. Then we will dip into

the red, yellow, and blue, and mix them all up, until we find our black for her hair, stockings, and shoes. While we have the black on our hands we will outline our sketch, making it stand out, like the real ones on the poster cover.

The Coal Mine Story

By Rose N. Archer, New York

WHEN the children came to school the first cold morning in November, they were very much surprised to find that the radiators in the room were too hot to touch with safety.

They asked such funny questions and were so interested in the subject that the teacher obtained permission to take them down into the cellar, six at a time, that they might see the heating apparatus of the school.

The children were first taken to see the coal cellars and they were very much pleased when they discovered that underneath their room there was a similar room, literally filled with coal from the floor to the ceiling.

"I never seen in all mine life so much coals!" said Francis Stillman, who was never *still*, long. And when the children discovered that there was another room, with even more "coals" than the first, they were still more impressed. In this room the engineer allowed the children to shovel a little of the coal and put it into an iron wheelbarrow, as he was about to fire the furnaces and thought that the children would enjoy helping him.

On the way to the furnace the children passed thru another room, in which large split logs, with the bark still on, were stacked up like a wood-pile. Each child was allowed to lift a small log and examine it. To many, this was the first experience of touching a "real tree."

The children then accompanied the engineer to the furnace-room and watched him dump the coal out of the iron wheelbarrow upon the stone floor. The great iron doors of the first furnace were then opened, and the children, standing at a safe distance, were told to stoop down and look at the fifteen-foot boiler, in which the water was heating over the glowing bed of coals.

"Oh see, Miss Archer has pink cheeks," said Dora Bridgman. "So has you," says Maxie, "we all has such red faces."

The next day the teacher asked the children to tell her what they had seen. Their replies showed thought and appreciation, and also excellent memory. When she asked where the coal came from, the unanimous answer was, "From the coal man." "But where does the coal man get it?" asked the teacher. To this there was no response, until Solly Meyer ventured "from the country," this always being a safe answer when nothing else seemed to be right.

Then the teacher told the children the story of the coal mine and the miners. The next day when the children came to the kindergarten, their quick little eyes spied something entirely new in one of the big window-sill recesses.

"What is it?" asked Bessie Schwartz. But

before any one could say another word, Ulysses Goldberg began to jump up and down, and call out excitedly, "It's a coal mine. A teenchy (tiny) coal mine. See! dere's de coals, an' de miners mit lamps by der hats, an' donkeys mit coal carts! An' de train what brang (brought) de coals by New York city!"

Then the teacher called a few children at a time and showed them the miniature coal mine, which is so simple that any one can copy it.

An orange box, 24x13x12 inches, divided into two compartments, was plastered inside with moist clay, prepared much softer than that used for modeling purposes.

The bottom and sides, half way to the top, only, were thus treated, as the clay will not cling to the wood easily. Three pounds of finely powdered coal, obtained by having the children break and powder ordinary pieces of coal, were then sprinkled over the moist clay. The rest of the interior of the box was painted a dead black with thick ink.

As the wood of the orange box was flimsy, it was easy to make a passage way in the partition between the two compartments, and cut a large square aperture in the top of the box.

The wood of the partition was split apart and the piece of wood thus loosened was turned around at right angles to the partition, plastered with the moist clay, and powdered with coal dust.

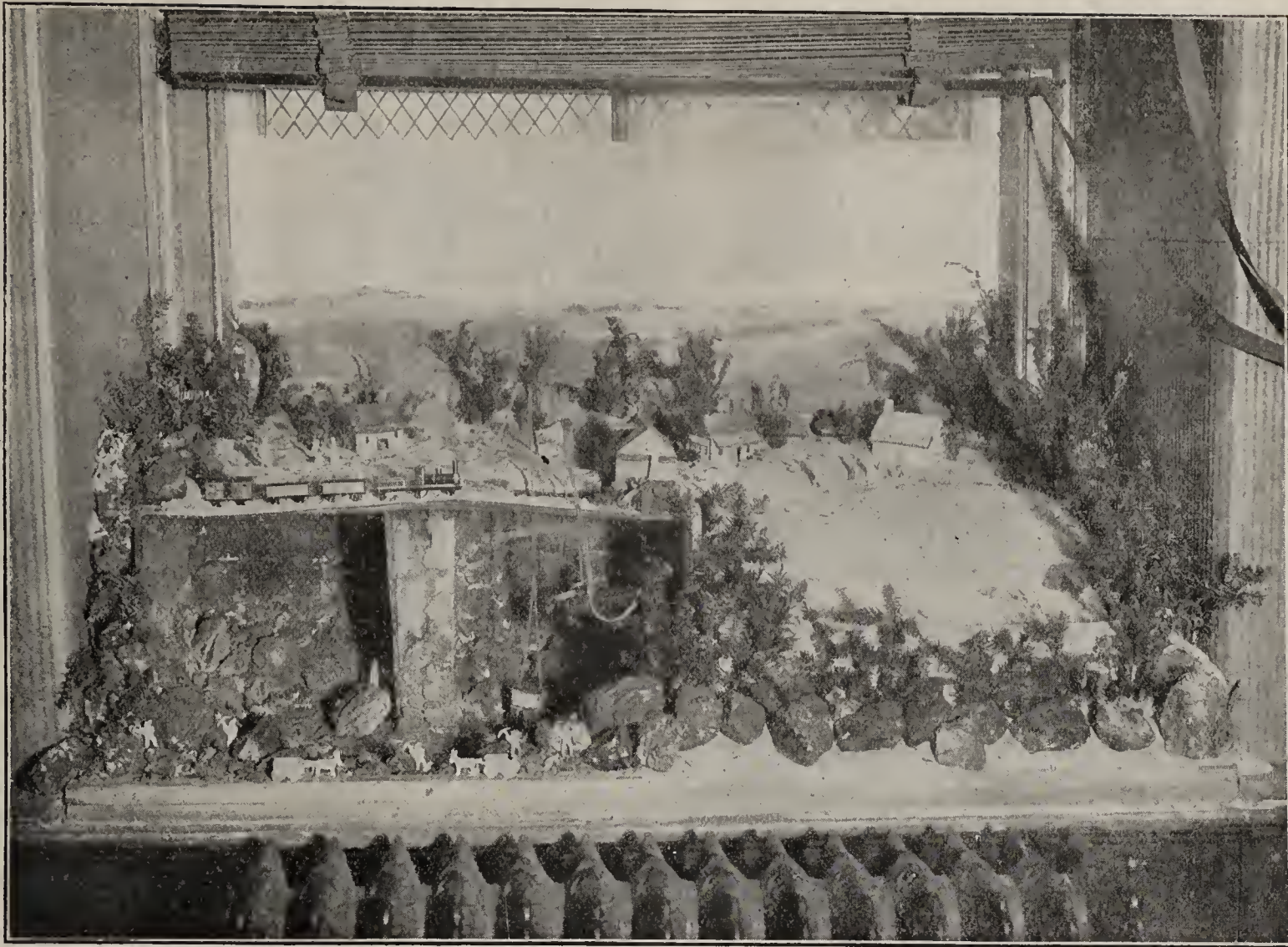
The box was then placed in the corner of a large window-sill and the rest of the space was filled with sand, a half-barrel full.

A background picture, drawn with colored chalk on white water-color paper, which represented a distant scene in the coal mine country, was fastened across the glass of the window by means of thumb tacks, driven thru the corners of the paper into the wooden frame of the window.

Between this picture and the glass there was placed a piece of cardboard the same size as the picture, to keep out the light. It was fastened to the water-color paper, before the latter was tacked to the window, with patent paper fasteners, to keep it from slipping and wrinkling the paper.

Little pieces of real evergreen trees, twigs, bits of dried goldenrod and grasses, were stuck into the sand to represent trees and foliage. Pieces of coal were placed in and around the open space in front of the mine. Real stones, to represent rocks, were placed in front of the wall, which was really only a piece of strong cardboard painted to look like a stone fence. Without this wall as a brace, the sand continually sifts from the hillside down on to the floor of the class-room. Foliage was placed in front of the wall.

While the sand was being placed on the window-



The Coal Mine in the School-Room Window.

sill, the square opening in the top of the mine was covered with a piece of cardboard, to prevent the sand from sifting into the mine. All the cracks in the orange box were securely stuffed with thin rolls of tissue paper, so that after the mine was finished, by pulling out one of these tiny wads, a "landslide," on a small scale, was vividly illustrated, after which, of course, the crevice was closed, or the mine would slowly but surely have filled with sand.

Little houses made of water-color paper and painted like Queen Anne cottages, in green and white or red and white, were placed in the sand over the mine and on the hillside. Miners, one and one-half inches high, miners' wives, and little children, on the same scale, were also cut out of paper and painted with water colors; gay garments on the women and children, and regular miner's garb on the men. A tiny lighted lamp was painted in each miner's hat. The miners who were placed down in the mine carried paper pick-axes. Those on top, walking to the shaft, were represented as carrying shovels and dinner pails. Both wore black rubber boots on account of the dampness in the mine.

An elevator for hoisting the coal and another elevator for the miners' use was constructed of water-color paper. To each of these was attached a long string of thick worsted, by which the elevator could be raised or lowered at will.

As can be seen in the picture, the loose end of each elevator rope was simply thrown over a stick driven into the sand, the top of the stick

being directly over the opening in the top of the mine. This simple mechanism was used in order that the children might play freely in hoisting up the elevators from the bottom to the top of the mine. If the machinery were complex, it would always be getting out of order.

Little carts, made of paper, with little donkeys, both one inch long, were placed in the lower part of the mine. The children enjoyed filling these little carts with bits of coal and driving the donkeys over to the coal elevator.

On top of the mine, at the right side of the shaft, a factory building, also made of paper, was placed. In size, this was about two and a half times as large as the Queen Anne cottages, which were three inches long and two and a half inches high.

A bit of gray cotton wadding, to represent smoke, floated out of one of the tiny chimneys. In this building, the coal was supposed to be crushed and separated from the rocks and dirt.

A toy train of miniature size, in keeping with all the other accessories, was added as the finishing touch; and the children were never tired of filling the cars with coal and playing that it was going to bring the coal to the city.

NOTE.—A little song which correlates very well with this subject, can be found in the Gaynor "Kindergarten Song Book," page 14, song No. 7. This song is really about an iron mine, but if a few of the words are changed, as follows, the song will be found helpful in impressing upon the children's minds the importance of the miners' work.

Sing about the coal mine, underneath the ground,
Where among the rocks and dirt, the coal is found.
Down must go the miner, in the ground so damp
Each one with his pick-axe and his tiny lamp.

Works with spade and shovel, busy all the day,
Never sees the sunshine, not a single ray.
We should thank the miner, you will all agree,
For his weary labor, down where none can see.

Miners' Houses.

FIGURE 1.—PLAN OF HOUSE.

Each house is made from a square of white water-color paper (6x6 inches). Fold the paper as indicated by dotted lines in pattern, and cut on solid lines (excepting where doors and windows are drawn; as these lines are simply guides for painting same when the house is finished). After folding and cutting the house, fit the two squares marked B and C together (C on top of B), and paste them evenly.

Paste the edges of squares A and D where they overlap, and fasten them to square C. Do the same with side marked A¹, B¹, C¹, D¹.

FIGURE 2.—EXTENDING ROOF.

When the house is cut and pasted so that it

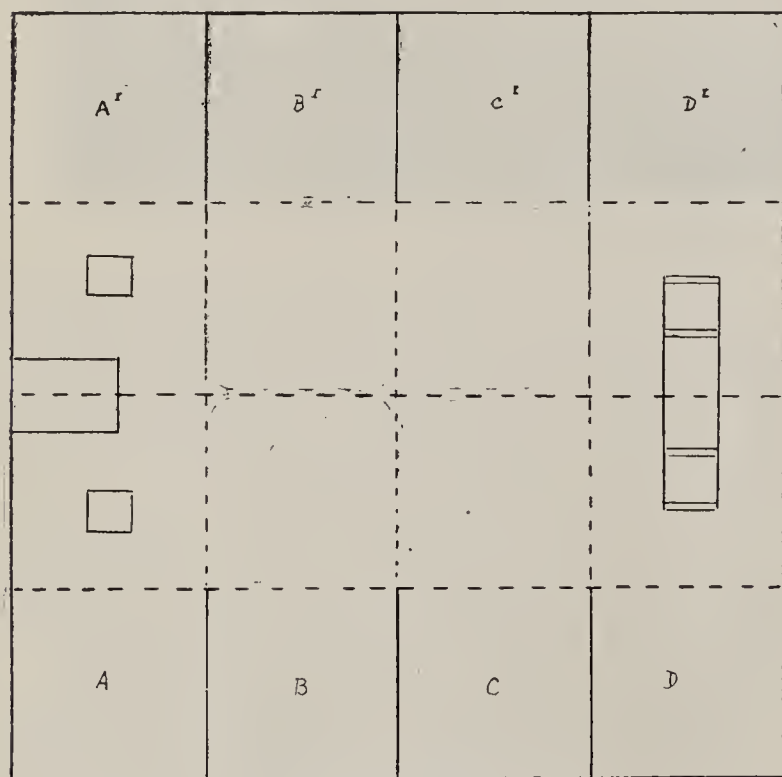


Fig. 1. House.

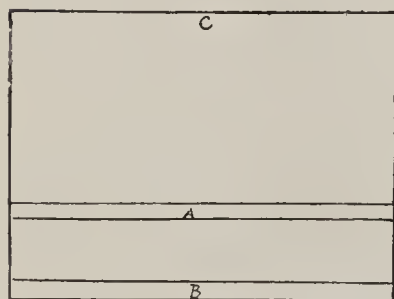


Fig. 2 Extension Roof.

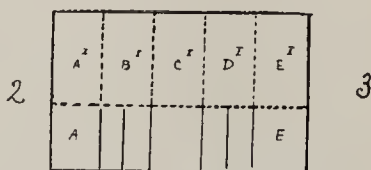


Fig. 3. Chimney.

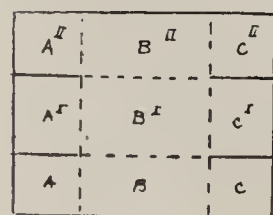


Fig. 4. Coal Cart.

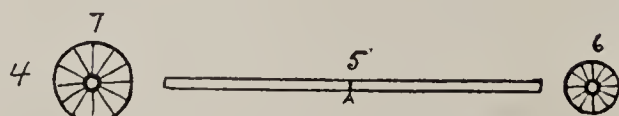


Fig. 5. Shaft of Cart.

Fig. 6. Front Wheel (make two).

Fig. 7. Back Wheel (make two).

looks like Figure 8, cut a piece of water-color paper the exact size of Figure 2. Paste this paper with edge marked C even with top edge of roof of house. The space indicated between the two bands, marked A and B, projects over edge of house like a porch roof.

FIGURE 3.—CHIMNEY.

Cut a piece of water-color paper the exact size of pattern. Fold on dotted lines, cut on solid lines. Make into chimney by pasting section marked A¹ over section marked E¹, and section A over section E.

Paste chimney on roof as indicated in Figure 9. *Directions for Painting Houses.*

Paint roof either dark green or dark red, excepting bands across front portion; which should be left white. The chimney and both right and left side of house should be painted same color as roof. The front and back the same, excepting where doors and windows are indicated; these should be left white and outlined with deeper tint of same color as house.

Coal Cart.

FIGURE 4.—Body of cart.

FIGURE 5.—The two shafts (cut on dividing line A.)

FIGURE 6.—Small front wheel (cut two for each cart).

FIGURE 7.—Large wheel (cut two for each cart). BODY OF CART.

Use a piece of water-color paper same size as sample. Fold on dotted lines, cut on solid lines.

Paste square marked A and A² so that they coincide. Paste square marked A¹ directly over

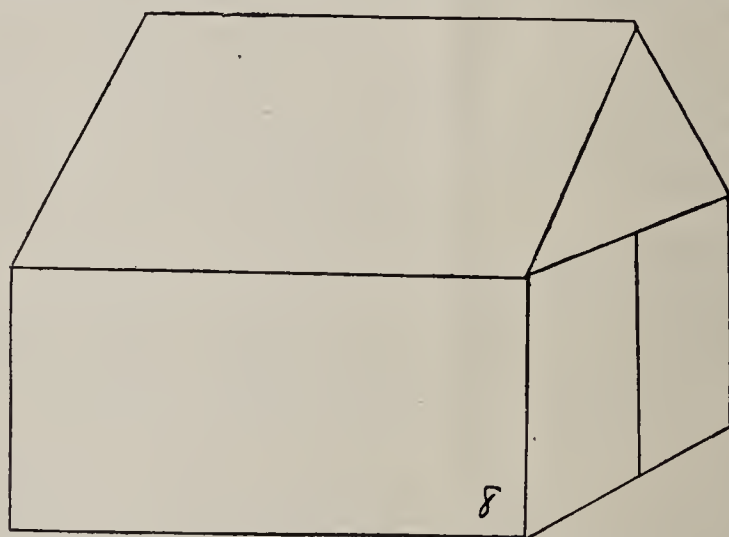


Fig. 8. House (after pasting sides together) to which the sloping roof (Fig. 2) is added.

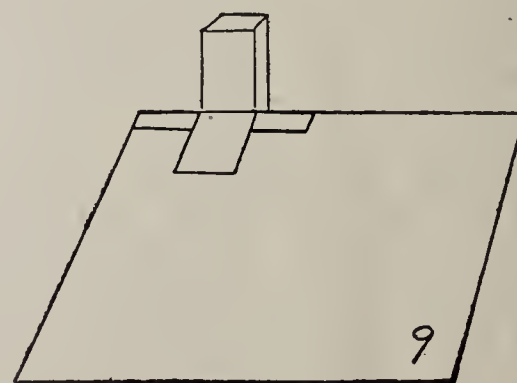
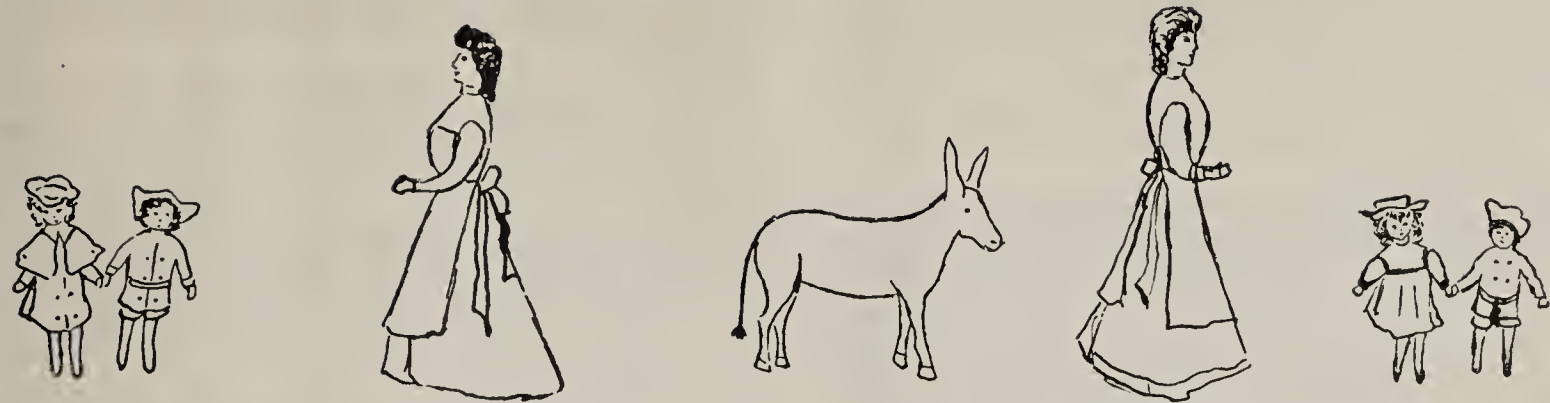


Fig. 9. Showing how chimney is pasted on roof of house.



these. Do the same with side marked C, C¹, C².
SHAFTS.

Cut water-color paper exact size of pattern. Divide equally by cutting the paper at spot indicated by letter A. Paste each shaft on opposite sides of cart just above each small wheel.

WHEEL.

Cut circles same size as pattern; from water-color paper. (Hub and spokes may be indicated by drawing lines in ink on these little circles.) Paste wheels on sides of cart (large wheels towards the back; small towards the front, and be careful to have the lower edges of all four wheels all on the same level).

DONKEY.

Paste loose ends of "coal cart" shafts to sides of donkey; being sure to place donkey's feet on the same level with lower edge of coal cart wheels.

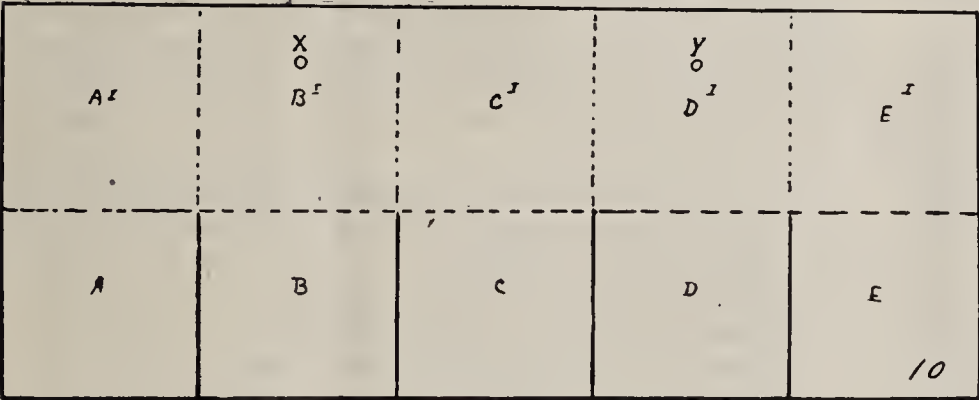


Fig. 10. Coal Elevators.

Paint donkey and cart gray using wash of india ink.

Elevators.

FIGURE 10.—COAL ELEVATOR.

Cut a piece of water-color paper, same size as pattern. Cut on solid lines, fold on dotted lines.

Paste square marked A¹ on top of square marked E¹; and square marked A on top of square marked E; then paste square C over this; next square; D, on top of these, and lastly; paste square B. All these squares pasted one on top of the other, form the bottom of the coal elevator, which needs to be strongly constructed; so that tiny pieces of real coal may be hoisted in it.

Make a small hole at X in square marked B¹; and another at Y in D¹.

Take a piece of gray German-town worsted; fifty inches long;



and run one loose end thru the hole marked X in square B¹, making a knot in this loose end on the inside of the elevator; do the same with other loose end of worsted at hole marked Y in square marked D¹. Fasten the two long pieces of worsted together three inches above the top of the elevator. (This will keep the elevator always

evenly balanced and the coal will not spill out accidentally when the children are hoisting it to the top of the mine.)

FIGURE 11.—ELEVATOR FOR MINERS' USE.

Use water-color paper same size as pattern. Cut on solid lines; fold paper on dotted lines.

First cut out squares marked D and D² entirely. Cut paper thru the two solid lines in section marked D¹ (these two cuts form doors of elevator.)

Fold paper into an oblong box by pasting square marked E, E¹, E², over

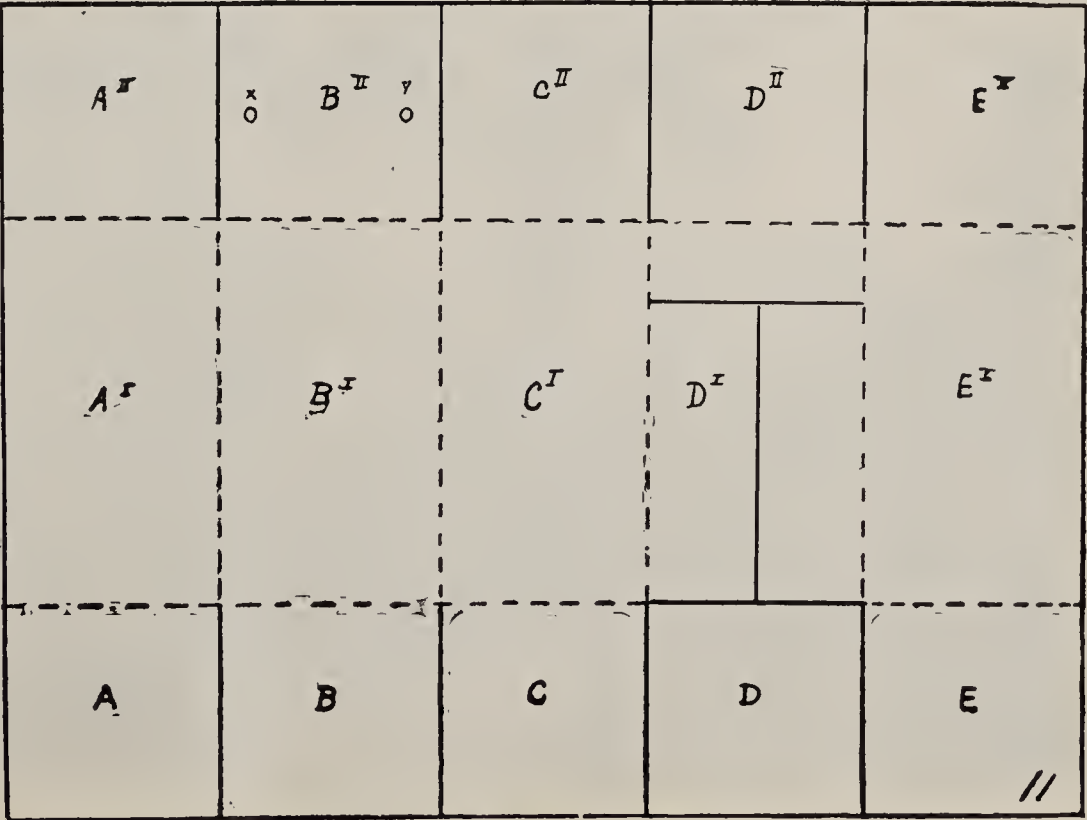


Fig. 11. Elevators for Miners' Use.

and on square marked A, A^1 , A^2 . Paste square marked C on top of square marked E, and square B on top of square C. Do the same with square C^2 , pasting it to square E^2 , and then pasting square B^2 on top.

When the elevator is constructed, punch two holes in the top as indicated in square B^2 by x and y. Run a piece of gray Germantown worsted 50 inches long, thru the hole marked x, bringing it out thru hole marked y. The elevator is raised or lowered by means of this worsted. The loose ends of the worsted are tied together, making a double rope 25 inches long. The end of this double rope is thrown over one of the two simple "derrick" contrivances; which are made as follows (for both elevators).

Place two small (American flag) sticks, 15 inches long, standing at an angle of 45 degrees, in the top of mine in the sand. Keep them in position by burying the ends three inches deep in the sand and placing three or four small stones (each about as large as an egg) around the lower part of each stick where it is buried in the sand. The other end of each stick should be tipped with a roll of tissue paper (half an inch wide and half an inch thick), pasted with glue to the wood. One inch from the end roll there should be a second roll of paper, which prevents the worsted from slipping off or down the stick. The reason heavy worsted should be used for the elevators is that it "clings" and stays in place better than twine or cord.

No. 12.

The little figures (which should be cut out *on the line*, like paper dolls), are to be used as sample patterns, from which others exactly like them may be traced and cut from water-color paper.

Make six miners of each pattern. Paint boots black, trousers gray, "jumpers" red. Put dot of yellow paint in front of cap for the light. Cut four "miner's wives." Paint dresses either dark red or blue. Leave aprons white.

The children may be cut as if holding hands or walking separately. Their suits may be

painted either dark green or navy blue (hats to match).

These patterns are exact copies of the little figures seen in the photograph. They are in perfect proportion to the dimensions of the coal mine.

With careful treatment all the paper accessories of the mine will last for several years, excepting the houses, which have to be renewed semi-annually, as they become soiled from the dust of the class-room.

The large wooden box which forms the interior of the mine, can also be kept indefinitely. The clay and coal dust will remain in good condition for a year, but the green cedar or Christmas tree foliage should be renewed every month if the mine is kept in the class-room during the entire term.

The train (costing 25 cents), was purchased at Schwarz's toy store, 23d street, between 5th and 6th avenues, New York city. It is made of tin and has well-made detachable coal cars, passenger cars, and engine.

Geography End-Letter Game.

A very interesting game for recesses and noons we call the geographical "end-letter game." It may be played the same as a spelling match, or the players may be seated anywhere in such a way that they may play in turn only a limited time, say one minute being allowed to each one. For instance, one gives "London"; the next must give a city beginning with N, as "New York," the third, one beginning with K; as "Kensington," and so on.

It is well to confine the pupils sometimes to one country, then again let them go all over the world. A list may be as follows:

Cities and towns of one country.

Lakes and rivers of the world.

Mountains and peaks of the world.

Countries and islands of the world.

Wisconsin.

ALMA CASEY.



Playgrounds of the State Normal School of San Jose, Cal.

Children of Other Lands

At Home in France.

BY DOROTHY WELLS.

The Children of Paris.

PARLEZ--VOUS francais? Can you speak French? How the little boys and girls of Paris would laugh at such an absurd question! They have spoken French since they were wee tots and, like their fathers and mothers, they think that French is the most delightful language in all the world. France, they would tell you, is the best country to live in, too.

We think our English language is every bit as fine as French, but there are some things the French people can do much better than we can. Where are all the fashions by which our mothers make their dresses decided upon? In Paris, of course. The finest gowns are made in Paris, and from Paris come the daintiest of handkerchief boxes, cologne bottles, and other pretty trinkets of various kinds.

French people have most charming manners. Even the very little children are taught always to be polite to older people, and to one another as well. Small maidens of six make their little courtesies with daintily lifted skirts, with all the grace of princesses.

Lessons in deportment begin at home as soon as the children can walk. Many a mite of six is corrected for swinging her arms or turning in her toes as she takes her daily walk. Boys and girls are taught to throw back their shoulders and hold up their heads. That is something we can learn from the French—to hold up our heads and keep our shoulders straight. Most of the children are sent to dancing school by the time they are five or six years old. A lady who visited a children's dancing-class in Paris some time ago says

that the pupils went, first of all, thru a series of bows and courtesies. A footstool and a chair were used for teaching the children how to take a seat in a carriage without signs of haste or awkwardness. It was easy for a six-year-old miss to pretend that she had a train and had a court bow to make.

When the dancing-master called out "Take your places for the polka," the children were as happy as could be. Curly heads, decked out in blue and pink bows, shook as their owners danced, small fingers were shaken, and little hands clapped joyously as the fun continued.

Prettiest of all were the fancy dances, which give opportunity for the graces of the little Parisienne, who waves her fan and strikes the correct attitudes, while her partner places his hand on his heart and plays the gallant gentleman.

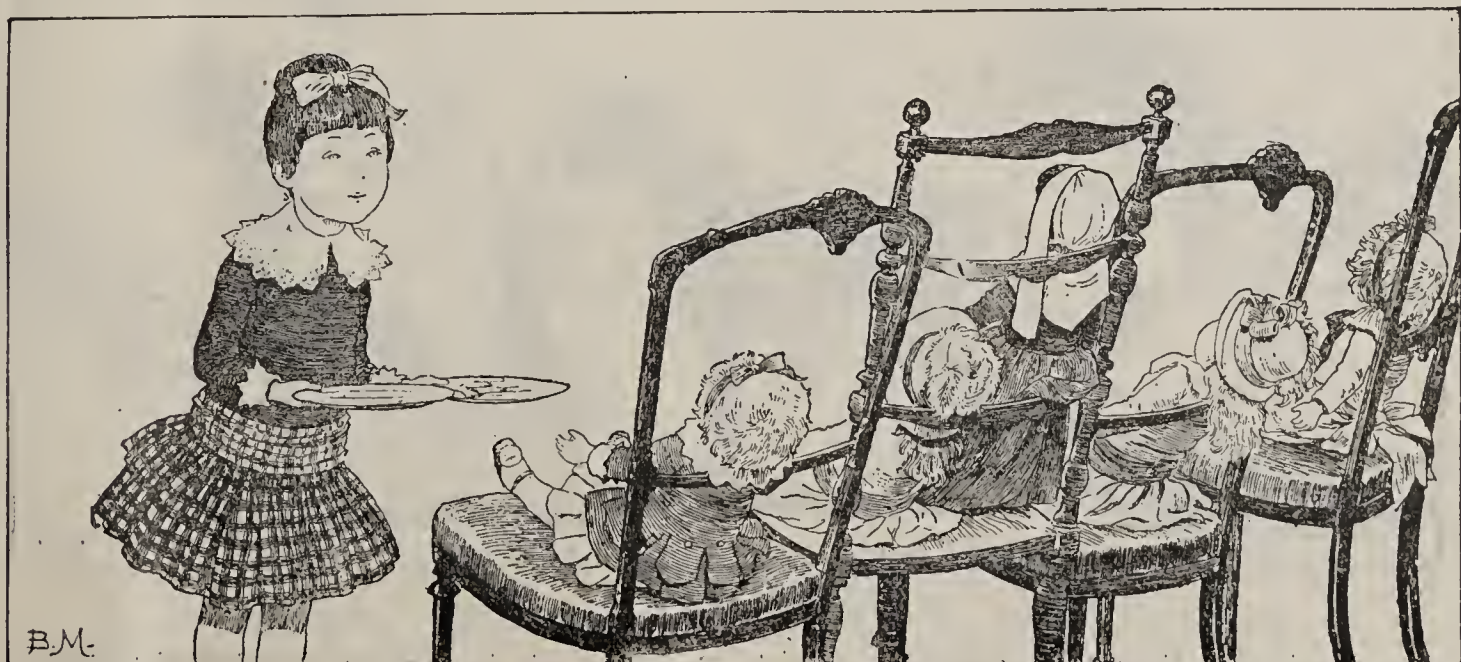
To see a French boy dance the hornpipe before a roomful of people without so much as looking frightened charmed the visitors even more than a quartette of girls dancing a fan dance.

The French, old as well as young, are fond of fancy-dress parties. At holiday time the streets of Paris are full of little imitation soldiers of nine, and small white-capped bakers who refuse to go home to bed. They caper about the streets thinking that people take them for real bakers.

These street balls are only frequented by the poorer classes; those who can afford it turn their houses into temporary fairyland and people it with small dukes and duchesses, who trail their robes behind them and strut about the house playing make-believe just in the same way as the little bakers, only in finer clothes.

Girls at Convent School.

Almost all the people of France are Roman Catholics. The daughters of the well-to-do fam-



An At Home.

ilies are usually sent to a convent school by the time they have reached their teens. The French convent consists of a long building with wings on either side. Inside there are long narrow passages, some of them paved with stones.

The girls have happy times in the convent school. The rules are not very strict except about dress. Every girl has to wear the uniform, and no jewelry is allowed, not even rings. The hair has to be combed straight back, braided tightly, and tied together without curls or crimps. In most convents no looking-glasses are allowed. The girls must comb their hair as well as they may, feeling whether it is smooth or not.

The pupils rise at six in the morning, and they make their own beds before going down to breakfast. Each girl goes in silence to the dining-room, and gets a bowl of coffee or chocolate, and a piece of bread. Not a word is spoken during breakfast. After they have finished, the children go out into the garden for a few minutes, and then the lessons begin. In some schools each girl has her own book. In others one girl reads aloud.

The nuns really deserve the name of "Mère" (mother), as the pupils call them, and most of the girls love them as they would their own fathers and mothers.

One of the prettiest features of the convent life is the First Communion. The little girls, all in white, look very sweet as they walk slowly up the aisle of the flower-decked chapel for the benediction. All wear long dresses and flowing veils, with crowns of roses on their heads, while each one carries a lighted candle.

Where the Boys Study.

There are, however, good public schools in Paris. The boys, except those from the homes of the wealthy, attend these schools. The little boys must come to the school in the morning as neat as

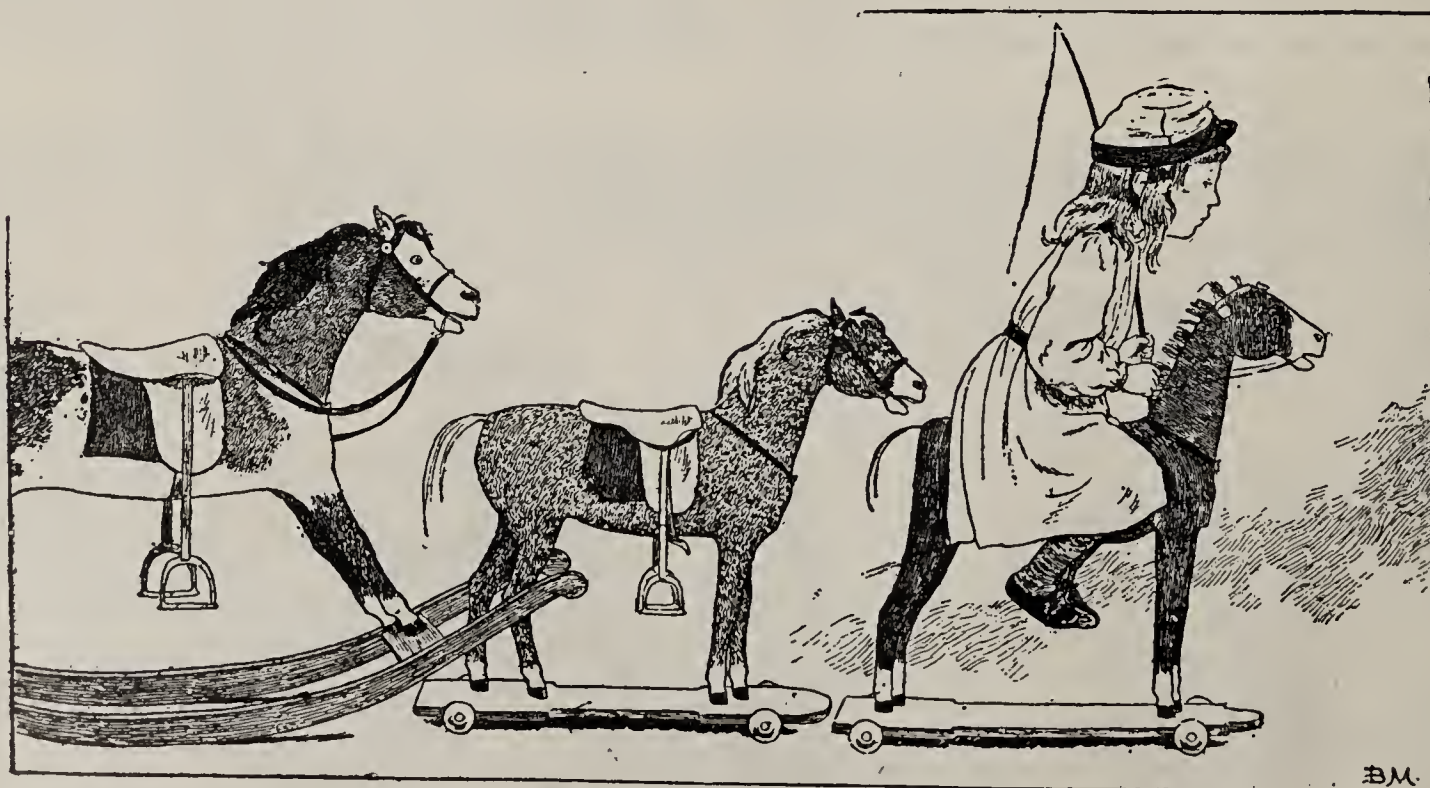
can be. If faces are not clean or hair is rough, the boys are sent home at once.

In the schools for very little children, the pupils are given toys to play with. The toys are made by the boys of the higher grades. Every school has an open place where the children may play. This is often shaded by large trees.

The French boys and girls have just the same studies as the boys and girls of our own country. They learn to read, only the books are all in French. Instead of reading, "This is the cat," they have under pussy's picture, "C'est le chat." In arithmetic they do not learn about quarts and pints, and inches and yards, but they study what is called the "metric system." You will learn about this system of counting and measuring when you get to the last part of the large arithmetic. The pupils have their lunch at the school. They bring with them from home a piece of bread and a bottle of milk. Whatever more they wish than this, they can buy at the school, at a cost of from one to three cents for each boy.

School begins at half-past nine in the morning, and lasts until eleven. The afternoon session is from two to half-past three.

The children who live on farms and in the country have their own good times, in quite different ways from those of the large cities like Paris. TEACHERS MAGAZINE will tell about life in the country places of France another month.



The Cavalry.

The drawings in these two pages were made by B. de Monvel, the famous French artist, whose delightful pictures of children and illustrations of children's songs have made his name a household word in France.

Games and Educational Occupations

Edited by Ada Van Stone Harris, Supervisor of Primary Schools and Kindergartens, Rochester, N. Y.

Graded Games.*

By MARION BROMLEY NEWTON, Supervisor of Physical Training, Rochester, N. Y.

Traditional Games and Song Plays.

1. DROP THE HANDKERCHIEF.

PLAYERS form in a circle while one who is chosen to be "it" runs around the outside and drops the handkerchief which he holds behind some one of the players as he passes by. He continues running around the circle, and if the second player discovers that the handkerchief has been given to him, he runs after the first player trying to tag him before he reaches the place left by the second player. If the first player is tagged he must be "it" again, if not the second player becomes "it." If the one who is "it," however, can run around the circle, pick up the handkerchief he has dropped, and tag the second player before he discovers the handkerchief behind him, the latter is out of the game for a time, and must stand in the center of the ring until released by some other unmindful one.

The song "Itisket, itasket," or some kindergarten song may be used during this game.

2. THE FARMER IN THE DELL.

One child is chosen to be the farmer and stands in the center of the ring, while the rest join hands and circle around him singing,



The farm - er in the dell, The



farm - er in the dell, Heigh oh! for



Row - ley O! The farm - er in the dell.

"The farmer in the dell,
The farmer in the dell,
Heigh oh! for Rowley O!
The farmer in the dell."

The first child chooses and leads to the center of the circle a second one; the second chooses a third, and so on, while the rest sing the following verses:

"The farmer takes a wife—
The wife takes the child—
The child takes the nurse—
The nurse takes the dog—
The dog takes the cat—
The cat takes the rat—
The rat takes the cheese—
The cheese stands alone."

The "cheese" may be "clapped out" and must begin again as the "farmer." Variations:

1. The game may be ended in this way: after the children sing, "The cat takes the rat," they continue with, "The cat chases the rat," and during the rest of the verse the farmer's family join the circle. When the verse is finished the cat chases the rat in and out and around the circle of children who keep their hands tightly clasped, and by raising and lowering them try to help the rat and hinder the cat.

2. The last verse may be, "We'll all chase the rat," who breaks thru the ring, and is followed by all the players eager to catch him. If one succeeds he is the next farmer. This variation is especially good for outdoor play.

3. LOO BY LOO OR SHAKER SONG.

Found in "Children's Singing Games," by Mari Hofer.

4. THE MUFFIN MAN.

Four or five children are selected to take places in the four corners of the room, or whatever other spaces are allowed. As the first verse is sung each of these four or five children walks or skips in time with the music to some child seated in the room, and, taking him by the hand, leads him to his space in the floor. The little groups of two then join both hands and dance around in a circle singing, "Two of us know the Muffin Man," etc.

After the first verse has been sung and the children chosen, the second verse, "Oh, yes, I know the Muffin Man," is sung while the two are marching from the seats to the space in the floor. The game continues, one child after another being chosen until all have joined some group or other. Finally one large circle is formed around the room, and they dance, singing: "All of us know the Muffin Man," etc.

Music in "Children's Singing Games," by Hofer.

5. TEN LITTLE INDIANS.

While the children are singing the following song, ten little ones, chosen to be Indians, come one by one hopping, Indian fashion, or stealing quietly along, from outside the room, and stand in a row. The class repeats the music, by humming or in other ways, and meantime the ten Indians imitate a war dance around the fire, pretend to shoot with their bows and arrows, listen with ears close to the ground for the approach of white men, or go thru other characteristic motions. Finally when the last verse is sung, the Indians disappear one by one as they entered. The children will often suggest the action used.

"One little, two little, three little Indians,
Four little, five little, six little Indians,
Seven little, eight little, nine little Indians,
Ten little Indian boys."

"Ten little, nine little, eight little Indians,
Seven little, six little, five little Indians,
Four little, three little, two little Indians,
One little Indian boy."



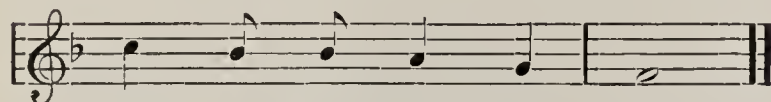
One lit - tle, two lit - tle, three lit - tle Indians,



Four lit - tle, five lit - tle, six lit - tle Indians,



Seven lit - tle, eight lit - tle, nine lit - tle Indians,



Ten lit - tle In - dian boys.

6. SEE-SAW.

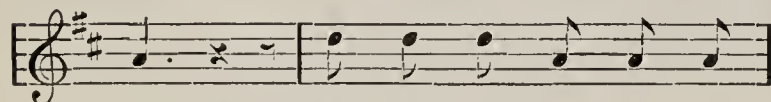
The row of children in the center of the room sit upon their desks and raise their arms at the side to represent the see-saw board. Children in rows on either side stand, facing the see-saw child, and take hold of his extended hands with both of theirs as if grasping a sea-saw board. All sing the "See-Saw Song" in the Gaynor Book, and the children bend low and rise high as the board goes up and down. Groups of three files may play together.

7. BOAT SONG.

All the children sit on their desks with feet in their chairs. Each pretends to grasp a pair of oars, and together they bend forward and back, pulling on their oars as if really rowing. The round "Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream, Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream!"



Row, row, row your boat gent - ly down the



stream; Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,

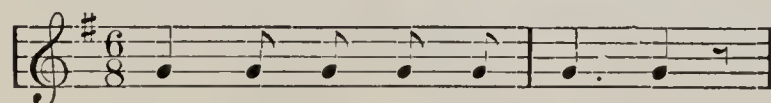


mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, life is but a dream.

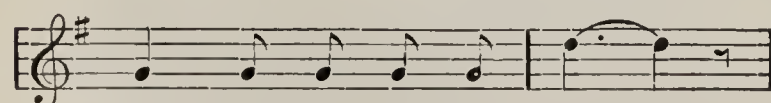
8. CHARLIE OVER THE WATER.

The children sing as they dance about one who stands in the center of the ring:

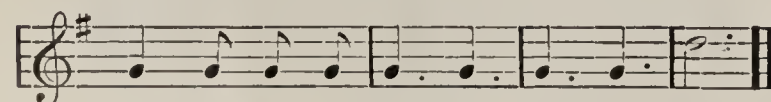
"Charlie over the water, Charlie over the sea;
Charlie catch a blackbird, can't catch me!"



Char - lie o - ver the wa - ter,



Char - lie o - ver the sea,....



Char - lie catch a black-bird, can't catch me!

At the last word all stoop, and if the one in the center can catch any other before he stoops, the latter must be "Charlie," and stand in the center.

Games of Sense Perception.

1. HIDE THE THIMBLE. (Hearing.)

One player is chosen to hide the thimble; and, while he is doing so the other children blind their eyes or leave the room. The thimble may be placed "in sight" or hidden entirely. At a signal from the first child the search for the thimble is begun, and the players are told of their nearness to its hiding place, or their distance from it by the voice of the child who hid it saying, "Warm," "Hot," or "Cold." Music may be used if desired; becoming louder as the players approach the thimble, and fainter as they move away. The successful hunter hides the thimble in the next game.

2. SQUIRREL GAME. (Touch and hearing.)

Children blind their eyes with heads upon their desks, and one hand open to receive a nut which one child, the "squirrel," drops into it.

The child receives the nut then runs after the squirrel and tries to catch him before he reaches his seat.

3. BLIND MAN. (Hearing.)

One child is blinded by means of a paper bag or other device—for hygienic reasons never a handkerchief—and stands in the center of the circle of children. Certain players indicated by the teacher speak to him in turn, saying, "Good morning, John," and he tries to recognize the voice of the speaker. One child may be blind man until he fails to tell a voice.

4. WHO ART THOU? (Touch.)

One child is blindfolded; the rest move in a circle around him until a signal to halt is given. Blinded player then advances and touches some one whom he must recognize by feeling his clothing, hair, etc.

5. WHO MOVES?

Five or six children stand in line in front of the class. The rest look at them; then lay their heads upon their arms, while the teacher changes the places of two or three. When this has been done the children look again and one is selected to arrange the line as it was in the first place.



My subscription to TEACHERS MAGAZINE runs out in June, 1906, but of course I shall renew it, as I could not do without such an excellent magazine. I teach in a country school of one room, but I find much good material in your pages.

I have used with success the articles "Children of Other Lands." I read and told sketches to the children, and they wrote excellent compositions on the subjects. They also made drawings, and put their work in book form, tying it with blue baby ribbon, to match the cover design. They really enjoyed the work.

Pennsylvania.

NETTIE E. SCHOBERT

The Lady's-Slippers

By Clarence M. Weed, State Normal School, Lowell, Mass.

OF all the wild flowers of June none is more interesting than the pink lady's-slipper which over a wide territory in the eastern states is frequently abundant. No matter how often you see it it never becomes commonplace, having to an extraordinary degree the peculiar charm of the aristocratic orchid family to which it belongs. It seems rather a fitting habitation for elves and fairies than an ordinary denizen of the work-a-day world.

The few other lady's-slippers to be found in the United States are inhabitants of deep swamps and secluded woods where very few people ever find them, but this pink species is less exclusive in its choice of an abiding place. In pine woods, in beech and oak woods, in swamps and bogs—these are the places where it grows. On dry uplands or wet lowlands it seems equally at home, the two green leaves appearing above the brown pine needles or the sphagnum moss with equal ease, and bearing between them the stalk tipped with the curious bud that develops into the still more curious blossom. In this part the petals are developed into a strange pouch-like labellum or lip which gives the flower its chief display. In the top of the labellum is an opening that leads to the large cavity within, the opening being arranged something like those rat-traps in which the rat goes in thru an opening in the top thru which he cannot return.

The whole curious mechanism of the lady's-slipper blossom has to do with the visits of small bees which bring about the fertilization of the tiny ovules thru the pollen carried from other flowers. The bee enters the opening in the lip and finds itself in the large chamber from which it

can only escape thru one of two small holes at the upper end of the flower. To reach these the bee walks upward, but before it escapes it must rub its back against the stigma of the blossom, in so doing covering it with any pollen that was upon the bee's back, and then against the anther which is covered with viscid pollen that is smeared upon the back of the bee. Thus it goes to the next flower laden with a new supply of the fertilizing pollen.

You may watch these lady's-slippers many an hour perhaps without seeing any of the bees at work. But they come occasionally, and the flowers wait patiently, often remaining in good condition nearly a fortnight if no bee arrives.

Sometimes a queen bumble-bee gets into the trap. And for her it is very likely to be a death-trap. The holes beneath the anthers are too small for her to pass thru, so that she is likely to be held a prisoner until she dies. Several times I have known flowers to be found with such unfortunate victims inside. One will sometimes find, tho very rarely, one of these lady's-slippers almost white in color,—a strange variation such as is often found in many other plants.

There is a great temptation to gather these flowers in greater numbers than are needed for any reasonable decoration. A few of them in a simple jar are really more effective than a mass, and there is then a chance for the blossoms to remain in the woods in future years, a joy to all beholders.

While the finding of the pink lady's-slippers may readily be an every-day occurrence in early June with the nature-lover in many of the eastern states, a discovery of almost any of the other species marks for most of us a red-letter day. For



A Group of Lady's-Slippers.

these other species are becoming more and more rare and are seldom seen even by those who are much in the woods. The beautiful showy lady's-slipper is the largest of our native species. It inhabits deep swamps, generally those secluded and remote from human habitation. The single large white blossom is rendered conspicuously beautiful by the wine-red hue which suffuses much of the pouch-like labellum. We have two native species of yellow lady's-slippers, both of which grow in swampy regions and bear a general resemblance to each other, altho they differ much in size. One is called the large yellow lady's-slipper and the other the small yellow lady's-slipper. Both are wonderfully beautiful and have much the same contrivances for effecting cross-pollination that the moccasin-flower has. Apparently they are chiefly pollenized by small bees.

Another lady's-slipper is the curious ram's-head species, which is one of the rarest and most interesting of the group. It seems to be less known than any of the others and has been seen in its native haunts by very few people. Its strange



The Dragon Head

shape is well shown in the picture. "I strongly suspect," writes Mr. Baldwin, in his interesting 'Orchids of New England,' "that some elf, having been refused a night's lodging in the cradle of the pink lady's-slipper and faring no better on application to a yellow lady's-slipper, originated the pert little ram's-head as a caricature of both."

Any teacher desiring to take up the study of the lady's-slippers or of the other orchids will do well to get for herself or for the school library, or have some local library provide, a copy of the admirable book upon "Our Native Orchids," based upon the drawings and notes of the late William Hamilton Gibson and recently published by Doubleday, Page and Company.



A Summer Tea-Party.

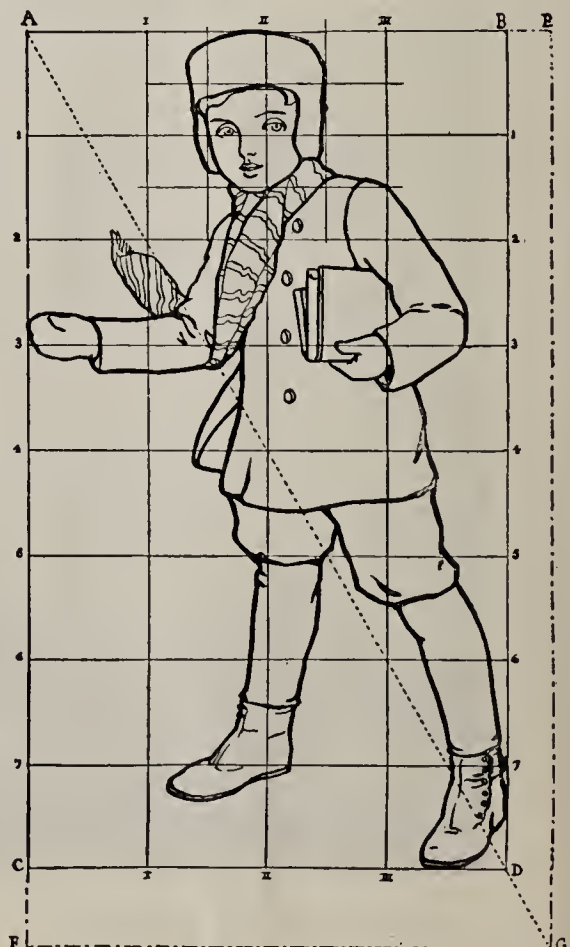
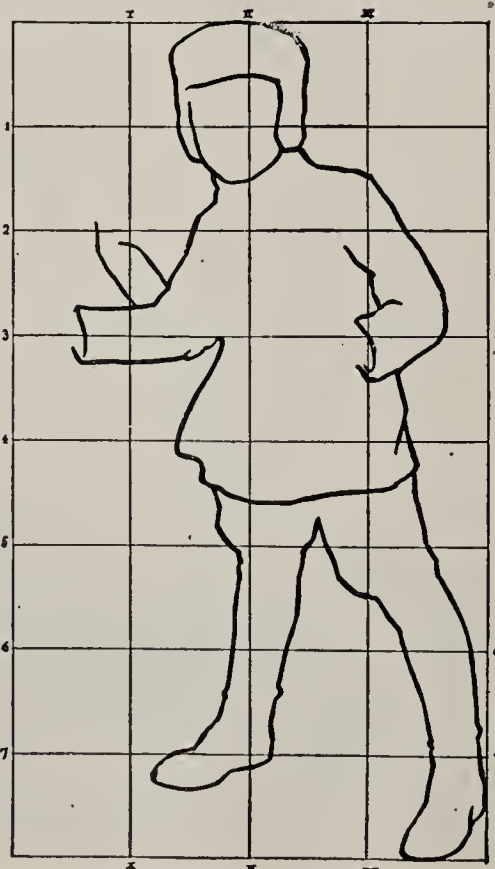
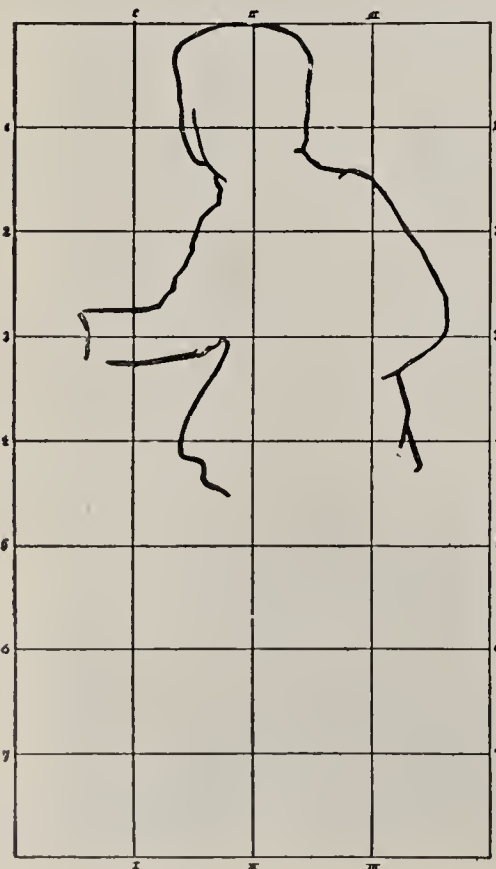
Little Miss Cricket she gave a tea-party,
Out under the haystack last night;
A toadstool was able to serve for the
table,
And glow-worms stood round for the
light.

Old Mrs. Spider, the spinner of linen,
Sent a tea-cloth all covered with lace.
And the tea-service old was of buttercup
gold,
With a goblet of dew at each place.

Gaudy-winged Butterfly came in her
satins,
Grasshopper Green with his fiddle and
drum;
And up from the clover, the whole mead-
ows over,
In gay yellow gowns did the honey-bees
come.

Little Miss Cricket, when supper was
eaten,
With bold Mr. Firefly led in the ball,
And they danced all the night with the
glow-worms for light;
The moths and the bees and the crick-
ets and all.

—CAROLYN S. BAILEY, in *The Churchman*.



Recreative Physical Activities

By Belle R. Parsons, California

Fishes, Pollywogs, Frogs.

THE fish and the pollywog offer the simplest all-over movements, bending, turning, twisting of the large trunk muscles.

Since the pollywogs come in the spring it is well to take this group up at this time. The children should watch the movements of the pollywogs and fishes in the aquarium before attempting to represent them.

1. FISHES.

a. Arms held directly overhead, fingers touching, trunk slightly forward bend, chin up and out (this position suggests the pointed body of the fish)—Ready.

b. Arms held at sides (hands used for fins). Trunk slightly forward bend, chin up and out—Ready.

(1) Swimming.

Running directly forward, trunk twisting to right and left.

(2) Darting.

Running forward; quick twists and turns.

(3) Floating.

Knee sinking and stretching.

Order: Attention!—Ready!—Swim!— (free work)—Po-sition!

Supple rhythmic motion.

2. POLLYWOGS.

Run about with quick, loose, wiggly movements, sudden darts combined with quiet floating, in imitation of the pollywog in water.

Order: Attention!—Run!— (free work)—Position! Relaxing exercise.

3. FROGS.—(Pollywogs changed into frogs.)

Deep knee—bend, weight on balls of feet, knees apart, trunk forward bend, hands resting on floor in front, palms turned in—Ready.

Upward and forward spring into air.

Coming back to "Ready."

Order: Attention!—Ready!—Jump!—Jump!—Jump!—etc.—Po-sition!

Do not jump more than six times in succession. Have long pause between each jump.

See that children jump together with noiseless spring, landing on balls of feet. "Come down on the soft mud."

REFERENCES.

FOR CHILDREN: "Merrily in the Water Clear."
"Taddy Pole and Polly Wog."
Merry Little Fishes. Blow.
The Frog. Neidlinger.

FOR TEACHER: "Fish in Brook." Mother Play. Blow.

PICTURES: The teacher is especially recommended to the Japanese pictures of fishes.

Insects.

The caterpillar, the grasshopper, and the cricket come naturally in the autumn; the bee and the butterfly in the spring. A great many insects which offer good imitations can easily be brought into the class-room. Let the children watch the movements before representing.

1. THE CATERPILLAR.

Hands and feet on the floor.—Ready.

(1) Crawl on all fours, with slow, sinuous

movement, stopping at intervals to lift the head and body by straightening the arms. (Good exercise to strengthen arm muscles, especially if the lifting up and lowering again are done slowly.)

Order: Attention!—Ready!—Crawl!— (free work)—Po-sition!

(2) Spinning the cocoon.

Lifting, lowering, and turning of head.

This play may end in the caterpillar's winding himself in his cocoon and going to sleep.

Do not give a too formal command.

2. THE SPIDER.

On all-fours, arms and legs straight and slightly spread.—Ready.

Order: Attention:—Ready!—Crawl!— (free work)—Po-sition!

To be given to a few children at a time if given in class-room. A spider race in the gymnasium makes an enjoyable game.

3. THE GRASSHOPPER.

Deep knee—bend, until hands touch floor in front, trunk forward bend (not a squatting position, keep the length of the body)—Ready.

Leap upward and forward.

Order: Attention!—Ready!—Jump!—Jump!—Po-sition!

As this exercise is highly energized, do not give many jumps in succession.

4. THE CRICKET.

Hopping and chirping.

5. BEES.*

Arms sideways raise, shoulder high, elbows bent (thus emphasizing the short wings of the bee compared to the larger wings of the butterfly).—Ready.

Make rapid rhythmic motion with arms, combining with short, quick, running step, and thus fly, buzzing, about field and meadow.

Order: Attention!—Ready!—Fly!— (free work)—Po-sition!

Add head downward bend, upward raise, at intervals, pretending to sip honey.

6. BUTTERFLIES.

Weight forward on balls of feet exaggerated; arms upward raise, fingers touching lightly over head, palms turned inward.—Ready.

Arms downward sink.

Combine with elastic, skipping step, to give lightness; and with knee-bending to give feeling of floating on the air.

Order: Attention!—Ready!—Fly!— (free work)—Po-sition!

This exercise may be begun by an imitation of the flapping of the wings to dry, when first out of the cocoon.

REFERENCES.

FOR TEACHER: In the Child World. Paullson.
Some good book on Nature Study, such as Jackson's.

FOR CHILDREN: "Creeping, slowly creeping." Blow.
Fable, the Ant and the Grasshopper.
"Butterfly." Blow.

*Any running exercise, with raised arms, increases the heart action and should, for that reason, be given with discretion, not too long at a time.



Hints and Helps

Plans,
Methods,
Devices, and
Suggestions

from the
Workshops
of many
Teachers

This feature, originally planned for *Institute* and *Primary School*, has proved so popular with teachers that it has been copied by nearly every educational periodical in the country. *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* will continue to publish the best to be had for this department. The Editor would like nothing better than that he might be able to visit the school-rooms of every one of the the hundred thousand teachers who will read this magazine. What an abundance of good things he would find! But that cannot be. The next best plan is to have the teachers aid each other by writing out the devices and plans and thoughts that have proved most helpful to them. Will you not contribute from the store of your experience? A good book will be sent for every contribution accepted for this department.



The Joy of Teaching.

OF the tremendous responsibilities devolving upon one who teaches, how have we learned in normal schools, heard at institutes, read in pedagogical books. "The carver in wood, the dressmaker, the lapidary, all deal with their material carefully, lest there be needless waste. Should not, then, the teacher, whose noble task is to work with souls, be the more—?" Every teacher could amplify such a thesis from memory until it covered pages.

It is true, terribly true. Doubtless we need it continually told to us afresh. The wiseacres are sure that we do. We ourselves know how easy it is to lose sight of the end of our work in the monotonous application of the means. So we accept the load of care that we feel incompetent to carry. We are discouraged as we face our own shortcomings; we are sure by past experience that our high resolutions will wear thin in the daily fret and friction. Does this tend toward sane and hearty teaching?

Why do our speakers so seldom give us heart of cheer by telling of the joys, the rewards of teaching? It may be because those who philosophize pedagogically have usually left the school-room behind. What they have forgotten we must discover for ourselves.

The primary joy is that of work done well. Under modern labor conditions in many departments of work the minimum amount demanded is done and that grudgingly. This lack of "joy in labor" tends to degrade work and worker. But of few teachers is this true. Their work is usually full measure, pressed down, and running hours over specified time. Sometimes, indeed, they work too long and hard; elimination of the less vital tasks would conserve energy. But that is another story. Whatever pleasure comes from work done with zest, belongs to most teachers.

There is, too, a satisfaction in watching pupils improve from week to month. Perhaps an arithmetical process is being mastered. After lessons of development, drill, and more drill, at last comes a day when the paper of each pupil shows that he understands the operation. (Except those of a girl who is really deficient, and a boy who has been ill,—they don't count.) It is inspiring to correct

such a set of papers. What if Mamie did add incorrectly, and John smudge his paper with fingers not immaculate? Toward the term's end there are added satisfactions. Mamie makes fewer careless blunders, John regards his teacher's prejudices as to finger nails and neckties.

Another source of happiness is the affection of one's children. Their love may lack the value of a more discriminating adult's, for children naturally love those with whom they live. Their love, however, is pure and unselfish, and a teacher who deserves it may fairly rejoice in the homage of her pupils.

Better happiness than this, because harder to win, is the joy of converting a small law-breaker into a valuable citizen. When the little mischief who at first took delight in making trouble, turns his energies into better channels, it is excellent fun to watch good things being energetically done. To develop the latent best in each character is after all, the highest joy the teacher knows.

New York.

AMY LINCOLN PHELPS.



Why They Came.

The superintendent, a very pompous man with scant sense of humor, had been talking to the school on the Pilgrim Fathers, and as a final test of the success of his presentation he threw this bomb: "Who will tell me why the Pilgrim Fathers came to this country?" After an uneasy moment, a girl got up with a little flirt of her petticoats, cleared her throat, and replied, prosily, "The Pilgrim Fathers came to this country, so they could bring up their children, so they wouldn't enjoy themselves."

Washington.

LOLITA BENTLEY.



What a wonderful thing the telephone is! A father leaving home on a long voyage, carrying with him the anxiety about a sick child, can hear the reassuring voice of the little one fifteen hundred miles away. How much this generation has to be thankful for!

Salute to the Flag.

This salute was devised by the late Colonel Balch some ten years ago. It is used in thousands of schools.

SALUTE.—We give our heads and our hearts to God and our country. One country, one language, one flag.

Signals:—

1st Signal.—The pupils having been assembled and being seated, and the flag borne by the standard-bearer being in front of the school, at the signal (either by a chord struck on the piano, or in the absence of a piano, from a bell), each scholar seizes the seat preparatory to rising.

2d Signal.—The whole school rises quickly; as one person, each one standing erect and alert.

3d Signal.—The right arm is extended, pointing directly at the flag; as the flag-bearer should be on the platform where all can see the colors, the extended arm will be slightly raised above a horizontal line.

4th Signal.—The forearm is bent so as to touch the forehead lightly with the tip of the fingers of the right hand. The motion should be quick, but graceful, the elbow being kept down and not allowed to "stick out" to the right. As the fingers touch the forehead, each pupil will exclaim in a clear voice, "We give our 'heads,'" emphasizing the word "heads."

5th Signal.—The right hand is carried quickly to the left side and placed flat over the heart, with the words: "and our hearts!" after the movement has been made.

6th Signal.—The right hand is allowed to fall quickly, but easily, to the right side; as soon as the motion is accomplished, all will say, "to God and our country!"

7th Signal.—Each scholar still standing erect; but without moving, will exclaim, "One country!" (emphasis on country).

8th Signal.—The scholars still standing motionless, will exclaim, "One language!" (emphasis on language).

9th Signal.—The right arm is suddenly extended to its full length, the hand pointing to the flag, the body inclining slightly forward, supported by the the right foot slightly advanced. The attitude should be that of intense earnestness. The pupil reaches, as it were, toward the flag, at the same time exclaiming with great force, "One flag!"

10th Signal.—The right arm is dropped to the side and the position of attention recovered.

11th Signal.—Each scholar seizes the seat preparatory to turning it down.

12th Signal.—The school is seated.

Flag-bearer.—The color-bearer grasps the staff at the lower end with his right hand, and a foot or more (according to the length of the staff) above the end of the staff with his left hand. The staff is held directly in front of the middle of the body, slightly inclined forward from the perpendicular. At the fourth signal the flag will be dipped, returning the salute; this is done by lowering the right hand until the staff is nearly horizontal; keeping it in that position until the tenth signal; when it will be restored to its first, or nearly vertical position.

The Decoration of School Grounds.

In one of the schools of Minneapolis, Minn., the work of adorning and caring for the school grounds is performed almost entirely by the school children. On Arbor Day the scholars come to school dressed in old garments all ready for work in the yard. After assembling in their respective rooms, all march out into the yard at the tap of the bell. The teachers and principal direct the work. Some of the children pull up weeds and remove rubbish, others mow the lawn. The older ones assist in the planting of trees and shrubbery and in the laying of sod. By the time the afternoon session is over, the grounds are in fine order. At other times in the year the work is assigned to the children as a reward for good behavior or regular attendance.

In front of the school building extends a grassy lawn which is always kept well-cut and watered. This is separated from the playground proper by an ornamental hedge. The children raise money to pay for plants, or whatever is needed for the decoration of the grounds, by selling old iron; rubbers, etc. An ice-cream festival held on the lawn in front of the school netted the children over \$75.00 for improvements.

The Improvement League of Minneapolis has for a number of years offered prizes for the most attractive school grounds. This school has been a winner several times.

The children take great pride in their school grounds, and woe betide the unlucky urchin who thoughtlessly throws paper or other rubbish on the same!

N. LEWIS.

Illinois.



Outlining Words.

Here is a little device which I have found very effective in fixing a word in the children's minds.

I soak ordinary blackboard crayons in water; and while they are still wet I print on each desk in large letters, the difficult words.

This is done at night, and by morning the crayon has dried and the letters stand out clear and white.

At busy work time each child takes out his box of split peas or beans and outlines the letters on his desk.

The little folks enjoy this work, and at the same time they are fixing the words in their vocabulary.

Wisconsin.

ALMA CASEY.



Houses on Blackboard Street.

As a help in teaching spelling and also in making the children familiar with the alphabet, I have found the following scheme excellent.

Manila cards 3 by 6 inches are used, having the printed letter on one side and the script on the other. These cards are arranged in alphabetical order on the blackboard ledge. Each child is given a word and is asked to pass to the board and select the letters to build the same. He then arranges his cards on the ledge so that they will form his word. If he does this correctly, he may then write his word on the board.

In teaching the letters alphabetically we speak of the blackboard ledge as a street and the cards

as houses. Each new letter as presented is placed in the row and we call it the stranger that has just moved in. We knock at his door, call on him, and in various ways make his acquaintance. We note just how far down the street he lives and whose houses we must pass before we come to his.

Two strokes of the crayon over each card form the little peaked roofs of the houses, and make them appear more real. ELLA J. KOONS.

Monaghan School's Fifth Birthday Party.

The Monaghan school opened April 1, 1901, and every April we have a birthday party. Mr. Parker always speaks to the school then; he is the president of the mill and president of the school. The children are devoted to him. This was the program for our last birthday party:

1. Little Speeches by Little Folks.
2. Doll Drill.
3. Dialog: The Rehearsal.
4. Concert Recitation: Daisy Nurses.
5. Exhibition of Wax Figures.
6. Song: Spring Time.
7. Dialog: The First Journey.
8. Boys' Drill.
9. Dialog: Keeping House.
10. Child's Dream: Flags of Our Country.
11. Song: Jolly Boys.
12. Speech by Mr. Parker.
13. Topsy Turvey Drill.
14. Cantata: Quarrel Among the Flowers.

Monaghan Mills.



LILY LEWIS SHUMATE.

A New Use for Stars.

I have derived both pleasure and profit from TEACHERS MAGAZINE. I find the "Hints and Helps" especially useful.

I have found this plan of great assistance in promoting scholarship among my pupils. At the first of the year I prepared a bristol-board card, 3 x 6 inches, for each pupil, and I wrote on this the child's name. I explained that for each perfect lesson, a star would be placed on the card, a larger star at every twenty-fifth point, and a red star at the hundred mark.

A wholesome competition to secure the greatest number of stars has arisen, and the counting of the perfect lessons at the close of each day is an eagerly-awaited part of our program.

I have a rural school, with most of the pupils of the fourth and fifth grades. E. LEONE WILSON.

Keeping the Good Things.

I wish to express my entire satisfaction with your very good TEACHERS MAGAZINE. It was recommended to me last summer and has more than fulfilled my expectations. It is essentially a magazine for practical work. Altho teaching the first grade there is almost nothing I cannot use or adapt. Of course many suggestions I have already used in preceding terms of teaching in other schools, but it is in those instances pleasant to find one's methods approved. To preserve the helpful suggestions, stories, and lessons, I take either business ledgers, or fasten several double sheets of foolscap together until

I have a book for each month. Month by month I paste in what I find and need, and thus have a constantly increasing and systematized store of tested and practical work and outlines.

I cut out the songs and paste them in a special note-book. All the children can be taught to sing, and we spend fifteen to twenty minutes every afternoon learning new songs, besides singing almost every time we stop classes for recreation or drills. The children love their songs, and doing this makes the work easier.

Pennsylvania.



M. BLANCHE MORSE.

A Superintendent's Hints.

In history the work may take a wide sweep. It may interest the pupil in the actual development of the district or township or county. The pupil may find from written records accounts of the first settlement, or he may trace tradition to some authentic source. Accurate accounts of the development of the institutions in the neighborhood will do much toward stimulating the historical spirit. The history of the school with all its ups and downs; the history of some church; the account of the coming of railroads and inter-urbans and telephones; these with the effect they have had upon life are live problems. History may also include a study of the conditions of home, industry, religion, and government in the community, and furnish a good basis for the interpretation of broader historical problems.

The value of written work cannot be overestimated. Frequent use should be made of it for recitations, reviews, and examinations. In the recitation it will serve to present the independent thought of each individual and it will give splendid training in English expression. In reviews it will reveal the powers of organization and expression. To be of value, every paper handed in should be carefully gone over by the teacher with corrections and suggestions for improvement. And then the examination has its place and is important. Not that I would have you exaggerate its importance or hold it over the pupils as a menace or threat, or that I would put very large stress upon it as a basis for promotion. But it has a place in school work, and if given under right conditions the pupils will enjoy it. I think I should seldom announce beforehand any written work which I wanted to serve as a test. It is a part of education to learn to meet the conditions that confront us. In life the problems are not generally presented in advance. We come up against them and must think on our feet. In the crowded rural school, then, the examination should serve some such purposes as these: (1) It should enable the teacher to examine his pupils and himself at the same time. (2) It should aid the pupil in thinking. (3) It should aid the pupil in the expression of good English. (4) It should reveal to the pupil his mastery of the points in question. (5) It should serve to make the pupil more self-reliant. (6) It should enable the teacher at times to do some needed work in other classes while the pupils are writing. Of course, this all means work for you. But it will pay. FASSETT A. COTTON.

Indiana.

State Supt. of Public Instruction.

East and West.

I find TEACHERS MAGAZINE so interesting and so helpful in my school work that I wish to speak of those articles that have been most helpful to me. I have enjoyed very much the experiences of a worker such as I have found in the articles by C. Hanford Henderson.

I have followed the suggestions by Dr. Joseph S. Taylor, in "Devices in Elementary Composition" as given in the February number. I have organized my school into a society with the proper officers and an editor. A paper is read each Friday afternoon. The editor chooses two of the older and two of the younger pupils to write articles for the paper each week. They greatly enjoy writing these essays and hearing them read. The editor is sure to give contributions at least honorable mention. All join in bringing written news items to the paper. One little boy said: "Teacher, why can't we all write a piece for the paper every time?"

The pupils enjoy playing the games given under the heading of "Sports and Pastimes." We make good use of the lessons in writing in the February and March numbers.

The articles by the city teachers, such as "Pasquale," by Mattie Griffith Satterie, of New York; are quite a revelation to us western rural teachers. Our pupils are most of them quiet, earnest children, altho they are full enough of life and energy when it comes to the play hour. Most of the boys when they have reached the age of twelve or fourteen can attend school only in the winter months. They greatly appreciate the privilege of this short term of school, and apply themselves very earnestly to their studies. Many of our rural teachers try to make this time as pleasant and profitable as possible.

We celebrate Christmas with programs and Christmas trees. We remember Washington's birthday and other public holidays in the programs of which we receive much help from TEACHERS MAGAZINE, but in many of the schools the one great event is the evening sociable at the school-house, to raise money to buy books to increase the school library. The most common method is the basket sociable, at which is given a program by the school. These are largely attended by all the young people of the neighborhood, also by most of the parents. Many attend from a nearby town. Often there is a spelling contest at these sociables. From fifteen to thirty dollars are usually obtained in this way.

Rural life here is more interesting than it was a few years ago. Most of the homes have the rural mail delivery, the telephone, and a daily paper, so that the children are as well informed on the topics of the times as most city children.

PRUDENCE S. JACKSON.

Iowa.



Arithmetic in the Country School.

The country school teacher well knows that the most important branch of study he has to teach is arithmetic. The aim of the average country school boy is to attain a knowledge of arithmetic; he considers grammar a useless study, while civil government and psychology are only a waste of time. My opinion is that too much time is expended upon the teaching of arithmetic; for instance, we will take the boy of six years of age; who has just entered school. He is given instruction in counting and writing figures and finally the four fundamental rules. He continues the study of arithmetic until he is perhaps seventeen or eighteen years of age and is obliged to leave school to seek employment, and has not been farther than ratio or alligation; or he may have been thru the book. You turn to a promiscuous example and say; "John, solve that problem." John looks at it a moment, then at the answer, and finally says, "The teacher worked that for me." Mind you, now, the teacher didn't show John how it was done, but merely worked it for him, and John, seeing the answer was correct, was satisfied, but not benefited. When my class reaches a difficult problem, I place the work upon the board, carefully explaining the work as it is done, then I call upon one of the class to explain the work. This method, I find, gives them a thoro knowledge of the example. In a recent term examination held at my school, I selected ten of the most difficult problems for the "A" class. Only one of the class attained a standing of less than 90 per cent. and two reached the maximum, 100 per cent. I am unable to see why it should take ten or twelve years to teach the subject arithmetic, and I am of the opinion that if a pupil commences the study of practical arithmetic at the age of ten, in at least six years he should be able to solve any problem in the book, providing he has been taught well.

R. C. S.

June.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S



Advice to Teachers.

One piece of advice which I would offer to young teachers is, never be sick. No matter how your head aches, or how tired you feel, do not let it be known if you can avoid it. The moment it is discovered that the teacher has not her armor girded on as tightly as usual, that moment disorder begins.

Pupils ought always to work in a clean room. Whether the teacher does the janitor work or not, she can see that the floor and desks are kept neat and free from litter. I often request the pupils just before dismissal, to pick up any scraps of paper, etc. which lie near their desks. They do not always need to be told, as they have learned what is expected of them.

I found some years ago, that a good way to win over unruly pupils is to encourage them to do a favor for you. Perhaps you think they will decline, but they will not if approached in the right way. This accords with a psychological principle. Try it and watch the result.

As every one knows, whispering is not conducive to good discipline. Banish it by some means; if you have only twenty pupils. My plan, in a small school, was to give a "merit" card (these I made myself) to each one who had not whispered without permission during the day. At the end of the month I had a grand ceremony of taking up the "merits" and exchanging for each some small souvenir, such as an inexpensive card.

On Washington's birthday I presented tiny hatchets, which were worn as badges all day. The effort not to whisper gave a general impetus toward good behavior, and improved the whole tone of the school. The relief to the teacher's nerves is well worth the small outlay in money.

Nebraska.

L. CALKINS.

Little Journeys.

I have gained so many valuable suggestions from your "Hints and Helps" department that I wish to send some of my successful methods.

You know how it disturbs the teacher to answer all the little hands, so to remedy this our pupils raise fingers to gain permission to do what they wish. One finger asks to leave the room, two to whisper, three to go to the wash-basin. A mere nod from the teacher gives the desired permission.

My pupils became tired of reciting memory gems in the old way, so we use perhaps a minute and a half for reciting them spontaneously. Sometimes several rise to repeat one at the same time, in their eagerness to give one first.

We like a change in our ways of reciting lessons. In our primary geography class we sometimes take little journeys to cold or warm countries, naming the friend we wish to visit. Sometimes we de-

scribe vessels used for crossing the ocean; the people met on the boat, and in fact whatever the little ones think of. One thought leads to another. We enjoy the trip much more by taking it ourselves, and using the pronoun "I."

Watch the little people's faces to see if they enjoy a new method. It is worth while to try one just to see the pleasure in their faces.

Illinois.

MIGNON I. WISTER.



Learning the Meaning of Words.

My third grade pupils when they first began work in the spelling book found it very difficult; because of the number of words they did not know or understand the meaning of.

To help them, I ask each child to write a story (sentence) about his words. If they cannot write about a word, I explain its meaning to the class and use it in a sentence, but require the pupils to make another sentence for me.

Thus they receive practice in both writing and composition in connection with their spelling lessons. Sometimes I pronounce the words and let them write the sentence which I then collect and mark the same as when they write the words only.

As I write, I have on my desk a paper which contains the following sentences a child made from the words, happy, answer, coffee, heavy.

The girl is happy. I will answer. Do you like coffee? The desk is heavy.

Minnesota.

HATTIE E. THOMPSON.

The School-House Flag.

When I am on my way to school;
I always look up high,
To see our flag which looks so bright
Against the dark blue sky.

As it floats upon the breezes,
It seems to say to me:
"Where I am; there is *honor* found;
Where'er I wave, 'tis free."

Then, children, let us love this flag
Which waves o'er us to-day;
The flag for which our fathers fought
Should honored be alway.

A Song of Roses.

Sing a song of roses,
The gardens all a-blow,
White, and cream, and crimson,
Standing in a row.

Sing a song of sunshine,
Sunshine warm and sweet,
Chasing little shadows
On gold and purple feet.



Two Pages of Miss Dyer's "Hints"

First Use of the Dictionary.

AS there is a first time for all things; so is there for the use of the dictionary. When a child has mastered his phonetic reading thru the first year and has entered on his second school year, he learns his letters in order as they come. He is, in the second half of the second school year, able to use the dictionary for the first time.

To accustom the little people to the use of the dictionary, when each child has his copy in hand I give to each a circular piece of paper to represent a plate, and tell the children that we are going to have a party and they may choose the things they are to eat, but we can have only ten articles, for our plates will not hold more.

The pupils are all anxious to tell of their favorite dish and when the first child says "cake," each child must find it in his dictionary. When it is found, the word is written on their plates, and when the list of ten is completed, the one who has kept the neatest plate fills the plate drawn on the board with the ten good things.

Apples—Sour and Sweet.

What can make a prettier picture than a primary class-room with happy, smiling faces? We are glad to say that the majority of primary class-rooms present such a picture, but *some* teachers have in their rooms the proverbial Freddie Frowns and Patty Pouts, and how to erase the lines between the eyes and turn the lips from curving down to an upward curve is the question.

I have found a good cure for such cases is to put on the board three apples like these, with the faces drawn on them:



SOUR.

MEDIUM.

SWEET.

All children like sweet apples, and the round, juicy, sweet apple will be chosen every time when they are asked which of the three they would rather be. When a correction is made and Patty Pouts or Freddie Frowns begins to look offended the simple suggestion, "Why, you don't want to be the sour apple, do you?" will bring a smile, and the smile, with patience on the part of the teacher, will bring an habitually smiling face, and some glad day the Patty Pouts and Freddie Frowns will move away to give place to Polly Pleasant and Sammy Smiles.

Cut-up Forms.

As busy work to correlate with form work I have found it very helpful to draw on good, stiff cardboard such figures as ovals, squares, triangles, and rectangles. After these are drawn, cut them

out and cut each figure into a number of pieces, and put the cut-up figure in the envelope.

Have enough cut-up figures to give each pupil one. That is if there are twenty-five pupils have twenty-five cut-up ovals, twenty-five cut-up squares, and so on. On the back of each envelope write the name of the object to be built from the pieces within. This will aid the pupils greatly in recognizing the different forms.

As they become so familiar with a form that they can do it readily, slip into each envelope several extra pieces and write on the back directions such as this: "By using all but three pieces build a square."

They will find this more difficult, and aside from being of great aid in teaching them to recognize the different forms, it will be found an interesting busy work from which the novelty will not soon wear off.

Finding the Meaning of Words.

One of the chief reasons why so many poor readers are found in the grammar grades of our schools seems to be that pupils in the primary grades are allowed to pass over words in the lesson without having a clear idea of their use and meaning. I have found one of the best drills for overcoming this is obtained by placing on the board, as the reading lesson progresses, the words over which the young readers stumble. The result may be that when the lesson is finished the board is filled with words. If so, the greater the need of the drill.

After each pupil has read, have all close their books and drill them from the board in this way: Suppose we have had a lesson in which the words *happy* and *autumn*, among others, are not well understood. The teacher asks, "Who will find the word on the board that tells how the children in our story felt when school began?" The child who volunteers goes to the board and draws one line under the word "happy" and, turning his back to the board, pronounces it and spells it. A child responds in the same way when the question comes, "Who will find the word that tells in what season school began?"

The teacher who tries this simple plan will be surprised at the improvement in her reading class after a few weeks' trial of this drill.

Metaphors as an Aid in Discipline.

There is no word that the well-thinking teacher dislikes to use more than "don't," and yet there is perhaps no word that comes to her lips in one form or another more often than this contraction of "do not." Happy indeed is the teacher who can say "do" and never "don't."

I have found that the use of metaphors in my school-room has been of great service to me in banishing this giant "don't." When the boy who stands with one foot on the seat while reading hears, "Don't stand on one foot, John," he slowly and sometimes sulkily places his foot with its mate, but when he hears, "I thought John was a boy, but I find he is a stork, for storks stand on one foot," he quickly jumps to position. It needs

only a mention of the stork to remind any boy or girl after that.

When the whole room is rising for some exercise, try the gentle hint that you hope all boys and girls have on nice soft velvet slippers, rather than wooden shoes, and see if the proverbial shuffler is not lacking for once.

Another period when metaphors have aided me is at the trying time of "all pupils take out tablets." The little adverb "quietly" added, seems to lose effect. I preface this command with "Let us see who has the softest hands as we take out our tablets."

When the lines are ready to pass out and all is in order, with the exception of an occasional inquisitive head which projects from the side, tell them that a soldier always has his hands at his sides and his head straight, and your, "Now, who can make the best soldier?" will come much nearer to bringing a straight line than "Don't, don't, don't."

A Stitch in Time.

How many times we, as teachers, have to make nine stitches, so to speak, when a stitch in time would have saved it all. Especially is this true in discipline. A disorderly room is not one in which great outbreaks are occurring, but often one where the carelessness of the pupils in making small noises causes constant confusion.

One of the most annoying things in my room I found to be the dropping of books, pencils, pencil boxes, and sometimes an apple or a piece of candy brought for recess pleasure; these were the stitches which if left unnoticed caused the dreadful rents in our school discipline, but which, if taken in time, saved much.

I have found an effective punishment for these careless mistakes to be, for the one who drops the article to stand until he is given permission to resume his seat. If it is an apple or anything that is not needed in the school work that day, require him to place it on your desk. Return it to the owner at the close of school.

It is really quite surprising how much better pencils and books can lie on the desk after the owner has been punished in this way.

Written Language Lesson.

It is a task for the teacher of the first and second primary grades where language books are not placed in the hands of the pupils, always to vary the lessons so as to make them interesting as well as helpful. I have found that a helpful and interesting written language lesson can be obtained thru having the children divide their sheet of paper into three equal parts, by

drawing lines from the top to the bottom. At the top of these spaces place green, red, and yellow circles cut from the colored paper and about the size of the top of a spool. In the space below the green circle require them to write ten things that are green, and the same with the red and yellow.

This will serve not only as a language lesson, but also as a spelling lesson, and as a review of their color study.

Virginia.

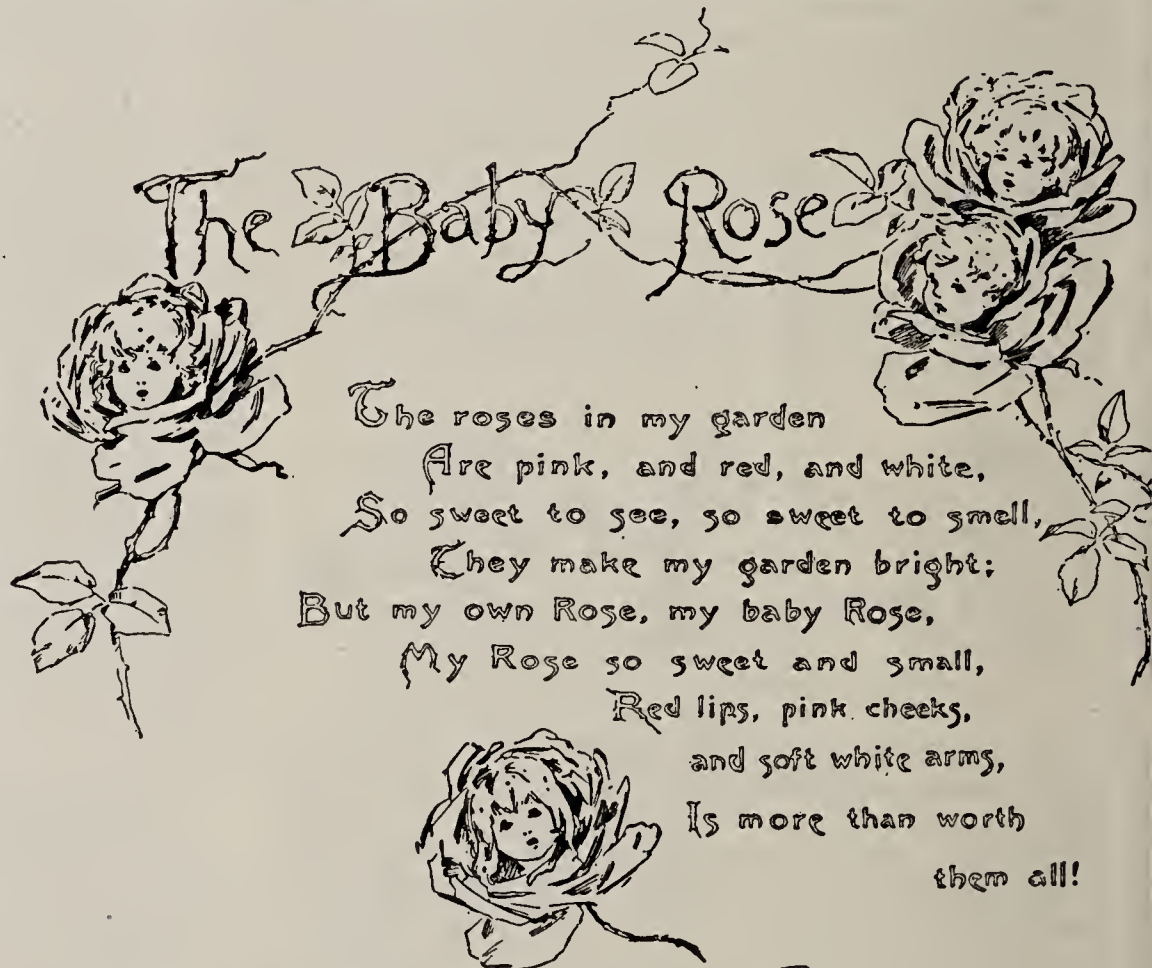
RUTH O. DYER.

Upper Grade History.

Why do so many boys and girls dislike history, and look upon it as the driest, least interesting of studies? Is it because our historians and book companies really do bring out dry books to be used as text-books? I think it is not so much the fault of our historians, as it is the teachers'.

When a teacher gives a lesson out thus: "Take the next three pages, down to Fort Duquesne captured, for to-morrow. Have a better lesson to-morrow and know every date in the lesson,"—it would take a child with an extraordinary nature to be interested in that history lesson.

Here is another way of assigning a lesson: "A very good lesson to-day." (Children need praise occasionally). "Now, for to-morrow you notice



My Rose is never tidy,
She tears her pinafore,
She smears her pink-rose cheeks with jam,
And laughs and asks for more;
She's never quiet, never still,
She'll scramble, romp, and fall;

But she's my Rose,
my baby Rose.

My sweetest rose of all!

E. Nesbit.

we have come to Washington's administration. Here is a little book, and on pages 14-18 you will find the life of Washington, telling of his boy and manhood. John, you may read this reference and tell us about it in class to-morrow. On the second page of this paper you will find something of the trials and triumphs of Eli Whitney while he was working at his wonderful cotton gin. Will you take this paper, Susan, and report to the class on this article for to-morrow? You will be surprised when you read that Eli Whitney was a poorer boy than any of you. We will take the whole administration of Washington, and I wish you would make an outline, by that I mean the most important things which happened in Washington's administration. I have something for you and Mary to read the next day, Rob."

You think this requires too much work, to look up references every day for just one class? Well, it is considerable work, but if you wish to make a success of history teaching this is just what you must do each day. Look thru your school library, your home library, and all your old magazines, and find interesting material.

The text-book if used alone will become a non-interesting object to the children. They will not enjoy getting their lessons and if they do not enjoy their work, you must not blame the children if they fail when examinations come.

Make history lively and interesting, bring out and discuss the biographies of such men as Washington, Lincoln, Clay, Jefferson, and Franklin, so that the children will almost believe they have known them personally, talked with them and even played with them. Put more time on biography and less on committing dates to memory.

I insist that each pupil have an outline book, in which should be placed an outline of the thirteen colonies, each war, and the most important administrations. They will enjoy keeping a neat book and it will aid them in remembering the most important incidents which they are supposed to know.

Whenever you have any relics such as wampum; if you happen to be studying about the Indians, bring these to school and ask others to bring relics which will apply to the lesson.

Ask a certain pupil to go to some old soldier in the community to get the description of a certain battle, when you are studying the Civil war.

Keep the children so interested that they will be eager for recitation, to hear the reports and to learn what new interesting work you have prepared for them.

Third Grade Language Work.

One of the most difficult tasks for a teacher is to make third grade language interesting. I have at last found something which helps my pupils greatly.

I have bought little penny tablets and fastened them at the top with small bows of ribbon, and at the top of each page I have pasted a picture interesting to children, such as pictures of birds, children, and animals at play.

Each pupil writes one story a day under the picture pasted at the top of the page. It is surprising to see how interested they are, as each

pupil wishes to write the best story possible, and keep his tablet looking the neatest.

I mark each story poor, fair, good, very good, or excellent, according to the number of misspelled words and the neatness of the page. The children can hardly wait to see whether or not they have received an 'excellent.'

Wisconsin.

M. S.

Drawing in Every School.

It seems to me that in order to be a successful teacher, one must be somewhat of an artist. How many times a day a brief sketch on the board will relieve a puzzled, troubled, little mind!

A teacher can make her work more interesting if she can in the presence of all her pupils, sketch an outline of the subject discussed in class, and of which the pupils have not a clear idea.

To-day we find so many teachers unable to sketch even a flower or a bean, which, if she could do, would make her work in agriculture or nature more successful; for instance, in studying the parts of the flower, if it happened to be a time when flowers were out of season and no picture of a flower was in reach.

We are poor artists because we were not interested in drawing ourselves when we were young. As we realize this difficulty and deficiency among our teachers, we ought to take heed and give more time to drawing in the school-room, for the little pupils whom we have before us now will in a very few years take our places, and we want them to be successful and not deficient in anything for which we will be held responsible. Make drawing a study at school and interest your pupils in it. When they are once interested you will be surprised at their ability.

Wisconsin.

MATILDA SHUNK.

Rhyming Animal Alphabet.

- A stands for animals—all kinds in one;
- B eats, birds, and fish, all that swim, fly, and run;
- C stands for cat, cautious and shy;
- D stands for dog, who for duty will die.
- E is for elephant, with clumsy sway;
- F is for fox, who will steal night or day.
- G stands for goat, full of mischief and fight;
- H for hyena, who slinks from the light.
- I stands for ibex, so wild, fleet, and pale;
- J stands for jay, and jackass, and jackal.
- K is kangaroo, with his legs low and high;
- L is for lion, whose roar shakes the sky.
- M stands for mastadon, perished and gone;
- N is for navis, whose song wakes the morn.
- O is opossum, so cunning and sleek;
- P stands for piggy, who grunts in a squeak.
- Q is for quail, with its plaintive cry;
- R is for rat, with his bright, vicious eye.
- S is for sturgeon, with no backbone;
- T stands for tiger, the biggest cat known.
- U is for unicorn, known only in story;
- V is for vulture, with beak sharp and gory.
- W stands for walrus, who lives to be hoary;
- X stands for xerxes, an animal, too.
- Z stands for zebra. Small friends, adieu.

—Pets and Animals.

Journalism in School.

By RANDALL N. SAUNDERS, New York. Author of "Little Talks on School Management."

THE idea of a school paper, or review, is not a new one. This class of periodical usually has for its object the preservation of class gossip, or outlines the work and relates the occurrences of the school community of which it is the mouthpiece. But the *Maple Grove Gazette*, of which I shall speak briefly, was a semi-monthly newspaper, having for its editors and reporters the school children of an isolated country district. The only part I took in the affair was that of censor-manager, thoroly believing in the wisdom of the French in instituting such an office, provided, of course, its privileges are not abused.

I secured as editor-in-chief a girl of sixteen who had displayed much good taste in the selection of her reading, and whose efforts in composition had clearly indicated a desire for saying much in the fewest words. There were others in the school who had livelier fancies in producing, but I felt they were not to be implicitly trusted to keep the erratic staff within bounds and to enforce rigidly the rules of purity, perspicacity, and propriety, on the strict observance of which we insisted.

The editor carefully perused the pile of papers I kept on my desk, among which was *Our Times*, on whose columns of condensed matter tremendous onslaughts were made with the shears. *The Scientific American*, *Harper's Weekly*, *The Youth's Companion*, *St. Nicholas*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The American Agriculturist*, *The Country Gentlemen*, and *Good Housekeeping*, to say nothing of local and other minor publications too numerous to mention, were the mines from which the boys and girls in their homes drew forth treasures and gems for our bi-monthly enrichment.

At recess, if we were having recesses, or at noon and after school, the editor would confer with her staff, and one or another would gravely discuss with her the chances this matter or that would have of being generally interesting or profitable to the subscribers, as they fancifully termed the pupils of the school.

One week would be devoted to this sort of preparation, and then the editor would make out a table of contents for the next issue; and on my approval it would be assigned to the several assistants. No article was allowed to be a copy. It had to be rewritten from memory, after its main features had been assimilated by a careful reading, and had to be expressed in the pupil's own language.

Others would be detailed to gather brief news items of the immediate vicinity; and here the utmost care had to be exercised, for gossip of the petty, rural sort would often creep in, and this had to be suppressed, or our paper and our school would have gone to pieces in a hurry. I think in this one department a most valuable work was done; for boys and girls were taught, as they could be most easily, their duty to their neighbor by a practical application of the Golden Rule, which is the one essential element in producing harmony in a country community.

Boys and girls are not devoid of a sense of humor by any means, and early efforts at being funny in the paper were rather painful. Without the clearer discrimination and taste that come with culture, a coarseness pervaded their fun that

was inexcusable. This again offered a sure means of elevation morally and intellectually for expurgation, and the reasons for it soon taught that nothing can be amusing that contains the lightest *double entente*, or that is rough and impure in expression.

When the telegraph editor had culled the most important news from his "ticker," a New York semi-weekly,—when the poetry editor had clipped or copied those verses that had appealed to his growing appreciation of beauty,—when all of the various departments had fulfilled their functions, then the chief took the mass of manuscripts in hand and went thru it carefully to note, mark, and make suggestions for eliminations and corrections, and I have had the pleasure of having whole stanzas of my own verse, published anonymously, crossed out by the inexorable blue pencil in the hands of the clear-eyed girl who, unconscious of the author's identity, asked him if he didn't think the lines were somewhat superfluous, when we together went thru the work for a final examination.

On Friday afternoon the items of the issue having been arranged under their departmental headings, the editor would read the aggregation to the school, each member of which was eager to hear what the others had written, and an interest grew that incited a rivalry as to who could find and best rewrite the most interesting matter.

At first criticism had to be mildly given, but soon open discussion of the work could be tolerated and, properly governed, made profitable, if not at all times logical and influenced by a full knowledge of the finer proprieties.

An advertising department had early to be discontinued, as the fertility of the youthful imagination knew no bounds regarding property to be sold or exchanged and regarding situations wanted.

The venture was a success from its first issue to its last, and it had an influence on each subscriber far greater than any other periodical in the land, because each subscriber was a contributor, not receiving education so much thru its columns as thru the reflection of what he put there himself, and by far the greatest benefit from what he was not allowed to publish.

In the latter part of the year much original work was approved and used, and one story from the lowly sheet found its way into *The Teachers' Institute*, the predecessor of *TEACHERS MAGAZINE*, to be reproduced doubtless, by thousands of little folks thruout the land. No one knows how many well-written items for the local county papers and farm papers can be accredited to the influence and training of the *Maple Grove Gazette*.

Its editor is a married woman; its contributors are scattered far and wide; its manuscript pages, like those of "The Ephemeris" of Pompeii, are ashes: the visible evidences of its being have been destroyed. But as none can tell to what extent its ashes have beautified the plant life into which they have inevitably found their way, so none can estimate the broadening tendency to beautiful ideas and usefulness and conscientious occupation of a few leisure hours of that year may have effected. Certainly I have never used an extra exercise that gave me less labor and more pleasure, and that I felt was more freighted with future possibilities than the bi-monthly preparation and discussion of the *Maple Grove Gazette*.



History of the Rose.*

THE beauty and fragrance of the rose have appealed to the race from time immemorial. It has ever been the plant of fairest texture, of most exquisite essence, and of largest renown. Thru the lapse of years, its beginning is unheralded. It is believed to be of oriental birth. Its bloom may antedate the building of the pyramids. The great Persian poet Sadi (1190-1291) entitled his volume of mingled verse and apothegms, the *Rose-Garden*, and in it is this ascription of praise:

All things thou seest still declare his praise;
The attentive heart can hear their secret lays.
Hymns to the rose the nightingale his name;
Each thorn's a tongue his marvels to proclaim.

It is certain that the rose was known to the Jews more than a thousand years before the coming of Christ, for this is attested in the *Songs of Solomon*; where it is said; "I am the rose of Sharon"; and in apocryphal wisdom; "Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they be withered."

With the Greeks, as early as the time of Homer, the culture of the rose was a passion, and it suggested to that illustrious poet some of his choicest similes; as when he uses its brilliant hues to paint the rising sun. According to him, Aurora has fingers of roses, from which she scatters perfume in the air. Herodotus claims that in the Macedonian gardens of Midas there were roses of fifty petals, which grew spontaneously and emitted a most delightful fragrance. In the fragments which still exist of Sappho, the sweetest poet of ancient and, perhaps, of any time, there are ecstatic lines concerning the rose, and it is of her that Philostratus says; "Sappho loves the rose, and always crowns it with some praise, likening beautiful maidens to it."

Thruout all classic verse that deals with nature there runs the strain of love for the rose. The number of species known to the Greeks, however, was small—not exceeding four, which are to this day indigenous to Greece. The most beautiful roses were those of Campania; the most fragrant

those of Malta; while those of Cyrene were most remarkable for their yield of oil. Especially celebrated were the flowers of Paestum. They grew luxuriously and flowered twice a year. The roses of Rome were the rapture of the poets and the luxury of the patricians. At feasts they adorned the tables and flavored the wines, at festivals they were woven into garlands, and the Sybarites used to sleep on beds which were stuffed with their leaves. No ceremonial, whether serious or joyous, was without their presence. The statues of the gods and of eminent men were wreathed with them, and they decorated the arches thru which triumphant generals passed as they were welcomed home from fields of battle. The Roman bride, as does the bride of to-day, bore the rose to her nuptials.

Numerous legends, traditions, and customs, both heathen and Christian, cling to the rose, to but a few of which can allusion be made. There is a mythologic conceit that the rose sprang from the blood of Adonis, being white and scentless till Venus trod upon one of its thorns and suffused it with color. There is another to the effect that Cupid caused the rose to blush by pressing it upon Psyche's cheek. Another myth is that Flora, having found the dead body of one of her favorite nymphs, implored the help of all the Olympian deities to change it into a flower which all others should acknowledge to be the queen. Apollo vivified it with his beams, Bacchus bathed it in nectar, Vertumnus gave its perfume, Pomona its fruit, and Flora herself its diadem of flowers.

Corresponding with the heathen myths is the Christian tradition which tells us that a white rose grew at the foot of the cross and that the blood of the Savior falling upon it changed its color to red. The red and white roses discovered in the tomb of the Virgin after her assumption; those sent by St. Dorothy from the heavenly garden; the institution of the rosary, the prayers on which were symbolized by red and white blossoms; their connection with St. Elizabeth of Hungary and many more stories of a similar purport show how precious the rose has been to the Christian church.

In the Middle Ages, the cultivation of the rose was neglected, altho it was not entirely abandoned. The knights-errant perpetuated it as a symbol by placing it in their helmets or shields, thus announcing that sweetness was joined with courage and that beauty was the only prize of valor. The crusaders brought many species before unknown in Europe into Germany and France. The Damascus rose was carried by them to Provence in 1100. In the 14th century there were extensive fields of roses in the vicinity of Rouen, the annual sale of bouquets and wreaths therefrom being estimated at 50,000 francs. It was not, however, until the second half of the 16th century, that general interest was manifested in the increase of old and the production of new varieties.

In 1597, the Cinnamon and the Damascus are spoken of as common in English gardens, the latter having been taken to England from France by DeLinaker, physician to Henry IX. During the last forty years great advances have been made, to treat of which would require a separate history.

*From the Arbor Day Manual for 1905, issued by the Education Department of the state of New York.

The American Beauty Rose.

Outside of the professional rose culturist there are but few persons who have ever thought about the origin of "The rose that all are praising," and even among the most enthusiastic growers of the queen of all flowers, a still smaller number have made a close study of the evolution of "The American Beauty."

That it was originally a French rose is almost sure, but who owned the first bush, who brought seedling or cutting to America is still an unanswered question. One thing is certain: it comes from a stock peculiarly susceptible to growth under glass, which has the valued trait of yielding to that species of cultivation which forces all the power of the plant into one tall, sturdy stalk, crowned with the magnificent, great flower of deepest, richest red, and almost perfect perfume.

One other characteristic will always prevent its being an "ordinary rose": its present size and beauty can not be obtained by outdoor growing; it is positively a child of the hothouse. Thus more certain becomes the fact that some man first began the experiment of underglass culture which after about twenty years of careful work by various other men has resulted in this perfect blossom. There remains one fact beyond dispute: A simple rose of foreign birth was taken to Amer-

ica, placed under American methods of underglass cultivation and by a process of American forcing, has become what it now is, the most perfect rose in existence.



Inverted.

From MARY MAPES DODGE'S "Poems and Verses."

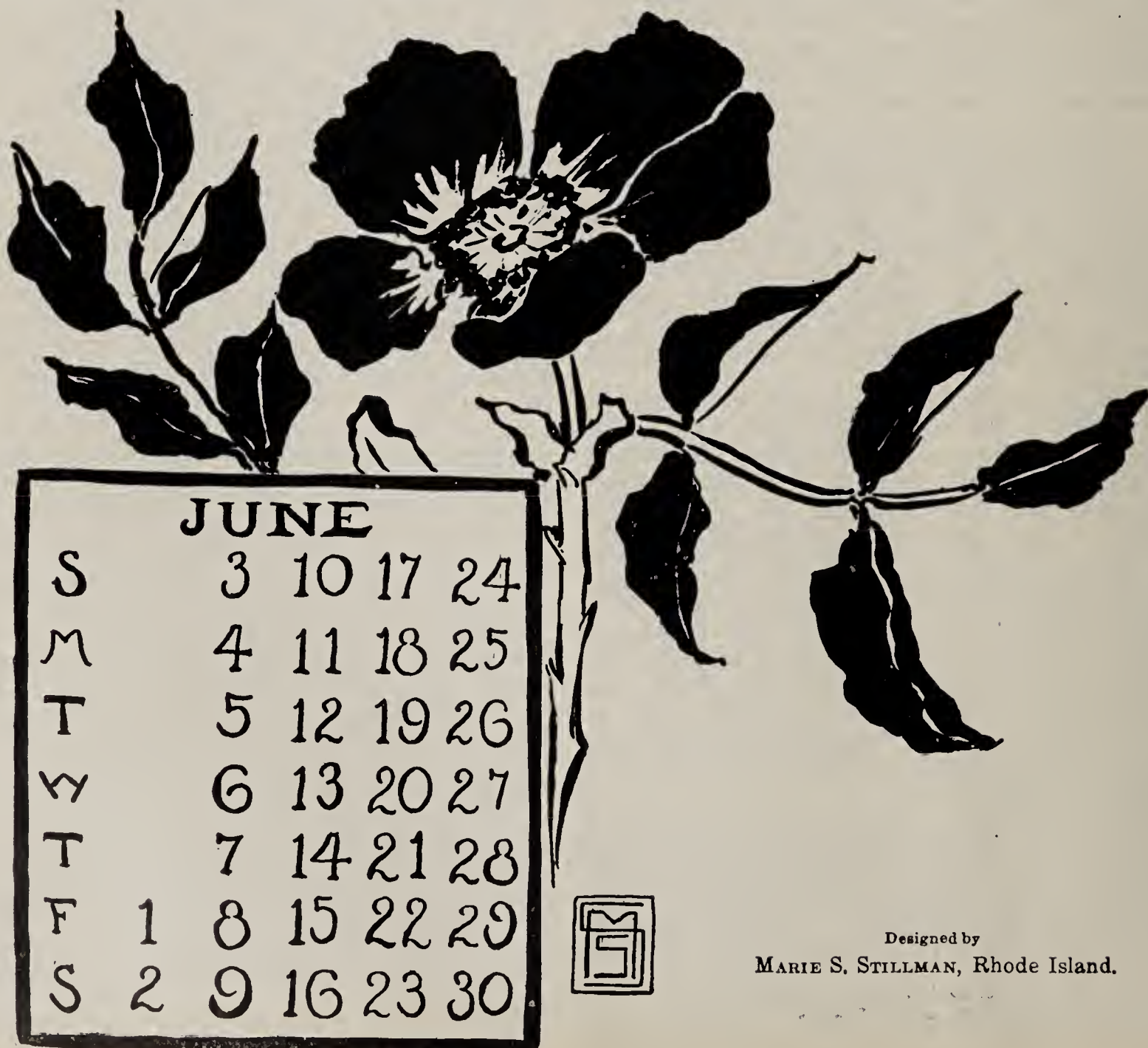
(Copyright 1904 by *The Century Co.*)

Youth has its griefs, its disappointments keen,
Its baffled longings and its memories;
Its anguish in a joy that once hath been;
Its languid settling in a sinful ease.

And age has pleasures, rosy, fresh, and warm,
And glad beguilements and expectancies;
Its heart of boldness for a threatened storm;
Its eager launching upon sunny seas.

Youth has its losses, sad and desolate;
Its wreck of precious freight where all was sent;
Its blight of trust, its helpless heart of fate;
Its dreary knowledge of illusions spent.

For life is but a day; and, dawn or eve,
The shadows must be long when suns are low.
Old age may be surprised and loath to leave;
And youth may weary wait and long to go.

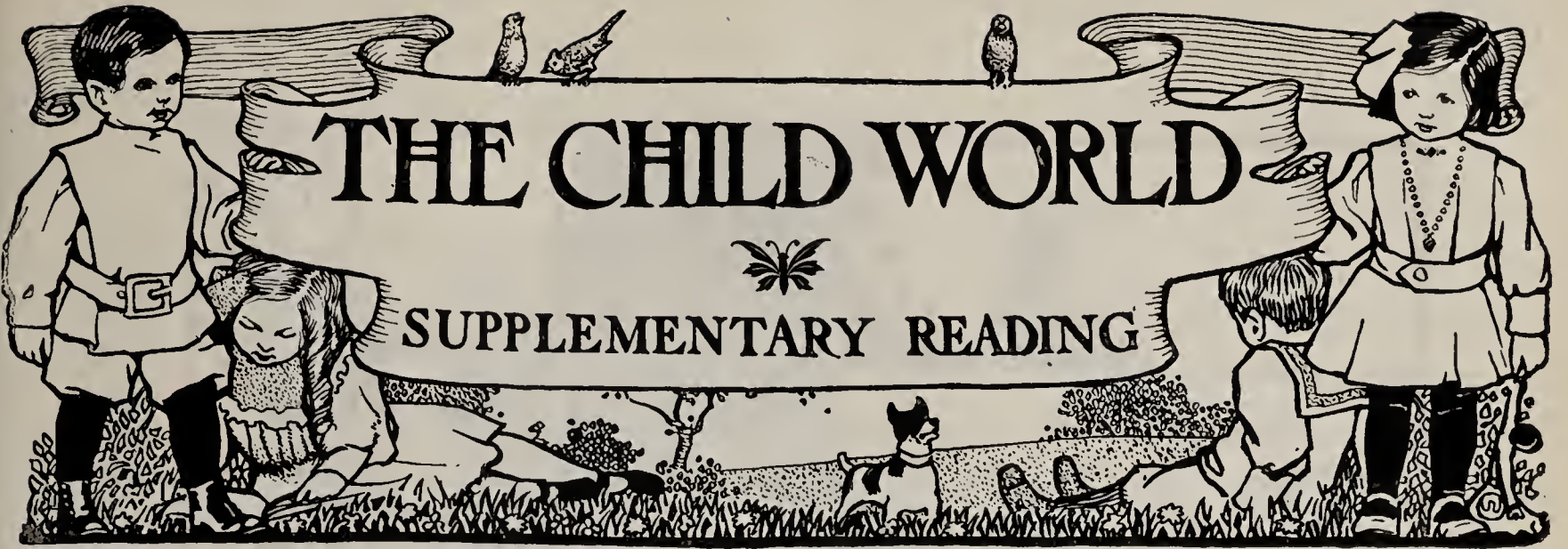


JUNE

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F	1	8	15	22	29
S	2	9	16	23	30



Designed by
MARIE S. STILLMAN, Rhode Island.



For the Sake of One Rose

Told by Ossian Lang; illustrated by Margaret Ely Webb.

Many years ago, when all the roses were white, there lived in far-away Latoma a little girl who was very fond of flowers. Her mother was dead. Her father was a bee-keeper who sold honey and wax.

The little girl's home stood in the midst of a beautiful garden. The house was not large, but it was cozy and its walls were covered with honeysuckle.

Every morning, when the little girl opened the windows the breezes would waft in and fill the rooms with the sweet odor of thousands of flowers. Then she would say, "I thank you, lovely flowers, for your precious greetings and you, too, dear morning breezes, for being their messengers."

Sometimes a bee would fly into the room. But the little girl was not afraid of bees. She knew many of them by their names and loved them all. Did not the bees give honey and wax to her father? They never did her any harm.

One day a farmer passed by the garden. He stopped and asked the bee-keeper if he would sell him the place. "I do not know as I shall ever want to live here," the farmer said, "but I like the garden. I will give you a thousand pieces of silver for all that is here."

The bee-keeper thought to himself, "My little girl is healthy and strong. She is old enough to go to school. A thousand pieces of silver are



a good deal of money. I think I will sell out and live in the city with my sister Carita. ”

So the house and garden were sold with all that was there.

The little girl cried when she said good-bye to the flowers and to the bees and to the house that had been her home ever since she was born. But she said to herself, “My father knows what is best. I must go to school in the city. Besides, Aunt Carita lives there. I wonder what the city is like? Will there be flowers, and will the bees come to see me?” Then she wiped her tears away and followed her father to the garden gate.

There stood a wagon drawn by two strong horses. The little girl sat between the driver and her father, and away they went.

It was dark when they got to the city. The little girl was asleep in her father’s arms. She was dreaming of her home in the country.

The wagon stopped before a large stone house. “We are at home,” her father said as he waked her. “O yes,” she said, “I hear the bees humming.” That was the noise of the city streets. But she was too sleepy to know.

The little girl heard some kind voice say, “I am glad you have come. Your room is ready for you. How much the child looks like her mother!” Then she felt someone kiss her on the forehead. She smiled and opened wide her eyes.

Here she was in the city with her aunt Carita, who was a widow. After eating a piece of bread and drinking a bowl of warm milk she was put to bed and was soon fast asleep again.

There was so much to be seen in the city that the little girl often wished that she had a hundred eyes to take in everything. But she was glad she had only two ears. The noise seemed never to end.

She thought of the country very often. Once she told about the sweet odor of flowers which the breezes wafted through the windows in the morning. She saw her father’s eyes fill with tears.

Seven years had passed. The little girl was now a young lady of thirteen years. One morning her father said to her at the breakfast table, “The farmer who bought our home has died. His brother has written me that he will sell the house and the garden that was ours at one time. Do you want to go back?”



General View of the Children's Playground in W. H.

This park is located in the midst of a crowded tenement district. It is one of the bright



ward Park, New York City, on a Saturday Afternoon

in the crowded city, and tells the story of willing hearts that beat lovingly for the children.

"O dearest father," she cried out, "do let us go. We were so happy there."

"To-morrow we will look at the place," her father said. "Aunt Carita will go with us."

Early in the morning when the city was still covered with darkness, three happy people left the house and mounted the wagon which was waiting for them. Father and the driver had the front seat. Aunt Carita and the little girl sat behind them.

It was afternoon when they arrived at the old homestead.

Oh, what a change! There were no flowers and no bees to be seen anywhere. The whole place was covered with thistles and big ugly briars.

"Let us go back to the city," the father said. "This has been neglected too long. We shall never be able to do anything with this wilderness."

"Father, please let me go to the house just once more," the little girl begged.

"We will both go," the father said. "Aunt Carita will wait for us."

They started to work their way through the tangled briars. The father soon lost patience. "Come, let us return, it is not worth the labor and the pains."

"Let me try alone, father dear," the little girl pleaded.

"Well, do, if you must," the father said.

The little girl walked bravely on, not minding the thistles and the briars.

Suddenly, she stopped and called out, "Father, do come. Here hidden under the briars is a beautiful rose."

She raised the briars which were almost strangling the rose. A sharp thorn pricked her finger. Five drops of blood fell to the ground. There was a rose more beautiful than any they had ever seen before. Each petal was colored a bright red.

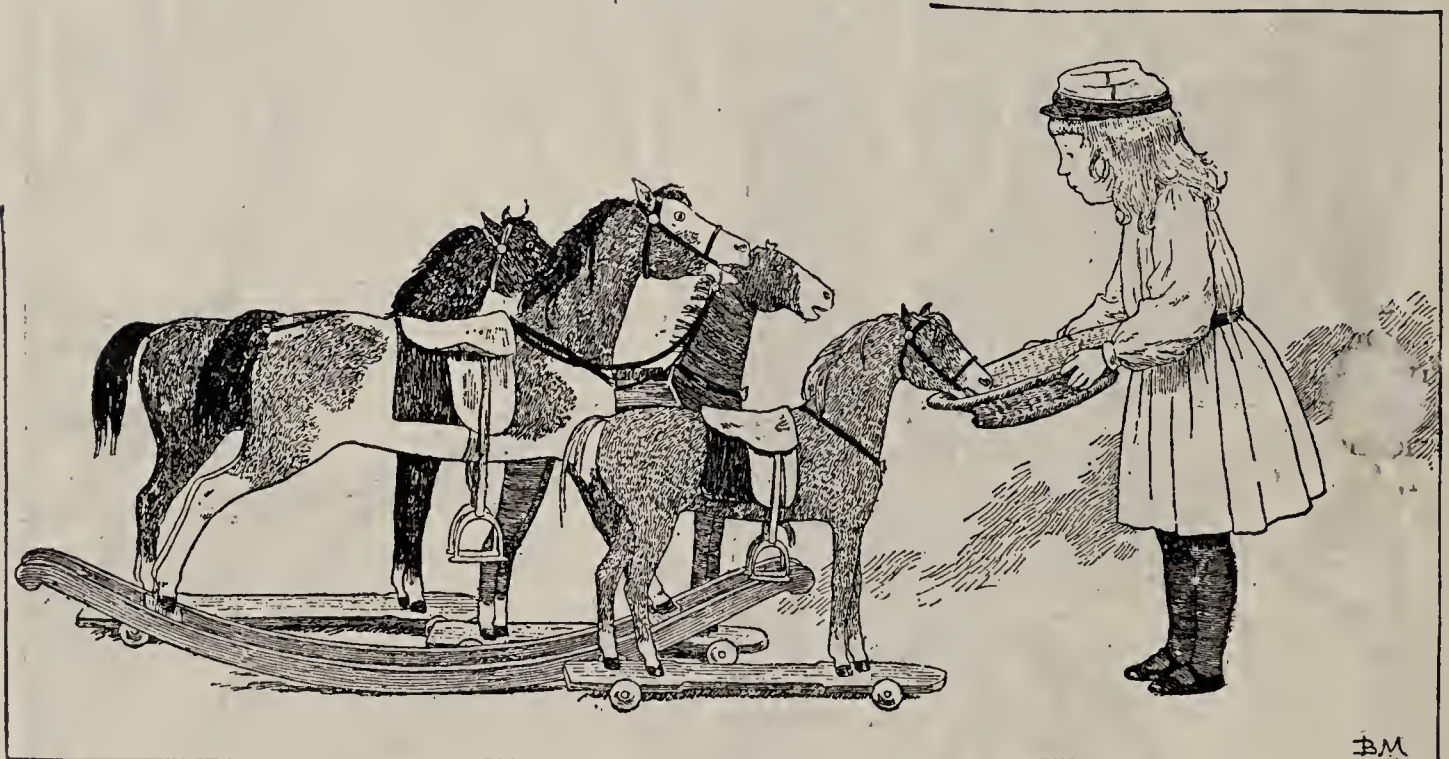
When the red rose was brought to the light there spread over the garden a sweet odor as of a thousand flowers.

The father came to the little girl's side. When he saw the red rose and smelled the sweet odor he said, "It is worth while. For the sake of that one rose I will try to redeem the garden from the thistles and briars, whatever the labor may be. I will buy the land and we will live here again and be happy as we once were. What a lovely rose that is!"





The Infantry Going to the Front



The Cavalry after the Battle

OUR FRENCH COUSINS MARCHING AS TO WAR

Pen sketches of Parisian children by B. de Monvel

(An article about these children will be found in **TEACHERS MAGAZINE** of this month.)



Homely Talks to Young Teachers

By Thomas S. Sanders, Tennessee, Author of "Management and Methods"

Fitness for Teaching.

IN this series of short articles addressed especially to young teachers I want to talk about every-day problems in a homely way. I shall not speak of correlation, of apperception, and I leave out the long psychological terms so often met. You get enough of these in teachers' institutes and associations and long labored articles in many educational periodicals.

You are a school teacher, and you want to make a success of it. You may not be even a professional teacher. You have neither a normal school diploma nor a life license. Both of these are good, but they are not all that is required to be a successful teacher. Some of the most impractical of visionary dreamers possess the first, and the most tiresome of moss-backs the second. A young man and woman of good character and fair scholarship, desiring to teach, with little or no opportunity for professional study but anxious to teach and to succeed at it; what can I say to help them? What problems must they face, what advice and cautions will be useful to them, and how can I say it so as to be effective? This is my task.

A little self-catechising may help you. In the hour of self-communion—and each should have an hour occasionally and the opportunity to turn his thoughts inward, to face fairly, fearlessly, and honestly his own conditions, to take stock as it were, to note the direction and growth of his own tendencies,—in this hour of introspection ask yourself, "Am I fit to teach?" You may not be a born teacher. Few persons are. There are some qualities which will help you; and some qualities essential to the person who would aspire to be a model for young people.

1. *The character should be above reproach.*—Whatever else the teacher may lack, his character must be above suspicion. Character unquestioned and unimpeachable, first. Other things may be essential but this is the first essential. If you are to be a model after which our boys and girls,—the most priceless product of the state,—are to fashion their lives both consciously and unconsciously; you must in all things be a worthy model. Pure thoughts, pure words, honest acts, earnest and deep convictions must be habitual with you. Not only this, but the purity of your own thoughts, flashing thru your eyes, the windows of your soul, must call out the purity in other minds and strengthen it. Character, yes, and reputation too, which will stand the search-light of the X-ray without showing flaw or blemish—this, and this alone, is the character and reputation worthy the teacher, the builder and architect of immortal minds.

Character is what you are; reputation what people think you are. The first is essential to pure manhood and womanhood, but the second, too, is essential to the teacher. The second cannot long exist without the first, but if from any cause, however unjust, the second is lost, your usefulness as a teacher in the community is gone. Guard well then your life. Avoid not only evil but the appearance of it. Be not prudish, yet keep your reputation unsullied or seek not to stand as teacher to the young.

2. *A knowledge of the subject taught is essential to success.*—You cannot teach successfully that which you do not know. Clear-cut, definite knowledge of a subject cannot be secured in pupils when the teacher has it not. You cannot teach well up to the limit of your knowledge. There is a margin between the teaching limit and the knowledge limit. As you reach your knowledge limit, your questions become hazy and indefinite, you hesitate and stammer and repeat, you thresh over again the same thoughts, you do not have proper perspective and your teaching becomes tiresome. A thoro and systematic knowledge of the subject will give you teaching power.

Then, too, the teacher's knowledge of the subject must be deeper and better organized than the pupil's. Each subject must be seen in its relation to other subjects. Each chapter must be seen in its proper relation to those which precede and follow it in development of the subject. The pupil's knowledge may end with the gathering and understanding of facts, but the teacher's knowledge must include this and add to it a knowledge of its deeper relations to other subjects and to mind growth. To teach a subject is to learn it again, to see a deeper and richer significance. The teacher cannot reach his own highest success with but a student's knowledge and view of the subject. You must have a connected and logical view of the subject as a whole, together with an intimate and accurate knowledge of the parts of the subject. This deeper and broader knowledge properly focused and presented to pupils gives strength to the teacher. The deeper, the broader, and the more accurate his knowledge of the subject, the better his teaching, provided he has the teacher's tact to present it properly. He must focus his efforts and bring the teaching in range of the pupil's mental capacity. He must stick to his subject, mindful that the minimum of his knowledge of the subject without review will probably be the maximum of the pupil's knowledge after study.

3. *Keep your knowledge fresh by study.*—Growing minds alone can teach. Stale mental stock

Flowering
Quince.

does not find a ready market. The attainments of a teacher are of less importance than his habits of mind. He must keep growing. Scholarly habits are as essential as scholarship. Ofttimes young teachers do the best work. They are thinking, investigating, growing,—full of life and enthusiasm, and this spirit is contagious with their pupils. The teacher accurate in detail without being tiresome will train pupils in accuracy. The young teacher faces the future with hope and faith and enthusiasm. He is not resting upon laurels won, but winning them. He is losing his life in his work to find it again in the lives of his pupils. In choosing an institution for myself or others I should choose the institution a majority of whose faculty were young men—men making reputations, rather than men with reputations made. The faith and hope, the fire and enthusiasm; the energy and earnestness, which they bring to their work will accomplish wonders.

The teacher who does not carry on some line of investigation and do some regular systematic study will fossilize fast. This is his only hope. It may be mathematics, it may be history, science, sociology, or political economy, it matters little what the subject is, but it must be something, and it must be pursued *regularly, systematically, and persistently*. In no other way can he keep growing and not be lost in the educational ruts. When he ceases to grow he begins to decay.

4. *You must love the work.*—If, after a trial, you do not love it, quit at once. No one is fit to teach who has not a genuine love for children and young people. No sadder sight can be seen than a long-faced person in the school-room. Nothing can be more cruel than to keep children in the school-room under the chilling, blighting influence of a teacher long since dead to the beauty of nature and the buoyancy of childhood,—firmly convinced that all children are totally depraved. Teachers should be full of health, beauty, and good cheer. They must be able to enlist the good-will and sympathy of young people. Children must not look to them as masters to drive them and exact penalties, but as friendly companions and leaders,

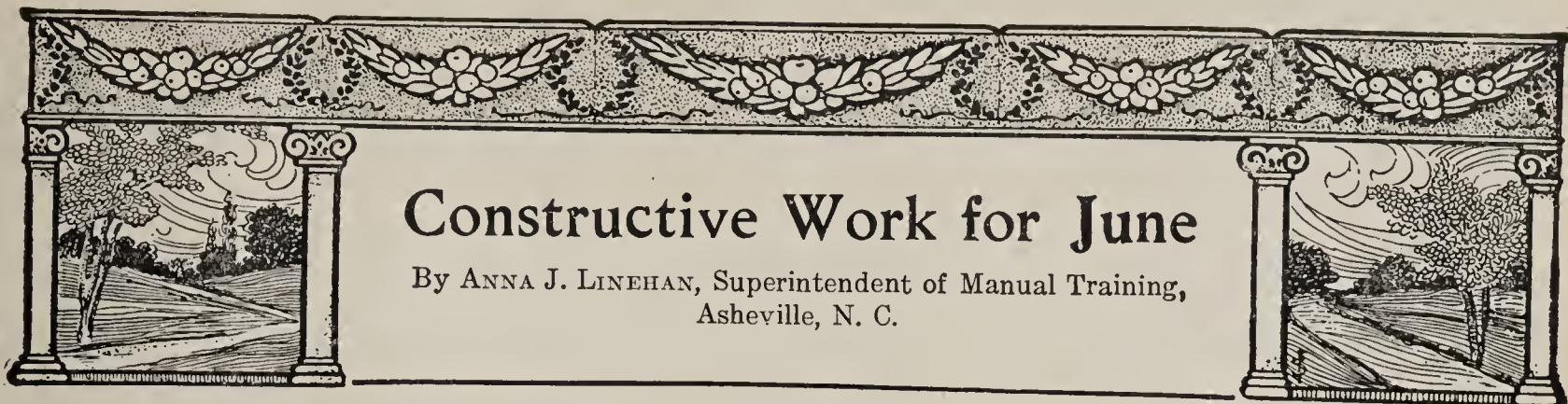
with strength of character, and force enough to inspire, guide, and direct pupils to higher and nobler things. Teachers should be able to see the beauties and harmonies of nature all about them, and to lead pupils to feel and appreciate the higher things of life, ever looking upward, lifting upward, and pointing upward.

5. *You must be sincere.*—The teacher must love his work and believe in it. He must have a burning desire to help young people, and faith in the ability to do so. Gushing and lip service will not suffice. The sincere teacher is always ready to serve. He is in no hurry to leave the building after school in the evening, but ready, willing, and anxious to consult, to help, and to be of service. The primary teacher is known by the group of children that circle about her at recess, or wait to go home when she does. The sincere teacher is found at teachers' meetings and associations and on time. He owns a professional library, and adds to it yearly. He takes and reads educational journals and periodicals. He is found in the summer schools and colleges gaining help and inspiration for his work. He has faith in the profession of teaching, and faith in himself and his ability and worthiness to be one of the profession.

6. *The teacher must possess a worthy ambition.*—He is a poor teacher who has reached the height of his ambition, intellectually, professionally, or successfully. If he is content and satisfied with his work, he is apt to let things drag. He ought to be ambitious to do the best work of any teacher in his community. He ought to be ambitious enough also to desire better facilities and broader opportunities. We bemoan the lack of stability in the teaching profession and regret the itinerancy of the work, but all these are better far than the teacher content with conditions as they are; satisfied to adjust himself to a certain community and cloister himself there for life. The teacher, who has ambition enough to improve and seeks to do his best, because it is right and because he desires to advance in his profession, will kindle ambition in the lives of his pupils and make higher types of men and women.



Brier Rose.



Constructive Work for June

By ANNA J. LINEHAN, Superintendent of Manual Training,
Asheville, N. C.

AS the time for closing school varies and the examinations interfere with the regular work, instead of planning for every week; as in the previous months, the work for the month will be suggested, and each teacher can adapt it to her own conditions.

The children in the first grade will enjoy making furniture, and arranging a doll's house.

As far as possible, let the children plan the house and suggest other articles than those given. For instance, one little girl was not satisfied with the appearance of the room until a crib or smaller bed was made to stand beside the one given in the lesson. Picture frames may be folded and the children may choose the pictures for them. A waste basket can be made in the shape of a hollow square prism, or, if the class has had free weaving, a book-mark of quarter-inch strips can be folded to make a pretty basket. Little rugs for the floor may be made of oblongs of paper, on which the children may paste designs of circles or squares, cut in previous lessons; or a pretty effect may be produced by taking an oblong of paper, 3 x 5 inches, going over the entire surface with green crayon, then lightly covering this with red. Some of the children will be able to indicate the fringe on the ends of the rug. Other objects will suggest themselves as the work goes on. If the furniture is fashioned of white paper, it is effective and is of uniform color.

For the chair, fold a 4-inch square of paper into 16 small squares. If a couch is desired, leave the paper intact, but for a chair, cut or tear off one line of squares, leaving 12. Fold on the center line, holding the paper with the opening down. Fold upper right and left corner as per diagram. Turn back on the last crease and invert the edge for one square on each end, making triangles. Fold top triangles over center square, as in second diagram. Then turn lower square up over this, press all edges firmly, stand the folding on lower edge, and the chair will take shape.

For the bureau have a 4-inch square of paper; fold thru center horizontally, then fold vertical edges of square to center. Cut off upper left and right oblongs, leaving square in center for top of bureau. The children will probably want to paste a piece of silver paper or tin-foil for looking-glass.

For the front of the bureau; take another square of paper, fold all four edges to center in pairs, then cut on darkened lines. Draw two or three parallel lines on center square for bureau

drawers. Paste corner squares inside oblongs according to directions given for square basket in November issue of this magazine. Put a touch of mucilage on oblong sides of back part of bureau, let the second form enclose this, hold it a moment to let mucilage dry, and a compact little bureau is made. To fold the bed, take 4-inch square of paper, fold edges to center in pairs; then cut out the four square corners. Leave one oblong side untouched for the headpiece of the bed, fold the one opposite lengthwise and cut thru the fold, leaving a narrower end for the foot of the bed, fold the two side pieces to touch edge of inner square, and the bed will stand on these.

For a table; fold a hollow cube, as for cart in May number of magazine, and cut oblong pieces from the four sides. If the table stands too high, cut standards to desired height.

In the second grade the practice in drawing toy animals should have prepared them for work from life. If any child has a pet rabbit, it could be used for the lesson, or a cat would do. Have the class work with ink and no time will be lost erasing. If a rabbit is chosen, have the children make a quick outline; with a few of the markings of the rabbit to give it character. If booklets are made, or just covers for their lesson papers, have them decorate these with some simple design, either those already made or based on those, each child using one color.

In the third grade, if the children have been to the woods, have them draw either from specimens gathered, or from memory some object in plant life. A Jack-in-the-pulpit, done with brush and ink, is very effective. If a dog can be borrowed for a lesson, the children will be much interested. We had great difficulty in getting a dog to keep quiet long enough for the class to get him on paper, until some one thought he might be thirsty; a dish of water produced the desired effect, and the children accomplished very creditable work.

As in the second grade, the covers for the finished work of the year, which is to be exhibited or taken home, is improved by a cover on which some simple design for border or center has been worked out.

In the fourth grade the work done in surface covering, forming plaids, may be followed by dividing oblongs into spaces for book covers, also making simple little landscapes of lines.

For both lessons the teacher should have made drawings to be used as suggestions. A short talk on the manufacture of book covers, the idea that

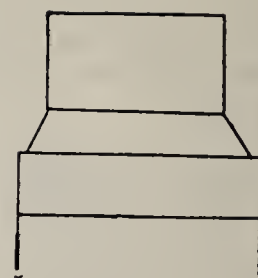
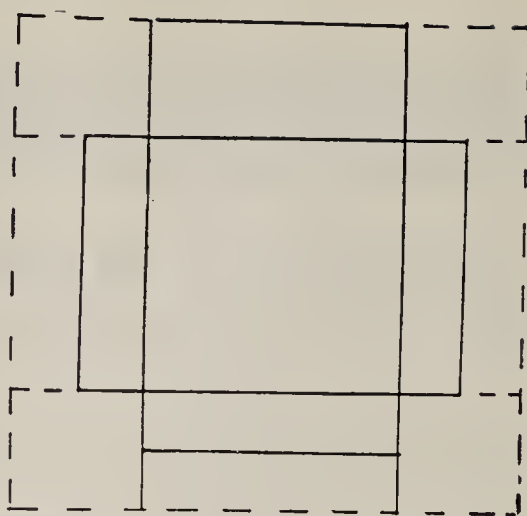
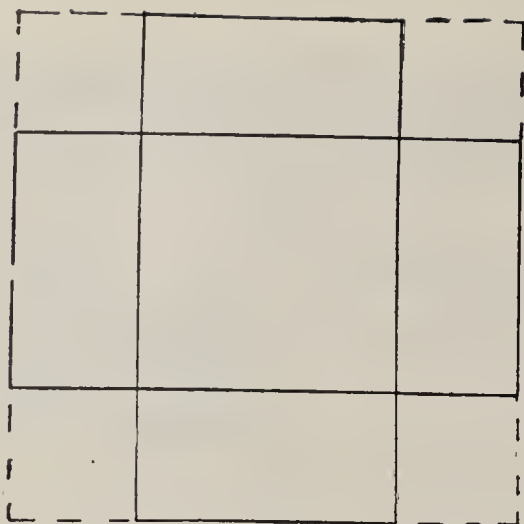


DIAGRAM FOR BED

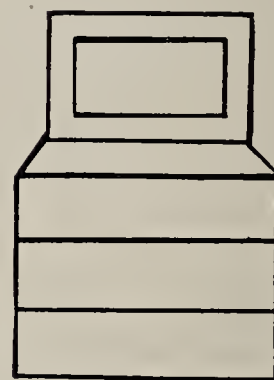
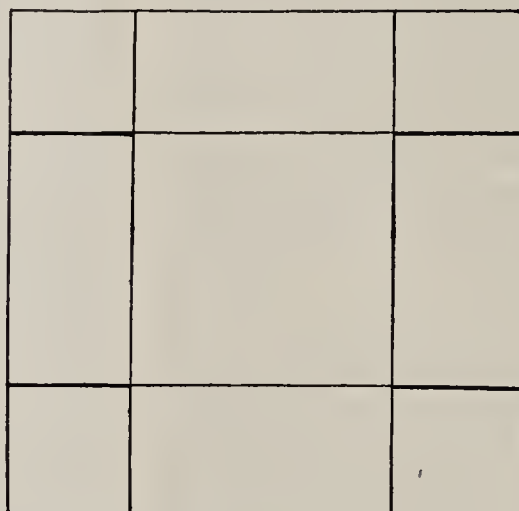
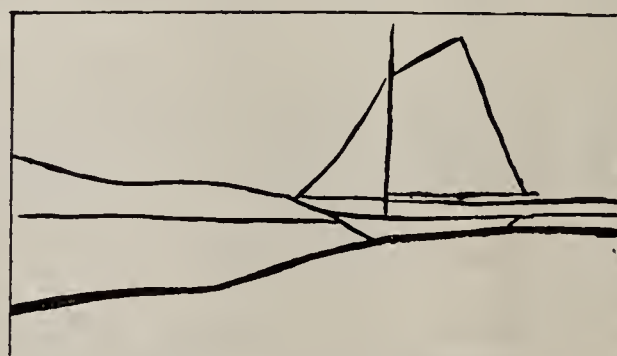
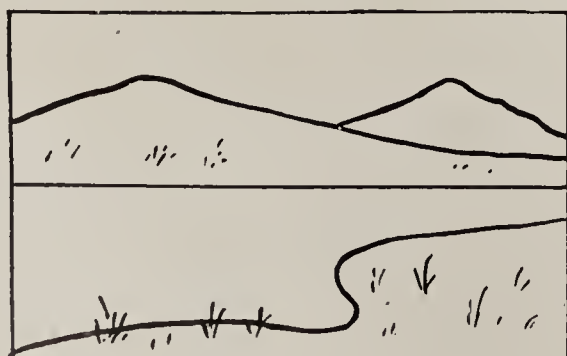
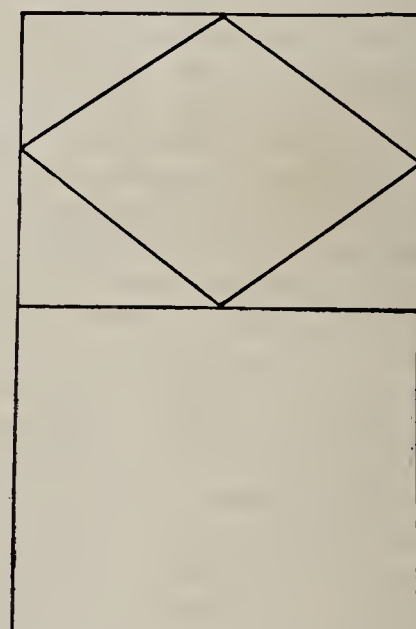
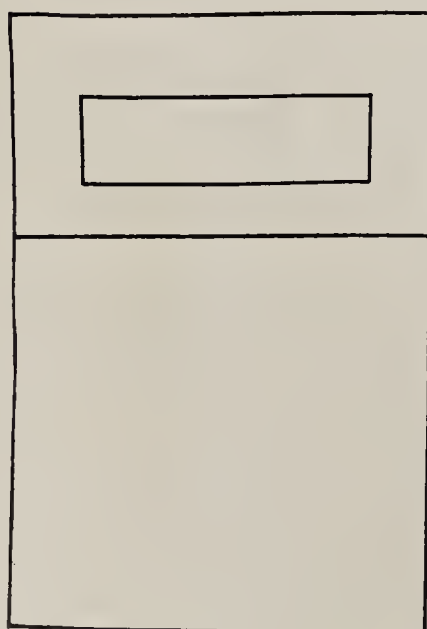


DIAGRAM FOR BUREAU



PROGRAM OR BOOK COVERS

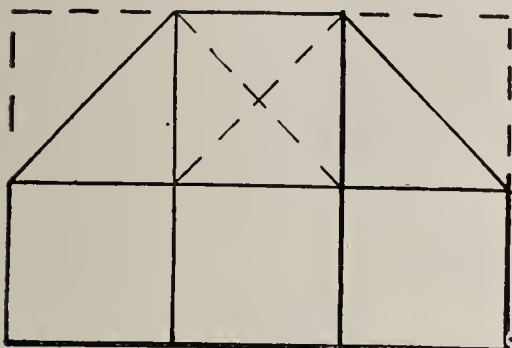
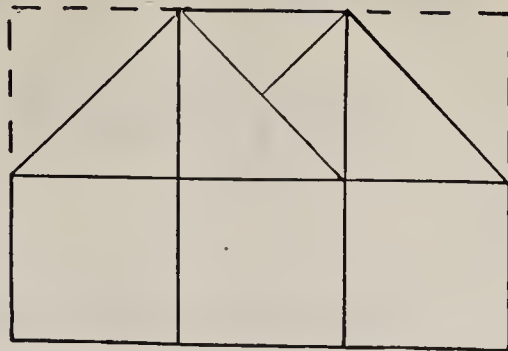
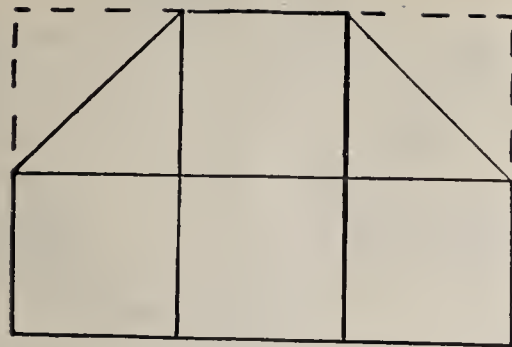


DIAGRAM FOR CHAIR

the design on the cover must be appropriate for the contents of the book, as well as the thought that simple designs are to be used, will help the lesson.

The drawings accompanying this article are merely given as suggestions, not to be copied, for they simply show the rudiments of the idea.



It helps the class very much to see a few well-bound books, and will help them to observe for themselves.

The teacher may prefer to use the lesson for designing covers for programs. If the work is done in one color, either outlined with a darker shade of the same color, or with black, the result will be satisfactory.

In the fifth grade the pupils are ready to attempt little landscapes, reversing the order of black and white, as in the geometric work of last month. Or the teacher may plan to have the work done in one color,—green is satisfactory, especially at this season—lines of black may be used to accentuate it. Many good examples of this work are seen in the book stores announcing the new books; and it adds to the interest of the class if a few are shown to the pupils.

In the sixth grade, if there is time for object drawing, the pupils will enjoy drawing Japanese

lanterns, as they suggest summer, and the shapes and colors are very attractive.

For their program covers a little view could be used, or part of a spray of flowers from the studies already made in previous lessons.

The pupils in the upper grades will take great pleasure in designing rugs, using the division of the oblong, in the same way that the book covers are designed. The books published on this subject form an interesting topic of study for the teacher, and help one to appreciate more deeply the beauty of the rugs manufactured in our own and foreign countries.



Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may
believe:

There is an inmost center in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness; and
around,

Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect, clear perception—which is
truth;

A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
Blinds it, and makes all error; and to
"know"

Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may
escape,

Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without.

—Browning's "Paracelsus.",



INK WORK DESIGN FOR PROGRAM OR BOOK COVER



Pieces to Speak

for

Young and Old.



The Moss Rose.

The angel of the flowers, one day,
Beneath a rose tree sleeping lay,—
That spirit, to whose charge 'tis given
To bathe young buds in dew of heaven,
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose:
"O, fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all is fair;
For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."
"Then," said the rose, with deepened
glow,
"On me another grace bestow."
The spirit paused, in silent thought;
What grace was there that flower had not?
'Twas but a moment,—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws,
And, robed in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?
—From the German of KRUMMACHER.

Three Little Trees.

(Recitation for a tiny girl. Three other children stand near—as the trees—laughing, whispering, telling secrets, clapping hands, etc., in pretty pantomime.)

Way out in the orchard, in sunshine and breeze,
A-laughing and whispering, grew three little trees.

And one was a plum tree, and one was a pear,
And one was a rosy-cheeked apple tree rare.

A dear little secret, as sweet as could be,
The breeze told, one day, to the glad apple tree.

She rustled her little green leaves all about,
And smiled at the plum, and the secret was out.

The plum told in whispers, the pear by the gate,
And she told it to me, so you see it came straight.

The breeze told the apple the apple the plum,
The plum told the pear, "Robin Red-breast has come!"

And out in the orchard they danced in the breeze,
And clapped their hands softly, these three little trees!

—*Journal of Western Canada.*

The Last Rose of Summer.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

The Seeds of the Maple Tree.

The funniest little wriggling things
Had grown on the maple tree.
They had little fat bodies with thin green wings,
And were as restless as they could be.

They fluttered and turned and twisted about

In the most inexcusable way,
And seemed to say in a wee husky voice,
"We're determined to fly away."

The gay little breezes that came and went

Thru the maple boughs, wide and high,

Learned of the maple seeds' discontent
And told of it with a sigh.

And the birds that lived in the maple tree,

So busy and happy all day,
Were shocked and surprised that the little fat seeds
Were planning to fly away.

But the sun with a smile looked down from the sky
And urged the young rascals along.
"Hurry up, hurry up and begin to fly.
Why do you tarry so long?"

So they scrambled and tugged with all their might,
And rested not day nor night,
Till at last they were ready to take their flight
And merrily sailed away.

Away out over the school-house bell
And over the flower beds
They whirled and turned till they finally fell.

Do you suppose they bumped their heads?
—MRS. ADA MCCONNOUGHEY, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, in "Colorado Arbor and Bird Day Notes for 1905."

Dorothy's Mistake.

I studied my table over and over, and backwards and forwards, too,
But I couldn't remember six times nine and I didn't know what to do,
Till my sister told me to play with my doll, and not to bother my head.
"If you'll call her 'Fifty-four' for a while, you'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite Mary Ann! tho I thought 'twas a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly horrid name;
And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four" a hundred times till I knew
The answer to six times nine as well as the answer to six times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always looks so proud,
Said "Six times nine is fifty-two," and I nearly laughed aloud!
But I wished I hadn't when teacher said, "Now, Dorothy, tell if you can,"
For I thought of my doll and—O, dear me! I answered "Mary Ann!"
—ANNA M. PRATT, in the Inglenook.

Grandpa's Barn.

O, a jolly old place is grandpa's barn,
Where the doors stand open thruout the day,
And the cooing doves fly in and out,
And the air is sweet with fragrant hay.

Where the grain lies over the slippery floor,
And the hens are busily looking round,
And the sunbeams flicker, now here, now there,
And the breeze blows thru with a merry sound.

The swallows twitter and chirp all day,
With fluttering wings, in the old brown eaves,
And the robins sing in the trees that lean
To brush the roof with their rustling leaves.

O, for the glad vacation time,
When grandpa's barn will echo the shout
Of merry children who romp and play
In the new-born freedom of "school let out!"

Such scaring of doves from their cozy nests,
Such hunting for eggs in the lofts so high,
Till the frightened hens, with a cackle shrill,
From their hidden treasures are fain to fly.

O, the dear old barn, so cool, so wide!
Its doors will open again, ere long,
To the summer sunshine, the new-mown hay,
And the merry ring of vacation song.

For grandpa's barn is the jolliest place
For frolic and fun on a summer's day;
And e'en old Time, as the years slip by
Its memory never can steal away.
—Selected.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils stately and tall!
When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,
And dance with the cookoo-buds slender and small!

—JEAN INGELOW.

The Golden Key.

I know of a jeweled casket
Where is hidden a golden key
That opens the door of a castle fair,
Called the Castle of Courtesy.

Its owner, a bright-eyed maiden,
When she wakes in the morning light
Takes the treasure out from its hiding-
place
And bears it round till night.

She opens the door of the castle
With the beautiful golden key,
And smiles a welcome to all who come—
Even strangers, like you and me.

And to every door in the castle
The maiden fits her key;
Wide open it flies at her magic touch,
That all may its treasures see.

The heart is the jeweled casket,
And kindness the golden key
That opens the doors of the numberless
rooms
In the Castle of Courtesy.

—Selected.

The Island of Endless Play.

Said Willie to Tom, "Let us hie away
To the wonderful Island of Endless Play.
It lies off the border of No School Land,
And abounds with pleasures, I understand.
There boys go swimming whenever they
please,
In a lovely river right under the trees.
And marbles are free—no one has to buy,
And kites of all sizes are ready to fly.
We sail down the Isthmus of Idle Delight;
We sail and we sail for a day and a night.
And then if favored by billows and breeze,
We land in the harbor of Do-as-you-
please.

And there lies the island of Endless Play,
With no one to say to us must or nay.
Books are not known in that land so fair;
Teachers are stoned if they set foot there.
Hurrah for the island so glad and free—
That is the country for you and me."
So away went Willie and Tom together
On a pleasure boat in the lazy weather.
And they sailed in the teeth of a friendly
breeze
Right into the harbor of Do-as-you-
please.
Where boats and tackle and marbles and
kites
Were waiting them there in this isle of
delights.

They dwelt on the island of endless Play
For five long years; then, one sad day,
A strange, dark ship sailed up to the
strand,
And "Ho, for the voyage to Stupid Land!"
The captain cried, with a terrible noise,
As he seized the frightened and struggling
boys,
And threw them into the ship's dark hold,
And off and away sailed the captain bold.
They vainly begged him to let them out;
He answered only with scoff and shout:
"Boys that don't study or work," said he,
"Must sail one day down the Ignorant
Sea
To Stupid Land, by the No-Book Strait,
With Captain Time on the Pitiless Fate."
Then he let out the sails and away went
the three
Over the waters of Ignorant Sea,
Out and away to Stupid Land,
And they live there yet, I understand.
And there's where every one goes they
say,
Who seeks the Island of Endless Play.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Listeners Never Hear Any Good of Themselves.

Three little crickets, sleek and black,
Whose eyes with mischief glistened,
Climbed up on one another's back
And at a keyhole listened.

The topmost one cried out, "Oho!
I hear two people speaking!
I can't quite see them yet, and so—
I'll just continue peeking."

Soon Dot and grandma he could see—
Tea-party they were playing;
And as he listened closely, he
Distinctly heard Dot saying.

"This pretty little table here
Will do to spread the treat on;
And I will get a cricket, dear,
For you to put your feet on."

The cricket tumbled down with fright;
"Run for your lives, my brothers!
Fly, fly!" He scudded out of sight:
And so did both the others.

—CAROLYN WELLS, in *St. Nicholas*.

Green Things Growing.

Oh, the green things growing, the green
things growing,
The faint sweet smell of the green things
growing!
I should like to live whether I smile or
grieve,
Just to watch the happy life of my green
things growing.

Oh, the fluttering and the pattering of
those green things growing!
How they talk each to each, when none
of us are knowing;
In the wonderful white of the wierd moon-
light
Or the dim dreamy dawn when the cocks
are crowing.

I love, I love them so,—my green things
growing!
And I think that they love me, without
false showing;
For by many a tender touch, they com-
fort me so much,
With the soft, mute comfort of green
things growing.

—DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

A Receipt for a Racket.

What does it take to make a racket?
Well, bless me, I certainly ought to know,
For I've made them a score of times or so!
Here's the receipt—and I can't be wrong
For making them hot and sweet and
strong!

What does it take to make a racket?
Two small boys in pants and jacket;
An empty room and a bare wood floor;
A couple of sticks to bang the door;
A chair or two to break and to swing;
A trumpet to blow and a bell to ring;
A stamp and a tramp like a great big man,
And, when you can get it, an old tin pan;
A flight of stairs for a climb and tumble;
A nursery maid to growl and grumble;
A chorus of howl and cry and shriek
To drown your voice if you try to speak;
A dozen good blows on knees and back,
Each one coming down with a terrible
whack;
A couple of falls that would crack a nut,
And one good bump on your occiput;
A rush and a skurry; a tear and a clatter;
A mamma to cry, "Now what is the
matter?"—

You take these,
And shake these,
And put in a packet,
And you'll have just the jolliest kind of
a racket!

Of course I am bound to confess
You can manage to make it with less,
(For this is a regular rich receipt,
For pudding and sauce and all complete;)
And still have a very good show,
If you follow the directions below.

You can leave out the room and the floor;
The bumps and the bangs on the door;
The bell, and the sticks, and the stairs;
The trumpets, the howls, and the chairs;
The whack, and the fall, and the rise;
The shrieks, and the groans, and the cries;
Mamma, and the pan, and the tramp;
But one thing you must have, however
you get it,

(Or else, if you don't, you will sadly re-
gret it—

For remember my words—if you happen
to lack it

You never can have the least bit of a
racket)

And that is, two small boys in pants and
in jacket!

—M. E. B. in *Wide Awake*.

A Little Cock Sparrow.

A little cock sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirrup'd, and chirrup'd so merry
was he,
But a naughty boy came with a small bow
and arrow,
Determined to shoot this little cock spar-
row.

"This little cock sparrow shall make me
a stew,"
Said this naughty boy, "Yes, and a little
pie, too."
"Oh, no!" said the sparrow, "I won't
make a stew,"
So he fluttered his wings and away he flew.

—MOTHER GOOSE.

Under My Window.

Under my window, under my window,
All in the midsummer weather,
Three little girls with fluttering curls
Flit to and fro together:—
There's Bell with her bonnet of satin
sheen,
And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
Leaning stealthily over,
Merry and clear, the voice I hear,
Of each glad-hearted rover.
Ah! sly little Kate, she steals my roses;
And Maud and Bell twine wreathes and
posies,
As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window,
In the blue midsummer weather,
Stealing slow on a hushed tip-toe,
I catch them all together:—
Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
And off thru the orchard closes,
While Maud she flouts, and Bell she pouts,
They scamper and drop their posies;
But dear little Kate takes naught amiss,
And leaps in my arms with a loving kiss,
And I give her all my roses.

—THOMAS WESTWOOD.

A Spring Song.

The spring has come—the bees a-hum
Around the orchard spray,
The buds astir, the wings awhir,
Show summer on her way;
'T is here at last—the winter's past,
O songster, full of cheer!
The sowing time, the growing time,
The budding o' the year.

The brook set free, to song of glee
Tunes every weary heart,
And yet the strain is half of pain,
The smiles and tear-drops start.
It turns one back across life's track
To dwell 'mid memories dear—
The leaving time, the grieving time,
The saddest o' the year.

The flowering time, the showering time,
Of misty skies and clear.
The teeming time, the dreaming time,
The sweetest o' the year!
—FLORENCE SCOLLARD BROWN, in the
Boston Transcript.

Pansies.

"I love almost all flowers that blow,"
Said dainty Kitty, airily.
"But pansies, when your vase you fill,
They'll make you think 'tis winter chill,
And fairly shiver, just to see
How, close and tight as they can be,
They creep, and creep, and huddle so!"

"The very prettiest flowers that blow,"
Said Sally, "are the pansies dear.
Their little faces blink and wink,
They really seem almost to think;
And when in dish or vase they dwell,
Their thoughts they must each other
tell,
They cheek to cheek will cuddle so!"
—The Bookman.

Why Don't You Answer the Boy?

What keeps the stars from falling?
What makes the world go round?
How can flies walk on the ceiling
Just like they do on the ground?

Why don't it snow in summer?
Don't the fishes ever get drowned?
Did you ever see any fairies?
Who lost the knife that I found?

How many weeks till vacation?
It ought to be here pretty soon.
How many fives in a hundred?
How far away is the moon?

Where do the bees get honey?
Who finds balloons that are lost?
What makes people bald-headed?
How much do elephants cost?

What makes you tired this evening?
There's a gray hair in your head!
Wonder what makes me sleepy?
Good night; I'm going to bed.
—JUD.

In West Virginia.

In West Virginia skies are blue,
The hills are green and hearts are true;
A joyous welcome waiteth you,
In West Virginia.

In West Virginia skies are bright,
The twinkling stars make glad the night;
And noble hearts uphold the right,
In West Virginia.

In West Virginia happy beams
The sun that kisses crystal streams,
Enduring love is what it seems,
In West Virginia.

In West Virginia there is rest
For tempest-tossed and sore distressed,
Here loving hearts are ever blessed,
In West Virginia.

In West Virginia man is free;
He dwells beneath his own roof-tree;
Oh come, my love, and dwell with me,
In West Virginia.
—HOWARD LLEWELLYN SWISHER.

Flowers.

I will not have the mad clytie,
Whose head is turned by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly queen,
Whom, therefore, I will shun;
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witch,
In too much haste to wed,
And clasps her rings on every hand;
The wolfsbane I should dread;
Nor will I dreary rosemarye,
That always mourns the dead;
But I will woo the dainty rose,
With the cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,
And so is no mate for me;
And the daisy's cheek is tipped with a
blush,
She is of such low degree;
Jasmine is sweet and has many loves,
And the broom's betrothed to the bee;
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
For fairest of all is she.
—THOMAS HOOD.

Sleepyland.

I've a passenger here for sleepyland,
Away over there on the shimmering
strand,
By the breezes fanned, by the blue waves
kissed,
A beautiful city all built of mist.

When the shadows lengthen and night
comes down
With its peace and quiet over the town,
My little passenger takes my hand
And away we sail for sleepyland.

We sail slowly along on the mystic sea
While the stars above wink sleepily.
We have music too, 'tis a lullaby song,
'As we float along, as we float along.

The blue eyes close, the tale is told,
The soft hand loosens its clinging hold,
Our boat's keel touches the shining strand
My passenger's safe in Sleepyland.
—ANNA MAY HATHORN.

A Violet in her Hair.

A violet in her lovely hair,
A rose upon her bosom fair!
But O, her eyes
A lovelier violet disclose,
And her ripe lips the sweetest rose
That's neath the skies.

A little beneath her graceful hand
Breathes music forth at her command;
But still her tongue
For richer music calls to birth
Than all the minstrel power on earth
Can give to song.

And thus she moves in tender light,
The purest ray, where all is bright,
Serene and sweet;
And sheds a graceful influence round,
That hallows e'en the very ground
Beneath her feet!
—CHARLES SWAIN.

Flower Quotations.

It never rains roses; when we want
more roses we must plant more trees.
—GEORGE ELIOT.

I thought to have gathered many a bloom
From a rose tree I planted one sweet
spring day;

Ah me! I forgot
And watered it not,
And the soft buds withered away.
And take each blossom, rich and rare,
Which thou may'st find in beauty there;
Combine their color, form, and grace,
And each unpleasant tint erase;
Then recreate the loveliest flower
That e'er shed fragrance in a bower;
Let all its sweets and charms uncloze;
It cannot equal yet the rose.
—S. B. PARSONS.

Sweet as the roses, and blue as the sky,
Down there do the dear little violets lie;
Hiding their heads where they scarce
may be seen,
By their leaves you may know where the
violet hath been.
—JOHN MOULTRIE.

The snowdrop bearing on her patient
breast
The frozen trophy torn from Winter's
crest;
The violet gazing on the arch of blue
Till her own iris wears its deepened hue;
The spendthrift crocus, bursting thru the
mold
Naked and shivering with his cup of gold.
—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

There is no unbelief.
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod
Trusts in God.
—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

In those vernal seasons of the year,
when the air is calm and pleasant, it were
an injury and sullenness against Nature
not to go out and see her riches and par-
take in her rejoicing with heaven and
earth.
—MILTON.

Blest power of sunshine! genial day!
What balm, what life is in thy ray!
—MOORE.

Tho we travel the world over to find
the beautiful, we must carry it with us or
we find it not.
—EMERSON.

Now every field and every tree is in
bloom; the woods are now in full leaf and
the year is in its highest beauty.
—VIRGIL.

A light broke in upon my soul
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard.
—BYRON.

And see—the sun himself! on wings
Of glory up the east he springs.
—MOORE.



Quotations for Flag Day, June 14



Compiled by Nelle Spangler Mustain, Illinois

God bless the flag! let it float and fill
The sky with its beauty:—our heart-strings thrill
To the low sweet chant of its wind-swept bars,
And the chorus of all its clustering stars,
Embrace it, O mothers! and heroes shall grow
While its colors blush warm on your bosoms of
snow,

Defend it, O fathers! there's no sweeter death
Than to float its fair folds with a soldier's last
breath!

And love it, O children! be true to the sires
Who wove it in pain by the old camp-fires.

—SAMUEL L. SIMPSON.

Let the national flag float over every school-
house in the country, and the exercises be such as
shall press upon our youth the patriotic duties of
American citizens.

—BENJAMIN HARRISON.

Behold its streaming rays unite,
One mingling flood of braided light;
The red that fires the southern rose,
With spotless white from northern snows;
And spangled o'er its azure, see,
The sister stars of liberty,
Then hail the Banner of the Free
The starry flower of Liberty.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Flag of the free hearts' hope and home,

By angel's hand to valor given;

Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,

And all thy hues were born in heaven.

—RODMAN DRAKE.

The union of lakes—the union of lands—

The union of stars none can sever—

The union of hearts, the union of hands—

And the flag of our union forever.

—GEORGE P. MORRIS.

By a secret alchemy patriotism touches the
most commonplace of life, and transforms it into
lofty heroism. It hurls men forth, forgetful of
themselves, to hazard life itself at fearful odds.
It nerves men up to do, to dare, to die, to turn, and
with eyes that are dimming to earth forever,
breathe forth their last breath in a cheer for the
flag they have followed.

—DR. THOMAS E. GREEN.

Then up with our flag! let it stream on the air;

Tho our fathers are cold in their graves,

They had hands that could strike, they had souls
that could dare,

And their sons were not born to be slaves.

Up! up! with that banner! Where'er it may call,

Our millions shall rally around,

And a nation of freemen that moment shall fall

When its stars shall be trailed on the ground.

—GEORGE WASHINGTON CUTLER.

Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,

In foreign harbors shall behold

That flag unrolled;

'Twill be as a friendly hand

Stretched out from his native land;

Filling his heart with memories sad and sweet.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

As at early dawn the stars shine forth, even
while it grows light, and then, as the sun advances,
that light breaks into bands and streaming lines
of color, the glowing red and the intense white
striving together, and ribbons the horizon with
bars effulgent, so, on the American flag, stars and
beams of colored light shine out together; and
wherever this flag comes, and men behold it, they
see in its sacred emblems no ramping lion, no
fierce eagle, no embattled castle, or insignia of
imperial authority; they see the symbols of light.
It is the banner of dawn. It means liberty.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

O folds of white and scarlet! O blue field with
your silver stars! May fond eyes welcome you,
willing feet follow you, warm hearts cherish you,
and dying lips give you their blessing! Ours by
inheritance, ours by allegiance, ours by affection,—
long may you float on the free winds of heaven,
the emblem of liberty, the hope of the world!

—SELECTED.

A veteran of the war is dearer and nearer even
than the flag. He is a living flag, starred and
scarred.

—O'REILLY.

We follow, all of us; one flag. It symbolizes
our purposes and our aspirations; it represents
what we believe and what we mean to maintain,
and wherever it floats, it is the flag of the free and
the hope of the oppressed, and wherever and
whenever it is assailed, at any sacrifice it will be
carried to a triumphant peace.

—WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty,—
they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep
in the land they made free, under the flag they
rendered stainless; under the solemn pines, the
sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the em-
bracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows
of the clouds; careless alike of sunshine or of
storm; each in the windowless palace of rest.
Earth may run red with other wars; they are at
peace. In the midst of battle, in the war of con-
flict, they found the serenity of death.

—ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

It is the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of
fire by night to guide our children and our chil-
dren's children and their descendants along the
pathway of intelligence, virtue, integrity, and
honor forevermore. * * * * *And it is the only
flag that waves in all the world, that never knew
defeat.*

—JUDGE N. M. HUBBARD.

Do you know why the American worships the
"starry banner" with a more intense passion than
ever the Briton does his flag? I will tell you. It
is because it is not the flag of a government which
discriminates between her children, decreeing
privilege to one and denying it to another, but it
is the flag of a government which gives the same
rights to all.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Language Work for all Grades

Seven Secrets of Success with English Classes. II.

By FLORENCE ELLIS SHELBY.

(Continued from last month.)

(d) Save yourself a wearing repetition of words and work by preparing a working outline of the topics passed over.

1. Let this cover simply main points that should be most familiar to your class.

2. Omit all "exceptions," "special cases" etc., and merely suggest cases thoroly familiar.

Below is a suggestive outline suited to 4th grade.

Language

I can
correct
these points
myself.

1. Capitals.
2. Periods and question marks.
3. All the spelling (I can look in dictionary).
4. Words that show possession — apostrophes.
5. Quotation marks.
6. "Them is" and "don't never" and all such coarse, common mistakes.
7. I am certain that *is, are, was,* and *were*, are always followed by *he, she, and they*.
8. *To* and *for* must always be followed by *me, him, her, them, and whom*.
9. Margins and neatness.

3. Have your outline copied in a permanent note book for reference. Be *certain* the careless and procrastinating have it all down.

4. Leave blank pages to add to it from month to month. This makes a good review lesson for one day. But again insist upon it from every one.

(e) Some working rules to encourage the utmost precaution against mistakes in the first preparation of lesson.

1. Never be sparing of sincere praise. At the same time strenuously avoid making your commendations general or too broad. They thus lose effectiveness. For instance, do not say, "It is very good;" "It is very fine;" "That does nicely." Such statements are misleading, because they do not draw specific attention to the point of excellence which is the very thing that the pupil should be learning to pick out; and also, because they leave the conceited pupil to form too high an opinion of his work.

Say rather, "This sentence is excellent because it reads so smoothly"; or, "This possessive is exactly right because it shows that several 'boys' own the 'ship.' I am proud of it." Or again: "This essay is the clearest, most readable one in the class. I must say the 'commas', 'capitals', and 'agreement of verbs with the subjects' appear

to have gone on a strike; but one very creditable point is that nobody could read it thru without learning something interesting about the 'Fall of Port Arthur.' "

Ponder well yourself the distinction between *praise, flattery, faultfinding, and criticism.*

2. Devise ways occasionally for exhibiting to the class the best work; especially when some pupil, whose work as a rule is poor, hands in a first-class lesson. It is no disadvantage to show the worst specimens occasionally. As a rule mention no names whether the work be good or bad.

3. Appoint two of your most untidy pupils some day as a committee to look over the whole pile of composition books (while the class does other work), and select two to be laid on the teacher's desk and exhibited to the next visitor. The slovenly worker will be inwardly amazed when his attention is thus brought to the work of his comrades. Be exceedingly careful now to commend publicly even a *slight* improvement in his next efforts.

4. Let the pupil who persistently makes the same error stand and read the incorrect sentence or paragraph. If he fails to find the error, call on others to correct. Just as often as possible call him up on the same point, until he begins to know what is coming; and that particular mistake will soon disappear from his work.

5. Positively refuse to grade a lesson handed in with flagrant blunders thruout it. It will be somewhat of a nuisance maybe to hold *yourself* to this rule. But a little perseverance and you will have fewer occasions to use it; it will prove a vast help in your own "looking over." No pupil will hanker to remain after school hours and rewrite his whole exercise as a regular thing.

6. Another invaluable means of developing their ability to see for themselves that their work is correctly prepared and so to save yourself every possible minute when you come to correct their productions is this—make it your unfailing practice to see that all exercises "handed back" with your corrections and criticisms indicated, shall be rewritten, every mistake being corrected. Very largely, too, see that these mistakes are simply *indicated*—not corrected—when you go over the papers.

It is wise to use the exercise book for both the first and second efforts right thru the session, always rewriting the old lesson before putting a new one in the book.

There need be no fear of this leading to careless work on the first effort, if you carefully adhere to suggestion (5) above. For few will care to write a lesson twice before you even correct it, and then a third time after you hand it back.

Attach some special reward of merit for any lesson that does not need to be rewritten.

Your first crying objection to this plan will be time! time!! time!!! But stop and estimate accurately the time required; honestly admitting before you begin your computation that written work is of little or no value from primary to high school unless thoroly criticised by the instructor, and more than that—unless the student reviews these criticisms and comprehends the reasons for each.

In the primary classes this method can be used daily during the class hour. From the third grade up it will usually require two lessons, or at least a part of two, to finish up a written lesson. Go over the scheme of your week's English work and see whether it does not after all admit of this re-writing. I feel safe in asserting that no superintendent includes so much in his outline work, by the week, month, or term, but that his teachers could, with planning and patience, give their classes this priceless drill.

One composition thus correctly rewritten creates self-confidence and real power with the pen, while two or three never really mastered are even a detriment.

And it is not such insignificant moral training for yourself; by the way, to rigidly persevere in a scheme like this (if you mentally acknowledge it to be needed); in spite of "time" and backslidings, until you make it your own. Push your work, or it will push you.



Mental Pictures.

Dr. Angell says that were it not for imagery "we should always live in the immediate present and our minds could consciously look neither backward nor forward." We can readily see what a limited amount of intelligence could be brought to bear on any subject were all our past experience removed.

We all know that imagination should be trained, but the "how" is a somewhat unanswered question in the primary grades. It is obvious in the number work that the image is the essential thing. But is it always so clearly seen in the reading, music, language, or memory gem work?

A few practical examples may illustrate. A first grade was reading the poem, "A Good Boy," by R. L. Stevenson. Taking the lines

And now at last the sun
Is going down behind the wood.

the children were told to close their eyes and "see the picture." One child saw a "forest of green trees, with a big, yellow sun down low"; another saw "a red sun"; another saw "the blue sky and the sun thru the trees." The children in this room had had their first training in imagery by imagining a single word spoken by the teacher.

A very lively and profitable exercise might be given as follows: Taking a group of perhaps eight children, tell them that you are soon to speak a word. They must close their eyes to wait for it, and then tell you the first "picture" they see after the word is given.

In one first grade the children were given the

word "rose." Some saw pink, others red, one a thorny rose, and one saw a rose in a green vase.

"Pencil" was then given, which resulted in all sorts and conditions of pencils, both lead and slate.

The next word given was "Abraham Lincoln." One child out of the eight saw the words "Abraham Lincoln"; three saw a picture of Lincoln in the school-room; two saw a picture at their home, while one who had visited the Lincoln home saw little Tad's chair and another saw the tree in front of the Lincoln home, planted by Mr. Lincoln.

The children enjoy this work so much that one child is quoted as saying, "That's the best game we play."

Another method of training is by having the children describe accurately some public building with which they are familiar or with closed eyes describe a picture on the wall of the school-room. As in all other mental activities imagery will be trained whether the teacher does it or not; but it rests with the teacher as to whether the training shall result in a rich, clear-cut imagery; or a vague, indistinct; almost useless imagery.

Illinois.

EMMA BLAKELY GRANT.



Story of a Drop of Water.

A thousand drops of water are glistening
in the sun,
Around them thousands more are joining
in the fun;
They dance and bubble upwards, their
colors show in flashes,
Then leaping over little stones, they break
in tiny splashes.

The sun is strong, and looking on, he
makes the drops feel lighter;
He warms the earth, the sea, the air, and
everything is brighter.
But very soon his voice is heard—heard
clearly by the water:
"Come, leave the stream, I want you here,
come, be my little daughter.

"The lovely clouds my children are, they
float along quite near me;
I bring them from the earth below, and
yet they do not fear me."
The drops of water gladly hear; they leave
the town unsightly,
And soon become a silver cloud, which
glides along so lightly.

The clouds can see the cities large—they
see the children playing;
How very few look up and catch the words
the clouds are saying,—
"The God who made the boys and girls
formed us in all our beauty;
The sun and moon have each their work,
the children, too, their duty."

But now the sky is turning black, the
clouds are coming lower;
A hilltop meets them as they move—they
burst into a shower
Of lovely, sparkling, little drops, which,
falling on the grain crops,
Make all the thirsty land feel glad. How
welcome are the raindrops!

Some of the drops are not required under
the ground to go,
So these run trickling down the hill into a
stream below;
And here a thousand raindrops are glisten-
ing in the sun,
And, as before, a thousand more are join-
ing in the fun.

—*The Practical Teacher*

I Don't Know.

By EDWARD F. BIGELOW, Stamford, Conn.

I RECENTLY went into a large bookstore in New York city, and inquired for a certain book. The boyish clerk said, "I guess we have it—think I saw it here somewhere."

I replied, "If you know that you have it, and know where it is, please get it as soon as possible; if you don't know whether you have it or not, please inquire at once, for my time is limited."

The boy pushed along the sliding steps, and, with the remark "I think I saw it here the other day," he climbed the ladder and began to search the upper shelves. After searching for about ten minutes, he was still digging in the remote recesses of the shelf. He had taken out the exhibition front row, and was exploring among the duplicates in the rear. Just then a stout young man came hurrying in. He had an air of "hustle" and of enterprise, and I felt like starting him, too; on the search, so as to hasten matters, but I contented myself by asking about the book. Quick as a flash came the reply, "I don't know. I'm a porter; ask one of the salesmen."

"Well," I said to myself, "it is some satisfaction to find a man who knows he doesn't know." I had begun to have doubts as to whether or not the youngster on the ladder really knew what he was trying to find.

As the suspense was becoming unbearable; an elderly salesman appeared, and I said, "Please tell me whether or not you have a copy of——."

"No, sir," came the immediate reply. "The sale of that class of books is so limited that we don't carry them in stock. But we can take your order and get the book for you, probably by to-night; or if not, we can deliver it to you in the morning."

Here were exemplified the three kinds of knowledge:

1. The don't know whether I know or not.
2. The don't know.
3. The know.

While none of the three men could deliver the book, Nos. 2 and 3 were equally good as time-savers. The only one that defrauded me of my limited supply of minutes and exasperated me, was No. 1.

As the hazy youngster descended from his perch, I said to myself, "You and the other two remind me of the classification of knowledge which I once heard made by an educator. 'There are two kinds,' said he, 'attic and systematic.'"

The first is diffuse, chaotic, even dusty, one doesn't know what the pile contains. The other is like a line of well-drilled soldiers—every one in his place and ready for duty.

An elderly lady went into a well-equipped astronomical observatory. She peered over and under and thru her spectacles at telescope, dome, and astronomer. Then she said, "I'm glad to be here where you know all about the heavens, for I want to see how you study them and to ask you some questions. Please tell me what is on the other side of the moon. I have never seen any side except the one with 'the man' on it. What is on the other side?"

"I don't know," was the reply.

"You don't know!" she exclaimed, "Why, that's queer, I've always had a sort of an idea that there were lakes and trees and rivers on the other side, and perhaps houses."

The astronomer smiled indulgently as he would to a child talking of its playthings. But the old lady merely looked less admiringly at the professor.

"Please tell me, shall we ever be able to predict the weather far ahead accurately?" she further queried.

"I don't know, but in the light of the surprising accomplishments of the past, it would be but a bold guess to predict what we may or may not do."

"Humph." Now the look had a tinge of pity and of contempt, but she ventured once more. "Please tell me whether there are any people on Mars."

"I don't know—you have as much right to surmise as I have," was the reply, intended to be cheerful and encouraging. But the old lady didn't take it in that way. This time the "humph" was louder, and the tone and look somewhat more contemptuous. After she had pondered for a moment, her whole frame quivering in her inability to express the sarcasm that filled her mind, she said with a poorly concealed sneer, "Will you tell me what is the use of being so everlastingly smart and learned if you don't know any more than I do about these common things?"

"It is, madam, to be able to say positively that I don't know," was the prompt and courteous reply.

The professor was right. It is easy for even a child to see the inhabitants of Mars, or extensive plantations on the other side of the moon. But the man of science says humbly, "I don't know," and the more extended his experience, and the deeper his knowledge, the more humbly yet positively does he say, "I don't know."

It is a simple matter requiring but little knowledge (sometimes the less the better) to "see things" almost anywhere—in this world or in the next, in this life or in some future one. And the queer thing about it all is, that the one who neither knows nor doesn't know, and doesn't know which it is, who has all sorts of fancies, sees all sorts of things, pictures all sorts of existences, including hells and paradises, has fallings away from faith to doubts, and lashings of doubts to faiths—these persons always have a feeling of pity or of contempt for those who in the greatness of their knowledge, rise to the heights of a true faith, not in this or that particular imagining, but that whatever is is right.

But the world is rolling on; time is passing, the people are becoming wiser, and larger is the number of those who, like Huxley, are agnostics in the best sense, in facts, as in philosophy, simply those who are not afraid to say humbly, reverently, "I don't know."

* * * * *

But, perhaps, I am wandering from my original intention, which is, that it is important for an educator to have the ability and the willingness to say, "I don't know," and to say it without fearing to lose his self-respect or the esteem of others. Such timidity is usually greatest along about the

time of the educator's school commencement. He is then proverbially a know-it-all. The tasks have been completed; the accumulated knowledge of the centuries is his; he has gathered all the leaves of the Tree of Knowledge and has them lying quiescent in his private library, while he has been out in the dark of the moon, and felled the Tree, and stored its trunk and branches safely in his private cellar. What the world shall know hereafter shall be graciously handed out by him, and by him only, and a little at a time, a very little at a time, so that the mental digestion of the rest of us shall not become overloaded nor dyspeptic. It is an agreeable feeling, but long before the next school year begins, he will have a different sensation, one that will suggest that, after all, he may have collected the wrong kind of leaves, and cut down the wrong tree. If he goes into the cellar to examine the old log, there are hopes for him; if he doesn't, he is, as an educator, ruined for all time. The burden of attainments (in his own estimation) is so large that it seems out of all proportion and is therefore ridiculous. He is then a proper subject for the pen and the brush of the humorist. Here is a sample paragraph from a humorous paper.

"A recently graduated young man, on the street, was observed to hold up his hands each about a foot from the side of his head, his elbows forming right angles. I asked a bystander, 'What is he doing?' There came the quick reply of one who had a poor opinion of a college education, or at least of the college graduate, 'He thinks he is scratching his head!'"

But there is a pitiful as well as a ludicrous phase in this matter of the "swelled head." It is when it represses, from some official position, the free thought and originality of others—young or old. The teacher who thinks she must be a universal genius is to be pitied and so are her pupils. And yet this attitude of mind is one of the greatest obstacles to the general introduction of nature study in our schools.

"Why," says the teacher who has fears that 'I don't know' means loss of appreciation and of respect, "suppose the children should bring a turtle, or a grasshopper, or some wild plant to me, and ask me about it and I could not tell them about it!" And she shudders at the imagined horrors of the situation. And let us say parenthetically, that in the light of written examinations, where saying things correctly is the supreme yet fallacious test of an education, she is not altogether to blame.

"But what shall I teach about the turtle?" persists the teacher.

My reply is, "If you don't know much about the turtle, let the turtle be the teacher. Turtle knows more about the subject turtle than you do, even at your best. Be a loving learner with the young folks. Then, too, so far as you do teach what you know about turtles, supplement what you know by what any child in the class knows. You will find it profitable to become an 'I don't know.' That was the spirit of Ralph Waldo Emerson, great and wise as he was. Hear and heed what he says in his instructive and suggestive essay entitled 'Education.'"

"If a child happens to show that he knows any



fact about astronomy, or plants, or birds, or rocks, or history, that interests him and you, hush all the classes and encourage him to tell it so that all may hear. Then you have made your school-room like the world. Of course you will insist on modesty in the children, and respect to their teachers, but if the boy stops you in your speech, cries out that you are wrong and sets you right, *hug him!*"

That is, be an "I don't know" as a learner at the feet of the child. This realization that the *don't know* is vastly more than the *do know* is the spirit of the truly learned. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing" in more senses than one. It may be like a little sting with its poison, that causes its victim to swell and to continue to swell, with a mingling of conceit and hypocrisy.

But note in contrast the humility of really profound knowledge. Says Sir Isaac Newton:

"I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting himself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

A few years ago a child asked me how a cat purrs. I must admit that I came near answering off-hand, "Why, of course with its vocal chords, in the same way in which I should 'purr' or sing or talk." Then I thought for a moment and concluded that I don't know, and that such an explanatory answer would be nothing but guesswork. Simple as was the question, it was too hard for me, so I wrote to the professors in the zoological laboratories of two well-known universities, and likewise to an amateur scientist in whom I had especial confidence. One professor wrote back, "I have been engaged in research on the anatomy rather than on the physiology of the cat. I refer you to Professor——."

Very edifying, so far, as helping me answer the child! The other learned professor wrote, "I have consulted such books as I have at hand bearing upon the subject, but I find nothing specifically stated. I have made note of your query for future reference, and if I find anything bearing upon the subject I shall write you."

My friend, the amateur, scribbled in lead pencil on the bottom of the manifold copy of the letter I had sent to him, "I don't know how a cat purrs, and no man, woman, nor child in this world does know how a cat purrs."

That was to the point; that was something

positive and definite. That gave me confidence. "Here," said I, "is a man who either knows a thing or has the greater knowledge of knowing that he doesn't know it."

Confucius was a wise old philosopher, who taught the Chinaman many a commendable notion, but among the profoundest of his teachings is this: "What we know, to know that we know it; what we do not know, to know that we do not know it, that is knowledge." From Confucius to Mrs. Browning is a long leap in time and space, and in mental ability, too, perhaps, but in her "Aurora Leigh," which I think nobody reads in these hurrying days of electricity and of steam automobiles, in "Aurora Leigh" Mrs. Browning makes her heroine say:

Out of books
He taught me all the ignorance of men,
And how God laughs in heaven when any man
Says, "Here I'm learned; this I understand."

We all admire straightforwardness; and feel confidence in a statement made without qualification.

And here let me tell you a humorous story in connection with this habit of "calling a spade a spade."

Modest; blushing; hesitating young lady comes into a car; takes a seat by the side of brusque, elderly gentleman; and sits down on his hat. In great confusion, she arises and stammeringly and apologetically says, "I-I th-th-think I s-sat d-down on your hat."

"You 'th-th-think' you s-sat down on my hat; do you," sarcastically mimicks the savage old fellow, "Don't you KNOW that you sat down on my hat?"

The old man's candor is all there, tho we may lose sight of it in his anger and lack of courtesy and gallantry.

But to return more closely to the subject. After all is said and done we can know but little. Of

the most common-place matters we must often, more often than not, if we are wise, plead ignorance, and asked to be excused from committing ourselves.

A child inquires about the pits or holes on a snake's head. Are they ears? Dr. Stejneger replies in the greatness of his herpetological knowledge, "I don't know the use of the pits, and perhaps may never know. They may be the location of a sixth sense, and man will never be able to comprehend the nature of a sense he does not possess."

A girl writes to say: "I should like to inquire why grasshoppers are attracted more by white than by any other color. When I wear a white dress in the fields, I find several grasshoppers on it, but when I wear any other color they do not jump on me at all. Why?"

Professor A. S. Packard, a learned entomologist, in response to an inquiry regarding this; writes, "The little girl has made an excellent observation. It was new to me"; and then he goes on to tell of some of his investigations on the color preferences of butterflies in Switzerland, and that he intends to investigate in the new field suggested by the girl's inquiry. And that letter, the candor and childlike simplicity of it, spoke volumes to me of the present attainments and of the desire to know more felt by this eminent entomologist. That one frank "I don't know" has given me full confidence in many of his "I do knows" which he has given to me with full explanations of some of the puzzling questions that are so often presented to me for immediate answer, which I have passed on to him, seldom to be disappointed.

The scientist who knows that he doesn't know also knows when he does know. In almost every pool of stagnant water there are small forms of tiny free swimming plants known as diatoms, some of which move as freely as a fish swims, but how? Echo answers, "How?" Tho the microscopists have for years studied them with the utmost zeal; the *how* is still unexplained. Neither is it known how certain *Oscillaria* (fresh water *Algae*) so constantly wave, curve, and twist. Then what about the circulation (cyclosis) of protoplasm in closed vegetable cells, and the movement of the protoplasm in the cells of the stigma (silk) of the young corn-flower, in the *Chara* in the cells of the onion? These are all easily seen, with a medium power of the microscope, but nobody can tell how the movements are caused.

Why do you wink? We all do it constantly; and involuntarily, but who can tell why?

Of what use are our eyelashes? Any; except an ornamental use?

How do lateral-eyed fishes and birds see? With an eye on each side of the head? Does the fish or bird see double; does it combine two differing visions, one from each side; has it the power to see two things at once, one on each side, each differing from the other; how DO lateral-eyed fishes and birds see? Please struggle with that question. If you give it up, you need not report; if you solve it; I shall be pleased to hear from you.

When a man sits down, why does he want to elevate his feet? Why doesn't a woman do the same thing? She never does. If you ask yourself, or any other man, the answer will be; "I



Briar.

don't really feel at ease unless my feet are elevated." Why he feels in that way, or not in that way, no man knows, nor woman either, but he elevates his feet, and she does not. Why?

How does the sap of the tree or plant circulate? There have been a variety of explanations—all good with the exception that none of them give us a clear, positive, thinkable knowledge of how the sap actually circulates.

Why does water rotate when it is running rapidly out of a hole in the bottom of a basin? The rotation is said to be due to the rotation of the earth; but who knows? Those two "Professors" will talk as learnedly about this as they did about the purring of the cat; and to as much purpose. And why does the water always rotate in the same direction?

Why do some vines twine toward the right (morning-glories, beans, and most common twinners), while others twine toward the left (the hop; and some honeysuckles)? Why do not all honeysuckles twine in the same direction?

How does the muskrat open the Unio? We often see the bank of a stream strewn with the scattered and empty mussel-shells which have been opened by muskrats. The shells are unbroken, the valves are not separated at the hinge; the shell is not marred nor scarred, yet they have been taken out of the water, opened, and the contents removed. How? Try to open a living mussel-shell with your fingers, and you will admire the skill and the power of the animal that has left the empty shell on the bank. How DOES the muskrat open the Unio?

And a confirmed old bachelor rises to say, "When two or more women meet, they all talk at the same time, each on a different subject, each at the top of her voice, and each talks until the subject or she herself is exhausted; but at the end of the so-called conversation, each woman knows exactly what every other woman has said. No man can do that. It is one of life's mysteries. How is it done?"

Seriously, would you rise to the heights of this commendable "I don't know" state of mind? Then go out with the young folks, tramp with them for miles along the roads and ravines and thru fields and forests, go home, go to bed and dream of animated interrogation points—Lilliputians winding the threads of inquiry, "What is this?" "What is this?", "What does it do?", around you, great Gulliver, till in your nightmare, you scream, "I don't know," "I don't know," "I don't know,"—"let me go"—"I'LL TRY TO FIND OUT"—"I'll try my best—I will, I promise you"—then wake up and continue in that state of mind, and tho you may not have become perfect, you will be vastly improved—that I DO KNOW from experience, and some of us find that school the very best.

I have taken your magazine for over a year, and it has been of the utmost value to me in teaching. My pupils, big and little, enjoy it almost as much as I do.

Iowa.

CLARA ANDRUS.



Where'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher level rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

—LONGFELLOW.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in this faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty, as we understand it.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him; for when he is once possessed with an error, it is like a devil, only cast out with greatly difficulty.—BISHOP BUTLER.

The visible world presents a different aspect to each individual man. You will say that the same things you see are seen by all—that the forest, the valley, the flood, and the sea; are the same to all; and yet all these things so seen, to different minds are a myriad of different universes. One man can see in that noble river an emblem of eternity; he closes his lips and feels that God is there. Another sees nothing in it but a very convenient road for transporting his spices; silk, and merchandise. To one this world appears beautiful, to another useful. Whence comes this difference? From the soul within us. It can make of this world a vast chaos, "a mighty maze without a plan"; or a mere machine, a collection of lifeless forces; or it can make it the living vesture of God; the tissue thru which He can become visible to us. In the spirit in which we look on it, the world is an arena for mere self-advancement, or a place for noble deeds in which self is forgotten and God is all.

—FRED W. ROBERTSON.

It is a touching and a mighty thought that now before their educator, the great spirits and teachers of our immediate posterity creep, as the sucklings of his milk-store—that he guides future suns, like little wandering stars, in his leading strings. And it is all the more important because he can neither know whether he has before him; to unfold to good or evil, a hell-god for humanity; or a protecting and light-giving angel; nor can foresee at what dangerous moment of futurity the magician, who, transformed into a little child now plays before him, will rise up a giant.

—JEAN PAUL.

The Great Southwest

Spanish Names, Their Meaning and Pronunciation

(From "To California Over the Santa Fe Trail.")

By A. C. Higgins

Name.	Meaning.	Pronunciation.	
Adobe, sun-dried brick.....		Ah-do'-bay.	Las Cruces, the crosses.....Las Crew' ses.
Alameda, shady walk (from			Las Flores, the flowers.....Las Flo'-res.
alamos, poplars).....		Ah-lah-may'-dah.	Las Vegas, fertile fields.....Las Vay'-gahs.
Alamitos, small cottonwoods.....		Ah-lah-mee'-tos.	Lerdo, slow.....Ler'-do.
Alcatraz, pelican.....		Al-cah-trahs'. (In Mex-	Linda Vista, beautiful view.....Leen'-dah Vis'-tah.
		ico z is pronounced like	Loma Alta, high hill.....Lo'-mah Ahl'-tah.
		double s, in Spain like	Loma Prieta, black hill.....Lo'-mah Pree-a'-tah.
		th in think.	Los Alamitos, little cotton-
Albuquerque.....		Ahl-boo-ker'-kay.	woods.....Los Ah-lah-mee'-tos.
Alejandro, Alexander.....		Ah-lay-hahn'-dro.	Los Alamos, cottonwood trees.....Los Ah'-lah-mos.
Almaden, mine.....		Al-mah-den'.	Los Gatos, the cats.....Los Gah'-tos.
Alvarado, Spanish explorer.....		Ahl-vah-rah'-do.	Los Nietos, the grandchildren.....Los Nee-a'-tos.
Amador, lover.....		Ah-mah-dor'.	Los Olivos, the olive trees.....Los o-lee'-vos.
Anita, Anna.....		Ah-nee'-tah	Madera, timber wood.....Mah-day'-rah.
Antonio, Anthony.....		An-to'-nee-o.	Manzana, apple.....Mahn-tdah'-nah.
Arroyo Seco, dry ravine.....		Ar-row'yo Say'-co (with	Merced, mercy.....Mer-sed'.
		the r strongly trilled).	Mesa, table, table-land.....May'-sah.
Bernalillo, little Bernal.....		Behr-nal-ell'-yo.	Mesa Encantada, enchanted
Bernardino, little Bernard.....		Behr-nahr-dee'-no.	land.....May'-sah[En-kan-tah'-
Boca, mouth.....		Bo'-cah.	dah.
Bonita, pretty.....		Bo-nee'-tah	Mesquite, tree of that name.....Mes-quee'-tay.
Buena Vista, good view.....		Bway'-nah Vees'-tah.	Montecito, little hill.....Mon-tay-see'-to.
Cajon, large chest or box.....		Cah-hon'.	Morro, tower or fortification.....Mor'-ro (r strongly
Calaveras, skulls.....		Cah-lah-vay'-rahs.	trilled).
Caliente, hot.....		Cah-lee-en'-tay.	Nacion, nation.....Nah-see-on'.
Campo, country or field.....		Cahm'-po.	Nuevo, new.....Nway'-vo.
Canyon Diablo, Devil Canyon.....		Cahn-yon' Dee'-ah-blo.	Pajaro, bird.....Pah'-hah-ro.
Capistrano, named from an			Pampa, plain.....Pahm'-pah.
Indian saint.....		Cah-pees-trah'-no.	Paso de Robles, pass on the
Carlos, Charles.....		Car'-los.	oaks.....Pah'-so day Ro'-bles.
Carmencita, little Carmen.....		Car-men-see'-tah.	Picacho, peak.....Pee-kah'-cho
Casa Blanca, white house.....		Cah'-sah-Blahn'-ca.	Pinde, sweetened corn water.....Peen'-day.
Centinela, sentinel.....		Sen-tee-nay'-lah.	Plumas, feathers.....Ploo'-mahs.
Cerrillos, little hills.....		Ser-reel'-yos	Presidio, garrison.....Pray-see'-dee-o.
Chico, small.....		Chee'-ko.	Pueblo, village.....Pway'-blo.
Cienaga, marsh.....		See-en'-ah-gah.	Puerto, bridge.....Pwen'-tay.
Colorado, red.....		Ko-lo-rah'-do.	Puerco, a hog, hence unclean.....Pwer'-co.
Conejo, rabbit.....		Ko-nay'-ho.	Punta Gorda, thick point.....Poon'-tah Gor'-dah.
Contra Costa, opposite coast.....		Kon'-trah Kos'-tah.	Purgatoire, Purgatorio, pur-
Coronado, crowned (named for			gatory.....Poor-gah-to'-rio.
explorer).....		Ko-ro-nah'-do.	Ranchito, small ranch.....Rahn-chee'-to.
Corral, enclosure.....		Kor-rah'l'.	Raton, mouse.....Rah-ton'.
Corralitos, small enclosures.....		Kor-rah-lee'-tos.	Redondo, round.....Ray-don'-do.
Covina, small cane.....		Ko-vee'-nah.	Rincon, corner.....Rin-kon'.
Coyote, prairie wolf.....		Ko-yo'-tay.	Rio, river.....Ree'-o.
Del Norte, of the north.....		Del Nor'-tay.	Rivera, shore.....Ree-vay'-rah.
Del Sur, of the south.....		Del Soor'.	Sacramento, sacrament.....Sah-krah-men'-to.
Dos Palmas, two palms.....		Dos Pahl'-mahs.	Salinas, salt pits.....Sah-lee'-nahs.
El Cajon, the large box.....		El Kah-hon'.	San Andres, St. Andrew.....Sahn Ahn-dres'.
El Capitan, the captain.....		El Kah-pee-tahn'.	San Buena Ventura, St. Bon-
El Dorado, the gilded.....		El Do'-rah'-do.	aventura (good fortune).....Sahn Bway'-nah ven-
El Monte, the hill.....		El Mon'-tay.	too'-rah.
El Morro, the castle.....		El Mor'-ro.	San Clemente, St. Clement.....Sahn Klay-men'-tay.
El Paso, the pass.....		El Pah'-so.	San Diego, St. James.....Sahn Dee-ay'-go.
El Torro, the bull.....		El To'-ro.	San Francisco, St. Francis.....Sahn Fran-sees'-ko.
Encinitas, evergreen oaks.....		En-see-nee'-tas.	San Jacinto, St. Hyacinth.....Sahn Hah-seen'-to.
Escondido, hidden.....		Es-con-di'-do.	San Joaquin, St. Joachin.....Sahn Hwah-keen'.
Estrella, star.....		Es-trel'-ya.	San Jose, St. Joseph.....Sahn Ho-say'.
Farallones, small islands, high,			San Luis Obispo, St. Louis the
rough, and difficult of access.....		Fah'-rahl-yon'-es.	bishop.....Sahn Loo-ees' O-bees'-po.
Fresno, ash tree.....		Fres'-no.	San Miguel, St. Michael.....Sahn Mee-gell' (hard g.)
Galisteo, a name.....		Gah-lis-tay'-o.	San Pablo, St. Paul.....Sahn Pah'-blo.
Garbanza, wild pea.....		Gar-ban'-thah.	San Pedro, St. Peter.....Sahn Pay'-dro.
Graciosa, graceful.....		Grah-see-o'-sah.	San Rafael, St. Rafael.....Sahn Rah-fah-ell'.
Guadalupe, a name.....		Gwah-dah-loo'-pay.	Santa Barbara, St. Barbara.....Sahn'-tah Bar'-bah-rah.
Hermosillo, little beauty.....		Er-mo-seel'-yo.	Santa Catalina, St. Catherine.....Sahn'-tah Cah-tah-lee'-
Isleta, little island.....		ees-lay'-ta.	nah.
La Canada, the valley, glen.....		Lah Cah-nah'-dah.	Santa Cruz, holy cross.....Sahn'-tah Krooss'.
Laguna, lagoon, pond.....		Lah goo'-nah.	Santa Fe, holy faith.....Sahn'-tah Fay'.
La Joya, the jewel.....		Lah Ho'-yah.	Santa Rosa, St. Rose.....Sahn'-tah Ro'-sah.
La Junta, the junction.....		Lah Hun'-tah.	Santa Ynez, St. Inez.....Sahn'-tah E-ne'ss.
La Mesa, the table-land.....		Lah May'-sah.	Santa Isabel, St. Isabel.....Sahn'-tah E-sah-bell'.
La Punta, the point.....		Lah Pun'-tah.	Saucilito, little willow.....Sau-see-lee' to.
Las Animas, souls in Purgatory.....		Las Ah'-nee-mahs.	Savana, vast plain (Sabana).....Sah'-bah-nah.
			Sierra, mountain chain.....See-er'-rah.

Sierra Madre, mountain range,
literally, mother range See-er'-rah Mah'-dre
Sierra Nevada, snowy range
(saw-tooth) See-er'-rah Nay-vah'-dah
Soledad, solitude So-lay-dad' (d in Spanish
has a peculiarly soft
sound like th in the).
Tamalpais, Tamal Indians Tah-mahl-pais.

Temecula, Indian name Tay-may-coo'-lah
Tia Juana, Aunt Jane Tee'-ah Hwah'-na.
Valle, valley Vahl'-yay.
Vallecito, little valley Vahl'-yay-see'-to.
Vallejo, small valley Vahl'-yay-ho.
Ventura, luck Ven-tou'-rah.
Verde, green Ver'-day.
Viejo, old Vee-ay'-ho.
Vista, view Vees'-tah.

Thoughts for Teachers

JUNE is the year's bower. Sit down within it. Wipe from thy brow the toil. The elements are thy servants. The dews bring thee jewels. The winds bring perfume. The earth shows thee all her treasures. The forests sing to thee. The air is all sweetness, as if all the angels of God had gone thru it, bearing spices homeward. The storms are but as flocks of mighty birds that spread their wings and sing in the high heaven. Speak to God now; and say; "O Father! where art thou?" And out of every flower and tree; and silver pool, and twined thicket a voice will come, "God is in me." The earth cries to the heavens, "God is here!" The sea claims Him. The land hath Him. His footsteps are upon the deep. He sitteth upon the circle of the earth. O sunny joys of the sunny month, yet soft and temperate, how soon will the eager months that come burning from the equator scorch you!

—H. W. BEECHER.

The Beautiful.

Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone The ocean; the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side.

Now, this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment.

—W. E. CHANNING.

True Living.

God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks the flower upon its stem, upon the rain-drops which swell the mighty river, upon the dew-drop that refreshes the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its chambers; upon every penciled shell that

sleeps in the caverns of the deep; as well as upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in its light,—upon all hath he written, "None of us liveth to himself."

—JOHN TODD.

Behind Time.

The best laid plans; the most important affairs; the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake; simply because they are "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them; and they perish unrepentant, because forever "behind time." Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being "behind time."

A Nation's Glory.

The true glory of a nation is in the living temple of a loyal; industrious; and upright people. The busy click of machinery; the merry ring of the anvil; the lowing of peaceful herds, and the song of the harvest-home, are sweeter music than the pæans of departed glory; or songs of triumph in war. The vine-clad cottage of the hillside, the cabin of the woodsman; and the rural home of the farmer; are the true citadels of any country. There is a dignity in honest toil which belongs not to the display of wealth or the luxury of fashion. The man who drives the plow; or swings his axe in the forest, or with cunning fingers plies the tools of his craft, is as truly the servant of his country as the statesman in the senate, or the soldier in battle.

—BISHOP WHIPPLE.



Home-Made Apparatus

By Professor John F. Woodhull, Teachers College, New York

Course in Glass-Working—Part II.

*No. 12. APPARATUS FOR SHOWING THAT A PORTION OF THE AIR IS CONSUMED IN COMBUSTION.—A strip of tin is bent at a right angle at the lower end so as to support a small piece of a taper. The upper end is also bent at a right angle and is tacked to the under surface of the rubber stopper, which it protects from the flame. Lime-water is used in the tumbler beneath the chimney to absorb the products of combustion. The candle attached to the stopper is taken out, lighted, and replaced. Thus a portion of the air is not lost from the chimney by expansion, as is usually the case when a bottle is inverted over a lighted



FIG. 23. candle in a dish of water.

Cost.—Lamp-chimney	5 cents
Rubber stopper No. 7.....	20 cents
Tumbler	5 cents
	30 cents

*No. 13. APPARATUS FOR DETERMINING THE PROPORTION OF OXYGEN IN THE AIR.—A small piece of clean phosphorus is placed upon the wire shelf and the test-tube is inverted over it, with its mouth dipping into the water beneath. After standing thus for a day or two the water will be found to have risen so as to occupy about one-fifth of the volume of the test-tube. Measurements carefully made were found to be, as shown in the figure,

Vol. of oxygen	1.2
— to — as — =	21 per cent.
Vol. of air	5.7

At the close of the experiment the flame of a lamp may be directed toward the upper end of the test-tube until the phosphorus melts and runs down the wire without burning or producing the white fumes which

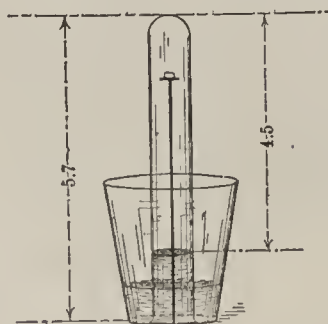


FIG. 24.



FIG. 25.

All the pieces of apparatus described in these pages and marked with * were prepared by the author and placed on exhibition at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893. The State of New York purchased from him the entire set, and it is now installed in the Educational Museum, State Capitol, Albany, N. Y.

would appear if oxygen were present. The test-tube may now be lifted, while the phosphorus is thus heated above its kindling temperature, and it will immediately spring into a flame.

The wire support for the phosphorus is made of No. 18 copper wire, which is easily bent with the fingers in the form represented by figure 25.

Cost.—Test-tube from apparatus No. 7.
Small tumbler..... 5 cents

No. 14. APPARATUS FOR DETERMINING THE PROPORTION OF OXYGEN IN THE AIR.—As a time-saving device for

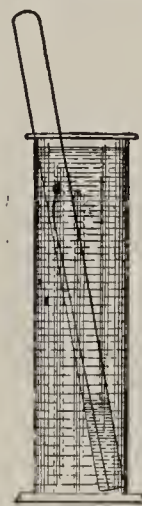


FIG. 26.

large classes use the glass tube and cylinder represented in fig. 26 and 39. Cut a piece of phosphorus the size of a grain of rice and fix it upon the end of a wire not quite long enough to reach to the surface of the water in the cylinder. The tube should have a little water in it to enable one to take the first reading correctly. The student then slips this tube over the wire carrying the phosphorus without lifting its mouth out of the water. After twenty-four hours he takes his second reading. The small piece of phosphorus will suffice for many experiments extending over many weeks. The same water used over and over maintains the temperature of the laboratory.

*No. 15. THE MINER'S SAFETY LAMP.—Wire gauze such as is used for milk-strainers or fine sieves (30 or 40 meshes to the inch), six inches square, is rolled into a cylinder about an inch in diameter and tied with wire,



FIG. 27.

common corks are fitted nicely into the ends, a very small taper is fastened to the lower cork by a drop of its own melted wax. Coal-gas, or a little ether, is put into the large bottle, which in this case represents a coal mine in which a combustible gas has collected; the candle is lighted and put into the wire-gauze cylinder and lowered into the bottle without setting fire to the gas, but if the uncovered flame is brought to the mouth of the bottle a flash occurs.

A little lime-water is then put into the bottle, showing the presence of carbon dioxide, which has been formed by the combustion.

*No. 16. TEST-TUBE RACK.—The rack is made of thin

strips of wood, two inches wide; the uprights four and

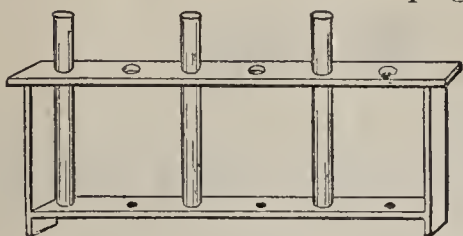
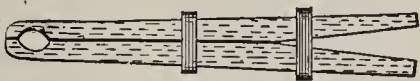


FIG. 28.

a half inches high and the horizontal strips twelve and thirteen inches respectively. In the upper strip, six holes are bored with a seven-eighth-inch bit. In the lower strip, underneath each of these holes, a cup is made with a countersink to receive the lower end of the test-tube.

Or a solid block of wood with the holes bored to a depth of one and one-half inches serves well the purpose.

***No. 17. TEST-TUBE TONGS.**—The test-tube tongs are made of two strips of wood, each about nine inches long and half an inch thick, cut as represented in figure 29. They are held together by stout rubber bands—no hinge is needed—which are represented in the figure as placed so as to cause the tongs to close. They are opened by a slight pressure of the hand upon the large end. If, however, one prefers tongs which ordinarily remain open and require a slight pressure of the hand to close them, the rubber bands may be moved somewhat nearer the large end and the tongs will so operate.



—FIG. 29.—

***No. 18. BLOW-PIPE.**—The blow-pipe is made of two pieces of glass tubing, each about four inches long, one of which is nearly closed at one end. The two pieces of glass tubing are connected by a piece of soft rubber tubing. This enables one to direct the stream of air from the blow-pipe as he chooses.

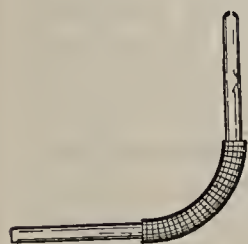


FIG. 30.

Cost.—Rubber tubing from apparatus No. 8.
Glass tube 1 cent

***No. 19. DISTILLING APPARATUS.**—This is used in making nitric acid, hydrochloric-acid solution, ammonia solution, and bromine, as well as separating alcohol from water and obtaining from solution distilled water in small quantities.

A test-tube is sometimes used in place of the flask. The latter, however, is preferred when frothing is liable to occur. The delivery-tube is made of such a length as to reach within about one inch of the bottom of the test-tube in which the vapors are condensed. The distillate which is collected in the test-tube is never allowed to cover the end of this delivery-tube—the amount needed for each pupil is very small.

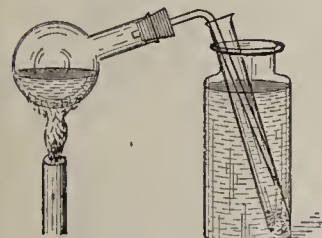


FIG. 31.

To make hydrochloric acid or ammonia solution, a little water is put into the test-tube, not quite up to the end of the delivery-tube. This water absorbs the gas as fast as it is generated.

Sulphur dioxide gas may be liquified in this appa-

ratus. Put copper and strong sulphuric acid in the flask, substitute a tumbler for the bottle and pack around the test-tube a mixture of ice and salt. Heat the acid sufficiently to start the action and then remove the flame. The gas will be liquified as fast as it is generated. Collect a teaspoonful of this liquid sulphur dioxide gas and pour it into a teaspoonful of cold water in another test-tube and it will be turned into ice by the sudden evaporation of the $S O_2$.

Cost—8-oz. wide-mouth bottle, }
Test-tube } From apparatus No. 7.
Rubber stopper, No. 1, }
2 oz. flask 11 cents
Delivery-tube 1 cent
12 cents

***No. 20. APPARATUS TO SHOW THAT WATER MAY BE PRODUCED BY PASSING HYDROGEN OVER HOT COPPER OXIDE.**—The hydrogen is allowed to flow thru the tube for a time to show that moisture is not deposited from the gas, and hence no drying tubes are needed. A flame is then placed under the end of the tube containing the copper oxide and water is produced.

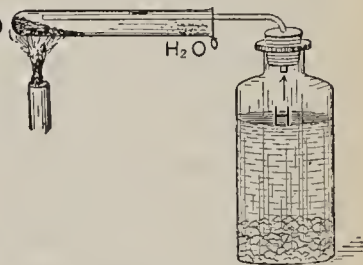


FIG. 32.

Cost—8-oz. narrow-mouthed bottle 5 cents
Rubber stopper No. 0, with one hole... 3 cents
Delivery-tube 1 cent
9 cents

No. 21. APPARATUS TO SHOW THAT HYDROGEN MAY BE PRODUCED BY PASSING STEAM OVER HOT IRON FILINGS.—In using the apparatus one hand holds the tin basin and steadies the bottle and the other hand holds the lamp under the end of the test-tube. It is

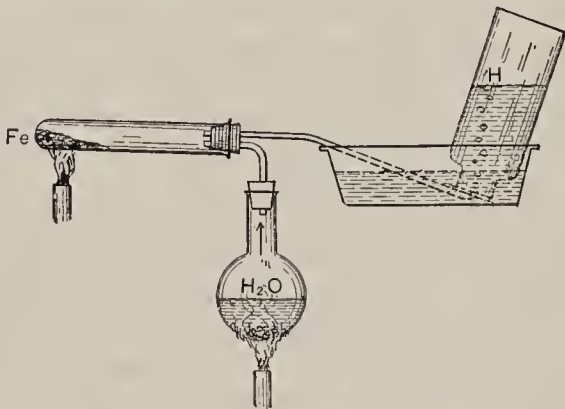


FIG. 33.

preferable not to lock the apparatus in a support stand, but to have it entirely in hand. If the rubber stopper is pressed firmly into the mouth of the flask, there is no danger of the flask falling without a support.

Hydrogen sulphide may be collected in the bottle by generating hydrogen in the flask and heating sulphur in the test-tube. In this case the melted sulphur should be kept in the end of the test-tube remote from the rubber stopper by tilting the apparatus slightly.

Cost.—8-oz. wide-mouth bottle, }
Tin-basin, } From apparatus
Test-tube, } No. 7.
Rubber stopper No. 1 with one hole, }
2-oz. flask from apparatus No. 18. }
Rubber stopper No. 1 with two holes 4 cents
Delivery-tubes 2 cents
Extra lamp 45 cents

51 cents

Primary Nature Work

By Lillian C. Flint, Minnesota

Hickory Nuts, Butter Nuts, Pecans.

ALL the work of any plant is with the common object of providing strong and sturdy offspring, and giving it safeguards against whatever may chance to happen when the buds do take up an independent existence and look out for themselves.

There is no greater contrast in nature than the different coverings with which seeds are provided. In the strawberry the outside is covered with the seeds and the sweet pulp on which they rest is a bribe for a bird or human being to eat it and carry away the seed to grow elsewhere.

Over the strawberry beds poise robins; as well as bright-eyed children, picking out the reddest fruit. A single good-sized berry is too large a mouthful for a robin to take at one swallow. He flies to the nearest fence, sits on the top rail, and taking a dainty mouthful, lets drop the rest on the ground.

He may not fly to the nearest fence; he may take it a mile or more to the little nestlings in his home; and bits fall uneaten to the ground, and thus the strawberry gets free sowing.

It is the same with the apples and cherries. People and animals carry them about, eat the soft pulp; and throw away the seeds until, with the apple at least, there is hardly a human dwelling around which the trees do not gather.

At the next grocery look at the fruit with an entirely different covering. See the hard shells that the nuts have provided for the protection of the meat, for once the meat of a nut is eaten, the life of the seed is destroyed, since the hope of the tree is in the kernel of the nut.

If the hickory nut were a conscious creature which deliberately wished to escape notice it would do just the things that it now does to obtain protection. Its color, instead of being brilliant like the strawberry, and cherry; which wish to be eaten, is quiet and unobtrusive. It is green while the nut remains on the tree among the verdant branches; and pale brown when it falls upon the dead leaves and dry grasses that cover the damp ground beneath it.

Of course we human beings, who have hands; manage to peel away the outer husk with hand or knives; or we put it into a bag and thrash it away by stamping it with our feet; and even then we have the hard outer shell to deal with.

Look at the hungry animal who sometimes cleverly finds a walnut and attempts to get it with paws and teeth. It has an outer cover; nasty and bitter to the taste; and a sticky juice which runs down the furry paws of its enemy and makes it a formidable morsel for him to tackle.

See the work that a squirrel has to go thru to get even a little taste. The inside of these nuts, instead of being all plain and straightforward, as the acorn and the chestnut; is divided up and frittered

away in troublesome cracks and crevices, which are really invented on purpose to prevent the squirrel from getting a single good bite.

He must bore a hole thru the shell somewhere, and get out the kernel, little by little, with his long sharp front teeth.

Just like this is the common butternut. It has even done more to protect itself. It is not so bad when it is dried, but take it when it is green, the squirrel must indeed be very hungry before he will pick up the green nut, get off the sticky outside husk, and then try his fortune with the inside.

It is a most disagreeable package to hold, for its outside is rough and sunken into grooves edged with sharp prickles not at all agreeable to the squirrel's paws.

So butternuts; walnuts; and the pecan nuts have adopted almost the same tactics to escape their enemies.

They have a disagreeable-tasting outer bark; which covers every nut. Then they have a hard, tough shell, that requires patience and much time to get the kernel. When this is reached it is so tucked away in little pockets that are protected by a covering only a little less hard than the tough outer shell, that it is hardly worth getting at.

They all have a protective coloring, green on the tree and brown on the ground, thus escaping being seen by the bright eyes of any little animal.

But the butternut has carried his protection one step farther, and instead of the smooth shell of the others he has even made his outside covering so rough that it is one of the hardest things to hold.

The butternut has gone ahead with true ingenuity, making one improvement after another, till it is now allowed to be about perfect in its adaptation to its own peculiar walk in life.

Suggestions for the Lesson.

Let the children each bring one or two nuts of different kinds.

Call attention to the difference between the covering of different fruits, as the apple, strawberry, and nuts.

Have peanuts with their smooth inside meats; and ask the reason for the hard covering. (They grow underground.) Then make a comparison between them and walnuts and hickory nuts, leading up to the butternuts.

Call attention to the resemblance in coloring to the outside of the nuts and the autumn leaves that the pupils have brought in. Not, of course, the bright colored ones, but to the brown leaves that they gather in heaps and run thru or jump into in the autumn.

Then show the reason for the hard shell.

Then the reason why the nuts have divisions inside.

If the lesson is taught as a development lesson wholly, the children will see the reason for each added protective device.

Washington in the Wilderness*

By J. T. Headley

[Revised for TEACHERS MAGAZINE.]

THE French and English were at this time contending for the mastery of the continent. The latter occupied the Atlantic slope, while Canada was in the possession of the former, who were making vigorous efforts to control the western lakes and rivers south to the mouth of the Mississippi, and thus shut up the English east of the Alleghany mountains. Intelligence was soon received that they had already crossed over from Canada, and were erecting fortifications and establishing posts along the Ohio. This was crowding close upon the Virginia province, while, at the same time, it unsettled the Indians, hitherto at peace, so that an ominous cloud was gathering on the frontier. England had anticipated this state of things, and sent over orders to have two forts built on the Ohio; and dispatched thirty cannon with ammunition to defend them. The French, however, had outstripped the slow movements of their rivals, for they had already commenced a line of military posts to extend from New Orleans to Canada. Their claims to this vast territory were based on the right of discovery and the stipulations of European treaties to which England acceded, viz.; that France should retain all her actual possessions in America. The latter, however, claimed that having discovered the Mississippi river, she had a right to all the territories thru which its waters flowed. Equally absurd with this claim was that of England, who based her right on Indian treaties, altho the tribes with which she made them had no more power to cede away the land west of the Ohio than they had that west of the Mississippi. On their vague assertion that they had once conquered it, altho the present savage occupants yielded them no allegiance and denied their pretensions, the English made a treaty with them; including vast territories occupied by other independent tribes. The Indians might well be astonished at the turn things had taken; and be puzzled to know what course to pursue. They asked Mr. Gist, who had been sent by Governor Dinwiddie to trade with them; "*whereabout the Indian land lay, as the French claimed all on one side of the Ohio, and the English all on the other.*" The claims of both England and France rested on a miserable foundation enough; but, so far as the two nations were concerned, the latter had clearly the advantage. It was evident; however, that *might* was to settle the question.

As a first step, Governor Dinwiddie resolved to send a commissioner to the French commander on the Ohio, and demand why he invaded his British majesty's dominions, and what he proposed to do. To undertake this, thru nearly six hundred miles of forest filled with Indians and crossed only by trails, required a man of no common intrepidity; fortitude, energy; skill, and daring. There needs no stronger proof of the high estimation in which young Washington; then only twenty-one years old, was held, than the selection of him to perform this hazardous mission.

His instructions were to proceed at once to the Ohio, and, assembling the neighboring Indian chiefs at a place called Logstown, explain his visit and request an escort of warriors to the French post. After delivering his message and demanding an answer, he was to ascertain, as far as possible, the number, position, and designs of the French.

Thus fortified with instructions, he set out on the last day of October, and, after a journey of fourteen days, reached Will's Creek, the utmost verge of civilization. Here he found Mr. Gist, an old and experienced backwoodsman, and engaged him as a guide. With a French and Indian interpreter, two Indian traders and two drivers, making in all eight persons, he left the haunts of the white man and, striking an Indian trail, went into the wilderness. Floundering thru swamps, swimming deep rivers, and straining up the steep mountains, the little company kept on its difficult way, and at length reached the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela. Washington's quick eye saw at once the advantages of the place, both for a fortification and for a depot for provisions, and by his advice a military post was afterward established there. Pushing on to Logstown, he assembled a few Indian chiefs and made them a speech. Among these the Half-King was the most distinguished. Persuading him with three other Indians, to accompany him as guides, the young major made for the French fortification; a hundred and twenty miles distant. St. Pierre, the commander of the post; an old man and a knight, received him with marked urbanity. He promised to take Governor Dinwiddie's communication into consideration; and after two days gave his reply, declaring it was not for him to discuss treaties, but to obey orders, and he should not leave his post until so commanded.

During this time Washington was examining the fort, making drawings of the works, and noting down the number of cannon and men and the strength of the post. It was now the middle of December; the heavy and incessant rain storms had turned into snow, obliterating the paths and covering the forests with one vast winding-sheet. Fearing that the snow would become so deep that the horses would break down in their long journey across the wilderness; he sent them back to Venango to wait there and recruit, while he made the passage down the river in a canoe.

The French commandant used every artifice to detach the Half-King from Washington, and, not succeeding, determined to detain him until the latter was gone. But the young major, feeling how important it was to keep as allies the tribes over which this chief had influence, was resolved not to leave without him. Winter was deepening and he was anxious to be off, and he remonstrated with the French commandant on the unfair course he was taking. But every appeal of the straightforward Virginian was met with the bland smile and courteous denial of a true Frenchman. Being pushed, however, to give a reason for the detention of the savage chief, the wary old knight

*Continued from "The Boyhood of George Washington," TEACHERS MAGAZINE for April.



replied that the latter was waiting for the present of a gun promised him the next morning.

The Half-King, having at length obtained his gun, prepared to leave; but the French commandant, still intent on retaining him, endeavored to get him drunk. Washington, however, never left the Indian's side, and by plying him with appeals and remonstrances, and pressing on him the necessity of keeping his sacred promise, at length had the satisfaction of seeing him depart.

Embarking in a single canoe, they pushed out into the turbulent river and started for Venango, one hundred and thirty miles distant. It was a perilous voyage, for the stream was swollen and filled with uprooted trees and driftwood that were hurled along the rapid current on which their frail vessel danced like a feather. As night closed over the forest the canoe was hauled on shore, a fire built, and the party bivouacked on the icy bank till morning. With the dawn the boat was again launched and went flying down the stream, requiring all the vigilance of eye and hand to keep it from being wrecked. Now they would shoot straight toward a rock around which the water

foamed and boiled in fierce eddies—again glance away from a cliff against which they threatened to dash, and at last grounded on a deceitful shoal, compelling the whole party to disembark in the icy water. The savage king and the tall young envoy had to wade along, side by side, dragging the boat for half an hour over the pebbles before they could get into deep water again, and then, chilled and dripping, continue their voyage. At length they came upon a barricade of ice stretching completely across the channel. Around this the canoe had to be carried for a quarter of a mile. They were a whole week making this hundred and thirty miles.

Having at last reached Venango, Washington bade the Half-King good-bye, with much good advice not to let the fine speeches of the French detach him from his friendship to the English, and next day struck into the wilderness. The horses, however, were feeble and emaciated, and being overloaded with provisions which the party were obliged to carry with them, some of them began to show symptoms of giving out. In order to relieve them as much as possible, Washington gave up his own animal for a pack-horse, and, dressed in an Indian hunting shirt, waded on foot thru the mud. But the cold having be-

come intense, and the soft snow freezing hard, thru which the horses floundered with difficulty, it became evident that they could not proceed; so after the third day out he left them and the party in charge of Mr. Vanbraam, and with Mr. Gist alone set out for the distant colonies.

The tall, handsome, and athletic young Virginian, in his closely-fitting Indian costume, his pack on his back, his knife in his belt, and his trusty rifle in his hand, presented a fine contrast to the brawny old backwoodsman by his side, as they passed thru the primeval forest together. At the approach of night they kindled a fire, and scraping the snow from a fallen tree for their table and cutting pieces of bark for plates, ate with keen appetite their coarse supper. Then, wrapping themselves in their blankets, with the snow for their couch, and the sparkling wintry heavens for their canopy, they lay down to sleep. With the first streakings of dawn they were again afoot, and thru the blinding storm and under the trees that swayed and groaned in the fierce December blast, strained up the steep mountain sides, or threaded the dark gorges with unflagging spirits.

A Treacherous Indian.

On approaching a spot called Murdering Town, upon a fork of Beaver Creek, they met an Indian, whom Gist was sure he had seen at Venango, and whose appearance was suspicious. He, however, appeared very friendly and loquacious, asking many questions about the party behind, their horses, etc., and when they would be along. Major Washington wished to go the shortest route to the forks of the Alleghany, and asked the Indian if he would be their guide. He readily consented, and taking the major's pack started off. But after traveling eight or ten miles, Washington declared that his feet were sore, his limbs weary, and he must halt. To this the Indian objected, grew churlish, and offered to carry Washington's gun, if he would go on. He said the Ottawa Indians occupied the woods, and if they laid out they would be scalped, and he urged them to go to his cabin where they would be safe, for he declared he just then heard a signal gun. They kept on for a while, but Washington's experienced eye soon discovering that they were going the wrong course, he became uneasy and remonstrated with him. The latter, to pacify him, hearkened a moment, and then declared he heard two whoops from his cabin. Washington then went two miles farther on, when he declared that at the next water he came to he would halt. Before they reached it, however, they emerged into an open space, on the even snow of which the bright moonlight lay. The Indian was some distance ahead, but kept his wary eye on his victims and, as they stepped from the deep shadow of the forest into the clear light, suddenly turned and leveled his rifle. The next instant a quick, sharp report rang thru the woods. Washington immediately cried out to Gist, "Are you shot?" "No," replied the latter, and sprang toward the savage, who had leaped behind a big oak and began

rapidly to reload his piece. Washington reached the treacherous guide at the same time with Gist; but, instead of seizing him, stood by and quietly saw him ram home a ball without manifesting any suspicion, on the contrary, pretending to believe that he considered the shot as a signal to those in his cabin. Gist then told Washington that he must kill the traitor on the spot. The latter objected—he could not consent to murder the poor wretch there in cold blood, richly as he deserved such a fate. Gist replied that he must then be got away with, and they travel all night.

Their position had now become critical; that rifle shot might have had a double purpose—to send one of them to his long account, and at the same time be a signal to companions near by, whose wild whoop might at any moment break on their startled ears.

They, however, took the Indian with them, till they came to a little run of water, where they compelled him to make a fire. The guns were stacked against a tree, but either Gist or Washington always stood by them. The keen savage saw he was suspected, and grew uneasy. He still declared, however, that his cabin was but a little way off, and he could soon reach it. Gist then gave him bread, and told him to go home and fetch them some meat in the morning, while they, as they were tired, would encamp where they were. The fellow was glad to get off, and, shouldering his rifle, disappeared in the forest. Gist followed him stealthily some distance and then returned. The two adventurers then went on about half a mile and built a fire. By its light they set their compass, took their course and started forward. Knowing that the Indians, if really in pursuit, would take their trail as soon as it was morning, they kept up a tremendous pace all night. Nor did they slacken it at daylight, except to snatch a mouthful of food, but, weary and sore as they were, traveled all day.

Crossing the Alleghany.

Two days and a night on the stretch, without a path to guide them, was terrific work; but it was a matter of life and death, and they never halted until dark, when they struck the Alleghany river. They had expected to find this frozen over and to put it between them and their pursuers before stopping; but the ice extended only about one hundred and fifty feet from either shore, while the channel between was swollen and angry, and loaded



Among friendly Indians.

with huge fragments of ice which had broken loose from above. This abrupt termination of the journey was heart-sickening enough; and, as the two weary travelers stood on the ice-bound shore and gazed on the appalling spectacle, they felt that the crisis of their fate had come. There was no escape, and if the savages continued their pursuit, they must fight them there, whatever their numbers might be. Nothing however, was to be done, and, wrapping themselves in their blankets, they lay down upon the snow and listened to the grinding, crushing sound of the ice as it drifted down in the gloom. The ear was constantly turned to catch the sound of approaching footsteps, while the lonely cries that rose from the forest combined to render the night long and dreary. At daylight they rose from their unquiet, fitful slumbers and began to prepare a raft on which they could float across. With but "one poor hatchet" with which to hew down the trees, they commenced their arduous task. Its tiny strokes made feeble echoes along that wintry stream, and it was nightfall before the raft was completed. They then slid it on the ice to the edge and, as it fell heavily in the water, jumped upon it. Caught by the current, it was whirled rapidly down. They had not proceeded far, however, before the descending fragments of ice crowded upon it and jammed it against other pieces so that it began to sink. Washington immediately struck his setting-pole heavily into the mud at the bottom, to arrest the raft till the ice crowded by. But the weight of the ice and raft together was so great that when the latter struck the pole, Washington, who had grasped it firmly, was jerked over and fell in ten feet of water. He, however, succeeded in getting hold of one of the logs, and held on while the whole mass swept together down the stream. Their position now was perilous in the extreme—in the middle of the channel, carried resistlessly forward by the current and the ice, they could reach neither shore.

Fortunately they drifted near a small island, when, as a last resort, they abandoned the raft and made for it. Here, on this mere rock, with an angry and turbulent river on either side, with no materials to construct a new raft, with no fire, wet to the skin, they were compelled to pass the long winter's night. To add to their discomfort the night had set in intensely cold, and it required the most unwearied efforts and constant exercise to keep from freezing. As it was, Mr. Gist's hands and feet were both frozen, and Washington escaped only by his great powers of endurance, inherent in his constitution and strengthened by his long exposure in the woods and mountains.

The frost, however, which well-nigh deprived them of life, proved their salvation, for it formed a bridge of ice between the island and the eastern shore sufficiently strong to bear them. Crossing cautiously on this, they reached the trading-post of Mr. Frazier the same day, near the spot where afterward the battle of Monongahela was fought. Here they remained several days to procure horses with which to continue their journey. In the mean time Washington paid a visit to Queen Aliquippa, residing near, who had been very much offended that he had not stopped to see her on his outward journey. An ample apology; an

overcoat, and a bottle of rum, especially the latter, restored her good humor.

An Extraordinary Expedition

Leaving this trading-post the second of January, Washington continued his journey on horseback. The intense cold, followed by rainstorms, melted snow, and swollen rivers, combined to render the termination of his route almost as painful as the middle portion of it; but after fifteen days of hard labor, he reached Williamsburg, having been absent in all eleven weeks. He accomplished the task assigned him to the letter, and performed one of the most extraordinary expeditions on record. It is impossible at this time, to conceive all the difficulties that beset it. But whether we take into consideration the time required to complete it, the country thru which it led—a vast, untrodden wilderness, crossed by mountain ranges, intersected by swollen rivers, and filled with lawless savages—or the season of the year selected—midwinter—when the difficulties of the way were increased tenfold by the deep snows, frosts, and sudden thaws, and incessant storms, the long and dreadful exposures, borne without flinching, it certainly stands without a parallel in the history of our country.

Only Twenty-one Years Old

From first to last Washington had shown himself a most extraordinary young man. A mere stripling of twenty-one, he exhibited all the energy, self-reliance, endurance, tact, and courage of the most experienced man and veteran. As one in imagination beholds him in his Indian dress, his pack on his back, his gun in his hand, stealing thru the snow-covered forests at midnight, or plunging about in the wintry stream in the struggle for life, or, wrapped in his blanket, sleeping beside the ice-filled river, lulled by its sullen roar, he cannot but feel that he beholds a being whom angels guard thru the terrible training which can alone fit him for the great duties and trials that await him.

First Clue to French Designs.

Washington was highly complimented for the manner in which he had executed the commission with which he had been entrusted. His journal was printed and copied in the colonial newspapers. The English government at home had it reprinted, for it possessed peculiar value, inasmuch as it was the first clear exposition of the designs of the French on this continent, and the first reliable information respecting their past movements. Washington had ascertained not only how matters stood on the Ohio and the lakes, but also obtained accurate information of the number and strength of their posts and garrisons at the mouth of the Mississippi. The extraordinary character of their claims, demanding all the territory washed by the Mississippi and its branches, aroused the English government to the necessity of immediate action.



Civics for All Grades

By Flora Helm, Head Assistant Robert Morris School, Chicago

In the Fifth Grade

(Continued from Last Month.)

AS a preliminary to the outline of fifth grade civics as given last month, the child may be taught that the mass of people which he has hitherto recognized under the general name of society has a fourfold aspect; viz.: nation, state; county, and city.

It is not necessary that he should know all the characterizing differentiations. It is sufficient that he knows that one division looks after one set of functions and another, another set.

Also, he may know that the state is the fundamental unit of government and that when the different states were united into one nation which we call our country, they gave up certain rights in order to be more secure in others. These rights were embodied in the great constitution of the United States, which is the fundamental law of the land.

For the purpose of better administration, the state is divided into geographical sub-divisions called counties.

The child may also be taught that when a body of people become sufficiently strong to live in an independent community they must apply to the state to do so. This community then becomes a city; this right obtained, a charter is granted. When the city has received its charter it is said to be incorporated and sets up a government of its own, like a miniature state.

The child may now see the difference between a real municipal government and a mere political sub-division, such as the county.

The following outline suggests the topics to be discussed in fifth grade civics:

- The Sick Hospitals.
- The Poor { 1. Charity Organization Society.
- Aged and { 2. Almshouse, Poorhouse, or
- Helpless { County Farm.
- Orphans { Orphan Asylums.
- Blind { Home and Aid Societies.
- Deaf Mutes { Institutions.
- Delinquents { Reformatories,
- { or
- { Industrial Schools.
- Insane Insane Asylums.
- Children { Public Schools.
- { Vacation Schools.
- { Playgrounds.
- Animals Humane Society.
- For All { Parks;
- { Baths;
- { Sewage, Libraries, Museums.

Charity.

The word charity has two meanings, both of which should be made clear.

"Now abide these three, Faith, Hope, Charity; but the greatest of these is Charity." The new version of the Bible puts *love* in place of *charity*. This is one meaning of the word.

When this charity abides in the heart, a certain form of expression follows—giving or acting in such a way as to protect and help another. This expression is the other meaning of the word.

In teaching the subject of charity, it requires a subtle psychologist to inculcate in the child that he must labor when he can to prevent the necessity of ever falling back upon public institutions for help, the idea of independence and pride in the ability to care for one's self and, at the same time, to develop a sentiment of pity and protective sympathy for those who are compelled by misfortune to depend upon them.

For the latter take a lesson to read Will Carleton's "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse" and "Over the Hills from the Poor House." The instruction should make the pupil feel not a *contemptuous* pity but a *just* pity for the unfortunate—the pity that reasons about the circumstances that caused the misfortune. *Feeling* must underlie all gifts—all acts of charity, of either individual or organization.

(To be continued.)



English Composition in the Upper Grammar Grades

By Harriet E. Peet, Chicago

The Creative Impulse.

WHETHER the subject-matter in the school-room be literature, history, science, mathematics, or the arts, there are just two ways of approaching it. One calls forth the creative imagination of the children and causes them to put forth their activity with the joy of an artist, giving them the necessary momentum to carry them over any difficulties which lie in their paths; the other is mechanical task work. The first has the spirit and education of play, because it is a free normal activity. It is democratic in principle, each individual contributing the richness of his own thought to the community. The effect on the character is such as to make the child feel responsible; that is, he gains an understanding of himself as an individual in a group, and has all the dignity and power that comes from such knowledge and the being one's self. The second method is monarchical in spirit and turns out stupified, plodding individuals who are like sheep in the fold, easily led hither and thither by chance leaders.

The product of the first method, whether it is an English composition, a bread board, or a water color sketch, is individual, novel, and interesting. The products of the second lack the individual touch. They are uninteresting, identical.

The intellectual process governing the first may be called self-activity, indirect imitation; or the making over one's environment, using the copy and material at hand for the expression of a self-thought. In the expression of this inner impulse or thought the whole self is active, alert in emotion, thought, and will.

The intellectual process governing the second method is direct imitation, the following out *verbatim* of another person's thought. Paraphrases, dictation exercises, and the reproduction of stories belong to this method. The self is lost in the process and not in the thing behind the process, the idea to be expressed.

In no subject is the first of these principles more easily worked out or with more satisfying, far-reaching results than in English composition. The material is always at hand. The power gained thru it is of use to every child, whether he is to be a future statesman, poet, or dry goods clerk. Altho there are many, many teachers who are following out this work on the broadest possible lines, others lack discrimination in method.

The following method of teaching English composition is still in vogue: the teacher reads a story to her class; the children reproduce the story for the teacher, who marks the reproduction for its spelling, capitalization, punctuation, and paragraphing and then returns it to the pupil; the pupil reads his composition to the class.

What does this exercise lack? In the first place each child is conscious of the fact that forty or more children are about to write the story and that the teacher and children already know the story. What possible motive for writing is there in such a situation? In the second place,

the child inexperienced with capitalization, punctuation, and other things pertaining to external form must keep his mind on these, for the teacher is going to gauge his ability by them. In the third place the story has an arrangement which he, as a pupil, can hardly hope to improve upon. The setting, the dialog, the characters, and the plot are all there. The child accepts them without thinking and puts them down in as near the author's language as possible. There is no call for discrimination, imagination, or judgment; no impulse to express a single observation of one's own.

In a recent test of the seventh grades in one of our large cities, reproductions of a story, dramatic and thrilling in its content, were made by 10,000 pupils. The papers were excellent as to spelling, capitalization, paragraphing, but roughly, less than two per cent. of the pupils wrote as if they had been at all touched by the story. They had not made the story their own before writing. Originality in mode of attack, in expression, was practically absent, and yet these children had been reproducing stories daily for nearly seven years!

It is evident that we as teachers, are wasting valuable life energy of our own and our pupils in conducting our English work along the lines of reproduction to the exclusion of other methods. It is well for us to look about and discuss what we can do to avoid this waste, this "marking time."

Let us consider first the possibilities in modes of expression which do not permit of reproduction, and second, how to call these forth thru the selection of material and the method of presentation of the material.

There is one case where the retelling of a story is legitimate and desirable. That is where the original is difficult for the class (the mere telling of the story of Tennyson's Holy Grail takes good deep thinking), but generally speaking, other forms of expression call forth more originality and thought. Some of these are reviews, abstracts, interpretations, character sketches, settings for favorite parts, imaginary dialogs between characters, and comparison of characters. The children may imagine themselves as one of the characters and write in the first person, or they may imagine a different ending for the story. The story may be written in rhyme, favorite scenes described, lessons taught explained, or points brought up for discussion debated. The story may be compared with other stories on similar themes, or best of all, because it employs more organization of material and calls for much critical judgment, the story may be dramatized.

These fifteen or more things call for thorough organization of subject-matter by the children and much original thinking. The products will be creative. Each child is on the *qui vivé* to hear what his classmates have done and he is anxious to show what he himself has done. Friendly emulation and social delight are the first result and an appreciative criticism the second. When a paper



makes a decided "hit," the secret of success is looked for and much is learned in that way. The children learn to appreciate the fact that there is more than one good way. They become catholic in taste and broadly appreciative, especially if they are helped to look for the good things and discouraged in fault-finding and quibbling. The children meantime are measuring themselves by others and gaining knowledge of their own powers and possibilities.

We aid the writing directly in developing the power of criticism. We learn to do by doing, but we can do the same thing over for many years without improvement unless we do and criticise and then do again. While gaining knowledge of himself, growing in catholicism of taste and power of criticism, the pupil will have much practice in the different forms of discourse and be gaining vital knowledge of structure. In the original settings for the stories or plays and in describing his favorite scenes, he must work with description. In reviews, character sketches, and interpretations; the emphasis is on exposition; in the debates, on argumentation; in the dialogs, abstracts, and dramatization, on narration.

Knowledge of structure will come in many ways; in the relation of the paragraphs in a review; thru class criticism, and thru success in interesting and holding the attention of a class. When a paper is very successful it is well to analyze its structure, asking such questions as these: What made the paper interesting? Did it grow or dwindle in interest toward the end? What did the introduction contain? What awakened your interest? Was it all to the point? What made it clear? What made it vivid?

No world-stirring poem has ever been written excepting under the stress of strong emotion, and we cannot expect from the student sincere, and therefore artistic, products unless he has been inwardly stimulated. When he has been so stimulated and his imagination touched, the outcome, however crude, is an art product. The material which we use as a basis for the composition work is, therefore, of the utmost importance. We must look for that which interests the pupil because it is closely connected with his experience and that which at the same time opens the door to new experience for him.

History, geography, civics; and nature study afford much good material for composition work, but the most satisfactory material for real creative work is found in the child's own experience and in literature.

Excursions, local questions, the seasons, home and playground happenings give the children charming opportunities to be themselves in most entertaining ways, but these dwelt upon to the

exclusion of all else lead to limitations and bore the children. One is often reminded of the stage whispering of the children who were with their teacher for an outing at the zoo. They hurried by the eagle's cage saying, "Pretend not to be interested or we'll have to write a composition about it." While variety of form can be got from history, science, and geography, and much that is good directly from the child's daily experiences, the real standby must be literature, the "people's philosophy."

Much might be written here upon the choice in the things in literature which are adapted to composition work. Briefly, the selection must be worth while, something which puts the child on the stretch, but it must not deal with problems foreign to childish interests. Many poems form excellent material, owing to the beauty of their diction and their exquisite imagery, but when possible, because the children are in the stage of our eighteenth century ancestors who enjoyed a three-volume novel, the selections should be long. The difficult and long are especially good as a basis for composition work, because it is only the difficult which needs interpretation and comment, and it is only the long which calls out continuous work from the children; that is, which gives them the feeling of having before them definite and settled work.

Some of the things which are universally interesting for class work in the sixth grade are the "Jungle Books" by Kipling, Thompson-Seton's stories, Lamb's "Adventures of Ulysses," and Ruskin's "King of the Golden River"; for seventh grade, Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum," Longfellow's "Evangeline," Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and Dickens' "Christmas Carol"; for eighth grade, the plays of Shakespeare, George Eliot's "Silas Marner," Dickens' "Cricket on the Hearth."

In the presentation of the subject-matter there should be first a brief survey of the whole. The selection should be read to the class by the teacher if possible. There should then be a working out of the detail in relation to the whole and then last, a re-survey or review. The material should be thoroly organized in the teacher's mind, tho she should not thrust her organization upon her class, but rather lead them to make their own organization. The pupils should find and choose their own titles and then the children should be left to themselves to dabble in the colors, as it were, to delight in experiment until they find the fitting phrase and the right word. The utmost liberty and encouragement must be given the pupils, for only under appreciation and sympathy does this most delicate and beautiful of all arts flower.

The following outline for compositions may

possibly suggest ways of handling subject-matter which will give the children opportunity to write away from the text and indulge their creative impulses. Sustained effort is not natural for children at this age; and the papers expected from them should be full of thought, but short.

Browning's "Saul": An interpretation of the Thought of the Poem as a Whole; a comparison of the characters of David and Saul; David's Songs, My Favorite; The Power of Music; The Shepherd Boy with His Sheep; The King Awakens; The New Law; Some Beauties of the Poem; A Review.

The following papers may illustrate further this way of handling subject-matter:

Pupils' Compositions.

WONDERLAND.

Yesterday this city was just a commonplace every-day land, with its smoke and mud and slush. But to-day how changed! A marvelous wonderland! We walk along the street and see trees coated with icy steel, a miniature hurricane sweeps thru the trees and it seems as tho the wind were wailing thru some melancholy baron's hall and clashing together the armor on the wall. As I was walking to school I picked up a diamond necklace. No, I do not mean that it was a real diamond necklace, but as I held it up to the light, I could see that the frost sprites had been at work that night. They had made many little chambers to catch the iridescent colors of the sun. The wires were coated with ice and they looked like ropes of milky white pearls against the dense gray of the sky.

Grade Seven.

FAVORITE SCENE FROM "SILAS MARNER."

My favorite scene from "Silas Marner" is the part where Marner comes in, and sits down on a chair, bemoaning the loss of his gold.

He sits there for a while, with his hands to his face.

After a while he looks up. Then he looks down at the hearth. What is it that he sees? Is it his gold that he sees lying on the hearth?

He stretches out his shaking hand, and feels on the hearth. He feels the curls of a little girl.

Grade Eight.

DAVID AND HIS SHEEP.

The rosy clouds of sunset were still lingering in the summer sky. The high mountains were purple in the distance. Far in the meadow grazed the happy and contented sheep, while from the ground there came a sound as from a harp. Looking down, there lying on the ground is a lonely shepherd lad and in his hands is a harp; his flaxen curls shine like gold in the setting sun; at his side lies his crook, and once in a while a stray lamb will come and bound away again in search of its mother.

It is a cool summer day, and a warm breeze wafts thru the air, sending whispering sounds from leaves nearby. Everything gives signs of contentment, from the shepherd boy, clothed in leopard skin, to the summer sky spotted with rosy clouds of sunset. And the lonely eagle is soaring high in the sky. This eagle is the only part of the scene

which gives a gloomy touch to the contentment which seems to reign o'er all.

Grade Eight.

FAVORABLE CHANCE.

In "Silas Marner" there is a quotation which is very good and true. It is this: "Favorable chance is the god of all men who follow their own devices instead of obeying a law they believe in."

For centuries and now, this has been and is true. Godfrey was an example of it. He was always "trusting to some throw of fortune's dice."

Any kind of a man will, if he has done a wrong deed, lean upon the thought, "Well, something will turn up to help me out so that no one will know." This seems to be quite a favorite thought or leaning-post with some people and it very often gets them into trouble, altho it sometimes does turn out as they had hoped.

Grade Eight.

DAVID AND SAUL.

In Robert Browning's great poem, "Saul," the two main characters are Saul and David.

Saul was a powerful, zealous, and great king who loved nothing so much as to lead a great army into battle. He was great in size and hale and brave in looks. Above and thru this came one thing that made life miserable for him. It was the piercing, stunning thought of a crime he had committed and it shone thru him in all his glory and made him wretched.

David was a beautiful shepherd boy: beautiful in thought, graceful in action, and loving and kind in deeds. He is simple, clean, and righteous in all his work and in everything he does.

Every one admired Saul but loved David.

Grade Eight.

A BOOK REVIEW—"MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH."

This interesting and amusing story of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" was written by Alice Hegan Rice. The book has been read by thousands of people, and the majority agree in saying that it is the best book Mrs. Rice has ever written.

The story in a nutshell, is a comparison between two women, Mrs. Wiggs and Miss Hazy. The one, Mrs. Wiggs, always looked on the bright side of life, while Miss Hazy went thru life grumbling about everything that came to her. Probably Miss Hazy would have been more contented had she been married and had a family to think of, as Mrs. Wiggs had. If she had known what hard responsibilities were, she would not have been so sour when small obstacles sprang up in her way. Mrs. Wiggs thought so much of her children that she had no time to brood over her troubles.

In order to get the good that there is out of the story, one would have to read the book, so I will not attempt to relate any of the goings on in the Cabbage Patch.

Grade Seven.



Questions on Current Events

The answers to these questions are found in late numbers of OUR TIMES. For the convenience of those who desire more complete answers, the pages and dates of issue are given.

1. How was the farcical character of the elections to the Russian Douma shown? 499; April 7.

Ans.—The workmen of a mill in St. Petersburg formally elected as their delegate a pet dog, declaring that she would be quite as useful a representative as any one of their number who stood any chance of being elected. The workmen of another factory elected the factory chimney, because, they said, it could not suffer from machine gun fire.

2. How was the Feast of San Jose in Havana celebrated, on March 21? 499; April 7.

Ans.—Bequests were awarded to supply poor girls with a marriage dowry. 499; April 7.

3. Who is our new ambassador to Austria-Hungary? 501; April 7.

Ans.—George S. Francis, of Troy, N. Y.

4. How is mail being forwarded to Peary the explorer? 502; April 7.

Ans.—The Peary Arctic Club dispatched its annual mail to Robert E. Peary by express for Dundee, Quebec. Thence it goes north by whalers.

5. What were the main questions considered by the Moroccan conference? 515; April 14.

Ans.—Who had the right to police Morocco; the share of the nations in the Moroccan state bank.

6. What is the gist of the speech made by Earl Gray, of Canada, in regard to our relations with that country? 521; April 14.

Ans.—To those of us who believe that in the coming solidarity and unification of the Anglo-Saxon race lie the future peace and hope of the world, the signs of the times are most encouraging.

7. What are some of the largest things in the world? 522; April 14.

Ans.—Ocean, Pacific; river, Amazon; lake, Superior; sound, Long Island, etc.

8. What are some of the most important inventions of recent years? 525; April 7.

Ans.—Wireless telegraphy, air-ship, automobile, turbine steamboat, moving pictures, monotype.

9. How did the Moroccan Conference come about? 526; April 14.

Ans.—The Kaiser made a speech to merchants in Tangiers in favor of the absolute independence of the Sultan, and the "open door" for trade in Morocco. France objected, and the conference was the result.

10. What was the result of the Russian election held in St. Petersburg, April 2? 532; April 21.

Ans.—The sweeping victory of the 160 constitutional Democratic electors.

11. What will be done about fortifying the Panama Canal? 534; April 21.

Ans.—There is disagreement in regard to the matter. The Canal Commission contends that the spirit of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty is against the building of fortifications; the general staff of the army has already drawn plans for elaborate fortifications.

12. What are the laws of the various states governing the liquor traffic? 543; April 21.

Ans.—The laws differ. Some of the states have local option, others license, in others the liquor traffic is controlled by the courts, and two states have prohibition.

13. How great a destruction was caused by the recent eruption at Mt. Vesuvius? 546; April 28.

Ans.—Several towns were ruined. Ten millions of dollars will be needed to restore these and give the necessary help to the destitute.

14. When did the earthquake in California occur, and how severe was it? 549; April 28.

Ans.—Shortly after five o'clock, on the morning of April 18. Many people were crushed to death, and from the shock and the fire that followed, nearly all the public buildings of San Francisco were destroyed. The property loss is at least \$200,000,000.

15. What is the meaning of the title of President Roosevelt's recent "Muck Rake" speech? 552; April 28.

Ans.—The name "Muck Rake," refers to a man with a muck rake, mentioned in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." The man could look no way but downward, and in spite of very inducement would persist in raking to himself the filth of the floor.

She Quit.

BUT IT WAS A HARD PULL.

It is hard to believe that coffee will put a person in such a condition as it did a woman of Apple Creek, O. She tells her own story.

"I did not believe coffee caused my trouble, and frequently said I liked it so well I would not quit drinking it, even if it took my life, but I was a miserable sufferer from heart trouble and nervous prostration for four years.

"I was scarcely able to be around at all. Had no energy and did not care for anything. Was emaciated and had a constant pain around my heart until I thought I could not endure it. For months I never went to bed expecting to get up in the morning. I felt as tho I was liable to die any time during the night.

"Frequently I had nervous chills and the least excitement would drive sleep away, and any little noise would upset me terribly. I was gradually getting worse until finally one day it came over me and I asked myself what is the use of being sick all the time and buying medicine so that I could indulge myself in coffee?

"So I thought I would see if I could quit drinking coffee, and got some Postum Food Coffee to help me quit. I made it strictly according to directions and I want to tell you that change was the greatest step in my life. It was easy to quit coffee because I had the Postum which I like better than I liked the old coffee. One by one the old troubles left, until now I am in splendid health, nerves steady, heart all right and the pain all gone. Never have any more nervous chills, don't take any medicine, can do all my housework and have done a great deal besides.

"My sister-in-law, who visited me this summer, had been an invalid for some time, much as I was. I got her to quit coffee and drink Postum. She gained five pounds in three weeks, and I never saw such a change in anyone's health."

"There's a reason."



Among Ourselves

The Editor's Round Table



Teaching is capable of developing the best that is in us. The noblest and most lovable men and women the world has been blest with have been the teachers of the race, who taught mankind by word and act and example.

There are so many "Hints and Helps" this month that quite a few of them were crowded over into the advertising pages. Some of the very best ones will be found among them.

How do you like "The Child World" now? The expense of issuing it in its present form, not bound in the rest of the pages, is considerable, but if you like the plan, the supplement will appear in this form every month. Some of the teachers have asked for copies to place in the hands of pupils. The publishers will supply twenty-five copies for a dollar. Not less than twelve copies will be sold by mail, and you may have these for fifty cents.

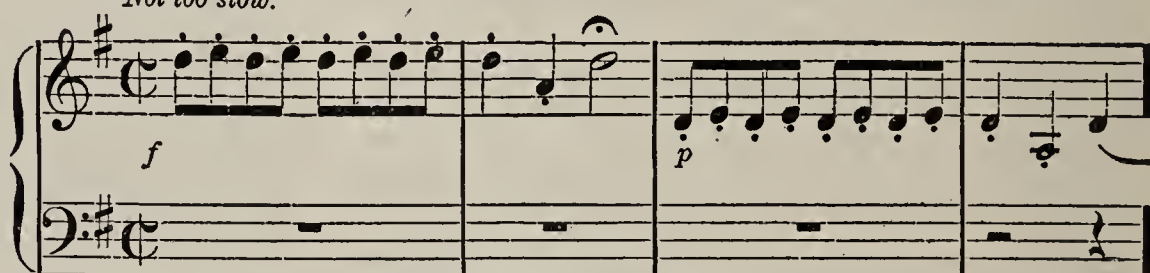
What do you think of our list of editors for next year? No doubt you have heard of every one of them. You will know them better at the end of the year. They will talk to you every month. Send in whatever questions you may have that trouble you, and we will help you if we can. All of our department editors have spoken before teachers' institutes and educational associations and you may see several of them personally during the year. They will be glad to become acquainted with you. Tell them that you are reading their articles in TEACHERS MAGAZINE.

A unique feature of the programs of Japanese schools is instruction in etiquette. Here is a suggestion worth considering. Polite conduct and usages might advantageously be taught in the grades and in the high school.

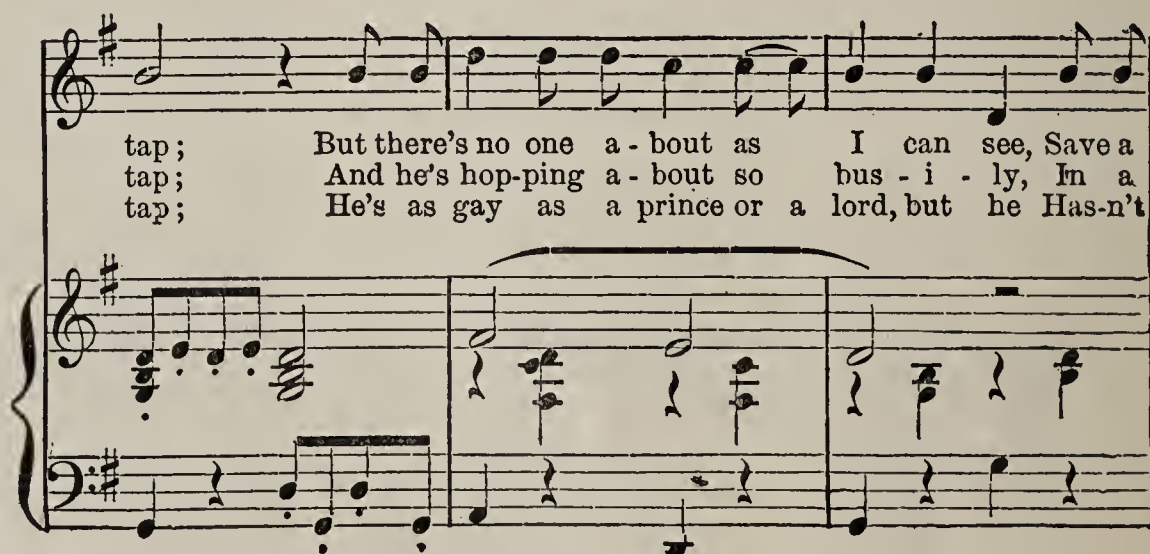
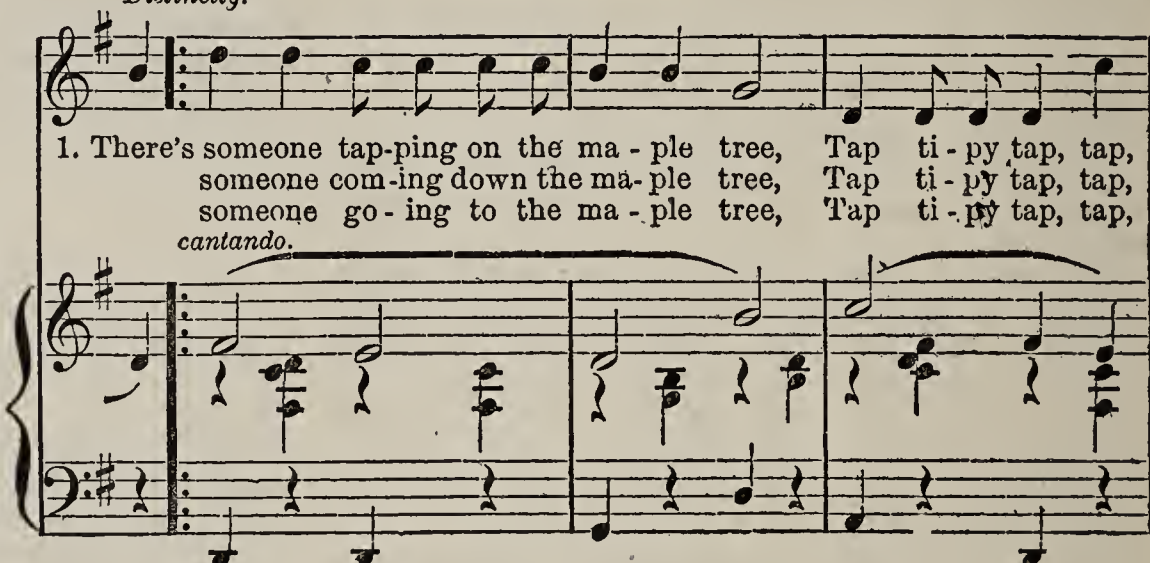
The Woodpecker.

Frederick Manley.
Not too slow.

Ethelbert Nevin.



Distinctly.



From "A Primer of Vocal Music" by Eleanor Smith.
Printed by special arrangement with the publishers and in connection with
Miss Alys Bentley's articles [see pages 688 and 689 last month, and pages 758
and 759 of this number.]

TEACHERS MAGAZINE publishes ten numbers a year. July and August are vacation months. Before school begins again in September you will receive the first number of the new volume—if you are a subscriber. Be sure to renew promptly. Last year several issues were so rapidly exhausted that no back numbers could be supplied. "God be with you till we meet again"—in September.

Education has to do largely with the extending and deepening of human relationships.

Social service represents the truest interpretation of the divine idea underlying human destiny.

The object of education is social regeneration of the individual in the service of civilization, neighborliness, and righteousness.

Miss Rose N. Archer, whose unique and suggestive article on the coal mine appears in this month's TEACHERS MAGAZINE, wishes me to state that the entire surface of the elevator for the miners' use should be painted with black "criss-cross" oblique lines. This represents the open iron-work sides and roof of a real elevator. The coal elevator should be painted black both inside and out.

Be sure to read the announcements of the many new features planned for your benefit next year. Of course, you will be with us, and so I should like to hear from you how the new program appeals to you. Has anything been omitted that you would like to have? Drop me a line. There are several pages left for special material.

The Woodpecker.

lark that is sing-ing a song of glee On a sun-lit bough, and it
cap quite as red as a bar-ber-ry, And a coat as green as a
time to go round showing off, you see, For he stays in the woods working

Joyfully.

is - n't he That is tap - ping a - way so stead - i - ly,
sum - mer lea, And he's sing - ing a laugh - ing mel - o - dy,
lov - ing - ly At a snug lit - tle home for his fam - i - ly,

Ped. *

1, 2 3
Tap tip - y tap, tap, tap. There's tap.

pizz.

Copyright, 1901, by Silver, Burdett & Company.

"The Woodpecker" is a remarkable contribution to American song literature. Frederick Manley is a true poet, and Ethelbert Nevin was a great composer. The result is a song that will live.

In selecting a school reader be sure to pay more regard to the literary quality of its contents than to the illustrations.

The state's resources are developed by education. Every educated individual is an addition to the wealth of the state.

One object of child study is to help us find effective, economic, and humane ways of teaching the young.

Don't fail to read Miss Peet's article in the present number. Here are new ideas for English composition work that are really good. What a valuable find they are will be evident to every teacher. Miss Peet will be with us thru the whole year as editor of a department of language work.

June is the month of roses; and so TEACHERS MAGAZINE celebrates by scattering roses over all its pages. There cannot be too much sweetness in the world.

I know of no recent book which supplies so much solidly practical suggestion to teachers in all grades of school, concerning the problems of managing pupils, as may be found in the "Little Talks on School Management," by Randall N. Saunders, which appeared in TEACHERS MAGAZINE this year. As it will be impossible to supply a complete set of the various numbers in which these "Talks" ap-

pear, the publishers have agreed to bring them out in a book. Fifty cents will buy a copy neatly bound.

TEACHERS MAGAZINE will always be on time next year. Our friends in Europe may expect to get their copies near the first of the month.

The New York office of TEACHERS MAGAZINE is located at 11 East 24th street, right near Madison Square. Come and see us. You are always welcome. Have your letters addressed in care of A. S. Barnes & Co. when you visit New York.

On this page will be found two more of B. de Monvel's charming sketches of French children to go with Dorothy Wells' story of child life in France.

If you want to take an ocean trip to the land of the lily and the rose, beautiful Bermuda; you will be interested in the announcement that Thomas Cook and Son, New York, have a tour to the Bermudas, especially arranged for teachers. If you want to write them for information, address Mr. J. T. Young, 261 Broadway, New York.

The National Educational Association will have no meeting this year, but the special rates secured for visiting San Francisco and the Pacific coast will, nevertheless, hold good. Many teachers will probably take advantage of these rates. The most interesting part of the United States for spending a memorable vacation is, to me, the mysterious Southwest—the Grand Canyon, the Indian pueblos, Acoma, the Hopi villages, the Great Desert. The New York Central and Pennsylvania railroads have arranged several trips taking in most of these places and many more. Mr. V. Beard, of the New York Central, at 1216 Broadway, New York, will supply information of special interest to New Yorkers and New Englanders. Mr. C. Studds, of 263 Fifth Avenue, New York, will send itineraries of the Pennsylvania railroad tours to the Grand Canyon of Arizona, the Colorado Rockies, and the Pacific coast.

If neither the over-land trip nor an ocean voyage appeals to you this year, you may be interested in a sail down the St. Lawrence river, and from Toronto to Chicoutimi on the Saguenay river in Canada. *The School Journal* for May 19 contains an article describing the attractions of such a sail. That number can be obtained for five cents per copy. If you will write to Thomas Henry, the traffic manager of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, of Montreal, mentioning that you are a teacher, you may obtain an illustrated folder free of charge.

Wherever you will be this summer:

May your vacation days be full to overflowing with joy, so that when school begins again in



September you may be refreshed and strengthened in body and mind and take up the work of the new year for and with the little ones, in a new spirit; buoyed up by hope and promise and strengthened by a clearer and ever-deepening knowledge of what is best in teaching.

Bread Dyspepsia.

THE DIGESTING ELEMENT LEFT OUT.

Bread dyspepsia is common. It affects the bowels because white bread is nearly all starch; and starch is digested in the intestines, not in the stomach proper.

Up under the shell of the wheat berry Nature has provided a curious deposit which is turned into diastase when it is subjected to the saliva and to the pancreatic juices in the human intestines.

This diastase is absolutely necessary to digest starch and turn it into grape-sugar, which is the next form; but that part of the wheat berry makes dark flour, and the modern miller cannot readily sell dark flour; so Nature's valuable digester is thrown out and the human system must handle the starch as best it can, without the help that nature intended.

Small wonder that appendicitis, peritonitis, constipation, and all sorts of trouble exist when we go so contrary to Nature's law. The food experts that perfected Grape-Nuts Food; knowing these facts, made use in their experiments of the entire wheat and barley, including all the parts and subjected them to moisture and long continued warmth, which allows time and the proper conditions for developing the diastase, outside of the human body.

In this way the starchy part is transformed into grape-sugar in a perfectly natural manner, without the use of chemicals or any outside ingredients. The little sparkling crystals of grape-sugar can be seen on the pieces of Grape-Nuts. This food therefore is naturally pre-digested and its use in place of bread will quickly correct the troubles that have been brought about by the too free use of starch in the food, and that is very common in the human race to-day.

The effect of eating Grape-Nuts ten days or two weeks and the discontinuance of ordinary white bread, is very marked. The user will gain rapidly in strength and physical and mental health.

"There's a reason."

Adventures of a Royal Bumblebee.

By NINA L. MARSHALL, New York.

THE heroine of my story and the members of her court—The Jolly Rovers,—lived in a deserted mouse-hole in the country; they always wore suits of velvet banded with black and gold.

Their suits were sunned and aired when they had been exposed to dampness; they were brushed carefully every day and always looked handsome.

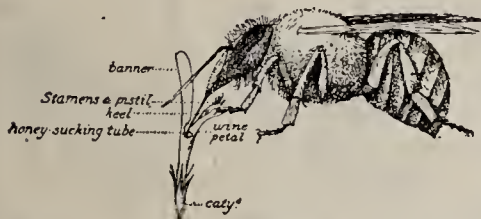
Sometimes the royal lady and her courtiers dined out by invitation and sometimes, when not invited, they found their way to banquets set for other guests.

Red Clovers always welcome Bumble Bees, both Queens and courtiers. If you find a Red Clover in a park or vacant lot or pasture, you may perhaps have the good fortune to see a Clover party. I have often seen one.

The Clover Plant serves honey in dainty pink goblets to her guests. She sends a delicately perfumed invitation by gentle breezes to tell The Jolly Rovers the feast is ready.

When a Jolly Rover gets a whiff he rises in the air on gauzy wings and hums a contented song, for he knows that sweet honey is soon to be his.

Each pink goblet is very small and a Rover might not see it, if each grew alone.



A single pink goblet with Bumble Bee sucking honey. The Bumble Bee rests her front feet on the wing-petals, the weight bears the wing-petals down and causes the stamens and pistil to spring up and give or take pollen from underneath the Bumble Bee's head.

ball and, humming louder than ever, settles on it.

He thrusts his tongue down the slender-stemmed cup. It is just long enough to reach the honey-drop lying at the bottom and he eagerly drinks it.

Watch him closely as he rises from his feast and you will see that his velvet collar has been dusted with yellow powder which was hidden in tiny boxes at the mouth of the cup.



Rover settles on a Clover Ball.

The Clover guards against such a mishap and sets a number together to form a beautiful Red Clover ball.

As the Rover flies high he plainly sees the

He does not see the powder, although his eyes are large. Watch him as he thrusts his long tongue down another pink cup and you will see a tiny wand bend upward from the cup and take the powder from the Rover's collar.

He does not miss it and his head sinks lower in the cup. Watch closely and you will see that again his head is powdered by hidden boxes which work on springs.

Every time he takes a sip of honey he gives a bit of powder to a tiny wand, and every time he leaves a flower-cup he carries away a fresh supply.

There is a secret in this game of give-and-take which you may learn if you will let me have your best attention for one moment. Nature requires each Clover Plant to make a box of seed to send away to other parks and vacant lots and fields. It cannot make good seed unless each flower-cup has some yellow pollen powder from another flower-cup.



The reason the Clover Plant prepared a banquet, sent out perfumed invitations, made the pretty flower-cups, filled the cups with honey and played the trick of give-and-take, was to effect an exchange of yellow pollen powder.



Pure Blood

Is certain if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

This great medicine cures those eruptions, pimples and boils that appear at all seasons; cures scrofula sores, salt rheum or eczema; adapts itself equally well to, and also cures, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles; cures rheumatism and catarrh; cures nervous troubles, debility and that tired feeling.

Accept no substitute, but insist on having

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Buy a bottle today and begin treatment at once.

Sarsatabs.—To meet the wishes of those who prefer medicine in tablet form, we are now putting up Hood's Sarsaparilla in chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs, as well as in the usual liquid form. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 100 doses one dollar. C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.



For Headings on Children's Composition Exercises about the Robins.

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER



The Freshness of Roses

and balmy June days are not more delightful and refreshing than the soothing touch of Mennen's. Gives immediate and positive relief from Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn, and all skin troubles. Everywhere used and recommended by physicians and nurses for its perfect purity and absolute uniformity. For the protection of our patrons, we have perfected a non-refillable box which will guarantee that you get the genuine MENNEN'S.

Don't be misled into buying substitutes by a cheap price or a fancy package. It is the powder, not the box, which goes on your skin. MENNEN'S face on top of a box is a guarantee of the powder inside. Get the genuine.

For sale everywhere, or by mail, 25c.

Sample free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO.

47 Orange Street : : Newark, N. J.

Try MENNEN'S VIOLET (Borated) TALCUM





More Hints and Helps.

(Continued from page 781.)

A Letter From Louisiana.

Our Primer grade, in Louisiana is always a crowded one. I am teaching my tenth session, and for the first time I have, this month, only forty-seven pupils on roll. Miss Addison teaches the upper section of the Primer with sixty-seven on roll. Before this year, I taught the whole grade, with never less than one hundred. A child must be six years old to be admitted; he is allowed to enter any day of the week, and any month, to the very last; but I have the privilege of promoting a pupil as soon as he or she can read, write, and count fairly: I've promoted twenty-one already.

I can not say to my class: "One nation, one flag, one language!" Our children are French, Italian, Spanish, German, Greek, Syrian, English, and sometimes American; yet, some means must be found to reach their intelligence, when they come to me not understanding a word of English!

How tell them, and make *them* tell me of mamma and baby and home? I own that my failures couldn't be counted, the first day, week, and with some a full

month. But by sign, mimic, pictures, objects, or drawings, a telegraphic comprehension of words comes, slowly at first, for you understand what uphill work this must be!

We read from the Wheeler Primer and the Striker Chart. If I am teaching the word "box," every one in the class looks for the word, and finding it in any book, newspaper, magazine, etc., shows it to the class. Every one writes it on his slate, and draws the figure before the end of that day. We never have a period of more than ten minutes.

Little recitations from our dear TEACHERS MAGAZINE, stories, and games come between reading and number work. We spell while standing, waiting for last bell. We sing before and after bells.

At this time of year, a small number of pupils, left with me from the beginning of the session, can name some minerals, plants, and animals. All can write their name, except those that came this month; some draw all the models on the board (about twenty), others only a few.

You see how simple the plan; if it could prove as pleasurable and useful to you as the "Primary" was to me, or the TEACHERS MAGAZINE is now, how delighted I would be!

Louisiana.

M. O. TUSSON.

Number Helps.

The following suggestions may be available for your "Hints and Helps" department, which I always read with great interest, and from which I derive much benefit.

After I have taught a number of combinations, such as $6+7$, $6+8$, $6+9$, etc., to second year pupils, I tell one child to act as "cashier." This delighted youngster stands facing the class, while ten children give her little problems, such as:

"I have 13 cents; I spent 7 cents; how much change?" The cashier says, "You receive 6 cents."

This continues until the last purchaser has been satisfied, then another girl is chosen as cashier. Should she give an incorrect answer, the class tells her the right one, whereupon she loses her "position" as "cashier," and some one else is chosen in her place. Both parties are interested in this game, and often give the cashier hard nuts to crack.

In counting by 10's, 5's, etc., I use toy money. As I drop the coins into a glass bowl the class counts, sometimes aloud, sometimes silently, "ten, twenty, thirty," etc.

When counting silently, I stop abruptly, saying, "How much in the bowl?" "How many ten-cent pieces make 60c.?" etc.

New York.

H. M. HANDRICH.

Now is a good time to begin taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the medicine that cleanses the blood and clears the complexion.

A TREASURE FOR WOMEN

There are many thousands of women to-day who are suffering from nervousness, backache, headache and other ills which make their lives utterly miserable. The cause of the suffering generally springs from something very simple, but the effects may be very serious unless prompt attention is given to the derangement. Every woman can quickly and surely relieve her sufferings by availing herself of the friend she has in

BECHAM'S PILLS

These wonderful pills, so easy and pleasant to take, have gained for themselves many thousands of friends by their quick action and the prompt relief they afford. Experience and practice has proved that no medicine equals Beecham's Pills for dispelling those painful and distressing symptoms from which so many women suffer, and the effectual manner in which they

EASE MANY BURDENS

IN BOXES WITH FULL DIRECTIONS, 10c AND 25c

Marconi Wireless Telegraph Stock

The Best Investment in the World



GUGLIELMO MARCONI

This investment is based on an invention which covers the largest field of usefulness and operation of any of the great discoveries of the world, and it enjoys the inestimable advantages secured through years of experiment and immense expenditure of money, of established success and practical use, and of being on an earning basis now.

The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, whose stock we offer you, owns all the rights under the wireless patents of Marconi, Edison, Pupin and Fleming for the United States, all its possessions and dependencies, Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands and Alaska, comprising many thousands of miles of seacoast, upwards of five million square miles of territory, and containing over 100,000,000 people with the largest commerce, greatest manufacturing industries, largest amount of shipping, and the most prosperous and enterprising people in the world.

The question is not "Is this a good investment?" but, "Is there any other investment in the world as good?" We don't believe there is. In the first place, Marconi Wireless has practically a monopoly of the wireless telegraph business, and to-day the Marconi System is on the ocean what Bell Telephone is on land.

The Company is conservatively managed. It is conducted on the most conservative business principles, and is managed by honest, capable men of high business and professional standing. The officers of the Company include Hon. John W. Griggs, who is the President and who was formerly Governor of the State of New Jersey and Attorney-General of the United States; H. H. McClure, of McClure's Magazine; W. R. Betts, of Betts, Sheffield & Betts, New York. Mr. Thomas A. Edison, the great inventor, is one of the consulting engineers.

Just consider what this system of Wireless Telegraphy is. It affords communication with ships at sea in any part of the world; prevents shipwrecks; saves lives; promotes commerce. It will eventually be used everywhere on land where telephone or telegraph is used, and over much of the territory in America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia which they cannot reach. It will do the work of ocean cables. While it is doing so much now, not one-hundredth part of the sea-going vessels are yet equipped. In other words, it is not doing one-hundredth part of the work it will do.

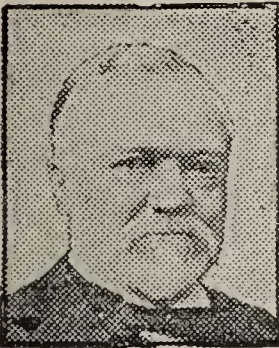
There are alone fourteen Atlantic cables, earning about \$35,000,000 per year; one-quarter of this business would give Marconi stock a value of \$2,000 per share on a 5% basis.

You want to remember that it is not an experiment, but a proven, demonstrated, operating proposition, now doing a profitable commercial business. Keep in mind that the Company has five stations in the United States; that all the great Trans-Atlantic steamers are equipped with the system; that the principal navies of the world use it; that governments have endorsed the system in the United States, Canada, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia, and wire to any ship in any part of the world that is equipped with the system; **AND EVERY ONE OF THE 50,000 VESSELS THAT SAIL THE OCEANS AND LAKES OF THE WORLD WILL BE COMPELLED TO EMPLOY WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY FOR ITS OWN PROTECTION.**

You must appreciate that there are over 30,000 Postal and Western Union Telegraph offices in the United States alone, which by contract receive messages via Marconi to all parts of the world; that this arrangement gives the system the benefit of the hundreds of millions of dollars invested in wires, poles, offices, and equipments, by the Telegraph Companies, which is saved by the Marconi Company; that Marconi is not stopped by snow, sleet, or storms, there are no expensive repairs to wires and poles, and the money thus saved goes to the Marconi Company.

This Company, the first and best in the field, endorsed by the greatest scientists in the world and important business interests, will under all conditions and for all time, like the Bell telephone, occupy first place.

What the Greatest Manufacturer and the Greatest Inventor Say



ANDREW CARNEGIE

ANDREW CARNEGIE says:
"Marconi has already done a lifetime's work, but he is going to do another. He is a wonderful young man. I believe in him thoroughly."



THOMAS A. EDISON

THOMAS A. EDISON, who is one of the Consulting Engineers of the Marconi Company, says, "Marconi will do great things with wireless telegraphy. We no longer consider it strange that ships should talk to one another at distances of six or seven hundred miles, and as a matter of fact wireless telegraphy is now being used all over the world."

You know the vast fortunes that were made on the increase in value of the Bell Telephone stock and the Electric Light, the Air Brake the Phonograph, the Electric Railway and similar enterprises. Mr. Edison says that New York capitalists refused to finance his first electric railroad for \$40,000. One thousand million dollars have since been invested in electric traction.

The New York Sun of January 28 said: "One thousand messages, commercial and personal, have been sent from one ship to others and to shore stations on one trip in the busy season. This means an expenditure by the passengers for Marconi Wireless messages of more than \$2,000. On a recent trip to New York from Hamburg the Amerika sent 700 dispatches to ship and shore."

We have been continuously telling our customers and friends about Marconi. Every word we have said is coming true, and much we did not venture to predict. It would take a book to tell you about it. We print the main facts in our prospectus and Marconi Wireless News, which contains additional information.

Each day records the work of the Marconi Wireless System in reporting the arrival of ships from two hundred miles and upward from port, the communication between vessels at sea, the transmission of messages from all parts of Europe and America to travelers on the ocean and some new developments in its use; while wrecks are reported, icebergs warned against, and human lives saved in more than one instance. Newspapers are filled with these and other fresh facts concerning the usefulness, benefits and magnificent accomplishments of Marconi's discovery.

Every claim made for it has been demonstrated in practice, and this can be said of no other great invention at the same period of its life. The development of the steam engine, telegraph, telephone, electric light, phonograph and motor carriage occupied a much longer period, and involved not thousands of dollars more, but millions in the process.

INVEST BEFORE THE GREAT RISE IN THESE SECURITIES AND REAP THE BENEFIT.

For full information concerning the wonderful Marconi System and for a free illustrated pamphlet and copy of the latest edition of the Marconi Wireless News, address without delay.

REALL & COMPANY, Bankers,
LAND TITLE BUILDING,

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Address.....

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& CO.
LAND TITLE
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DEAR SIR:
Without putting
myself under any
obligation please
send prospectus of the
Marconi Wireless Tel-
egraph Co., and the Mar-
coni Wireless News as per
your offer in June Teachers
Magazine.

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The delicious Cod Liver Preparation Without Oil.

Vinol contains all the medicinal elements of cod liver oil actually taken from fresh cods' livers, but no oil. The oil, having no value as medicine or food, is thrown away.

Vinol is therefore better than old-fashioned cod liver oil and emulsions to restore health for

Old people, delicate children, weak run-down persons, and after sickness, colds, coughs, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles.

Get it at THE Leading Drug Stores Everywhere

Exclusive agency given to one druggist in a place

CHESTER KENT & CO., CHEMISTS, BOSTON, MASS.

THE BANDIT

An Operetta
for Children's Voices

Words and Music by CLARENCE T. STEELE
Tuneful, Melodious, Catchy, and easily taught.

An Interesting Story

Inexpensive but effective costumes. This is one of the easiest operettas to "get up" that can be found, and the bright novelty of the story will appeal to "grown ups" as well as children.

Price 30 cents. Sample Copy postpaid for 15 cents.

Liberal discounts to schools.

WM. A. POND & CO.,
148 Fifth Avenue :: New York

Replies to Questions

By AMOS M. KELLOGG

Balance of Trade.—You can explain this to your geography class by speaking about "imports" and "exports." If this country buys of other countries more than it sells to them, then the "balance of trade" is against us, and we must send over gold or bonds to make up this difference. It does not follow that a country is not prosperous that has a "balance of trade" against it; in 1893 we imported \$1.03 worth of goods for every \$1.00 worth we exported.

Keeping after School.—A pupil may be kept a reasonable time after school for good reasons. If a parent sends you word that he wants his child to come home when school is out, accede to his request by all means. You may intend to benefit the child by keeping him in. The parent may choose to stand in your way—that is his right. So if when you are keeping a child in he is sent for by the parent, dismiss him at once; the parent's right over his child is superior to yours. In general, I advise against the practice of keeping in pupils.

Training the Will.—"It is far more important to train a child's will than to train his mind." This is an utterance by a distinguished clergyman; it does not mean, however, that the entire training of the child's will devolves on the teacher. How to train the will would require more space to expound than can be allowed in this department. If you secure from your pupils a courteous "Good morning" as they enter the school-room, that is the result of will-training to that extent. They have given up their way of entering the room, and have adopted yours. Now apply this principle to all the procedure during the day, and you will have trained their wills. To make it effectual they should adopt your way willingly; this is important to bear in mind.

Baltimore Teacher.—That you have been able to receive no advantage from reading Rousseau's "Emile" is not strange. It would require a very able thinker to build up a scheme of education from this book, and yet it has great value. Rousseau was certainly a genius. A writer asks: "How was it that his writings swayed the world so that it still trembles?" Rousseau as a writer cannot be understood without understanding the man himself, and his times. He had a love of nature as deep as it is rare, a feeling for the external world which in his day had been nearly destroyed by materialism. When about forty years old his genius became the voice needed by the times to express unheeded truth concerning life in general. One who comprehends Rousseau will be aided better to comprehend modern education.

Latest and Best SOUVENIR



We believe this latest production of ours to be by far the most attractive Souvenir ever offered to teachers. It is entirely different from anything made heretofore and those teachers who are looking for something new to present to their pupils the last day of school will find it in this "Latest and Best Souvenir."

Description.—They consist of two cards, 5x8½, cut-out edge, tied together with ribbon. The first card is elegantly lithographed, embossed, and enameled. There are four center designs—two of kittens and flowers and two of landscapes—which are sent assorted. On the second card are printed "Gems of Thought," carefully selected with special reference to their appropriateness.

The Price is 6c each, 20 or more at 5c each, post-paid. No further discount.

PRICE REDUCED

Special Printing.—On the second card, in place of the "Gems of Thought," we can print the name of the school or number of the school district, the place, date, names of teacher and school officers, and names of pupils. The extra cost of this to be added to the price quoted above, is 50c. We can copy the photo of teacher and place it on this specially printed second card at an extra cost of 25c for the first 10 and 1c for each additional one. We can add the "Gems of Thought" card if desired, making three cards tied together, for 2c each additional.

A Sample will be sent free to those who intend to order Souvenirs. Others must send the regular price. Catalogue of all kinds of Teachers' Supplies FREE.

JOHN WILCOX, Milford, N. Y.

Prize-Giving.—The extract sent by R. L. F., showing the presentation of a gold watch to the pupil gaining ninety per cent. in the examination in French in ——— school, does not prove it to be a good thing. The main objection to such a practice is that it denies that a pupil should be moved and governed by a desire to know truth. I have seen a Bible given to the one who could repeat the most verses, and that one was the one least influenced by the spirit of those verses. There are some who acquire with little effort; the just plan would

WE ARE MORE THAN PLEASED WITH THEM

This was
said of

ESTERBROOK'S PENS



Slant, Modified Slant, Vertical

The special reason, their easy writing qualities.

Ask Stationer.

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co.

26 John Street, New York
Works: Camden, N. J.

be to reward those who make the most effort. To mention in public that one had been marked ninety would be enough.

Societies.—Several have written of the efforts made where two societies or clubs were organized in the school. One of these letters is so interesting that it would make a valuable article by itself. There were eighty pupils in the room; the Adelphi Society was started first by the principal, in secret, and it manifested itself by offering speeches, writings, dialogs, and music on a Friday afternoon, under the direction of its president. The assistant teacher then in secret organized the Cosmos Club, and it came before the public with similar exercises, under the direction of its president. A rivalry sprang up which fairly startled the village. Rightly managed such societies are educational.

The Teacher's Future.—Advice as to a teacher's future is not easy to give without knowing considerable about that teacher. In general, it may be said that no well qualified teacher need be anxious about employment. There is an unfilled demand for really well qualified teachers; there are not enough of them. But while one may believe he is "well qualified," a school board may think he is below their standard. As a graduate of the Winona Normal School, you ought to be able to earn ranging from \$50 to \$100 per month. Why not ask the principal of that school for advice?

Gymnastic Training.—There is a school in Boston of high character, and all of its graduates that wish to teach, I learn, have no difficulty in finding places at

good salaries. The course requires two years; the tuition is \$150; the main subjects are physics, chemistry, physiology, anatomy, histology, corrective gymnastics, symptomatology, psychology, pedagogy dancing, and athletics.

Manual Training.—There is evidently a renewed interest in manual employment in schools; it is plainly more widely spread; for a time it was confined wholly to the cities. Readers of the MAGAZINE find two difficulties, (1) the lack of time to oversee the pupils (some seem to think the boys already have enough to do if they pursue the usual studies), and (2) the lack of suitable appliances. To meet the second difficulty, I can say I have seen very good results in a district school of fifty pupils, where a table in the corner of the room served as a work bench; around this was a home-made screen. An ingenious boy of fifteen was the overseer and helper. The tools were a scissors, some bradawls, a square, a two-foot rule, a hone, a five-inch plane, a sharp shoemaker's knife, a half-inch chisel, glue and paste pots, two gimlets, a small saw, a clamp, and a miter-box. The materials were cardboard and empty orange boxes,—both got at the village store, and some strips of boards. The objects made were miscellaneous, the most popular were hanging book-shelves; many playthings had been repaired; book-covers had been put in order, and pictures framed, etc. Only the older boys took part in this work, but it had created much interest. The tools had been brought from home; a cabinet-maker had come in several times to see "how the boys got along."

Children's Compositions on Country Life

In the April number of TEACHERS MAGAZINE, a picture of city children on a farm was given. I had my third grade write compositions on "Country Life," and I send you three of the same. I also enclose a good story by one of the three children, entitled "The Lark and the Farm."

Wisconsin. ELLA MARQUARDT, Teacher.
COUNTRY LIFE.

1. I like it better in the country than in the city.
 2. I like it better in the country because you get nice butter and milk, but in the city when you buy milk you only get a little. You also get good cream and more cream than in the city.
 3. In the country you can have a big place to play. You can play in the hay in the country, which you cannot do in the city. In the city you cannot see the sun rise, while in the country you can, because country people get up earlier. In the country you can have fruit trees and a big garden of flowers.
 4. In the country you can see big trees all around. Horses, cows, and sheep can be seen in the country. You can also see horses in the city.
- Age 9 years. LEONE GIEHEL.

1. It is nicer in a country than in the city.
2. In the country you can go out and feed the chickens, calves, and cows, get eggs, go out in the field and watch the men plow, cut hay, and cut grain.

3. In the country you can have a nicer garden than in the city.
 4. You can go riding in the country.
 5. If you are living in a city and want to go out to play you might get run over.
 6. In the country you can go in the hay barn, while in the city if you go out far, some old man or old woman may come after you.
 7. On a farm you have more places to play, but in the city the houses are built so close that the children have no place to play.
 8. On a farm you can get up earlier than in the city.
 9. On a farm you can raise pretty little chickens.
- Age 10 years. ANNIE SLOOP.

1. In the country you can have much more fun than in the city. You can play in the hay and go in the fields.
 2. You can raise potatoes and other vegetables in the country which you cannot do in town.
 3. You can make your own butter and raise fruit.
 4. You can play hide-and-go-seek, go horse-back, gather the eggs, feed the chickens and play in the hay.
 5. You can see the sun rise and set in the country. You can see the grain and wheat while growing.
 6. Then when we grow up and go to school in the city we can tell of things which the city boys and girls know nothing of.
- Age 8 years. LILA HAHN.

DON'T make the mistake of thinking a dentifrice is good simply because it cleans the teeth. Emery will clean teeth and also destroy them.

Rubifoam

A perfect dentifrice will not only clean the teeth, but harden the gums, destroy bacteria (always found on the gums), and purify and sweeten the mouth without injury.

Rubifoam

Does all this without grit or even chalk or magnesia, to say nothing of the coarse powders containing charcoal or pumice.

Rubifoam

Is the delicious liquid dentifrice so long proven, perfect in its action, ideal in form, economical to a drop,

and sold everywhere at 25 cents.

For Free Sample Bottle, address,
E. W. HOYT & CO., Lowell, Mass.



It Disinfects and Heals

One cake of Glenn's Sulphur Soap contains more pure sulphur than does a whole box of other "sulphur" soaps. Use it in toilet and bath. It disinfects, heals eruptive sores and cures itching. Get the genuine of your druggist.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye
Black or Brown, 50c.

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THE BREWER TEACHERS' AGENCY
 ESTABLISHED 22 YEARS POSITIONS FILLED, 7,500
 1302 AUDITORIUM BUILDING CHICAGO
 BRANCH, 494 ASHLAND AVE., BUFFALO, N.Y.

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31 Union Sq., New York
 Steady call for teachers. Fills best positions; four last year; average, \$29.00 each. Recommended by Eastern colleges and Normal schools. 16th year. For quick work, call, 'phone or wire.

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Good teachers placed at all times of the year. Register now. **EDUCATORS' EXCHANGE** Every week finds us short of candidates for good places.
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During the fall and winter months there are frequent vacancies which must be filled on short notice. Many of them are first class positions. Address
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THE HATHAWAY TEACHERS' AGENCY, :: :: Bennington, Vt.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL BUREAU

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Hints and Helps

(Continued from page 781.)

Helping the Plants.

I find that children always take an interest in the animals and insects that help the plants to grow. We took up this subject in our nature study work for a few weeks, and found out about several helpers and in what ways they help. Here are some short compositions written by the children about these helpers.

THE EARTH WORM.

Earth worms are ugly and blind, but they do a great deal of good. As they dig, they fill their bodies with dirt and carry it to the top of the ground. In this way they keep the soil renewed. They make long holes under the earth thru which the water and the air can pass, and down which it is easy for roots to make their way. Mr. Darwin studied about earth worms for many years.

THE LACE-WING.

The lace-wing is a greenish insect with very pretty wings. It has a bad smell. It tastes bad, too, so birds do not eat it. It eats plant-lice, and so helps rose-bushes and plants.

CARRYING POLLEN.

Farmers ought to like bumble-bees. These bees carry the pollen from flower to flower among the clover. If they did not, the clover seed would not grow.

The butterfly tulip has three petals. Each has spots of shaded velvet at the base. These spots show the insects the way to the flower's little lake of honey. The bee or other insect gets pollen on to it when it goes down for the honey. When it goes down into another flower, perhaps it will rub the pollen off. In this way the pollen is carried by insects.

The iris has shaded spots on its sepals. These gay paths lead to the honey. The large ant likes the honey. He goes into every iris he finds and carries pollen from one to another.

Busy Work.

I have found the making of illustrated booklets excellent busy work for rainy days. We make the books of large sheets of drawing paper sewed together. We make the covers of any kind of bright, light-weight cardboard and tie with narrow ribbon. On the outside is printed in large letters "Rainy Day Book."

I write a poem on the board and the children copy a verse at a time and illustrate with drawings, which they color afterwards with water-color paints. Our books contain "Who Likes the Rain?" "October Leaves," "The Little Pilgrim Maid," "Mistletoe and Holly," "Tomorrow is Christmas Morning," and "The Story of the New Dress." This last one is variously illustrated, but all the books have drawings of the dress, the sheep from which the wool was cut, and the mill where the cloth was made.

This work has made the children careful in writing and drawing, and has, to a degree at least, cultivated the imagination and the artistic tendencies. But best of all, the children have been happy when the rain kept them indoors.

California. ANNA McLANAHAN.

AN AGENCY is valuable in proportion to its influence. If it merely hears of vacancies and tells **THAT** is something, but if it is you about them **THAT** asked to recommend a teacher and recommends you, **RECOMMENDS.** that is more. Ours C. W. BARDEEN Syracuse, N. Y.

Sheep Race.

Are the multiplication tables tiresome? Try this, which will prove very helpful with classes just learning the tables.

Write upon strips of cardboard the tables the class has learned, then cut them apart, so that on each small piece will be one combination, as, $4 \times 3 = 12$.

Choose two pupils for shepherds, and distribute among the others the pieces which are the lost sheep. Each shepherd stands beside his sheepfold, which is drawn with chalk on the floor. The pupils ask the shepherds questions from their cards and as soon as one fails, the other may start to hunt his lost sheep.

He goes to any pupil, perhaps to Johnny, and says, "I have lost my sheep; have you any of my sheep?" Johnny says, "Yes, it is 4×12 ." If the shepherd knows the sheep's name, 48, he may have it and ask Johnny, or any other pupil, for more of his sheep, until he has found ten sheep, or until he misses or fails to recognize one of his sheep, when he must take to his sheepfold the sheep he has found and wait there while the other shepherd hunts.

Of course, each is anxious to find the most sheep. The pupils usually want "Teacher" to have some of the lost sheep and take part in the game.

Addition, subtraction, or division tables may be reviewed in this way just as well as multiplication.

Iowa. M. KAY BENSON.

Novel Book Covers.

I have, in the past six months, had the opportunity of practically testing a device which I planned in an endeavor to maintain interest in my primary and first reading classes.

I have found it to be of such real value that I do not hesitate in recommending it to my fellow teachers.

Before giving the text-books to my pupils I make cloth covers for them which are the same as any ordinary ones excepting the right half.

This is made in a bag-like form into which not only the book-back but also all the leaves preceding the lesson are placed. After placing these in this half the book-backs are bent backward to allow the left half of the cover to be put on.

I remove and replace the covers at each new lesson assignment. I never have any bother with the pupils' tampering with the covers, for I find that by beginning at first in this way they take it as a matter of course. It at once becomes obvious that the child's interest is kept thoroly aroused thru curiosity in what the book has in store for him in the way of pictures and stories.


I notice that this device is not only a good incentive for earnest study but it also makes a splendid protection for the leaves until reached by the pupils and thereby greatly diminishes the chances of having them torn or otherwise soiled.

Nebraska. VENE RIKER.


Insomnia from solar heat is readily overcome by one or two antikamnia tablets at supper time, and again before retiring. If these conditions are partly dependent upon a disordered stomach, two antikamnia tablets with fifteen or twenty drops of aromatic spirits of ammonia, well diluted with water, are advisable.

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A Pronouncing Game.

My pupils like to play games. Here is one:

I number the pupils, one, two, etc., till all are numbered. I call on the highest numbered one to be "It." He, or she steps in front of the class.

Number one spells all the words he cannot pronounce. If the one that is "It" fails to pronounce the word, he takes his place in class and the next highest numbered is "It." If he pronounces the words correctly, he is still "It."

As soon as number one is thru, number two spells, and so on, till all hard words are pronounced. Then have pupils read the lesson, which will be done with few mistakes.

The one that is "It" in school is leader on the playground.

The pupils need little seat work when we play the game, as they prefer to read the lesson.

Try it for yourself, you will find great interest taken in it.

Pennsylvania. WILLIS E. DAVIS.

Marking by Letters.

Having read many helpful articles in the TEACHERS MAGAZINE, I desire to add a plan which I have used successfully for several years. A large capital E (excellent) is awarded the pupil who does his best in writing at copy time. A capital G (good) for him who does fairly well; a capital F (fair); a capital P (poor).

These letters are placed at the most conspicuous place on the page. It encourages the dull boy; and delights the little ones. I have many times noted with pleasure the faces illumine with delight as the E was placed upon the neat pages before me.

It is needless to say that, during the few years' experience I have had, I have never been able (due to the efforts on the part of the pupils) to place a single P on the page of any unfortunate little one. If this small bit of advice escapes the waste basket, I shall, at another time, write about "my spelling classes."

Ohio. ANNA LEE LEWIS.

Rest and Health for Mother and Child.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for OVER FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for THEIR CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure to ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." And take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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[Mention this paper.]

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Discontent.
Down in a field, one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one who tried to hide herself
And drooped, that pleasant weather.

A robin, who had soared too high
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near a buttercup
Who wished she were a daisy.

For daisies grow so trig and tall,
She always had a passion
For wearing frills about her neck,
Just in the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be
The same old tiresome color,
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Altho the gold is duller.

"Dear robin," said this sad young flower,
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me,
Some day when you are flying."

"You silly thing!" the robin said,
"I think you must be crazy;
I'd rather be my honest self,
Than any made-up daisy."

"You're nicer in your own bright gown;
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you."

"Tho swallows keep me out of sight,
We'd better keep our places;
Perhaps the world would all go wrong
With one too many daisies."

"Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup
Just here where you are growing."
—SARAH ORNE JEWETT, in *Playdays*.

For the rose, ho, the rose! is the grace of
the earth,
Is the light of the plants that are growing
upon it!
For the rose, ho, the rose! is the eye of the
flowers,
Is the blush of the meadows that feel
themselves fair.
—MRS. BROWNING

What?
Good morrow, little rose-bush,
Now prithee, tell me true,
To have as good times as a red rose
What must a body do?
To have as good times as a red rose,
A little girl like you
Just grows, and grows, and grows,
And that's what she must do.
—Selected.

N.E.A.

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STEAM CARS.

The cars are used in carrying people to different parts of the world. They can go about twice as fast as an ordinary boat. Cars are made of wood, iron, and paper. The wheels are made of paper and the coaches and freight boxes are made of wood and iron. The engine is sometimes called a locomotive. We use furnaces, boilers, and engines to run cars. The boiler is filled with water in a tank under the coal. It is gotten out of the tank by a pump called an injector. This is done by the steam in the boiler. There are two kinds of trains, the passenger and freight.

The track is put on cross ties. The rails are not put tight up together because when the cars run over the track it makes it expand and if it were put tight together the track would get out of shape. The railroad that runs thru my county is called New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk Railroad. COLOMA WISE.

BUBBLES.

I see three boys in this picture.

John is kneeling. He has a bowl in his right hand, and a pipe in his mouth.

He is blowing bubbles.

Arthur and Otho are standing, watching the bubbles fall on the cat's back. Cats do not like to have their faces washed with soap.

I can see yellow, red, and blue in bubbles.

LYNWOOD NOCK.

COAL.

Coal is dug out of the ground. It was once old dead trees mixed with dirt. After several years it is formed to coal. Miners go into the ground and dig it. Coal is black; some is hard, and some is soft. The soft coal is used by the blacksmiths. But the hard is burned in stoves to keep houses warm. Pennsylvania and West Virginia are great coal states.

LOUISE F. MARTIN.

BANANAS.

The banana is a fruit. It is the only fruit a person can live on without eating anything else. Bananas are sometimes red and sometimes yellow. They yield from one to four bunches, and grow twelve to fifteen feet high. Bananas are about six inches long, but some are smaller and some are larger.

In some places negroes are seen carrying bunches of bananas to the boats to be brought over here.

In the lowlands of South America bananas grow in profusion. The banana supplies thousands of people with their daily food. When green, it is used as a vegetable, when ripe it is eaten as fruit, or dried and grated into flour.

LOUISE F. MARTIN.

COTTON.

Cotton is a kind of plant. It is a valuable product.

The seeds are inclosed in pods called "bolls."

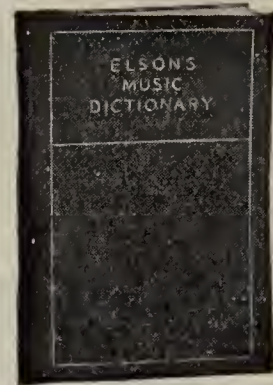
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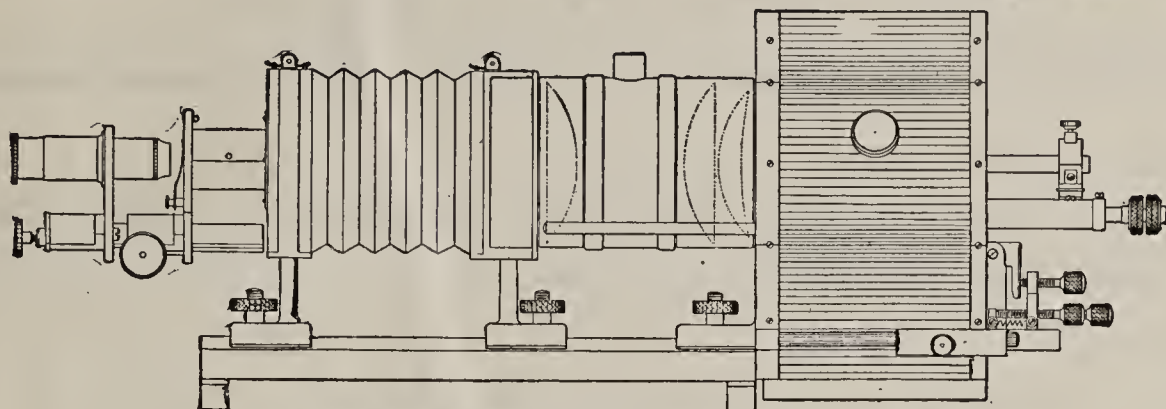
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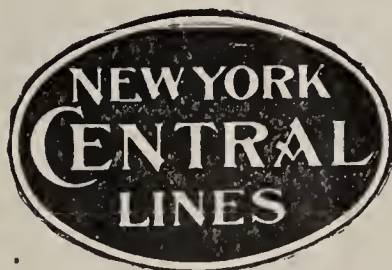
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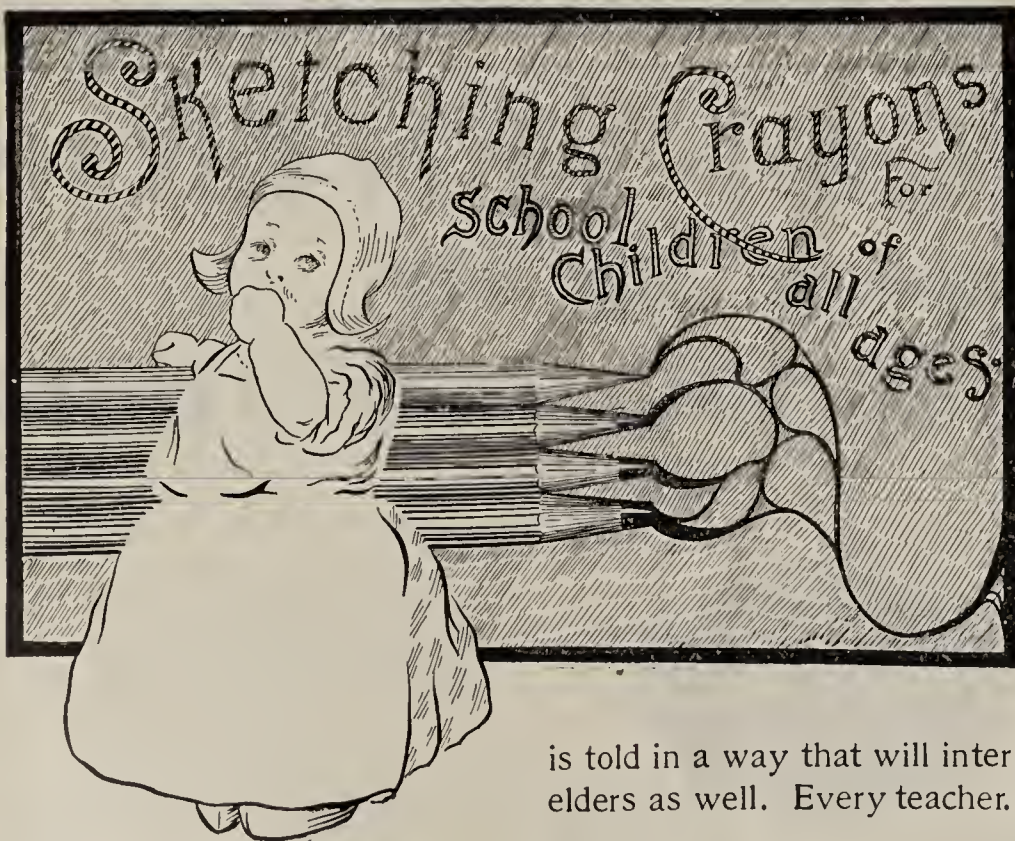
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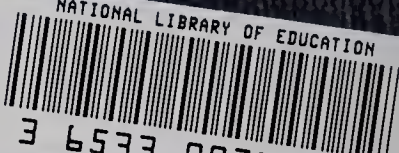
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